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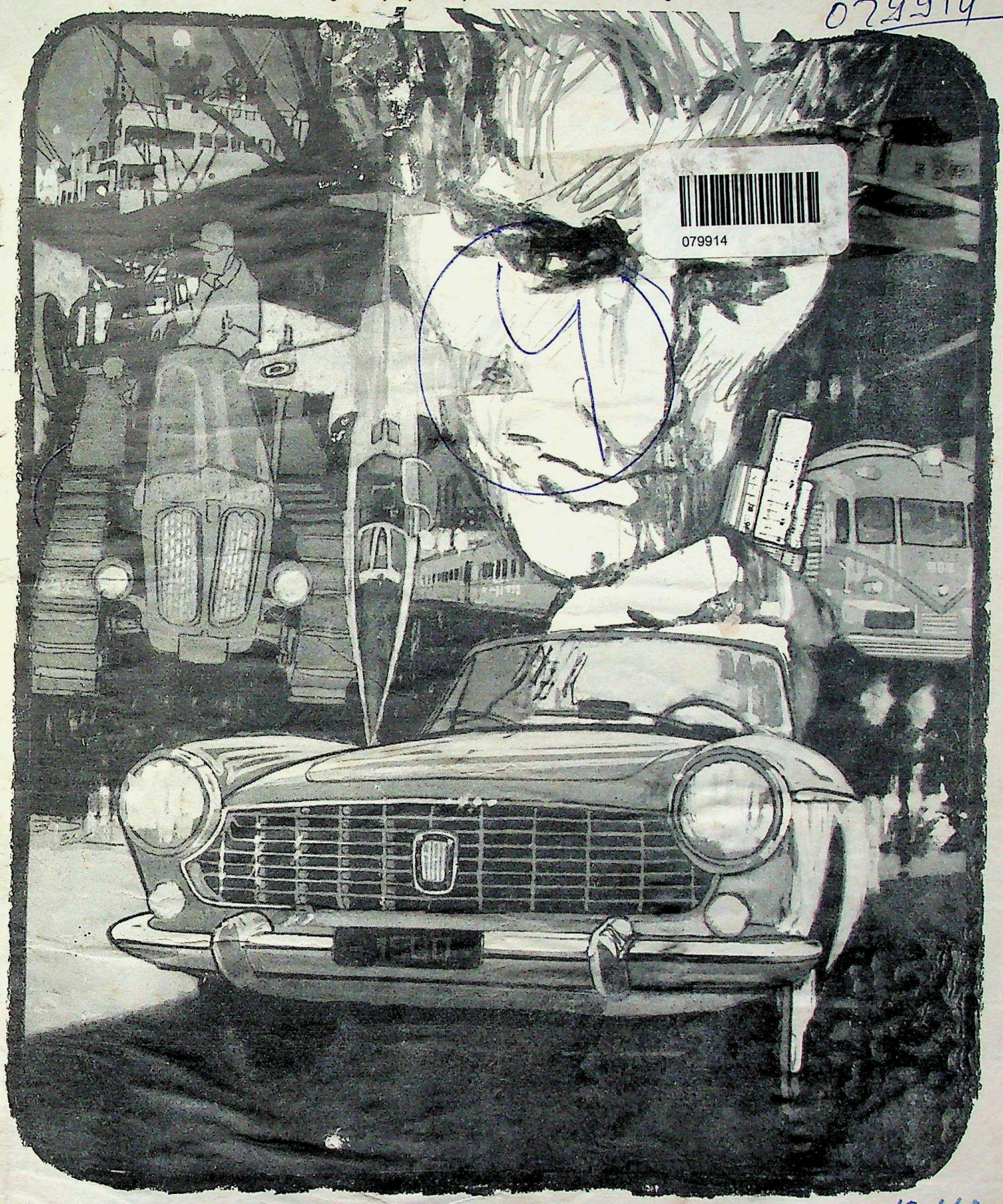

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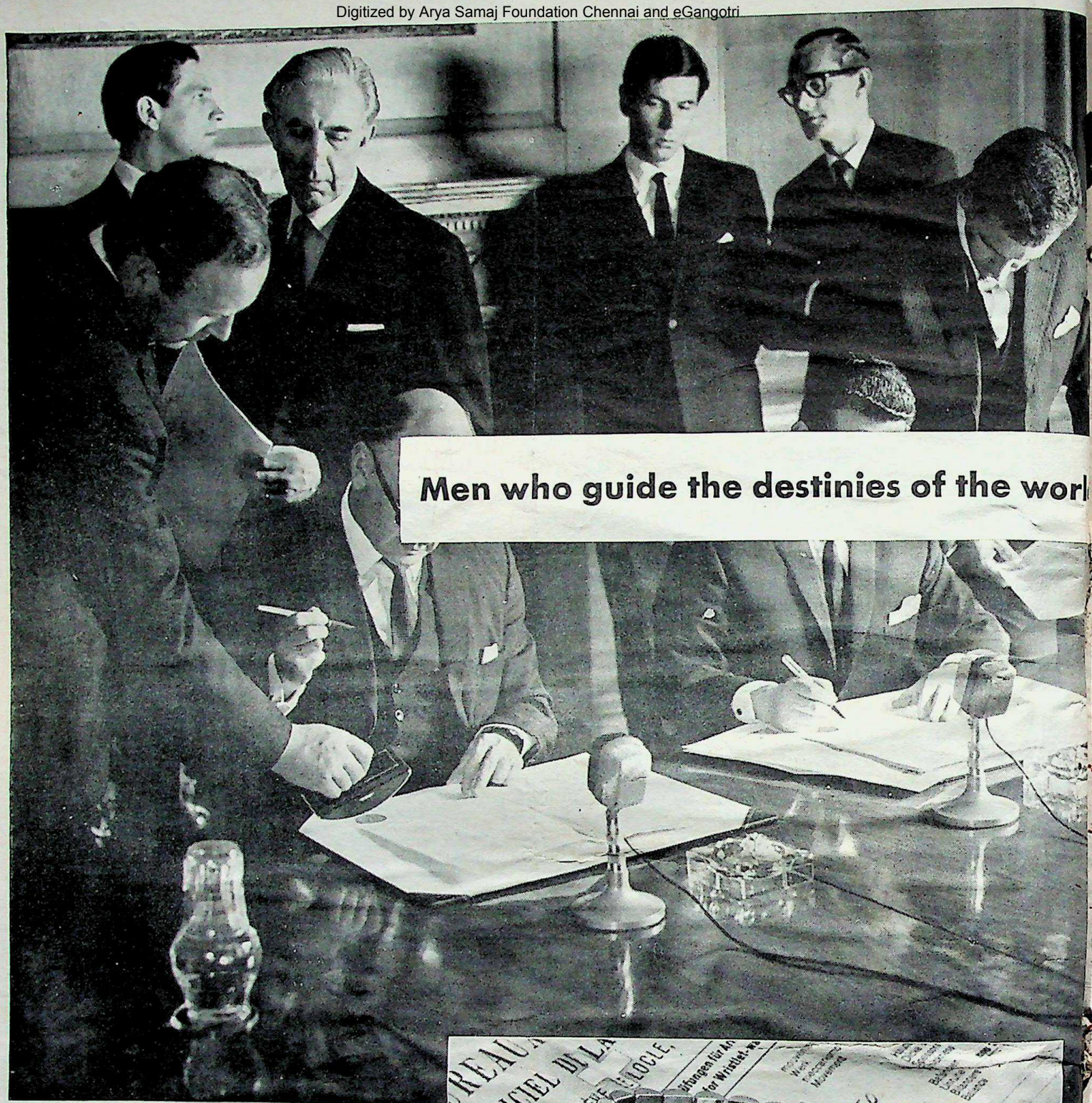
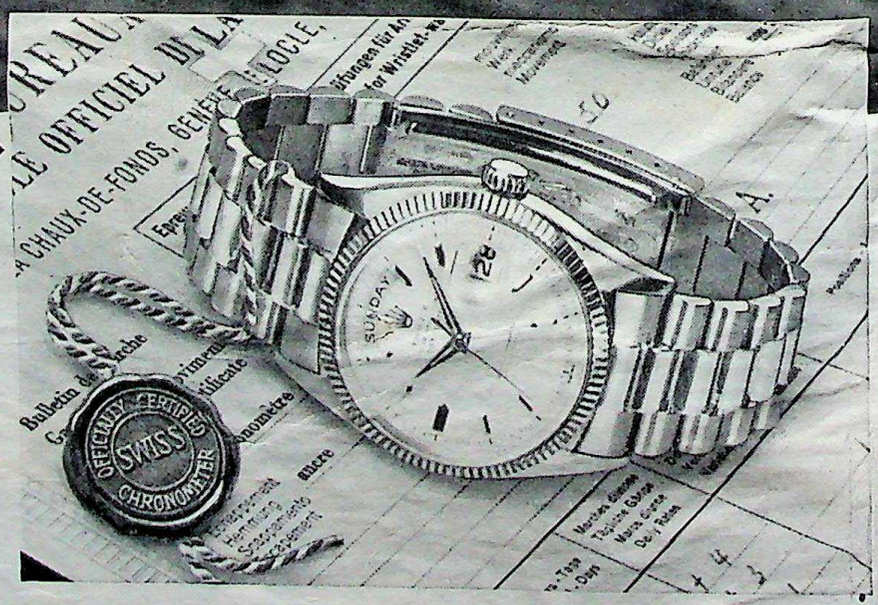


Men who guide the destinies of the worl



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TELEVISION

Wednesday, August 5

ESPIONAGE (NBC, 9-10 p.m.).* Offbeat drama about the complicated marriage of a British agent and Russian spy. Anthony Quayle and Sian Phillips excel in the starring roles. Repeat.

Thursday, August 6

THE NEW CHRISTY MINSTRELS (NBC, 9:30-10 p.m.). Première of new summer series starring the nine folk singers who introduced hootenanny to the White House. The show is broadcast from the World's Fair. Color.

Friday, August 7

COLLEGE ALL-STAR GAME (ABC, 10 p.m. —conclusion). The country's top college stars meet the National Football League champion Chicago Bears at Chicago's Soldier Field. The all-stars have won nine out of 30 games with the league, last year downed the Green Bay Packers 20-17.

Saturday, August 8

NBC SPORTS SPECIAL (NBC, 5:30-6 p.m.). Parachuting and sky diving with Jim Arender. Color.

THE DEFENDERS (CBS, 8:30-9:30 p.m.). Ossie Davis stars in the story of a condemned killer. Repeat.

Sunday, August 9

DISCOVERY (ABC, 1-1:30 p.m.). Two Russian children take viewers to see their school and home, Lenin's tomb and the Kremlin Palace in the first of a two-part children's-eye tour of Moscow. Repeat.

THE TWENTIETH CENTURY (CBS, 6-6:30 p.m.). The evolution of the western hero from William S. Hart and Tom Mix to Hopalong Cassidy and Marshal Matt Dillon. *High Noon* Producer Stanley Kramer will visit. Film clips will be shown from *The Great Train Robbery* (1903), *The Covered Wagon* (1923) and other western classics. Repeat.

Monday, August 10

HOLLYWOOD AND THE STARS (NBC, 9:30-10 p.m.). Repeat of the excellent intimate portrait of Film Star Bette Davis.

RECORDS

For Dancing

DANCE DISCOTHÈQUE (Decca). A discothèque, of course, is a nightclub where one dances to records, and this is a record meant to sound like a discothèque—wheels within wheels. The contagious music by various bands shifts without breathing space from bossa nova to fox trot to mashed potato to merengue to frug.

HELLO, DOLLY! (RCA Victor) is not to be confused with 1) Louis Armstrong's *Hello, Dolly!* or 2) Ella Fitzgerald's *Hello, Dolly!* or 3) the cast album. This is a dance version of the Jerry Herman score by the so-called Tommy Dorsey Orchestra, led by Sam Donahue. An orchestra that carries on after its leader's death is called a ghost; this one is an exceptionally blithe spirit.

THE LESTER LANIN DANCE ALBUM (2 LPs; Epic). Lanin's bouncy orchestra is sometimes known as the "No Sex on the Dance Floor Band," and therefore is an ensemble both the debutante and her mother can agree on. This album provides Laninized music for 18 different dances, including many imports like the hula, tamouré, and ay-bo-le, as well as several varieties of the now famous steps introduced by Vaudeville Hoofer Harry Fox around 1913: the slow fox trot, the moderate society, and the society (which is fast).

WE COULD HAVE DANCED ALL NIGHT (Decca) is an album by Pianist Peter Duchin, Eddy's son, and his smoothly swinging band, which was launched two years ago at Manhattan's St. Regis, and has since played the frug for Luci Johnson in the White House. He plays pieces like *Days of Wine and Roses* and *The Party's Over* on the hesitating side, and sheathes *Mack the Knife* in satin.

DANCE CRAZE (Capitol) is a history seminar, with laconic directions on the jacket for twelve dances ranging from the waltz (played by Guy Lombardo) to the black bottom (Pee Wee Hunt), the calypso (Lord Flea), the tango (Nelson Riddle), and the creep (Stan Kenton). Giving instructions for the Charleston was too difficult and the jacket writer gave up, suggesting, Ask your mother.

THE GREAT ISHAM JONES AND HIS ORCHESTRA (RCA Victor). Mother can also explain about Isham Jones and his long reign as the sweetest of the sweet dance bands. Jones's own most famous song, *I'll See You in My Dreams*, is not included, but *Darkness on the Delta*, *The Blue Room*, and *For All We Know* are among these reissues from the early '30s. The sound of the silky saxes is surprisingly faithful.

SWIM WITH THE GO-GO'S (RCA Victor). Any rock 'n' roll will do for the swim, the new twist on the twist involving free-style arm motions. Most teen-agers still do the swim and almost everything else to the music of the Beatles, but the three young Go-Go's make a good pitch for swimming to their slow-rolling nautical numbers like *Peek-A-Boo Swimsuit* and *They Call Him Chicken of the Sea*.

SQUARE DANCES (MacGregor). *Red River Valley*, *Solomon Levi*, *Oh Johnny*, *Turkey in the Straw*, *Red Wing* and other classics with Fenton ("Jonesy") Jones as the caller. Jonesy's instructions are melodious and comparatively easy to follow, intended for initiates into these arcane rites, *e.g.*, "Box the flea," and "Allemande left with a high tuck a shaw/Take a little bow with your mother-in-law."

CINEMA

CARTOUCHE. In Director Philippe de Broca's carefree parody of a period saga, Jean-Paul Belmondo is the Gallic, sword-swinging Robin Hood who robs from the rich, gives to the poor, and keeps Claudia Cardinale for himself.

THAT MAN FROM RIO. Fighting off mad scientists, crocodiles and poisoned darts, Belmondo strikes again in Director de Broca's faster—and even funnier—spoof of Hollywood action melodramas.

ISLAND OF THE BLUE DOLPHINS. An Indian girl (Celia Kaye) and her dog cheerfully share an island exile in a film rich with charm, intelligence and taste.

THE NIGHT OF THE IGUANA. At a sunny resort for shady people, Director John Huston guides Richard Burton, Deborah Kerr and Ava Gardner through some oddly ex-

* All times E.D.T.

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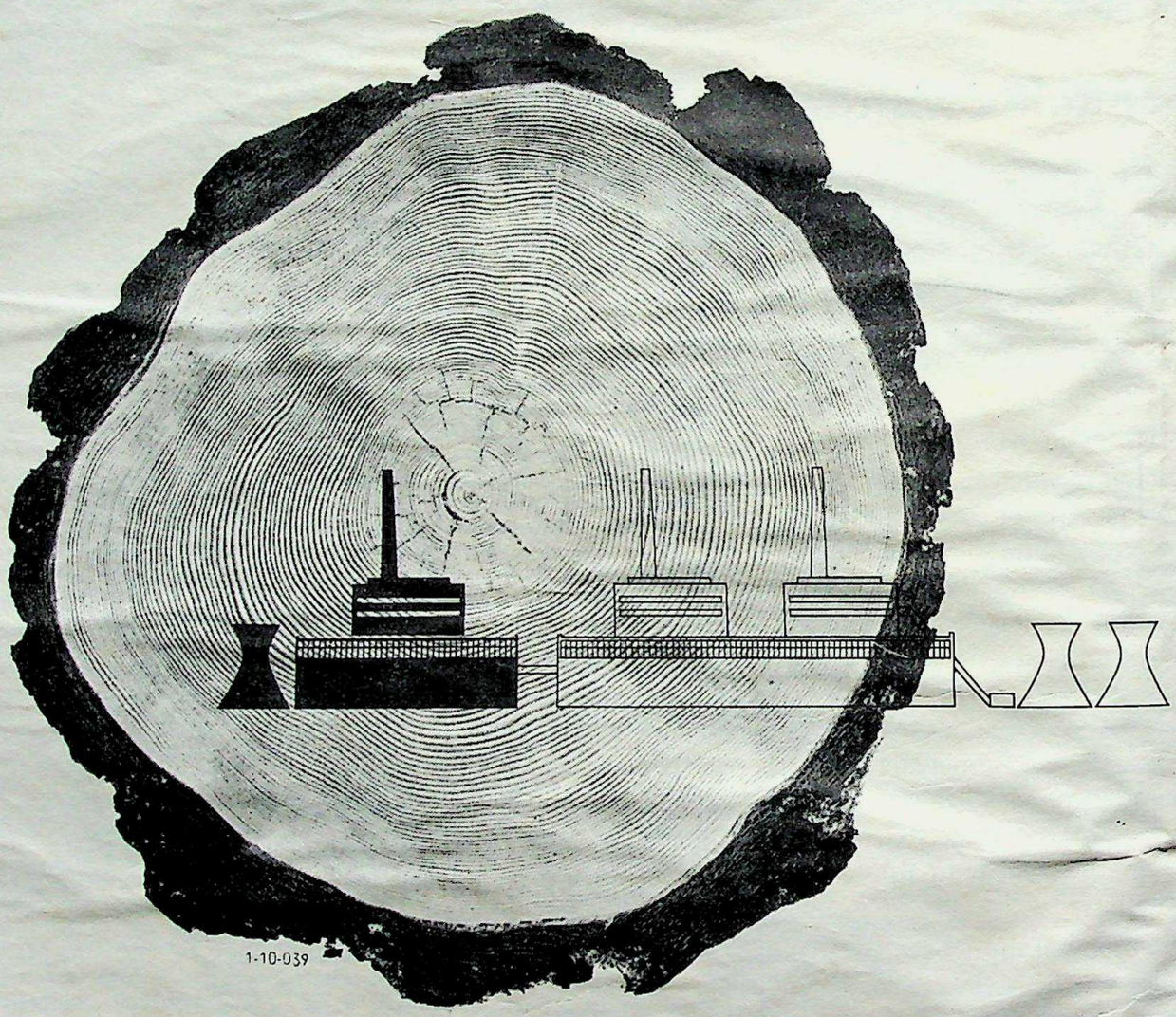

Whether you order a large-capacity system or decide to manage with a small unit for the time being, we can plan it for you in a way that allows expansion at any time.

Power stations, for example, must be designed so that their capacity can be increased at any time by the addition of a new unit. The capacity of the switching assembly of a telephone exchange must be sufficiently large that new trunks can be added as required.

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citing sessions of group therapy devised by Playwright Tennessee Williams.

A SHOT IN THE DARK. Peter Sellers, as Inspector Clouseau of the Sûreté, rarely gets his man but continually gets laughs while pursuing a seductive murder suspect (Elke Sommer) from corpse to corpse.

SEDUCED AND ABANDONED. Young love becomes a savage Sicilian nightmare in a sometimes wildly farcical, sometimes deeply affecting tragicomedy by Director Pietro Germi (*Divorce—Italian Style*).

ZULU. A band of British redcoats faces 4,000 proud Zulu warriors in a bloody battle film in the grand carry-on-lads tradition of *Four Feathers* and *Gunga Din*.

THE UNSINKABLE MOLLY BROWN. This massive song-and-dancer based on the Broadway musical owes nearly all its buoyancy to a raucous, free-style performance by Debbie Reynolds as the rich mountain girl who yearns to make a splash in Denver society.

MAFIOSO. Back to Sicily, where Director Alberto Lattuada fills the background with some gloriously garlicky slices of provincial life while Comedian Alberto Sordi struggles soberly with the insidious Mafia.

NOTHING BUT THE BEST. A lower-crust clerk (Alan Bates) hires an upper-crust crumb to teach him the niceties of Establishment snobbery in this cheeky, often superlative British satire.

THE ORGANIZER. Marcello Mastroianni is superb as a scraggly revolutionary in Director Mario Monicelli's vivid, warmly human drama about a 19th century textile strike in Turin.

YESTERDAY, TODAY AND TOMORROW. The ubiquitous Mastroianni with Sophia Loren in three delightful modern fables directed by Vittorio De Sica.

THE SERVANT. Promoting country matters in a smart London town house, Dirk Bogarde gives a highly polished performance as a vicious "gentleman's gentleman" who corrupts his master.

THE SILENCE. Two women and a child travel to a seemingly godforsaken city that is the geographical center of this dark allegory by Ingmar Bergman.

BOOKS

Best Reading

EUGENE ONEGIN, translation and commentary in four volumes by Vladimir Nabokov. Polylingual, and a poet in his own right, Novelist-Scholar Nabokov (*Pale Fire*) has translated Alexander Pushkin's remarkable 19th century novel-in-verse with a sense of accuracy and range of meaning closer to the original Russian than any previous version. Nabokov's supplementary volumes of notes provide the amusing, exasperating and always impressive sight of the crusty Nabokov literary personality in action.

THE OYSTERS OF LOCMARIAQUER, by Eleanor Clark. By weaving history, topography, marine biology and lyrical gastronomy around the arduous everyday lives of the French seacoast villagers who tend and harvest the *Ostrea edulis*, Author Clark has written a book-length monograph on the world's most prized oyster with the same beguiling erudition that characterized her *Rome and a Villa*.

SOMETIMES A GREAT NOTION, by Ken Kesey. The author's first novel, *One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest*, took place in an insane asylum and proposed the paradox that the only thing more intolerable to lesser men than the success of a good man is his defeat. This second novel, which repeats the same theme in a larger setting, is less effective for the added dimensions, yet is exuberant and brawling as the Pacific Northwest lumbering country it describes.

THE RECTOR OF JUSTIN, by Louis Auchincloss. A writer of urbane bestselling novels about Manhattan society focuses down on a single individual to produce his best work to date, an analysis of a legendary and absolute ruler of an exclusive New England boys' school.

TWO NOVELS, by Brigid Brophy. In these two lightly plotted and wickedly brilliant novellas about a New Year's Eve amorous adventure and the about-face of a Lesbian schoolmistress, Novelist Brophy displays the elegant artifices and tricks of style of a latter-day Ronald Firbank.

THE FAR FIELD, by Theodore Roethke. A posthumous selection of the poems Roethke wrote during the last seven years of his life celebrate movingly and prophetically "the last pure stretch of joy, the dire dimension of a final thing."

JULIAN, by Gore Vidal. A voluminous, fascinating historical novel, well researched, yet remaining oddly dispassionate and at one remove from the vibrant and youthful Roman emperor whose turbulent, 18-month reign marked the last conflict in the Western world between pagan Hellenism and early Christianity.

A MOVEABLE FEAST, by Ernest Hemingway. Funny, if often unkind, inside reminiscences of the literati (Gertrude Stein, Ford Madox Ford, Scott Fitzgerald) who befriended the young unknown writer in his Paris springtime before *The Sun Also Rises* thrust him into their own outerworld of fame.

THE INCONGRUOUS SPY, by John Le Carré. Two early detective novels reissued. *A Murder of Quality* is a sound puzzle about the murder of a science teacher's wife at an English public school. *Call for the Dead* is a more conventional thriller, concerning a chain of deaths linked to an East German spy ring, interesting as a rough draft for the literate and expert *Spy Who Came In from the Cold*.

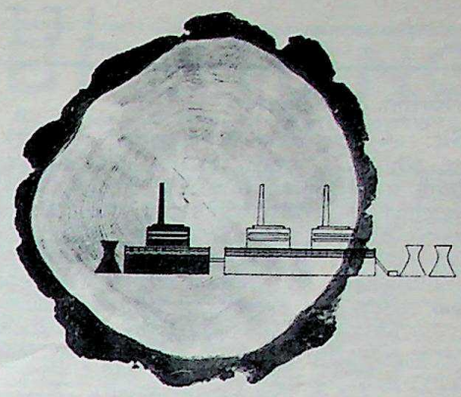
Best Sellers

FICTION

1. The Spy Who Came In from the Cold, Le Carré (1 last week)
2. Julian, Vidal (4)
3. Candy, Southern and Hoffenberg (5)
4. Armageddon, Uris (3)
5. Convention, Knebel and Bailey (2)
6. The 480, Burdick (10)
7. The Night in Lisbon, Remarque (7)
8. The Rector of Justin, Auchincloss
9. The Spire, Golding (6)
10. The Group, McCarthy (8)

NONFICTION

1. A Moveable Feast, Hemingway (2)
2. The Invisible Government, Wise and Ross (1)
3. A Tribute to John F. Kennedy, Salinger and Vanocur (4)
4. Four Days, U.P.I. and American Heritage (3)
5. Diplomat Among Warriors, Murphy (5)
6. Harlow, Schulman (6)
7. Crisis in Black and White, Silberman (8)
8. A Day in the Life of President Kennedy, Bishop (9)
9. Profiles in Courage, Kennedy (10)
10. My Years with General Motors, Sloan



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LETTERS

Harlem & Rochester

Sir: As one white downtown New Yorker who has grown weary and annoyed with a deluge of overblown, excited and conflicting newspaper reports on "those uptown riots," I was startled and shaken to read your Harlem story [July 31]. Your clear and unsentimental reporting on the recent events had me applauding your integrity. It was the most poignant and powerful piece of writing I've read anywhere on the subject.

NANCY R. GIVOTOVSKY

New York City

Sir: As an ex-Harlemite and a social worker who has long felt that too much has been written about the area with little or no corrective action being taken, my initial reaction to your article was one of indifference. However, this attitude was short-lived, as I found your story thoroughly informative, well researched, and loaded with new insights about an area of which I have long considered myself quite knowledgeable.

WILLIAM TOBY JR.

Brooklyn

Sir: As a Negro, I know the frustration and anxiety that most Negroes go through, but I emphatically doubt *that* my white brothers do. I hope that your fine article on Harlem helped clear up some of their gross ignorance. As your article pointed out, there is a grave shortage of employment, housing, educational, and recreational programs in Harlem. But we must note that this dilemma is not restricted to Harlem; this situation exists throughout the country.

DON L. LEE

Chicago

Sir: We are training a group of young people, mostly unemployed, here at Watermelon College in the South, with the intention of dispatching them to New York City to correct the deplorable conditions existing in Harlem. We are sure that the good people of New York will greet our crusaders with the same enthusiasm that the people of Mississippi have displayed toward their do-gooder visitors from Ohio.

ROY G. CLARK

Odessa, Fla.

Sir: As a lifelong resident of New York City, I feel that a great deal that goes on here never reaches the headlines—mainly facts about the corruption that is rampant throughout the city. As you point out, there must be something terribly wrong when a policeman is afraid to make an arrest for fear of losing his job. I have two relations who are policemen, and I can assure you that this is not a myth: this is an everyday occurrence.

VINCENT F. HICKS

New York City

Sir: Cops are public servants, not public pincushions. If a gun ought not to be used "*in extremis*," why arm our protectors at all?

J. K. WITHERSPOON JR.

Brooklyn

Sir: To say that all citizens were frightened during the Rochester riots is an understatement. More than that, we were just plain angry at this flagrant disregard for the responsible efforts being made to reduce racial tensions.

Not until force was met by force did things begin to quiet down; then up went cries of police brutality. Nonsense! Rioters shouted "Freedom now!" Humbug! It's *privileges* that these few are looking for—or else! They reduced a cause to nothing more than blackmail. These race agitators here in Rochester have succeeded only in losing what they probably want most: respect.

MARCIA FINCKE

Rochester

Sir: Your good white Christian ancestors brought my good African savage ancestors to America against their will and against your religion. Once here, you fed them your table scraps and butcher slops. Animal entrails were among the slops, but African ingenuity—praise de Lawd—was the victor, and chitlins "wuz" born.

But I protest TIME's announcement of this heavenly delicacy to the whole world. You whites have taken our suntan, our curly hair, our funky music, indeed our women, in violation of your sacrosanct mores. But please be advised that if the price of chitlins, hog maws and collard greens soars immediately after your Harlem issue, it will result in open warfare.

MRS. LEROY TREVATHAN

Cleveland

Sir: Never before have I seen such a beautiful cover painting as that on your July 31st issue. It was a touching and thoughtful study. Mr. Hoban has a rare gift, and I am grateful to him for sharing it with the world.

MAGGIE THURBLE

Boston

Goldwater

Sir: I still abhor Senator Goldwater's philosophy, but your article [July 24] made me like the man. It was a fair, even a flattering article, the first I've seen for a long time.

M. E. GOTTEMOELLER

Dearborn, Mich.

Sir: Upon reading "Who Are the Goldwaterites?", I just leaned back in my chair and sobbed. Month after frustrating month, I have been trying to get people to understand that we are not fanatic crackpots, but sincere and concerned citizens who have a beautiful dream of the greatness this country could once again have. The message had finally gotten through to someone, and I was able to get the best night's sleep in months.

SUE PIERCE

Cut Off, La.

Sir: Lyndon Baines Johnson is going to get his ears pulled in November. There are more "radical right-wing extremists" than he can imagine. These "extremists" are Americans who are fed up with fellow Americans' dying in a crummy war without a name and lacking purpose. These "lunatics" are sick of L.B.J.'s vote-getting programs that destroy individualism.

HAROLD RATHMAN

Wenatchee, Wash.

Sir: You say that Goldwaterites "don't write obscene letters to editors who disagree with them," but they did jeer and refuse a fair hearing to Governor Rockefeller. You say they are "well-behaved," but the televised view of the convention hardly bore this out. You say, "They don't hate Negroes," but a good many around here do. You say, "They aren't nuclear-bomb throwers," but Senator Goldwater has indicated to us that he is.

ROLAND MONCURE

Leaksville, N.C.

Sir: As a page at the convention, I witnessed many behind-the-scenes incidents. I was amazed to read that Goldwaterites are "reasonably well educated and informed" and are "nuts about Goldwater without being nutty." If this is so, it is unfortunate that the arrogant, pushy, rude, and generally obnoxious minority of the Senator's following made its presence felt. From the booing and harassing of Rockefeller to battles with sergeants at arms, most of the convention personnel found the Goldwaterites at the Cow Palace to be generally intolerable.

MICHAEL MORFIT

Littleton, Col.

Sir: Judge Learned Hand provided the answer to the Headless Horseman of the Purple Sage long ago: "A society so riven that the spirit of moderation is gone, no court can save; a society where that spirit flourishes, no court need save."

ROBERT HALSEY

Avila Beach, Calif.

Sir: Senator Goldwater excelled himself in an example of hogwash when he stated in his speech that he stands for: "The emancipation of creative differences."

(MRS.) MARCIA DAVENPORT*

New York City

Sir: Horatio Alger histories are fine, but it is hard to imagine Mr. Miller sitting down to important, polished and tense

* Author of *Valley of Decision, My Brother's Keeper, Mozart,* etc.

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discussions with such world leaders as Lord Home, Erhard, De Gaulle or Khrushchev, let alone having tea with the Queen of England. I hope the Democrats have better foresight.

HERBERT H. GROSS

Brooklyn

Sir: Suppose we sent Barry Goldwater to the White House and found out he had not been "misquoted" after all?

MADELINE KING

New York City

Sir: As a Jew, I resent your identifying Barry Goldwater as part Jew. A Jew is one who has been born of Jewish parents (one or both) and has had a Judaic upbringing, education, or feeling. As far as the Jews are concerned, Goldwater is a Christian.

ROSE BUDMAN

Downsview, Ontario

Sir: It is hard for a Kansan or any resident of the vast territory west of the Mississippi (always excepting California) to recognize this country's problems as seen through the eyes of the urban Easterner. Civil rights? There are not enough Negroes to worry about. Unemployment? Nonexistent. Urban renewal? We don't even know what it is. Education? Sufficient and adequate, for the most part. Should there be any wonder, then, that the Westerner and Southerner look upon Senator Goldwater's nomination with great favor? Not because we are a bunch of red-eyed, flag-waving simpletons, but because he best exemplifies our political idea. The fact is that there are no national issues; there are regional differences. There is no national Government; there is an amalgam of regional Governors, pulling and tugging and compromising. I hope the Republicans finally come to this view and support their party.

J. CURTIS NETTELS

Pittsburg, Kans.

Sir: There is another side to today's "economic, social and moral decay" that so upsets the "new conservatives." Compare it with the morality of the '90s, the '20s and the '30s. Remember the tolerated squalor of poor houses and insane asylums, the beating of strikers and circulation of blacklists, the unregulated business monopolies and woman and child labor, the squandering of natural resources and poor sanitation, etc.? The unchecked corruption, collusions and connivances of state and local governments in past generations should make some present situations seem angelic.

(MRS.) BETTY JARDINE

Iowa City, Iowa

Sir: It seems strange that the Southern vote becomes tainted and a millstone around a candidate's neck only if the candidate is a Republican. Where was the virtuous press when the Democrats had their own way in the South? If the Alsops, Restons, Lippmanns, Pearsons, etc., would spend more time reporting accurately the realities of the precarious American position in domestic and world affairs, and less time attempting to be defenders and promoters of a dying New Deal, they might regain the right to be called journalists.

ROBERT B. SURRICK

Media, Pa.

Sir: May President Goldwater ever have near him a kind, understanding newsman to read his wilder statements back to him and inquire gently, "Was that *really* what you meant, sir?" Such a man could be to Goldwater what the cricket was to Pinocchio: the conscience of a conservative.

WILLIAM MILLER

Montreal

Sir: You say Goldwater supporters are nuts without being nutty? I say a nut is a nut is a nut.

JANE AKFIRAT

Dearborn, Mich.

Detroit Newspaper Strike

Sir: Your article on the Detroit newspaper strike [July 24] is a mischievous mélange of misusage and misinformation. The statement that it is "Knight's avowed policy to de-unionize his plants" is both false and malevolent.

JOHN S. KNIGHT
President and Editor
The Detroit Free Press
Detroit

Sir: The Detroit News is certainly not "in total sympathy" with what you say is John S. Knight's labor policy, and we certainly doubt that Mr. Knight is.

PETER B. CLARK
Publisher
The Detroit News
Detroit

▶ TIME *is pleased to put these statements of labor policy on the record.*—ED.

New Contraceptives

Sir: Your scholarly article on intra-uterine contraceptive devices [July 31] was very timely. These devices hold great promise for physicians who, like myself, still feel that the data on side effects of the oral contraceptives are inadequate to dispel the fear of problems arising from "mucking around" with the endocrine glands.

The fact that with these devices the patient has no daily task to forget or perform incorrectly should aid their effectiveness and acceptability immeasurably.

MICHAEL LANE, M.D.

Pittsburgh

Rewarding Service

Sir: Re your story on the "Tutor Corps" at East End Neighborhood House in Cleveland [July 24]: as one of the legion of East End alumni now spread across the country, I am happy to see that the big yellow house on the hill is still providing needed services to its community. Some 20 years ago my friends and I relied upon East End for the only recreation available. Many of these friends are now doctors, artists, lawyers, pilots, and recognized professional men and women. I am happy that East End continues to do as well today as it has in the past.

ROBERT A. DACEY

Boulder, Colo.

Armed Defenders

Sir: Your report about Arlene Del Fava's troubles [July 17] once again affirms that restrictive arms laws do not curb crime but promote it.

Criminals by definition do not respect the laws. They do respect possible armed resistance by their victims. Restrictive arms laws practically remove this obstacle. When muggings sprang up in Columbus, Ga., a few years ago, police established courses in defensive pistol shooting, especially for women. With nearly a thousand graduates in town, assaults have sharply decreased.

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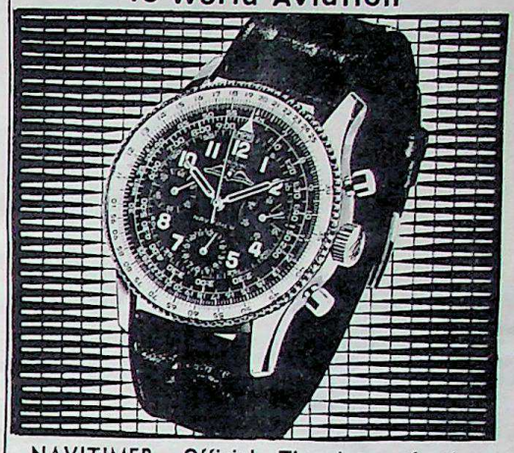

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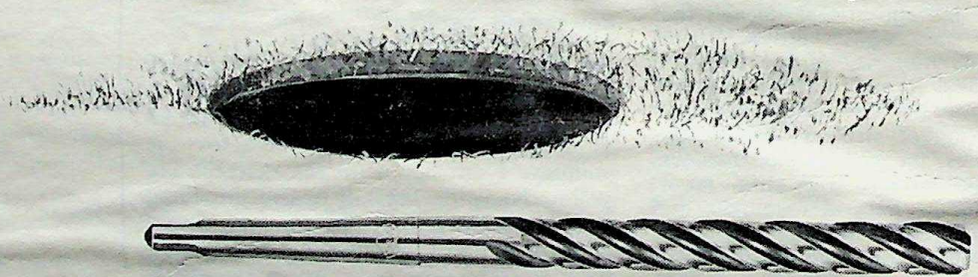

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A letter from the PUBLISHER

Bernhard M. Auer

IT is supreme adventure for man's spirit as well as his rockets. The stars and the moon have long been symbols of a remote and indifferent universe, a reproach to man's insignificance. Now man for the first time is challenging the planets themselves."

So said TIME in its Jan. 19, 1959 cover story on space exploration. The cover painting that went with it showed a startled moon having its picture taken by a rocket-mounted camera. Five years later, this painting has come true with the spectacular success of Ranger VII (*see* SCIENCE).

TIME began watching the moon in its third issue, March 17, 1923, with an item reporting on a "somewhat new theory" to the effect that "the satellite was formed by a coalescence of masses coming together by mutual gravitation." This theory is still in good repute. In the intervening decades TIME has followed man's restless reach for the moon, including the simple experiment of a Princeton student who, 35 years before Ranger VII, took lunar pictures by rigging a movie camera to a telescope. Our moon chronicle continued to note many milestones: the U.S. Army Signal Corps in 1946, bouncing a radar beam off the moon; the early, unsuccessful lunar probe by the Air Force in 1958; the largely successful Pioneer probe of the same year; the Russian Lunik launchings in 1959, which suggested that the Soviets were beating the U.S. into space.

JAN. 19, 1959

AUG. 10, 1962

MARCH 8, 1963

Then followed some imaginative stunts, such as broadcasting *America the Beautiful* from California to New Jersey via the moon. But the early 1960s were also marked by many disappointing setbacks for what a 1962 cover story called the "anxious assault on space." And in a 1963 cover on William Pickering, the head of California's Jet Propulsion Laboratory and undisputed hero of last week's Ranger triumph, TIME said: "Those were dark days. But each failure became a lecture from space on what to do or not to do the next time."

Although at one point our World section brashly tried to annex the moon as its news territory, the duty of moon watching over the years has, of course, belonged to the Science section and its editor since 1945, Jonathan Norton Leonard. Through his Questar telescope, which he also uses for bird watching, Leonard often observes the moon from his home at Hastings-on-Hudson. Like everyone else, Leonard is excited about the Ranger VII pictures, but sees "a lot of unexplained things in them." As for putting a man on the moon, Leonard doesn't think the U.S. will make it by the hoped-for date of 1970, but may well get there by 1975. At any rate, if he had his choice, Leonard would aim at Mars, which he considers a more interesting place than the moon.

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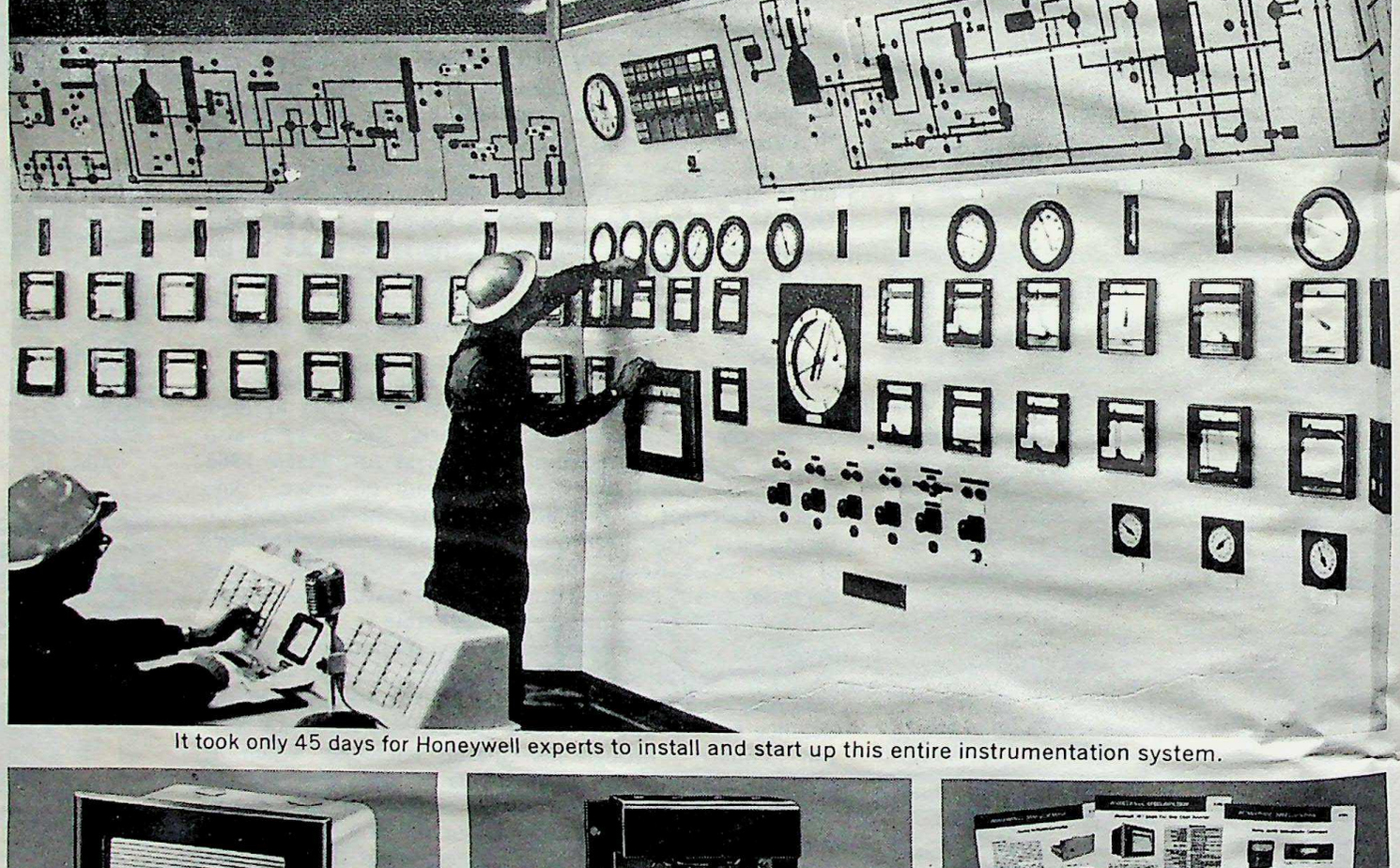

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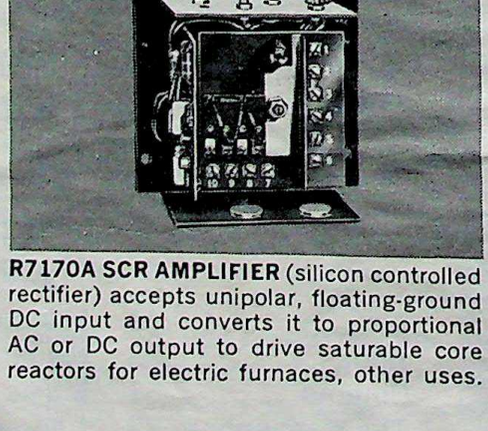

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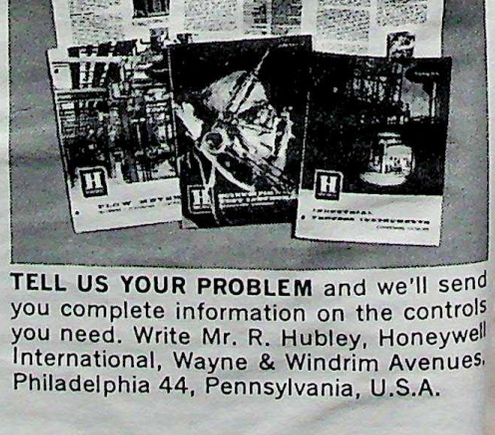

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TIME
THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE
August 7, 1964 Vol. 84, No. 6

THE U.S.

THE PEOPLE

Of Man & the Moon

The people of the U.S. went about their normal summer pursuits—the kind that make no headlines—with more affluence and enthusiasm than ever before. The World's Fair clocked its 18 millionth visitor, and baseball's National League registered nearly three-quarters of a million more customers than in 1963. In California twice as many U.S. families were traveling to the Orient as two years ago. Riding a wave of unprecedented prosperity, Americans were buying more of everything—sailboats and sports cars, wigs and swimming pools (*see* U.S. BUSINESS).

Amid all this prosperity in the summer of 1964, a nagging concern pushed its way to the surface. Its touchstone was the Negro revolution, punctuated by the angry Negro riots that erupted last month in Harlem and Rochester, and one of its side effects was a phenomenon that had come to be called the "white backlash." There were other vague feelings of frustration, notably about U.S. participation in the faraway war in Viet Nam.

President Johnson took note of this unease. "There is among our people a deep discontent," he told a group of educators in the White House Rose Garden. "It is not the discontent of a single segment—or a single section. It reaches through the whole of our society. The most prosperous, the best housed, the best fed, the best read, the most intelligent and the most secure generation in our history—or all history—is discontent. Why?" Perhaps, mused the President, it is because "we have not put our capacities to work. Our cities show it. Our schools show it. Our rural areas show it. Our rivers and streams show it. The edges of our society show it. We haven't been keeping faith with tomorrow—or with ourselves—and we ought to realize it."

In this affluent summer of discontent, it was a matter of relief and pride to Americans of all stripes that U.S. space scientists had at last scored a spectacular success with a space shot and had delivered history's first closeup pictures of the moon's surface (*see* SCIENCE). BULL'S-EYE! cheered the headlines, and for the moment at least, most of the argument about whether the moon program is worth its cost was forgotten while the nation joined in the cheering. "This is a great day for science and a great day for the U.S.," exulted University of Arizona Professor Gerard Kuiper, head of a team of scientists at Caltech's Jet Propulsion Lab, which prepared the shot. From all over the world flowed praise. "A stupendous achievement," said Kenneth Gatland of the British Interplanetary Society. Even Moscow joined the chorus.

At this moment of pride and prosperity—and disquiet—there had to be an awareness that man's most immediate challenges still lay on earth, and that the U.S. should and must meet them.

JULIAN WASSER

JET PROPULSION LAB EMPLOYEES AFTER RANGER VII'S SUCCESS
In the summer of discontent, a moment of relief and pride.

CIVIL RIGHTS

The Talk Is Race

"What do they want?" demanded a perplexed Michigan housewife. "Why don't they stop?"

In the wake of last month's Harlem and Rochester violence, there was a wide new wave of concern across the country about race relations. National shock and disgust had erupted after Birmingham, but now a different and sometimes bewildered sense of trouble crept through the public consciousness. Perhaps because many minds had long equated the South with racial violence, there was something terrifying about the discovery that it could happen on a large scale in the North.

Beyond the Point. In San Francisco, the local CBS station was flooded with 7,000 more phone calls than it could

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ARTHUR BROWER—THE NEW YORK TIMES

CIVIL RIGHTS LEADERS IN NEW YORK*
A call to cool it until Election Day.

handle. They came from listeners who wanted to join a discussion program on civil rights questions. In Columbus, sheriff's deputies practiced mob control by hurling featherweight plastic "bricks" at one another. In Chicago, housewives suddenly cut out their weekday visits to Lincoln Park Zoo and instead began going in groups to Lake Michigan's beaches because they feared attacks by marauding Negroes.

"You hear people talking about it all up and down the bar," said Minneapolis Restaurant Night Manager Paul Giancola. "Every time there is an uprising, they say, 'There are more votes for Goldwater.'" In Washington, IBM Salesman Jack Quinn explained: "The demonstrations started out to prove a point, and they've gone beyond that point. They've gone into areas they shouldn't be in." In St. Louis, Father James Marshall, a young white assistant pastor of St. Bridget's Catholic Church, wrote in a straightforward letter to the Globe-Democrat: "The hatred gushing forth on our city streets is not happening by mere chance. We are now paying the big price for years of planned segregation."

Predictably, Southerners were bitterly pleased that the North was at last getting a taste of racial woe. Addressing a political rally just before he walked off with the Democratic gubernatorial nomination for a sixth term, Arkansas' Governor Orval Faubus held up newspaper stories about the Harlem and Rochester riots and crowed: "This is New York City and New York State, and this is the state where people point their finger at Arkansas and Mississippi and send beatniks down here to try to tell us how to solve our problems!" And in the kind of paradox that has become commonplace in times of stress, a stunning Negro coed from Idaho, Dorothy Johnson, 19, became a finalist in Miami Beach's "Miss U.S.A." contest.

"An Eye for an Eye." Atlanta's Martin Luther King Jr. flew into New York to lend his counsel in easing the city's racial trouble. Before long, local Negro leaders were complaining publicly that King had ignored them and, anyway, that he was not speaking for them. Nonetheless, King and Mayor Robert Wagner met five times in four days. Not much of substance came out of the meetings. But King's trip was not entirely fruitless; while in town he joined other national civil rights generals in a summit conference. At the end, N.A.A.C.P. Executive Secretary Roy Wilkins released a statement calling on Negroes "voluntarily to observe a broad curtailment, if not total moratorium, of all mass marches, mass picketing and mass demonstrations until after Election Day, next Nov. 3." The reason was plain enough: the leaders figured that by calling a halt to Negro militancy, they might stop the growth of the white backlash vote for Barry Goldwater in November. The Negroes' energy, they said, should be aimed at getting voters to register. Lyndon Johnson lost no time joining their cause, backed a policy of "registration in lieu of demonstration."

But within hours, several of the more aggressive civil rights leaders—including James Farmer of CORE—declared their unwillingness to go along with any curtailment or moratorium on demonstrations. And, representing the worst kind of element, Black Nationalist Leader Malcolm X had his say all the way from Cairo, where he showed up as a self-appointed delegate to a Pan-African conference. Negroes, he counseled, should demand "an eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth, a life for a life." Dealing with the aggressiveness of some Negro youths and the ambitions of some Negro spokesmen, the responsible Negro leaders face serious problems in trying to maintain peace.

AP

IDAHO'S DOROTHY JOHNSON
A pretty paradox.

DEMOCRATS

Goodbye Bobby

Lyndon Johnson should have been sitting as pretty as a butterfly in a garden of petunias. All he had to do was flit over to the Democratic National Convention this month, pick up his nomination by acclamation, name his choice for vice-presidential candidate—and he was off and running. But last week, with the convention only four weeks off, Politician Johnson sensed trouble. He saw the possibility that he might lose control of the one big decision left to the convention—the choice of his running mate.

That possibility came in the form of a burning boomlet for Attorney General Robert Kennedy. Chicago's powerful Democratic Mayor Dick Daley, a long-

* From left: Washington March Leader Bayard Rustin, N.A.A.C.P. Attorney Jack Greenberg, National Urban League Executive Director Whitney M. Young Jr., CORE Director James Farmer, N.A.A.C.P. Executive Secretary Roy Wilkins, King, Student Nonviolent Coordinating Committee Chairman John Lewis, Negro American Labor Council Chief A. Philip Randolph, Student Leader Courtney Cox.

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time political pal of the Kennedy clan, has made it known that he favors Bobby. So have a clutch of Northern and Midwestern Governors and state and county party chairmen. From his sickbed in Boston, Ted Kennedy declared himself in on the boomlet. NBC Correspondent Nan Dickerson reported that Jackie Kennedy would return from cruising Yugoslav waters to attend the convention and "help Bobby." To top it off, convention planners were scheduling a massive tribute to John F. Kennedy. Such a spectacle was bound to incite an instant-bandwagon for Bobby, right there in the convention hall.

A Suspect Symbol. All this seemed swell for Bobby, but it seemed anything but nice to Lyndon. The fact was that the President was dead set against Kennedy. He had his reasons. To many businessmen, whose votes and dollars Lyndon needs, Bobby is the suspect symbol of Government intervention. His name conjures up memories of antitrust actions, grand jury investigations, and the heavy hand of Government in the U.S. Steel confrontations in 1962. Moreover, Bobby and his zealous civil rights approach are anathema to the South, where Barry Goldwater's strength is important.

Last week Lyndon decided that it was time for action. He ordered the convention planners to hold off the J.F.K. memorial program till late in the convention week. He called in Bobby Kennedy, told him that he was no longer a vice-presidential possibility, and hinted that it would be best if Bobby publicly disavowed any ambitions for the office. Bobby refused. After all, he explained rather obliquely, he had not announced his candidacy, so why should he withdraw?

With Bobby sidestepping the issue, the President determined to drop him publicly from his own list of potential running mates. There was no political precedent for his announcement: "I have reached the conclusion that it would be inadvisable for me to recommend to the convention any member of my Cabinet or any of those who meet regularly with the Cabinet." So saying, Lyndon not only ruled out Bobby Kennedy but also knocked off two other men whose partisans had been making Veep noises—Defense Secretary Robert McNamara and Peace Corps Boss Sargent Shriver.

"He Shot Us Down." Johnson's ploy surprised many and enraged others, especially those among the old Kennedy "Mafia" who had been pressing Bobby's case. "He shot us down," grumbled one of Bobby's friends angrily. Despite the anger, it is likely that Kennedy's friends will rally round the President soon again, for they have no place else to go. And they will probably accept the wisdom of the President's picking someone who approximates his own portrait of the ideal vice-presidential candidate.

That ideal Johnson expressed last week in an informal press conference: "I think he should be a man that is well received in all the states of the Union, among all of our people. I would like to see a man that is experienced in foreign relations and domestic affairs. I would like for him to be a man of the people who felt a compassionate concern for their welfare and who enjoyed public service and was dedicated to it. I would like for him to be attractive, prudent and progressive. I would like him to be one who would work cooperatively with the Congress and with the Cabinet and with the President."

Odds-On Bet. Who could that be? Hardly anybody, but logic favors a running mate from the Midwest, since that is the battleground which may be crucial for the Democrats in the coming campaign. The leading contender from that region is Minnesota's Senator Hubert Humphrey. Another possibility is Senator Eugene McCarthy, also from Minnesota, and a Catholic.

There were those who thought that wily Lyndon might surprise everyone again. There is, for example, Senate Majority Leader Mike Mansfield, a Westerner (Montana) and a Catholic. There is also Iowa's Governor Harold Hughes, 42, a Methodist and an able, attractive campaigner, who is an acknowledged leader of Midwestern Democratic Governors and who, coincidentally enough, was an overnight guest in the White House last week just before all of the vice-presidential flutter started.

Last week Humphrey was the odds-on bet. But until Lyndon announces his choice, the guessing game will go on. And on.

The Big Chairman Up Yonder

In the Baltimore Room of Washington's Sheraton-Park Hotel last week, the 18-member Arrangements Committee tiptoed through the motions of picking the top officers for the Aug. 24 Democratic Convention in Atlantic City. National Committee Chairman John Bailey ran the meeting—but there was the Big Chairman Up Yonder in the White House, and it was he who really called the shots. Periodically Bailey loped off to a telephone in the next room to give Lyndon Johnson running reports on how well his committee was rubber-stamping Lyndon's directions.

With Johnson's "approval," the committee named House Speaker John McCormack, 72, as permanent chairman of the convention and Oklahoma's Carl Albert, 56, the House majority leader, to head the Platform Committee.

AP

L.B.J. & BOBBY

Bust went the boomlet.

Tremendous. Far greater interest focused on the selection of Rhode Island's Senator John Pastore, 57, as the convention's temporary chairman and keynoter. Pastore, a natty, mustachioed little guy (5 ft. 4 in.), is an outspoken liberal who earned Lyndon's respect and friendship as one of Majority Leader Johnson's most dependable floor managers. "That Johnny Pastore," Lyndon liked to say, "he's tremendous; sometimes I think he can do anything."

People have been saying things like that about Pastore for a long time. His father, an immigrant Italian tailor, died when his son was barely eight. Not long after that, young John went to work earning his own keep, first as an errand boy in Providence, later in college as a part-time bookkeeper. With a law degree earned in nighttime university

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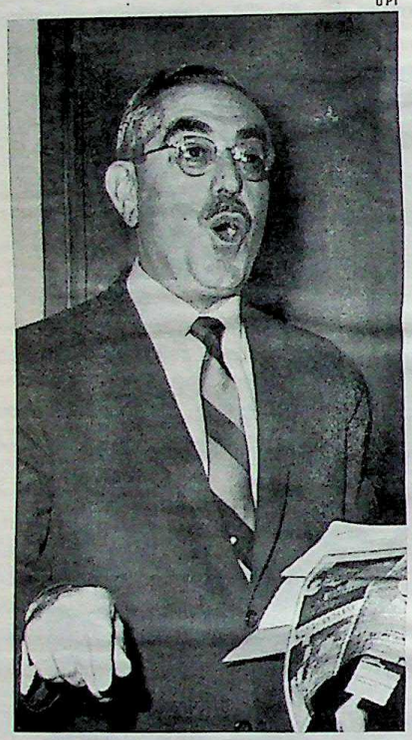
courses at the Providence Y.M.C.A., he climbed steadily through a clutch of state-government jobs, from assembly member to Governor in 1945. In 1950 he was elected the first U.S. Senator of Italian parentage. In the Senate he was absorbed quickly into the leadership circle and rose to head the important Joint Committee on Atomic Energy.

The President had further good reason for choosing Pastore as keynoter. He is an orator who can wind stems with the best of them. He is a champ in rough-and-tumble debate, belts out speeches from the Senate floor without text or notes, all the while flailing and dancing about like a bantamweight going for the K.O. Says one friend: "Nobody will go to sleep while he's talking.

UPI



KEYNOTER PASTORE
No man to avoid rough-and-tumble.

And I hope they give him room enough on the platform to move around."

Sticky. Pastore may well be the star performer in a show that might be notably lacking in drama. There will, of course, be a few sticky chores falling to the chairman of the Credentials Committee. For that post Johnson wisely picked Pennsylvania's former Governor David L. Lawrence, 75, a longtime, party pro who has a flair for hammering out a slick, smooth compromise.

Lawrence will have to handle the Mississippi problem. There, the newly formed, predominantly Negro Freedom Democratic Party has announced that it will send its own delegation to the convention to challenge the seating of regular state party delegates. The new party charges that the regular organization sacrificed its true Democratic mandate by discriminating against Negroes and opposing national party programs. Lawrence will probably split the difference and seat half of each delegation. In Alabama, moreover, the 36-man delegation, while technically unpledged, is still committed to Governor George Wallace, despite his withdrawal as a candidate. Almost inevitably, the seating of that delegation will be challenged. There is not much hope for even a Lawrence-engineered solution, and it is likely that by the time the convention is called to order, Alabama will absent itself from further proceedings.

Despite the prospect of these sticky wickets, the Democrats figure they will breeze through their four-day convention in a fraction of the time the Republicans were on screen in San Francisco. Only one two-hour session a day has been scheduled. Each will start early in the evening and end in plenty of time for televiewers to catch the late show.

REPUBLICANS

The "He Could" Phenomenon

Nationwide polls showed Barry Goldwater trailing Lyndon Johnson by nearly 2 to 1. Bitter Republican moderates continued to shy away from Goldwater's candidacy. Civil rights leaders denounced him and the Ku Klux Klan endorsed him. Reinhold Niebuhr's Protestant magazine, *Christianity and Crisis,* concluded that Barry's views were "diametrically opposed" to the stand of the three major U.S. faiths on questions of international relations, civil rights and economic policy. And Chicago's Second City satirists were breaking up audiences with the gag: "Question: What's the latest elephant joke? Answer: Barry Goldwater."

Despite all this, the biggest buzz of political talk last week centered on surprising new appraisals of Goldwater's chances for victory in November. Taking the current political temperature on a selective basis, reporters found much evidence pointing to pockets of strength for Barry, so much so that even hitherto cocky Democrats began to rethink the unthinkable question, "Could he win?"—and the answer came up, "By gosh—he could!"

"The Fervor, the Religion." Barry was abloom in the South. Florida's Democratic candidate for Governor, Haydon Burns, said last week that he would not campaign for his party's national ticket, and added: "I expect the Republican candidate will have strong support in Florida." Louisiana's Democratic Governor John McKeithan admits that he may well decide to back Barry. The recent Mississippi Democratic convention was filled with pro-Goldwater sentiment. Georgia's Democratic Senators Richard Russell and Herman Talmadge both predict privately that today Barry could carry their state. Pollster Sam Lubell discovered last week that Goldwater is, as of now, running ahead of Johnson in Florida, Virginia, South Carolina and North Carolina. In Texas, Lubell found Lyndon holding an uneasy lead that could quickly vanish under the pressure of civil rights troubles.

Beyond the South, a Christian Science Monitor survey showed Goldwater leading Johnson in Arizona, Idaho, Montana, Wyoming, Maine, Kentucky, Indiana, Nebraska and Kansas. Critical California still seemed doubtful for Barry. California Secretary of State Frank Jordan, a Republican who felt Barry was already attracting a good deal of new support, said: "There's only one reason for it—and that's the protest against what's going on in civil rights." Democratic State Chairman Eugene Wyman admits that "it's going to be a tough fight. The people who support Goldwater have got the fervor, the religion, and, as a result they are going to mount a much bigger volunteer effort than Republicans ever did before."

"Not a Politician." In the Midwest, long a G.O.P. heartland, the people in the small towns and on the farms largely back Barry. There is also support surfacing in the cities. Racial feelings run deep and pro-Goldwater sentiment high in Cleveland, St. Louis, Gary, Chicago and Detroit, where much of the giant Democratic urban machinery has become rusty and undependable since 1960. Cook County Sheriff Richard Ogilvie, an able politician and one Republican who survived the 1962 election against Chicago's Mayor Richard Daley's legions, thinks the Daley juggernaut has lost a lot of steam, and predicts flatly if bravely: "Goldwater will carry Cook County."

Illinois' G.O.P. Gubernatorial Candidate Charles Percy, a lukewarm Barry backer, found a Barry groundswell too. Said he: "I feel it among independent, small home owners, in ethnic groups of all kinds, and among rural people. They say Goldwater is a man of courage, of integrity, of character—those are the words they're using at the popular level. They say he says what he means and talks straight. They say he's not a politician."

In Ohio, which Richard Nixon carried handily in 1960, and in Michigan, where John Kennedy won by a hair, Democrats are worried. Highly attractive Republicans are running for office in both states—Governor George Romney in Michigan and Senatorial Candidate Robert Taft Jr. in Ohio: both could be of considerable help to Barry.

The Party Doctor. Goldwater will now clearly try to keep the surge rolling with a strong underpinning of effort and organization. Last week he set up a campaign organization and made his opening moves toward party unity. He named a steering committee that included two of the G.O.P.'s most highly regarded tacticians, former National Chairman Leonard Hall and Ohio's State Chairman Ray Bliss. He also phoned his convention foe, Pennsylvania Governor William Scranton, arranged a Republican "summit meeting" next week in Hershey, Pa., and invited key Republicans to attend.

Understandably, Barry Goldwater sounded pretty sure of himself, particularly about efforts to doctor his

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party's post-convention wounds. Said he: "I expected that we were going to be struggling with divisive problems until the middle of August. Now I feel that we have arrived at the place where we're three or four weeks ahead of schedule. I'm very, very pleased with the way the Republican Party seems to be coming back together."

Certainly, it is too early to establish odds on the election. The areas of Goldwater strength are selective and outside the big power centers, such as New York and Pennsylvania. Barry is still flying high on the cloud of post-convention momentum that buoys any newly anointed candidate. Lyndon Johnson has not yet begun to fight. And beyond this, Barry is riding on a wave of white backlash against the summer's civil rights violence that could rise or diminish between now and November. With all these areas of doubt, the political news last week was that so many people in so many places were talking about the possibility of a Goldwater victory.

Walden West

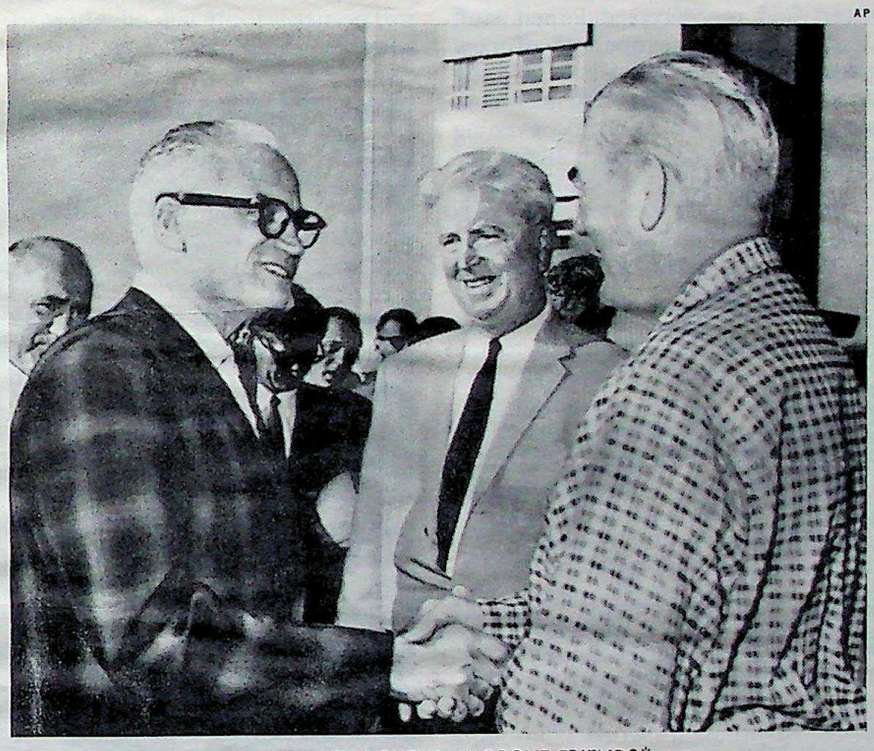
Within the sylvan secrecy of Bohemian Grove, 75 miles north of San Francisco, there is a spot almost equidistant from the Russian River and Snob Hill Trail. It is called Cave Man Camp. There, for two days last week, Barry Goldwater slipped gratefully into seclusion, surrounded by centuries-old redwoods, water-lily-carpeted ponds, and a covey of U.S. millionaires and influentials, Republican and Democratic, who like to strip to their skivvies, swig Scotch in the sun, and forget their troubles.

Bohemian Grove is a walled-in Walden for the world-weary well-to-do; and no one—but no one—gets inside the gate unless he is either a member of San Francisco's intensely exclusive Bohemian Club or a carefully selected guest, such as Barry. A persistent reporter who hoped to follow Goldwater into the woods was advised snappishly: "The only way you'll get in is disguised as Herbert Hoover." Also rigidly forbidden: television sets and women.

Kennedy Alfresco. It has been like that at the fenced and guarded 2,600-acre Grove since 1878, when the Bohemian Club held its first summer escape camp there. The club was originally founded by newspapermen, who later invited the membership of artists, and eventually wealthy art patrons and businessmen. It has prospered nicely ever since, under its lazy-going motto, "Weaving Spiders Come Not Here." Today among its 1,950 members are, besides a collection of little-known but influential people, such diversified types as Henry Ford II, former President Hoover, Bing Crosby, Richard Nixon, Ventriloquist Edgar Bergen, Chief Justice Earl Warren, Tennessee Ernie Ford, Lucius Clay, retired General Albert Wedemeyer (Barry's host), former Defense Secretary Neil McElroy, and Old Aviator Jimmy Doolittle. There is always an eager waiting list of at least 850—and some people wait 15 years before they're tapped for membership.

The big event each year is the Grove's two-week hide-out. Some 2,000 Bohemians and guests rough it in 100 different camps, ranging from tiny wooden shelters to elaborate lodges bearing bizarre names like Poker Flat, Star and Garter, Bald Eagle, River Liars and Lost Angels. The Grove routine is pretty shapeless, although each year a couple of glittering original shows are staged beneath the trees. This year the Bohemians did a musical about murder in a whorehouse called *Dammit, Who Done It?* in which, presumably, the moral was that too many crooks spoil the brothel. Occasionally, particularly learned or prized guests make informal, off-the-record speeches in the glade. Herbert Hoover has spoken there, and so have Dwight Eisenhower and Nelson Rockefeller. Attorney General Robert Kennedy addressed the Grove alfresco a few weeks ago. It was Goldwater's turn last week.

Made to Order. But generally the Grove is strictly for well-lubricated leisure. "We drink very little water up there," said one member wryly. "We play poker and we visit other camps. We do nothing much." On his first day there, Barry slept until 8:30 a.m.—late for him—then shaved, after heating his own water, and breakfasted simply on orange juice and oatmeal. For Barry Goldwater, the Grove's easy isolation was made to order. He had ducked newsmen for days. When reporters met Barry's plane in California, General Wedemeyer said to the Senator, "I suppose you'll want to give those men an opportunity." Said Barry: "No, I don't. There'll be no press conference." Then he vanished into the forest.



AP

BARRY WITH BOHEMIAN GROVE FRIENDS*

No weaving spiders need apply.

THE CONGRESS

The Chorus of Angels

If there is one thing that the U.S. Senate holds as dear as its freedom to unlimited talk, it is the freedom to resist (with enormous success, so far) any attempt to impose on it a formal code of conduct and ethics. Last week, after wrangling for eight hours over whether they should be obliged to open their financial books to public view, the Senators once more successfully defended their cherished freedom.

The suggestion that they ought to disclose their financial condition came from the Rules Committee, which had handled the kid-glove investigation of onetime Senate Majority Secretary Bobby Baker. The recommendation proposed that Senators and Senate employees earning more than $10,000 a year disclose periodically the sources—not the amount—of outside income that exceeded 50% of their Senate pay. But when the measure reached the floor for debate, the Senate responded with a howl. Leading the chorus was Illinois Republican Everett Dirksen.

"We demean our own character when we try to adopt this kind of proposal," cried Ev. "I believe we have demeaned ourselves enough, all over one fallen angel."

Pennsylvania Democrat Joe Clark, a Rules member who has long advocated Senate reform, did not agree, and he even offered a package of amendments to stiffen the recommendation. Among other things, Clark wanted Senate wives to disclose their earnings. That proposal was defeated 62 to 25. The same fate befell an amendment offered by Dela-

* General Wedemeyer (center) and Herbert Hoover Jr.

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ware Republican John J. Williams, the man who kicked off the Baker investigation last October. Williams wanted Senators' income tax returns included in the disclosure plan. Aghast, his colleagues knocked that idea down 59 to 27.

Finally, by a vote of 48 to 39, the Senate adopted a Dirksen motion to recommit the whole business to the Rules Committee. That body will now consider a substitute resolution, also offered by Ev, that would create an ethics commission to study conflict-of-interest problems in every branch of the Federal Government. It was hardly likely that any angels would get shot down soon.

More constructively, the Congress last week:

▶ Watched, in the Senate Subcommittee on Juvenile Delinquency, while TV monsters and murderers did their stuff on the screen at the opening of new hearings into video violence. Noting that programs "featuring violence" constitute 55.3% of ABC's prime evening time, 55.1% of NBC's and 26.5% of CBS's, Connecticut Democratic Senator Thomas Dodd lectured the networks' top brass: "You don't care. Anything for money. Keep at it and you'll bring on controls."

▶ Increased, in the House, social security benefits for 20 million Americans and added to the social security rolls another 800,000 people, including self-employed doctors, interns, and previously ineligible aged citizens. Under the House bill, which now goes on to the Senate, maximum monthly payments for single workers would be raised from $127 to $133.40, for a husband and wife from $190.50 to $200.10, for a widow with two children from $254.10 to $281.20.

▶ Passed, by a House vote of 373 to 1, a wilderness bill putting 9,100,000 acres of Government-owned lands into a wilderness-conservation system and providing for the eventual inclusion of up to 61 million acres. The measure now goes to the Senate, which has already passed a more liberal wilderness-conservation program.

▶ Voted, in the Senate (72-15), to limit U.S. meat imports to an average of 1959-63 imports, or about 30% less than last year's 1.7 billion lbs. Backed by cattle-state Senators, who blame imports for low cattle prices, and opposed by the Administration on trade policy grounds, the bill now goes to the House, where the Administration will again try to block passage.

▶ Approved, in the Senate, and sent to the White House, a $6.2 billion Senate-House compromise appropriations bill that provides operating funds for the Treasury, Post Office, Executive Office of the President, and several independent agencies.

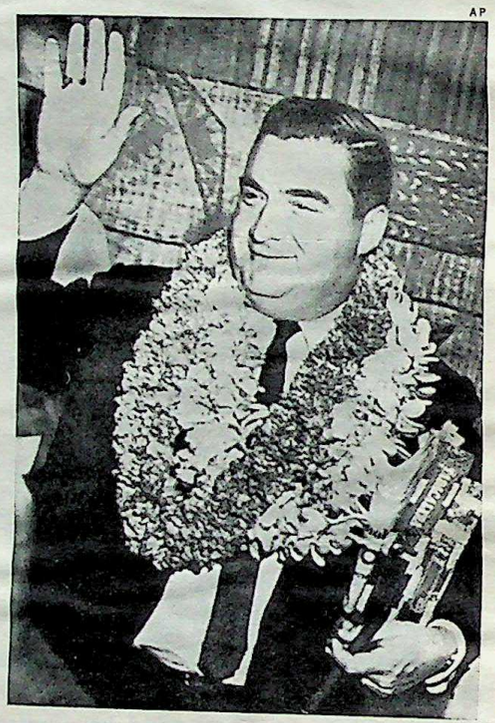
▶ Passed, by a Senate vote of 76 to 0, the largest of the money bills: $46.7 billion in appropriations for the Defense Department. The bill now goes to a Senate-House conference for reconciliation of differences.

CALIFORNIA

Plus for Pierre

In Saigon last week, Pierre Salinger was chatting affably with South Vietnamese Premier Nguyen Khanh. Jack Kennedy's press secretary, now California's Democratic candidate for the Senate, was making an 18-nation world tour, courtesy of *Look* Magazine, and he was having a *Look*-see around Viet Nam. Suddenly an aide burst into the room to tell Pierre that Washington was calling. "It was the hot line from the White House," said Salinger afterward, telling him that California's Democratic Senator Clair Engle, 52, was dead of a cancerous brain tumor. Immediately Salinger broke off his visit and flew home.

The news itself was no shock; it had been expected. Engle had been bed-



AP

SALINGER HOMEWARD BOUND
A hot line from the White House.

ridden much of the time since he underwent surgery last August. The onetime cowpoke, amateur boxer and licensed pilot had served eight terms as Congressman from California's huge (53,400 sq. mi.) Second District, had walloped ex-Governor Goodwin Knight by 600,000 votes in the 1958 race for the Senate, but had withdrawn this year because of his illness. That cleared the way for Salinger to make his successful primary bid.

This week Governor Pat Brown planned to appoint Salinger to fill the remaining five months of Engle's term. This would provide Pierre with a significant head start over G.O.P. Opponent George Murphy, the retired movieman, and Pierre can use the help. Though he is still the heavy favorite, Salinger has identified himself as a champion of the controversial anti-discrimination Rumford Fair Housing Act. A current battle to repeal it has stirred such soaring passion in California that he could conceivably become the victim of a white protest vote. At any rate, Pierre would now be able to campaign as the incumbent, with three months of seniority to lay before the voters.

LABOR

Somebody Got Him

"Somewhere," complained Defense Attorney Maurice Walsh, in what was probably the most unsurprising disclosure of the century, "somebody wants to get Hoffa awfully bad." As everybody knows, that somebody is Attorney General Robert F. Kennedy, and lately Bobby has been doing right well. Last March a federal court in Chattanooga convicted Teamster Boss James R. Hoffa of jury tampering, fined him $10,000 and sentenced him to eight years in prison. Hoffa was freed on appeal, but he had barely enough time to pick up a change of socks before hustling off to Chicago for another trial. When that one ended last week, after 90 days and 42,000 pages of testimony, Hoffa was nailed again on four counts of fraud and conspiracy. He faces up to 20 years in stir and $13,000 in fines when he is sentenced in the next few weeks.

Hoffa has been tried in federal courts six times—and has been convicted twice—in the last seven years, but none of the others has matched the complexity of the Chicago trial. Six co-defendants and Hoffa were accused, in a 53-page indictment, of mail and wire fraud, fraudulently borrowing $25 million from a Teamster pension fund and siphoning off $1,700,000 of that money for their own use. The money was used to help bail Hoffa out of a failing, mud-fouled retirement project called Sun Valley, near Florida's Cape Kennedy.

Hoffa is certain to appeal his conviction, but in the meantime he has other problems. Such as money. In the last few years, the Teamsters have spent perhaps $1,000,000 defending their beleaguered boss, but in May a move was launched to make Hoffa pay his own legal bills. Hoffa huffed that he would pay "out of my own pocket," but that takes some mighty deep pockets, even with his $75,000-a-year salary and his other well stocked resourses. Transcripts of the Chicago testimony alone may cost him $19,500.

Hoffa's other headache is how to keep the control of his 1,700,000-member union. He figures to spend much of the next two years in appeals courts, and there have been noisy but thus far ineffectual rumbles of rebellion from Teamster locals across the U.S. "I think he should be man enough to resign," said Philadelphia's Teamster Vice President John Backhus. "He's done too much damage to the union's reputation." Nevertheless, when the 15-man Teamster executive board meets in two weeks, chances are remote that insurgents will be able to muster the ten votes they need to expel Hoffa.

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SOUTH VIET NAM
ard the Showdown?

e Cover)

Across the weary, tortured land, the trange conflict grinds on in its savage way, filling the eye with myriad tableaux of tragedy. At an army camp in Tayninh province, surrounded by moldy bags and barbed wire, a Jeep arrives containing one dead soldier and five live ones, who almost casually share the vehicle with the corpse. On a canal bank in Chuong Thien province, the body of a Communist guerrilla sprawls among the water lilies. On a track through a swamp in Hau Nghia province, a young Vietnamese rifleman happily plucks a duck for supper, white feathers sticking to his mud-spattered battle dress. At an isolated Special Forces post near the Laotian frontier, a supply helicopter arrives carrying, in a sling under its belly, two bewildered cows.

Always there are the innocent caught in the crossfire. On a Mekong Delta back road, a country cop flags down a row of buses packed with peasants, cabbages and poultry, to let a column of armored personnel-carriers rumble past to a fire fight just ahead. In a village hut in Kienhoa province, an old woman lies dying, broiled lobster-red from napalm, while a soldier spoons watery soup between her flayed lips. At another hamlet a teen-age girl, driven mad from the explosions of mortar shells, runs screaming from her house across the paddy-fields, stark nude.

Some Under the Ground. There are the tall, serious Americans. At Saigon's Tan Son Nhut Airport, a line of UH-1B "Huey" choppers, cigar-chomping U.S. Army pilots at the controls, shatters the morning calm with a roar of cranked-up motors and the whip-whip-whip of whirling rotors. In Quang Duc province, the local American adviser, a Negro captain, jounces along a red-dust path in his familiar Jeep, packing a .45 on his hip and speaking Vietnamese with a Basin Street beat. In a sand-bagged patrol base in Binh Duong province, a U.S. captain sprawls in a hammock, exhausted after a night's march, a carbine across his belly and a can of Schlitz in his hand. In cemeteries back home, many of his less-fortunate buddies rest underground.

Such is the war in Viet Nam—a dirty, ruthless, wandering war, which has neither visible front lines nor visible end and in which the U.S. over the past three years has become increasingly involved. Last week the involvement was carried a step further with the revelation that President Lyndon Johnson has ordered thousands of additional American troops into the struggle. At the same time the war took on a new dimension with increasing talk of carrying it to the home ground of the principal force behind the battling: Communist North Viet Nam. The loudest calls for such a move have come from the man on whom Washington has desperately placed its chips in Viet Nam: Major General Nguyen Khanh, the moonfaced, goateed, 36-year-old career officer who seized power six months ago.

"Communists are the aggressors, not us," insists Khanh. "If we were to go back to the north, it should be termed a counterattack." The U.S., hoping to avoid a direct attack on North Viet Nam as long as possible, was vexed at Khanh's cries but in a way sympathetic, for his outburst reflected the frustrations of a people who have been at war for the better part of two decades.

Policy Reversal. South Viet Nam's morale was one very good unannounced reason for the big new buildup of arms and men. Pentagon spokesmen would reveal no hard figures, but confirmed that the U.S. will send "several thousand" more men to Viet Nam over the next six months, most of them "military advisers." This would increase the American military contingent there, currently numbering 16,323, to probably 20,000 or more. Also to be sent are more helicopters, planes, trucks, Jeeps and armored cars—plus at least 300 additional AID technicians, to join the 414 already at work on the Viet Nam economic front.

The new muscle will increase American aid to Saigon from its present $625 million a year to nearly $700 million. It is the largest expansion of Washington's commitment in Viet Nam since the U.S.'s first big buildup there in 1962 under President Kennedy. And it represents a reversal of policy for the U.S. Government. Only ten months ago, shortly before the overthrow of President Ngo Dinh Diem, Secretary of Defense Robert McNamara was talking of bringing most American training troops home from Viet Nam by the end of 1965. Now there is no more talk of being out by 1965—or any other year in the foreseeable future. Of McNamara's statement, one Administration colleague confessed last week: "We hope it's forgotten."

Same Medicine. The hard facts are that infiltration from North Viet Nam is on the increase. Of late the Viet Cong have boosted their hard-core strength from an estimated 25,000 regulars to 31,000 (not counting 80,000 part-time guerrillas); approximately 25% of the increase is thought to be elite infiltrators from the north. The tempo of tension and terror rises weekly, with the Reds showing no signs of being rolled back.

LARRY BURROWS—LIFE

COPTER-BORNE TROOPS ATTACKING
No visible front lines and no visible end.

Washington's medicine may best be described as a big dose of more of the same. It "does not imply," U.S. Ambassador to Saigon General Maxwell Taylor was quick to warn, "any change in U.S. strategy or in the command structure"—meaning that the U.S. was still not taking over direct command in the war or changing the rules. Like those who preceded them, the bulk of the new men will fan out into the most harassed provinces, not to command but to teach, cajole, curse, exhort, and occasionally inspire Vietnamese soldiers half their size, in what must be history's

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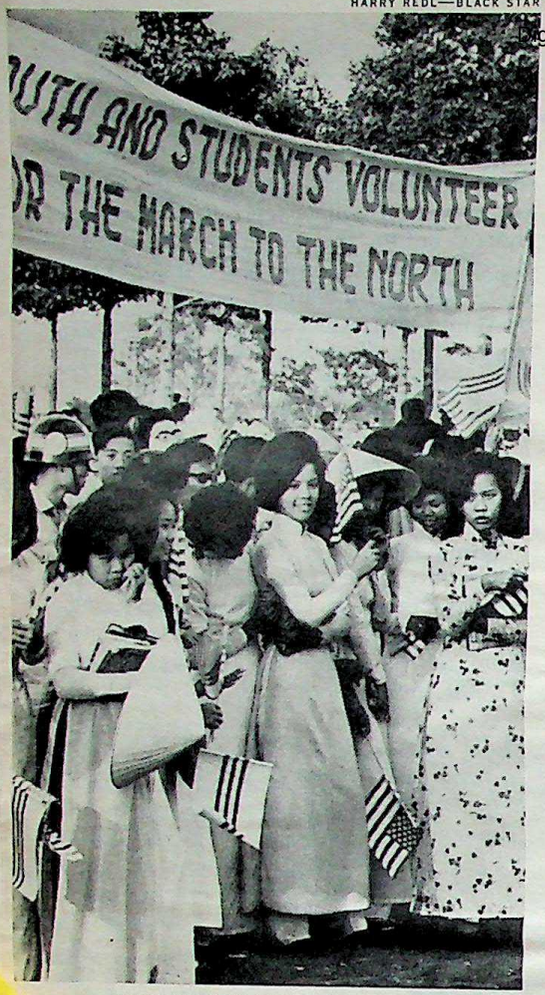
HARRY REDL—BLACK STAR



SAIGON STUDENT DEMONSTRATORS
"Everybody has that dream."

first war fought by on-the-job training.

The "adviser's" role is not easy. Last week five more U.S. servicemen died in Viet Nam—two Army officers and an Air Force captain killed when an electric mine was detonated under their Jeep; an Army major shot dead by guerrillas in broad daylight in a village ten miles from Saigon; another major caught by machine-gun fire that raked his Vietnamese Ranger battalion. The roll of American dead would grow at a swifter pace as reinforcements arrived. Said a senior U.S. official in Saigon dryly: "When you put more people in a zone traversed by enemy bullets, your casualties are going to increase."

High Noon? The U.S., as President Johnson reiterated in June, "seeks no wider war." Yet even as it tried to shush Khanh, American officialdom privately conceded anew that retaliation against the north has not been ruled out. At least three turns of events could trigger direct retaliation against North Viet Nam's Ho Chi Minh: 1) assassination of Khanh by the Viet Cong, 2) a renewed terrorist campaign against U.S. noncombatant personnel or dependents, 3) a disastrous turn in the war that threatened collapse of the entire U.S.-aided program.

Thus, unless the new buildup saves the day, the U.S. is quite possibly heading for a showdown with the Communists in Asia over Viet Nam. Already Viet Nam is an important issue in what promises to be a hammer-and-tongs U.S. presidential campaign. The words of Barry Goldwater at San Francisco will be repeated and repeated by the G.O.P.: "Yesterday it was Korea; tonight it is Viet Nam. And yet the President . . . refuses to say, refuses to say, mind you, whether or not the objective over there is victory . . ." Plagued by the civil rights and law-and-order crises at home, Lyndon Johnson can ill afford a debacle abroad.

Changeless Nightmare. In his allusion to Korea, Goldwater touched a responsive nerve, for the American people's experience in South Viet Nam has been the most frustrating since the long, tragic "police action" of the 1950s that ended in a stalemate with the Reds, at a cost of 33,629 U.S. lives. Small wonder that a recent American visitor to Viet Nam, on his third night in Saigon, had a dream in which he discovered the solution to the Vietnamese problem. "It was brilliant and simple," he recalls, "but somehow it kept slipping away." Feeling slightly embarrassed, he confided his vision to another American, who replied, "Everybody in Saigon has that dream."

But if its solution is an elusive dream, the Viet Nam dilemma to Americans is also an all-too-real nightmare. For after three years of intensive effort and considerable pain, including the expenditure of $3.3 billion in aid, after the loss of 262 Americans killed, 1,196 wounded or injured and 17 missing, the war is still not being discernibly won. Probably no conflict has ever been more elaborately computed, analyzed, studied; the Pentagon even sent out a team of psychiatrists to examine the "attitudes" of frustrated G.I.s. Yet, as a Washington policymaker said tiredly, "nothing really changes."

Crippling an Infant. In 1954, after Ho Chi Minh's North Vietnamese guerrillas smashed the French at Dienbienphu and Viet Nam was partitioned, the U.S. threw its support in the south to an ex-law student and anti-Communist nationalist, Ngo Dinh Diem. But Diem's infant state was soon crippled. Though the Red guerrillas who had been fighting the French in the south were supposed to be repatriated to the north, many of them stayed in the south, disguising themselves as peasants and caching weapons. In 1957 they rose up against the government.

In six years the Viet Cong assassinated 13,000 village leaders. With the infiltration of cadres from the north and the brainwashing of village youths, the guerrillas' ranks grew. Washington responded to Diem's requests for help by expanding the military advisory mission in Saigon and later sending its men to counsel the Vietnamese in the field.

By 1961 the U.S. had 1,000 advisers slogging around Viet Nam. After an inspection trip by General Maxwell Taylor, then military representative of President Kennedy, the latter announced a crash program to bolster Diem even further. In six months U.S. troops in Viet Nam burgeoned to 12,000 men.

When Is a War? As their involvement grew, American advisers were given the right to return fire if necessary. American pilots began flying combat missions, carrying fascinated Vietnamese "students" in the rear cockpits. So reluctant was the Pentagon to call it a war that it took a presidential executive order for U.S. servicemen in Viet Nam to receive the Purple Heart and other medals.

Last year, after Diem was toppled from power and killed, the generals who succeeded him promptly fell to squabbling among themselves, while the Viet Cong took advantage of the confusion to make their biggest gains of the war. And barely 14 weeks after Coup No. 1, Diem's successor, General Duong Van ("Big") Minh, was himself thrown out in Coup No. 2.

The man who stepped in to succeed Big Minh, and who has since been in charge of the struggle to deny rice-rich South Viet Nam to the Communists, is possibly the world's most improbable-looking leader of a nation at war. Yet little Nguyen (rhymes with You Win) Khanh, who stands only 5 ft. 4½ in. and weighs 155 lbs., has been deeply concerned with the cold war since he was a youth. Son of modestly well-to-do landed parents, Khanh was born in the hamlet of Caungan, 75 miles south of Saigon in the Mekong Delta, on Nov. 8, 1927. During World War II, when Indochina was ruled by the Vichy French and Japanese, and the tides of nationalism was running high, Khanh as a teen-ager joined Ho Chi Minh's guerrillas, which at the time billed themselves as nationalists. Armed, as he puts it, "with only a piece of bamboo," he and a dozen other youths began operating in the highlands, captured or stole 20 weapons. But then, Khanh says, the Viet Minh disarmed his group "because

SPECIAL FORCES OFFICER & VIETNAM
"A soldier must ne

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we were nationalists, not Communists." After this sobering experience, the young activist moved in the opposite direction, embarked in earnest on a military career at the French army academy at Dalat, where Paris trained Vietnamese officers to command France's native Indo-Chinese units.

He was commissioned a second lieutenant of infantry in 1947, sent to metropolitan France for advanced training, and after his return given command of Viet Nam's first native airborne battalion in 1950. With the French engaged in their war against the Communist Viet Minh, Khanh led his paratroopers in a jump onto the Hoabinh battlefield of North Viet Nam, scene of a French defeat that was only slightly less disastrous than Dienbienphu, carried out a valiant rearguard action covering the French retreat. Khanh finished the war, in which he was wounded (he still likes to pull up his shirt to show his scars), as a lieutenant colonel in charge of a regimental combat team.

Pajama Party. After partition, Khanh was chosen by Diem as the first commander of South Viet Nam's fledgling air force, soloed after eleven hours' instruction (he still does some flying now and then). His first exposure to American military methods came in 1957, when he spent a study tour at the U.S. Command & General Staff College at Fort Leavenworth, Kans. Back home again, Khanh was promoted to brigadier general at 32, later named chief of staff of the Vietnamese Joint General Staff —from which post he helped crush the abortive 1960 paratrooper revolt against Diem. Later Khanh, as commander of the II Corps area in central South Viet Nam, impressed American advisers with his inroads against the Viet Cong and his efforts to win over the peasants, particularly the half-savage *montagnard* tribesmen, whose multiple dialects Khanh learned to speak.

Khanh evidently took no part in the anti-Diem coup, though it is clear that he knew about the plot in advance. A week before the coup took place, he began to grow his black goatee. Apparently he did not like what he saw ahead, and a beard was his enigmatic symbol of future plans. After three months of watching the bickering and lethargy of the Big Minh junta, Khanh arrived in the capital to attend an officers' meeting, quietly rallied some fellow officers, including the commander of troops surrounding Saigon, and on the night of Jan. 30 pulled off his own coup, a silent one that caught his rivals in their pajamas. While persuading Big Minh to stay on as titular chief of state, to maintain at least a façade of continuity, Khanh took power as president of the Military Revolutionary Council and Premier.

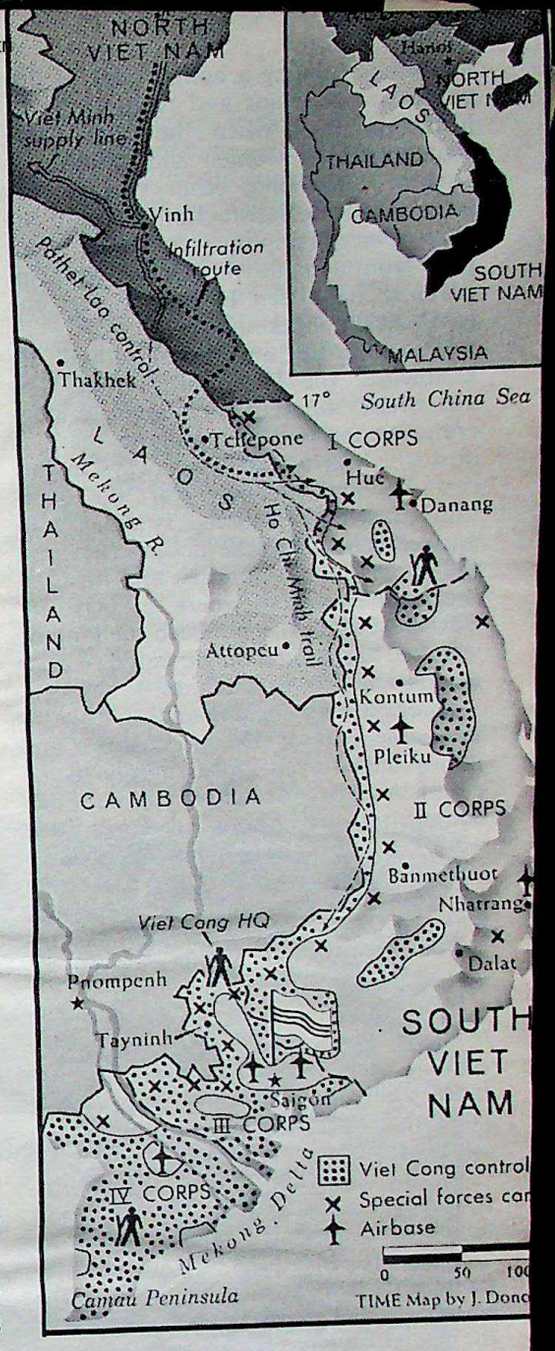
Salems & Sea Swallows. In his new job Khanh has even less time for his handsome wife, Pham Le Tran, a North Vietnamese by birth, or his children: a six-year-old daughter and three sons, aged eleven, nine and two (a fourth son drowned in a Saigon fish pond last year). Neither does he get to pursue his favorite hobbies—the breeding of tropical fish and sea swallows. A clean-living type, Khanh rarely drinks; his only visible vice is chain-smoking. He puffs through three and four packs of Salems a day, shrugs: "I read all the reports about cancer, but I decided to go on smoking anyway. A soldier must never mind to be dead."

Such fatalism suits Khanh well, for should he fail, his task could turn out to be a killing one—literally. He is constantly under guard against the danger that an assassin will try to put a bullet in him. Working a 17-hour day in his grey and white headquarters, his office watched over by a soldier with a Colt .45 and a ferocious ornamental stuffed tiger, Khanh has striven to launch reforms and breathe new fire into the war effort. He has got a trickle of additional government administrators into the countryside. Though a Buddhist, he is a moderate one and has placated the Catholics. For the military he has increased salaries, pushed promotions. It is a difficult task, but he seems to have had some success in instilling more fight into the ranks, which appear more willing to face up to the Viet Cong in combat.

Aware that, like Diem, he has yet to capture the imagination of the countryside, Khanh week after week has stumped the backlands, pumping peasant hands, delivering speeches, doing what he could to rally the populace behind his Central Government. Last week, still at it, Khanh took time out to climb aboard his special DC-3 for a flying tour of the central coastal region. Dropping in on the fishing town of Hamtan, by the South China Sea—the first time in the republic's history that its head of government had visited the place—Khanh set the locals agog. Elegant in camouflage-pattern combat fatigues, he strolled down a sandy street, chatted with a crowd, asked a dumfounded schoolgirl, "Did you pass your exams?"—and drew cheers of "*Hoan ho trun tuong* [Hail to the general]!"

Ant & Boulder. But viewed against the enormity of South Viet Nam's problems, Khanh—a visibly wearier man than the bouncy fellow he was when he took over six months ago—seems like an ant struggling with a boulder. "All he needs," says an American adviser, "is some competent administration at lower levels"—and this is precisely what Khanh lacks. In a land where colonial France deliberately restricted the Vietnamese participation in government (the French even posted their own traffic cops in Saigon), Viet Nam's civil service is shot through with inefficiency, not to mention graft, favoritism, inexperience, sloth; many ranking military leaders act more like petty politicians than professional soldiers.

Khanh is also handicapped by the fact that his country lacks a sense of



HARRY REDL—BLACK STAR

TROOPS DEEP IN VIET CONG TERRITORY

mind to be dead."

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nationhood, being a hodgepodge of disparate tribes, clans and religious sects. Fortnight ago, when the Viet Cong slaughtered 40 women and children at a rural compound, other villagers expressed private satisfaction. Reason: the victims were temporary residents, strangers from outside the Delta, who apparently had been lording it over the locals at the marketplace.

Touching Bottom? What with all the handicaps, the large infusion of U.S. aid often shows few immediate concrete results, and any progress made is at an inch at a time. As always in this complex and shadowy war, the question of who is winning is difficult to answer. There are the doom criers and the professional optimists, and as usual the truth lies somewhere in between. But Viet Nam's has not been the kind of war that turns on a single battle or successful ambush, dramatic as it may be.

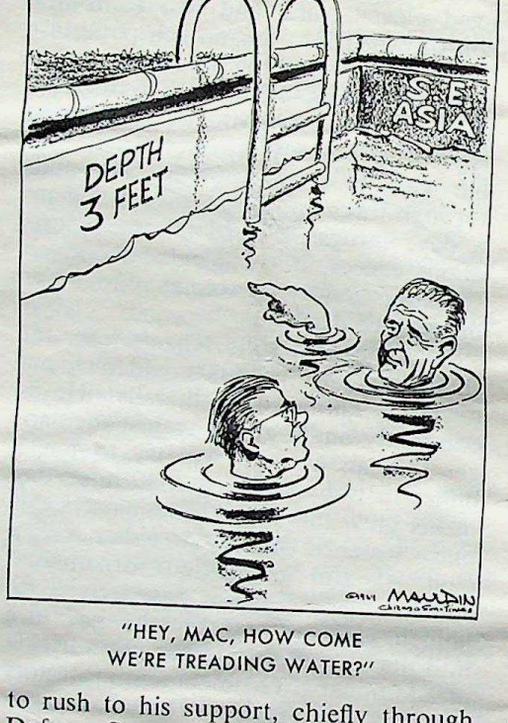
Things were going downhill sharply toward the end of Diem's regime, and they plunged even more sharply in the confusion that accompanied the two coups afterward. About last April, there were signs that the descent might have halted. Of late, while more aggressive government troops push into areas that had previously been Viet Cong sanctuaries, the overall level of guerrilla attacks has decreased slightly. Air power is being applied with increasing effectiveness. Possibly reacting to the increased pressure, the Reds are turning more and more to terrorism against peasants. There is the feeling among competent observers that for South Viet Nam the situation has bottomed out, possibly at a dangerously low level, but nonetheless bottomed out.

"Talk to My Gun." Yet the Viet Cong still control vast sections of the country (*see map*): of 43 provinces, the guerrillas have significant control in 22, operate widely in all the others. In their "liberated zones," the Reds fly the yellow-starred Viet Cong flag, collect taxes from local peasants. Near Tanan, south of Saigon, the local Red tax chief is a woman, Kim Luom; when peasants plead that they have nothing with which to pay, she lays her .45 on the table saying: "Don't talk to me; talk to my gun."

Saigon's most pressing concern is the area that includes the capital itself. In eight surrounding provinces, the Communists have tightened what American advisers call a "doughnut" around the capital. To the south, between Saigon and the Mekong Delta, the Viet Cong are so strong that more than 50% of the population there is estimated to be under varying degrees of Communist control. To the north, the Viet Cong are steadily increasing their pressure, last week hit four government battalions in three days. The guerrillas operate right up to the capital's doorstep. One night last week they opened a barrage on the army post of Vinhloc, only five miles west of the city. The crump of guerrilla mortars and government artillery shook buildings at Tan Son Nhut Airport on the city's edge, and flares dropped from patrol planes were clearly visible from downtown Saigon.

The objective, obviously, is to get a psychological strangle hold on the capital, a sprawling, pseudo-sophisticated city of more than 1,000,000, which has never seemed to take the war very seriously. But terrorism has increased, and people get off the sidewalks quickly at night, even the streetwalkers. Last week five U.S. servicemen and 15 Vietnamese were wounded when a bomb was heaved into Saigon's Shadows Bar while the dance floor was crowded with rhumba dancers. The day before, a man on a motorcycle tossed a grenade at six American advisers standing at a Saigon bus stop, missing them but injuring four Vietnamese shoppers.

Spinning Wheels. It was the fear that Khanh might be the country's last hope for survival that prompted Washington



"HEY, MAC, HOW COME WE'RE TREADING WATER?"

to rush to his support, chiefly through Defense Secretary McNamara, who has shuttled repeatedly to Saigon to confer with Khanh and to join him on tours of the countryside. Little by little, it became clear to McNamara that the doughty Vietnamese needed more—not less—U.S. personnel and equipment if he were to make a dent in the growing Viet Cong strength. Four months ago, the wheels began turning. McNamara's recommendation was seconded by then-U.S. Ambassador Henry Cabot Lodge, thrashed over again in June at the high-level conference on Southeast Asia in Honolulu, got the nod from new Ambassador Maxwell Taylor shortly after he arrived in Saigon a month ago. In Washington fortnight ago, limousines carrying McNamara and Secretary of State Rusk rolled up at the White House, and moments later the pair—joined by National Security Adviser McGeorge Bundy—sat down in the oval office with Lyndon Johnson. They outlined the detailed plan for the further U.S. buildup. Johnson nodded, declared: "Let's go ahead."

Conquering the Virgin. The reinforcements will be partly concentrated on the hardening "doughnut" around Saigon but will also make possible more military advisers throughout the country—currently pegged at two U.S. officers and one enlisted man for each government battalion. The locals manning isolated outposts who comprise half the government's 400,000-man military force, will also get more U.S. help.

Also on the way are more of the fast, powerful AD-1 Skyraider dive bombers, 85 of which have already been sent to replace battle-worn T-28 converted trainers; by year's end 150 Skyraiders will be in Viet Nam. Capable of hauling 10,000 lbs. of rockets, bombs and other weaponry (*v.* the T-28's 1,500 lbs.), the stubby, potbellied Skyraiders can thus multiply the number of attacking runs possible during each sortie. Together with the U.S. Army's ubiquitous helicopters, the AD-1s are increasing the effectiveness of the air-to-ground fighting that is becoming ever more important in Viet Nam. Last year, of 7,000 guerrilla dead, one of every three was killed from the air.

Especially heartening to the beleaguered Vietnamese leaders is the impending increase of U.S. Special Forces men, whose numbers will be doubled to 1,400. Gung-ho guerrilla warriors themselves, who are experts in stealth and the quick kill, the green-bereted Special Forces work with specially trained Vietnamese units to beat the enemy at his own game, have constructed a string of 50 outposts from which 150-man teams prowl the Cambodian and Laotian frontiers in search of Communist infiltrators. "I'll never forget the expressions on the faces of the villagers when we killed the Viet Cong tax collector, district chief and propaganda officer in one day," says one U.S. Special Forces officer. As the Special Forces prepare to move into new areas, they often send in a squad of natives weeks ahead bearing gifts; often the advance men are under orders to marry village maidens to establish local connections.

Last week, in jungle-shrouded Tayninh province northwest of Saigon, a burly American Special Forces colonel stood triumphantly atop Black Virgin Mountain. Just a month ago, the heights of Black Virgin were a stronghold of the Viet Cong; now, thanks to the Special Forces, 200 peasants were building a government fort on the rugged peak.

Buffalo & Dysentery. Another band of hardy heroes is Viet Nam's U.S. civilian AID brigade. Half of them are always posted in the boondocks, counseling peasants on everything from seeding to irrigation. They often sleep on bamboo mats, eat buffalo meat (roast-

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ed with hair, hide and all), contract dysentery—and live in constant danger. Driving through Quangngai province one day, AID-man Robert Kelly spotted a Vietnamese he had known in the past and stopped to say hello. "You had better get out of here," the Vietnamese replied. "I'm Viet Cong now and an attack is under way." Sure enough, as he sped away, Kelly saw dozens of guerrillas pop out of the bush and move toward a nearby target. Ed Navarro, provincial AID representative in Tayninh, has twice found himself one Jeep back of deadly explosions on the mine-infested roads of the province.

Along with the promise of more men and funds, AID has a brand-new boss, a table-pounding ex-union leader named James Killen. Naturally, the hope exists that the expanded U.S. assistance will slowly turn the tide, and some observers see optimistic signs that it just might. But if it should fail to do so—or not do so fast enough—there remains the question of what then?

Longer & Harder. One top Washington official believes that war-weary Vietnamese morale could stand at most two more years of hopelessness without cracking severely—and that a string of dramatic Red victories could advance the date. For if it has been a "long, hard war" for Americans, it has been incalculably longer and harder for the 14 million South Vietnamese. To date, the war has cost 100,000 Vietnamese dead on both sides, and an estimated 20,000 more will die this year. Thus Khanh is increasingly squeezed on one hand by neutralist sentiment and on the other by desperate cries of "*Bac tien* [To the north]!" The loudest grumbling is coming from officers who are under renewed Red pressure. To make matters worse, General Big Minh is surly. At a recent meeting of the Military Revolutionary Council, Minh reportedly contradicted Khanh several times. Khanh finally stopped the meeting, looked straight at Minh and said: "If you want this job, you can have it any time. But just remember: when you take this job, you have got to work and work hard and make decisions. Well, do you want it?" Minh, according to the version, quickly decided that he did not.

Responding to the pressures, Khanh, addressing a Saigon rally fortnight ago, called in effect for "liberating" North Viet Nam. Next day Taylor paid a visit to the Premier, asking an explanation, since South Viet Nam had always shared Washington's position that the Geneva accords, guaranteeing both north and south, should simply be observed. Taylor was assured that it was a political gesture not to be taken seriously. But then the to-the-north campaign bloomed again in Saigon's government-influenced press, and several of Khanh's generals began similarly sounding off. Back to Khanh's office went Taylor. This time Khanh explained that he had to offer his people some hope of bringing the war to an end, added that the Vietnamese are studying plans for extending the war above the 17th Parallel, and might some day have specific proposals to present to the U.S.

Bomb for Bomb. No one in the American mission in Saigon expects Khanh to move against Hanoi unless he is assured of full American backing. "After all," noted an American, "we supply the Vietnamese air force. The bombs are ours. The fuel is ours." But even if the U.S. decided to change its policy and go along with a blow against the north, such an action would be precise and designed to minimize the possibility of further escalation. To discourage further subversion in the south, the first steps would probably be air strikes against Viet Cong supply lines in the Laotian corridor. Most likely target: the big staging center of Tchepone, which has an airfield. The purpose would be to put Hanoi on notice that the U.S. was ready to do more if necessary. If that didn't work, the next step would be bombings inside North Viet Nam. First would come tit-for-tat reprisals: if the Viet Cong sabotaged an oil dump in the south, there would be immediate destruction of a similar installation in the north. From there, if need be, there would be general punishment of North Viet Nam from the air; one reported plan calls for bombing, after a week's notice in advance (to minimize civilian casualties), any one of 200 North Vietnamese villages each time a South Vietnamese village was overrun. Another contingency plan, falling somewhere in between: blockading or mining Ho Chi Minh's ports.

Pointed Power. There are those who believe that such retaliation, if carefully limited to its purpose of dissuasion, might be carried out without further escalation. Despite angry howls, the Communists swallowed the U.S. air strike two months ago against Pathet Lao anti-aircraft guns in Laos—a pointed demonstration of power that has shored up anti-Communist morale all over Asia. But the U.S. would still have to be prepared to back up a blow against North Viet Nam all the way. Peking has so far stopped short of an outright commitment to intervene if North Viet Nam should be attacked, but warned last month that in such an event, "posing a threat to China's peace and security, the Chinese people naturally cannot be expected to look on with folded arms."

Message for Mao. Even so, the risk might conceivably have to be taken, for the fall of South Viet Nam would probably mean the Communists' overrunning of all Southeast Asia. There is also the question of how long American opinion will accept being told that the war is endless, or as a U.S. official in Saigon puts it: "Only a fool would pick a date when we can consider the job done. Three years? Five years? Ten? Fifteen? You make your own bets." One even suspects that in officialdom there is a tendency to take the war for granted. Some Administration policymakers are fond of pointing out that more Americans are killed in traffic accidents in Washington, D.C., each year than in the Viet Nam war—while adding, with more logic, that a single battle in a major escalation could cost more American lives in one day than have been lost altogether in Viet Nam.

True. But the root question is still whether the war can ever be won so long as the north continues its input of terror. Last week Washington officials would not predict that extension of the war could be avoided before the November election, although of course they hoped that with the buildup in the south it could be avoided. Said one: "Whether we can get through the election [without escalation] is almost up to Hanoi. If it turns out that they are infiltrating very large numbers into South Viet Nam, we would have to rethink." U.S. policymakers could only hope that Hanoi—and Mao—would bear the consequences.

LE MINH

AMBASSADOR TAYLOR & PREMIER KHANH
The word is, "Let's go ahead."

074914

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COMMUNISTS

Flowers, Swallows & Strangers

The game of "peaceful coexistence" that Nikita Khrushchev has set out to play often keeps him as busy as a one-man army in a two-front war. There is the problem of keeping his own fractious Communist house in order, and at the same time keeping the warm wind of *détente* blowing toward the West. Last week missives and missionaries were flying in all directions over Nikita's far-flung battle lines.

Do What One May. For months he had been planning to call a conference of Communist parties in order to thresh out the ideological split in the international Communist movement. But before he could even send off his invitations, Peking further complicated the whole affair by refusing to attend and promising to keep off the list of invited guests its allies in the ever-growing Sino-Soviet squabble.

"The day your so-called meeting takes place will be the day you step into your grave," the Chinese taunted in a letter to the Soviets. "But since you have made up your mind, you will most probably call it anyway. Otherwise, by breaking your word, would you not become a laughingstock down the centuries?" The 9,500-word polemic called Khrushchev's meeting "arbitrary, unilateral and illegal," and in the viciousness of its tone helped to widen the already gaping split between the two Red nations. To end the letter on a properly inscrutable note, the Chinese chose a poetic refrain from the Sung Dynasty (A.D. 960-1279):

Flowers fall off, do what one may:
Swallows return, no strangers they.

Seduction on the Seine. Meanwhile, a tough little Balkan swallow was flitting around Paris, much to Nikita's further dismay. He was Ion Gheorghe Maurer, Premier of Rumania and the first East European satellite Prime Minister to pay an official visit to a NATO country. For the Rumanians, who are defiantly determined to push ahead with full-scale industrialization of their country, the visit was a gesture designed to show Khrushchev that they would neither accept the grocery-store and gas-station role he wants to assign them in Comecon (the Kremlin's Common Market), nor would they meekly bow to Moscow's bidding in the ideological battle with China.

AFP-PICTORIAL

PREMIER MAURER & COUVE
A tramp in the Louvre.

BANKER ROCKEFELLER, DAUGHTER NEVA & KHRUSHCHEV
A friend at Chase Manhattan.

The boys from Bucharest did the customary tourist scene—*a bateau mouche* ride down the Seine, a grand tour of Versailles, a quick tramp through the Louvre, a weekend in the Loire Valley château country—but at the same time took plenty of opportunity to flirt with the French government. Charles de Gaulle is convinced that the Soviet bloc is crumbling under the pressure of traditional nationalisms, thus opening opportunities for the spread of French influence. De Gaulle himself granted Maurer an hour-long audience in which he turned on that rarely seen Gaullist charm. As Maurer emerged, newsmen asked him if *le grand Charles* had been in good form. The Rumanian, who speaks fluent if Italian-sounding French, rolled his eyes to the ceiling and said: *"Et comment!"*

The upshot of the week's business was a Franco-Rumanian pact promising increased scientific and technical cooperation. And that certainly did not please Nikita. No sooner had Maurer flown off to Paris in his special Tarom Airlines Ilyushin 18 than Nikolai Podgorny, Secretary of the Soviet Central Committee and Khrushchev's third-ranking lieutenant, flew in for a day-long fence-mending session with Rumanian Boss Gheorghe Gheorghiu-Dej.

More Than a Press Pass. If Red China and Rumania put Nikita on the defensive, he was nonetheless preparing for an offensive of his own in another direction. In one of those gestures of *détente* toward the West that so aggravate his Chinese Communist adversaries, Khrushchev called in a visiting "capitalist-imperialist" for a 2¼-hour chat in the Premier's Kremlin office. The visitor was none other than David Rockefeller, of Wall Street and the Chase Manhattan Bank, who had been attending a meeting in Leningrad when Nikita summoned him. In a "relaxed, friendly, even though extremely frank" atmosphere, Khrushchev renewed his insistence that trade between the U.S. and Russia be increased, told the financier that Russia would be willing to pay a sizable portion of her $10.8 billion wartime Lend-Lease debt in return for long-term U.S. credit, and even discussed Barry Goldwater.

At the same time, Nikita was taking a cautious step toward improved relations with his old enemies, the West Germans. To that end, he sent his son-in-law, Izvestia Editor Aleksei Adzhubei, swinging through West Germany on an ostensibly "private" journalistic tour. But when Adzhubei got to Bonn, it became clear that he was traveling on something more than an ordinary press pass. In a private talk with Chancellor Ludwig Erhard, the Russian guest revealed his real mission: to arrange a visit to West Germany for Father-in-Law Nikita.

Erhard seemed willing enough to meet Khrushchev, assured the guest that the agenda would be "unrestricted"—which meant that Nikita could talk all he wanted to about the evils of NATO membership, and Erhard would be able to raise at will the question of German reunification. Though Khrushchev still has to say *"da"* before a formal invitation from Bonn is forthcoming. But there was no question that both leaders seemed to feel that they had nothing to lose by such a meeting—and possibly something to gain.

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CYPRUS

A Notch Tighter

Thousands of leaflets floated down on the tents of Turkish refugees north of Nicosia last week. They were from a Piper Cub of Archbishop Makarios' small Greek Cypriot air force, and they demanded: "Why all this armed conflict, which destroys our country and leads to disaster? Why all this bloodshed and tears? Don't you realize this crisis could lead to total war?"

It was some question for Makarios to ask. In five out of seven nights last week, shiploads of fresh arms and men had arrived at the port of Limassol for dispatch to nine Greek Cypriot camps, and government roadblocks were multiplying across the island, hindering U.N. observation of clandestine imports. One recent cargo arrived on a Russian ship that moved in at night, unloaded, then vanished before dawn.

Ban & Blockade. Newsmen could no longer freely report such events, for now the island was under the restriction of a military secrets act. Neither could the United Nations' official peacekeepers feel free to speak their minds: uncertain of their status under the new law, U.N. briefing officers canceled their morning sessions for reporters.

Meanwhile, the Greeks on Cyprus had barred a shipload of Red Crescent (Red Cross) food and medicine intended for the beleaguered Turkish Cypriots, banned the local sale of gasoline, kerosene and spare parts to Turks on the island, and put pressure on the Turkish community in Paphos* by threatening to cut off its water supply.

All the while, earnest people in Geneva were doing their quiet best to mediate the tangled controversy. Huddling with Finland's Sakari Tuomioja was U.S. Special Representative Dean Acheson, who carried with him not only the prestige of a former Secretary of State but that of a skilled international lawyer as well. He seemed to have a series of plans to propose to the angry Greeks and Turks; one variation called for the union of Cyprus with Greece, but establishment of two semi-autonomous Turkish enclaves on the island, a NATO base (with Turkish contingents) to keep the peace, and cession of the small Greek island of Kastelorrizon to Turkey. Don't bother, cried Makarios, rejecting the whole idea and scornfully denouncing Acheson and Tuomioja as "self-appointed mediators." He wanted union, all right, but not with any rights for Turks on the island.

The Extremists. Flying over to Athens, Makarios conferred with Prime Minister George Papandreou, and came home claiming complete Greek government support for his program. Shortly after he returned, the Turks, always ready to use naval maneuvers as a tool of diplomacy, ordered their fleet to sea from Iskenderun, prepared to land on Cyprus, if necessary.

On the island itself, the Greek Cypriots had become so strong that some of their extremists were ready to start a Mediterranean fight right now. Proclaimed Nicosia's Greek daily Eleftheria: "If there is to be a world war over Cyprus, let it be soon." These were just the words of one overheated Cypriot editor, but they were precisely the kind of emotional fireworks that could touch off trouble.

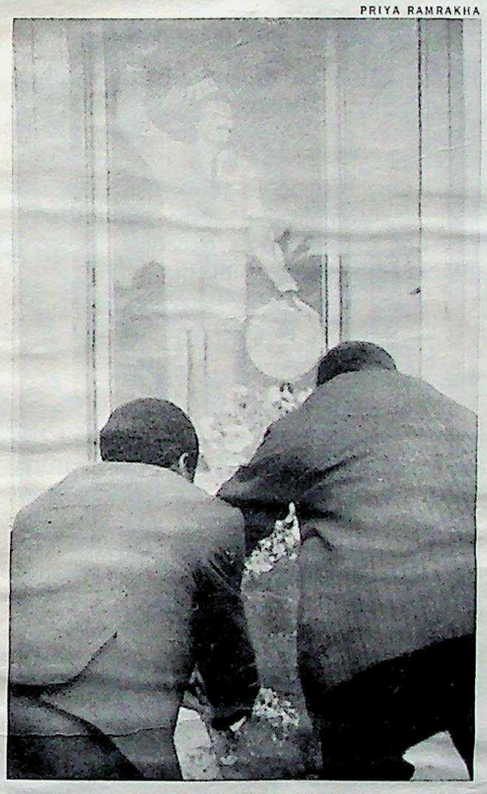
* Where, according to myth, Aphrodite emerged from the Mediterranean's foam.

THE CONGO

Balancing Act

The weather-beaten monument in Stanleyville's Lumumba Square is wreathed in a spray of faded plastic flowers and surrounded by white bathroom tiles. It consists of a crude glass-encased portrait showing a goateed man, whose left hand rests on a multicolored globe. A rusty sign, rising from a scraggly bed of petunias, proclaims: "Here is the monument of the Liberator of the Congo, Premier Patrice Emery Lumumba, Hero of Independence and of Unity, assassinated 18 January 1961 in Katanga."

PRIYA RAMRAKHA



TSHOMBE BEFORE LUMUMBA MONUMENT
A hero in Stanleyville.

Up to the monument last week strode the latest Liberator of the Congo, Premier Moise Tshombe, onetime leader of secessionist Katanga and the man whom most Congolese hold responsible for Lumumba's murder. Standing poker-faced in a tepid drizzle, Tshombe solemnly deposited a wreath at the foot of the portrait, bowed his head in silence. Later he delivered a speech that drew wild applause from at least 5,000 of Lumumba's former followers. "You have suffered too much from strings pulled abroad. The Congolese will not be valets of colonialists and imperialists."

Bullets Are Flying. It was all part of Tshombe's carefully planned balancing act, in which for the past month he has been trying to form the Congo's splintered factions into a "government of national reconciliation." The rousing welcome he received on his tour of Stanleyville (pop. 300,000) showed that Tshombe had succeeded in winning the approval of at least some of the city folks. *"Vive Tshombe!"* they screamed as his caravan swept through Stanleyville's five African communes. One man even shouted, *"Vive le Roi!"* At Goma, in rebellion-torn Kivu Central province, Congolese literally hung from the trees to hear Tshombe speak. "Black blood has been flowing like wild animals," he told them. "I say to you: *Kazi, kazi* [work, work], and let the politicians do the talking. The important thing is to stop the rebellion. Bullets are flying like falling hair."

That might have wowed them in Goma, but it did little to stop the spread of rebellion. Almost a third of the nation was no longer under Leopoldville's control; as usual, government troops fled in panic at the very sight of the insurgents. And now a fourth front, potentially more dangerous than those in Kwilu, Kivu and Maniema provinces, had been opened only 100 miles north of Leopoldville. A band of uniformed, well-armed rebels crossed the Congo River border from neighboring Brazzaville Congo, took control of several towns and cut the vital Route Nationale, the combination of river and rail links that connects Leopoldville to the nation's eastern reaches. The well-disciplined group confidently boasted that it could take over the capital "in less than three weeks."

No Negotiators. At this anxious moment, who should turn up in Leopoldville but a batch of white mercenaries from Johannesburg eager to sign up on Tshombe's side, just as they had done back in the old days when he needed outside help to keep Katanga independent. Good news for Moise? Perhaps. But the mercenaries posed a nightmarish problem for U.S. officials on the scene. They are inclined to help the old Katanga renegade now that he is on the side of Congo unity, but would be acutely embarrassed to find themselves allied with South African racists in the process.

What alternative had Tshombe? There was always the hope of striking political deals with such rebel leaders as the notorious Gaston Soumialot, who as "president" of the Communist-backed National Liberation Committee was supposed to be in command of much of the insurgency. In fact, it seemed increasingly clear that neither Soumialot nor anyone else could handle the gangs. As Tshombe put it last week: "There is nobody to negotiate with. Nobody really controls the rebels, so nobody can stop them."

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NORTHERN RHODESIA

Alice Is at It Again

During last winter's elections that brought Kenneth Kaunda's United National Independence Party to power, the only serious violence at the polls occurred in the northeastern districts, and they involved not Kaunda's political opponents but the zealous followers of a religious prophetess named Alice Lenshina. It seems that Kaunda's agents tried to force her people to vote. They did not want to, and by the time the excitement was over, a number of people were dead. Last week Alice's followers were at it again, this time sparking a major rebellion that has left 40 villages afire and more than 300 men, women and children shot, speared, hacked or burned to death.

Magic Word. Alice, now a plump 40, founded her cult among Northern Rhodesian tribesmen eleven years ago, after having—so she claimed—died and risen from the dead. As the story goes, the rapid spread of her fame dates from the day she ordered her followers to strip naked during a violent rainstorm. She said she would cleanse them of sin, but those beyond redemption would be struck dead by a bolt of lightning. According to the legend, no sooner had she spoken than lightning struck a nearby tree, killing two. As the story of the "miracle" spread, Alice's following snowballed; at one time it had as many as 75,000 adherents, though its membership has dwindled since.

She wins her converts with a doctrinal haggis of African witchcraft and Christian teachings she learned from Church of Scotland missionaries. Alice condemns adultery, polygamy, drinking, smoking, singing dirty songs, dancing for fun. The rallying cry of her followers is "Jericho," a word that she guarantees will protect them from death by turning bullets into water.

The magic word was not much help in last week's fighting, touched off when a teen-age Lumpa was thrashed by his uncle, a Kaunda man, for playing hooky from school. In the early battles, angry Lumpas reportedly speared 50 of Kaunda's followers, then herded 150 women and children into their grass huts and burned them alive. A day later, the rampaging Lumpas, springing from the tall elephant grass, ambushed a police detachment and killed its British officer.

Water Bullets. But then, from the capital of Lusaka, 450 miles to the southwest, came 2,000 soldiers and police to restore order. The troops surrounded the Lumpas' headquarters of Sione, named for the Biblical Zion, demanding immediate surrender. Instead, the fanatical Lumpas charged, brandishing spears, axes and ancient rifles. "Jericho!" they yelled, doubtless expecting a damp spray in return. Not water but lead was the soldiers' reply, and soon 65 Lumpas lay dead, 50 wounded.

As for Alice, she and her husband Petrus Mulenga had prudently slipped into hiding, calling for a "holy war" to the bitter end. Alice's followers could take heart from her latest promise: anybody who dies from those water bullets is guaranteed a "passport to heaven," opening the gates of paradise where a Black God reigns supreme.

UPI

PROPHETESS LENSHINA
Instead of water, a bath of lead.

EGYPT

For the Well-Dressed Fellah

Like Turkey's Kemal Atatürk, President Gamal Abdel Nasser of Egypt has been determined to force his country into the 20th century by ridding it of the relics of the past. To an extent, he has succeeded. Skyscrapers have risen to replace block after block of slum huts in Cairo. Few city kids now roam the streets barefooted. At Nasser's behest, almost no one wears the little red fez any longer. He has even managed to reduce the number of beggars that once plagued tourists.

INTERNATIONAL PRESS

GALABIYA & UTILITY SUIT
Instead of comfort, foreign restriction.

But one habit Egyptians cannot kick is the *galabiya*, the loose, ankle-length cotton garment that looks like a nightshirt and acts as an air conditioner of sorts in Egypt's sweltering heat. Fellah (peasant) and townsman alike have worn the flowing gown since the days of the pharaohs, and no amount of cajoling by Nasser's Ministry of Culture and National Guidance has been able to convince Egyptians that they should switch to that restricting jacket-shirt-and-pants that those strange, perspiring foreigners seem to prefer.

But Nasser is a tenacious leader, and once again his government went on the attack against the *galabiya*. State-operated cooperative stores put on sale 420,000 officially approved cotton suits consisting of trousers and jacket, retailing from $1.50 to $3, half the price of the average *galabiya*. To make the new attire more enticing, the suits come in grey or blue, or gaudy, striped red. In support of the anti-*galabiya* campaign, the state-controlled TV, press and radio have started a Madison Avenue–style campaign, with songs and commercials extolling the virtue of jackets and pants: they don't get caught in machinery, they make bicycling more comfortable, running easier, and are symbolic of the modern, industrialized Egypt that Nasser is constructing. Carried away by the spirit of the moment, one fiery journalist wrote: "The *galabiya* does not suit the age of the rockets. If you rise above the earth, its ends will fly unless you put them between your teeth."

INDIA

Back With the Rain

Endless armadas of heavy monsoon clouds bombarded central India with the heaviest rains in a century (187.7 in. since June), bringing new life to the parched plains. Everywhere shining green shoots burst from the fields. In Delhi, the poor took shelter from the downpour, thankful for relief from incessant heat. Outside the capital, amidst the ruins of forts and royal tombs, peacocks spread their glistening fans and danced for their mates.

Back with the rain came Premier Lal Bahadur Shastri, 59, looking none the worse for his apparently mild heart attack. Bustling in and out of his office, he paid two long visits to President Sarvepalli Radhakrishnan, presided over a lengthy cabinet meeting, tartly denied that he had been totally incapacitated while ill, insisted that he had worked seven hours a day at home during the later stages of his convalescence.

But there seemed to be little likelihood that he would resume the frantic pace of his first 17 days in office. He has shed the foreign minister's portfolio,

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It can't wash the dishes

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naming ex-Railways Minister Swaran Singh to handle India's relations abroad. It was a task that Jawaharlal Nehru himself used to carry, but there was no need for Shastri to kill himself merely in order to emulate his indefatigable predecessor. "It is not necessary," wrote a columnist in Bombay's influential *Economic Weekly*, "for Shastri to be Foreign Minister, Minister for Atomic Energy and Chairman of the Planning Commission—or, for that matter, president of the Mountaineering Institute. He has enough to do as Prime Minister."

In the months ahead, he will hardly take it easy. In the works are plans to visit Ceylon and Bhutan, a possible trip to Washington and, perhaps later, a journey to Moscow, which was originally planned for this month. Also ahead is another round of talks on the Kashmir problem with the Pakistanis. Looming over everything is the need to cope with India's growing food problem. Last week with Shastri up and around again, the government decreed a comprehensive system of price controls for wheat and rice. Then it launched a series of police raids on grain speculators, turning up 7,000 tons of hoarded wheat in a single day.

GREAT BRITAIN

A Child of the House

Winston Churchill was elected to the House of Commons in 1900—when Victoria was still Queen and Gladstone had been gone only five years. Almost immediately he became one of its storm centers. His views were often heretic, often changed—and often right. In his maiden speech, he bolted Tory doctrine to argue—ironically—against trying to match the power of "the clanking military empires of the European continent." Shortly afterward he bolted the Conservative Party itself, joined David Lloyd George's Liberals, only to return 20 years later, completely unabashed: "Anybody can rat, but it takes a certain amount of ingenuity to re-rat."

Churchill liked to describe himself as "a child of the house"—and he was often a very naughty child indeed. In debate he was irrepressible and wicked. "I wonder that a great many of my colleagues are on speaking terms with me," he once disclosed.

Something, Sweet Something. Many of his colleagues wondered too. To make his point, Churchill heckled, stormed, pleaded, reasoned, even thumbed his nose and stuck out his tongue. From his front-row seat, a few square inches of green leather on the front bench, he loved to distract opponents by rumbling softly to himself while they were speaking, but reacted violently to interruption of his own words.

He had favorite targets on the Opposition benches. Ramsay MacDonald was "the boneless wonder," Clement Attlee was "a sheep in sheep's clothing." When the postwar Labor government began measuring its home-building program in terms of "accommodation units," Churchill sang mockingly: "Accommodation unit, sweet accommodation unit, there's no place like accommodation unit."

For all his mischief, Churchill loved the House. When German bombs gutted it in 1941, Churchill stood amid the war-torn rubble for five minutes, tears running down his cheeks, then turned to an aide. "This chamber must be rebuilt—just as it was," he said quietly.

KEYSTONE

CHURCHILL EN ROUTE TO COMMONS
Incomparable and unique.

At war's end, he laid the cornerstone.

Never the Like Again. Last week he and his House of Commons bade each other final farewell. Leaning heavily on his two backbench volunteer escorts, Churchill—now 89 and too feeble to stand for re-election—rose painfully from his front-row corner seat, tottered up the aisle, turned slowly to make the usual bow of recognition to the Speaker.

Next day, for the first time since 1814, the House formally recorded its admiration and gratitude for one man. The resolution was moved by the Prime Minister, Sir Alec Douglas-Home, and was followed by brief tributes by Liberal Jo Grimond, arch-Conservative Sir Thomas Moore, Labor's Harold Wilson and Emanuel Shinwell.

Finally, former Prime Minister Harold Macmillan, who after 40 years in the House was also ending his parliamentary career, rose to speak to the hushed chamber. "The life of the man we are today honoring is unique. The oldest amongst us can recall nothing to compare with it. The younger ones among you, however long you live, will never see the like again."

UNITED NATIONS

Bill Collector at Work

Bearing a handsomely engraved Burmese silver bowl for Nikita Khrushchev, U.N. Secretary-General U Thant flew into Moscow last week on a matter of principal: $54,768,188 in back payments that Russia owes the world organization.

In the era of the billion-dollar budget, the amount was trivial enough. But behind it lurked the threat of an ugly showdown at the U.N. next fall. Most of the debt is on assessments voted by the General Assembly to pay for U.N. peace-keeping forces in the Congo and the Gaza Strip. Russia claims the assessments were illegal, has refused to pay for two years. But the U.N. Charter says that any nation whose payments are more than two years in arrears may lose its right to vote, and the U.S. is determined to see that the charter is enforced. The Kremlin's answer: any such attempt will wreck the United Nations.

Was this just a bluff? U Thant spent two days urging Nikita to make at least a token payment, but emerged empty-handed. "I did not get the impression that the Soviet Union is prepared to change its policy in this matter," he told a press conference in Moscow. The mild-mannered little Burmese—often criticized for excessive flexibility—could have left it at that. But to everyone's astonishment, the Secretary-General took his case straight to the Russian people.

This is not normally an easy matter. But making what was supposedly a protocol appearance on Russia's television network, U Thant told an estimated 40 million viewers that the U.N. is "facing a very serious financial crisis." What's more, he added, "I am convinced that the people of the Soviet Union and their leaders want the United Nations to develop into a really effective instrument for the maintenance of peace. To achieve this noble objective, it is up to all of us to try to find a solution to get the United Nations out of the crisis facing it today."

Whether 40 million Russians could sway their leaders was a dubious question. But at least it was a question worth asking. After all, nobody like the U.N.'s Thant had ever before put them to the test.

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CUBA

On with the Show

There he was, looking like a refugee from the House of David in his bushy black beard. "I have bad control," Fidel Castro apologized to the catcher as he lobbed a few warmup pitches across the plate for dear old Oriente province. And covering second base was brother Raúl, head of Cuba's armed forces. Then it was batter-up, and whiff-whiff-whiff, the boys were breaking their backs trying to hit that roundhouse curve. By the end of the first inning, it was Fidel's team 14, the opposition 0. Moments later, the game dissolved.

Castro was in Santiago de Cuba to celebrate the July 26, 1953 attack on Moncada Barracks that signaled the start of his revolution against Dictator Fulgencio Batista. He was determined to put on a show for the 30 U.S. newsmen invited over to view the proceedings, and so he did. Carpenters had nailed together triple-deck bunks and thrown up small tent cities to handle the 100,000 *campesinos* trucked in for the occasion. Streets were hung with posters and gaily colored banners. All day and night, reported TIME Correspondent Edwin Reingold, streets were clogged with peasants in gay carnival hats, sipping a glass of beer or munching hungrily on roast-pig sandwiches.

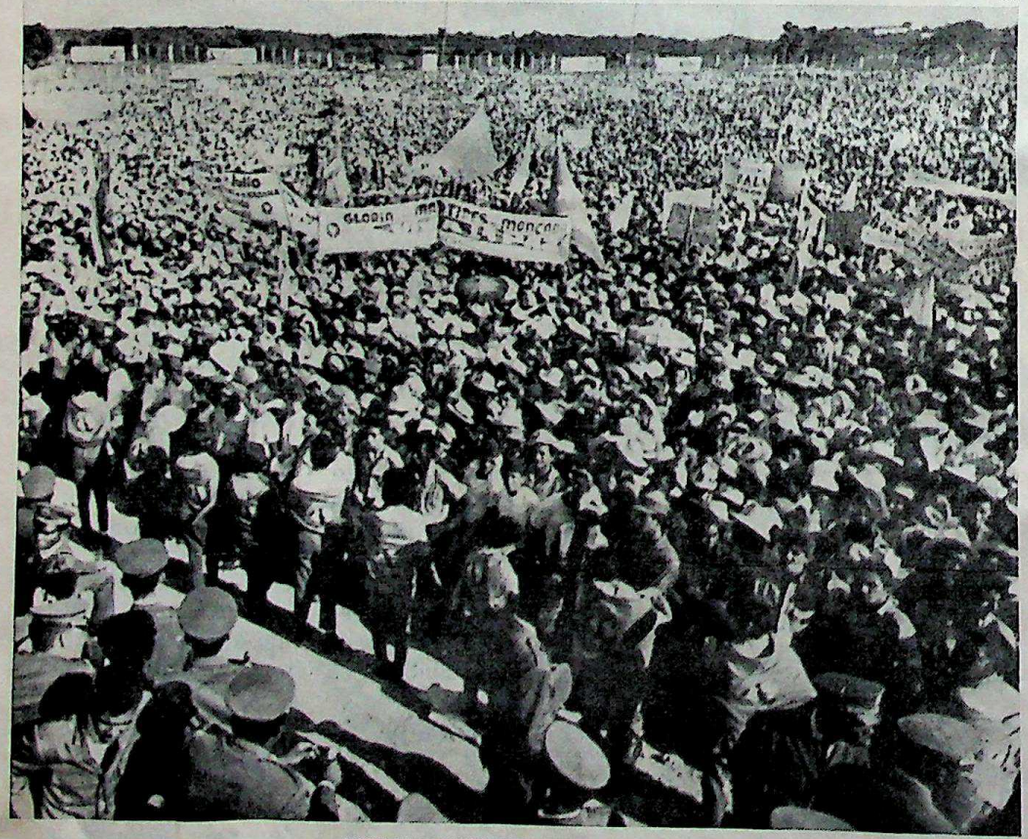
Ballet of Baseball. At Santiago's "Sports City" stadium, two days after Fidel's appearance at the plate, some 1,000 boys and girls in dazzling white snaked their way through tortuous drills, finally spelling out "July 26." Then, in a hilarious pantomime, 640 youngsters filed onto the field to symbolize *beisbol* as it is under the dread imperialist yoke —going through the motions of batting, pitching and running in agonizing slow motion. But wait! Now came the revolution—and the youths were happily scampering around like Little Leaguers. "The sport of yesterday was commercial and a means of making money," explained the program notes. "The exploitation of man by man on all fronts. In sports today, it is wholesome and pure." Then came 400 soldiers in olive green and East German helmets to snap through the U.S. manual of arms before goosestepping, in the best Soviet tradition, past Castro.

Next day, the mood changed. A grim, unsmiling Castro stood on a platform, joined by Raúl, President Osvaldo Dorticós and Minister of Industries Che Guevara. Castro gave the enthusiastic crowd of 100,000 a brief wave, unstrapped his ever-present .45 automatic, and stood through the introductions with nervous, twitching fingers. The Organization of American States had just voted diplomatic and economic sanctions against Cuba, and Castro was eager to strike back. "The OAS is garbage, a Yankee ministry of colonies," he railed. "The people of Cuba repudiate the insolent threats of armed aggression. It is one thing to fire without risk on unarmed people, as happened in Panama, and another to invade an armed nation where the people are prepared to shed their last drop of blood in defense of their country."

Wake Up, Raúl! For 3½ hours it went on, while Brother Raúl kept dozing off on the platform, only to be nudged awake by an amused Che Guevara. In sputtering defiance of the OAS, Castro issued his own "Declaration of Santiago de Cuba," accusing the U.S. of subverting Cuba and threatening to continue his attempts to foment revolution around Latin America. "Unless there is an end to the pirate attacks from the U.S. and other countries," he cried, "the people of Cuba will feel they have an equal right to help, with all resources available to them, the revolutionary movements in all countries that practice such interference in our country's domestic affairs." The U.S. embargo? Why, the Europeans have made it a mockery. "It is foolish to believe," said Castro, "that the countries of Europe, whose markets the U.S. wants to take away, will go along with this ridiculous proposal."

At a press conference for visiting newsmen, Castro kept it up—this time about the U.S. naval base at Guantánamo. For two weeks, the Cubans have claimed U.S. marines shot and killed a Cuban sentry on the other side of the fence. The U.S. has flatly denied it. A group of Cubans suddenly fired a volley in the direction of a Marine guard post. Following orders, the marines squeezed off two warning shots over the heads of the Cubans. No one was hit, says Washington, but an ambulance and a photographer immediately appeared on the Cuban side—and Castro was soon shouting murder. To judge from the way he sounded last week, Castro may intend to stage further incidents in hopes of provoking the U.S. into something drastic, which would give him a further propaganda chance to present the U.S. as an "aggressor."

AP



JULY 26 DEMONSTRATION IN SANTIAGO

Roast pig, pop, and whiff-whiff-whiff.

PITCHER CASTRO

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VENEZUELA

Rómulo's Successor: Doing Well

An amiably irreverent columnist for an evening paper in Caracas recently observed that Venezuela's new President Raúl Leoni, "though descended from Corsicans, strikes no Napoleonic attitudes." Leoni never thumps his desk; he does not ride out on crusades, and when he speaks, his raspy baritone has all the oratorical appeal of a buzz saw. In short, he is the opposite of his predecessor, Rómulo Betancourt. Yet Leoni has not only filled Betancourt's sizable shoes. In some ways, he may even be the better man for Venezuela these days.

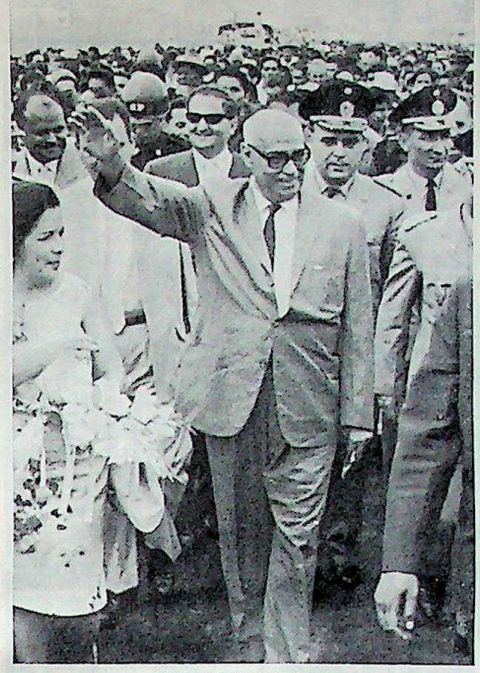
In the five months since Betancourt stepped down, the Venezuelan economy has continued climbing steadily. Gross national product, which rose 5.8% last year, is expected to climb 8.2% this year. Industrial production, up 8.7% last year, is on its way to a 15% gain for 1964. Foreign reserves stand at $800 million—highest of any Latin American country. And where Betancourt often met congressional resistance to his programs, Leoni has maneuvered through all 18 bills introduced by his government—though lacking the coalition majority that Betancourt had. Leoni's biggest triumph: his four-year, $850 million public works program for developing the country's interior and stimulating more private investment.

After the Macho. Few presidents have ever had a more difficult act to follow. With his dash and magnetic oratory, Betancourt was a *macho*, the fiery tough-guy who helped topple Dictator Marcos Pérez Jiménez in 1958, tamed the military, walloped the Communists, and rammed through the initial economic and social reforms that started Venezuela on the road to recovery. More than anything else, Betancourt —the first popularly elected President in Venezuelan history to complete his term—proved that democracy could work in his country.

But under Betancourt, the presidential household often resembled a three-ring circus. Appointments were constantly broken while the President chased hither and yon. Leoni, who spent six years straw-bossing Betancourt's A.D. Party, is a better administrator. He sees every minister at least once a week privately in his office, presides at a regular weekly full-dress Cabinet meeting. He pays careful attention to Venezuela's sensitive military. And he still finds time for the public ribbon-snipping that Betancourt found so useful. Last month, on a trip to Maracaibo, Leoni dedicated a new teachers college, the first section of a 1,000-home housing project, a new tumor-study center at Zulia University Hospital, and a new radio-TV relay station—all in only two hours before a luncheon date.

Ambitious Plans. "Betancourt," says one high government official, "was like a boxer who swung away with both fists. Leoni is the type who dances around without throwing many punches, but he doesn't get hit either." When Leoni decided that Venezuela should enter the Latin American Free Trade Association, he quietly sent a government delegation to a meeting of the powerful Federation of Chambers of Commerce and Industrialists, a longtime opponent of membership. After some polite arm-twisting, Leoni announced Venezuela's entry into LAFTA, almost as though it were all the association's idea. But Leoni can also be tough and direct. A few months ago Venezuela's navy chief loudly objected to some proposed promotions. Leoni swiftly pushed through promotions, sacked the commander and named his replacement—and all was quiet again.

For his five-year term, Leoni has ambitious plans to cut unemployment by 40%, build 380,000 new homes (*v.* 55,000 under Betancourt), double secondary-school enrollments, expand irrigated acreage from 125,000 acres to 625,000 acres, and double the country's power-generating capacity to 1,400,000 kw. The Christian Democratic COPEI Party, which supported Betancourt and polled 20% of the December vote, still refuses to join Leoni's government after an argument over Cabinet seats. But Leoni is convinced that COPEI's leaders, being responsible men, will come around in time.



PRESIDENT LEONI
Sizable shoes and a fit.

EXILES

The Trujillos Revisited

Last week he became Prisoner 983 in a small provincial lockup in Evreux, a town of 30,000 on the fringes of Normandy, 60 miles from Paris. His shoelaces, necktie, belt and wristwatch have been taken away; his only companions are a pimp and a chicken thief, and he spends his time reading Balzac's *La Comédie Humaine*. The joke, of sorts, was on Rhadamés Trujillo, 22, multimillionaire son of the Dominican Republic's late dictator Rafael Leonidas Trujillo. Rhadamés and three others of the high-living Trujillo clan suddenly face a court fight over the enormous fortune—estimated at something like $100 million—that they carried out of the Dominican Republic between 1930 and 1961, when the Trujillo reign ended.

Family Affair. Rhadamés was picked up on an extradition warrant at the request of a Swiss court. The complainant is not the Dominican government, which has its own extradition proceedings under way. The accusers are members of the Trujillo clan itself—precisely which ones, the lawyers were not saying. But the talk around the Dominican Republic suggested a daughter of the dictator's first marriage, Flor de Oro, and Trujillo's second wife, Bienvenida Ricardo, both believed to be in Montreal; two children, Rafael and Yolanda, born to longtime mistress, Lina Lovatón, all three of whom live in Miami. The story goes that they are on the outs with Rhadamés and the rest for hogging all the loot.

So now the "outs" have retained Manhattan's Nixon, Mudge, Rose, Guthrie & Alexander—the Nixon being Dick—to represent them. A Swiss lawyer, acting on orders from N.M.R.G. & A., brought suit in Switzerland, charging fraud, theft and falsification of waivers; in these waivers, the Trujillo relatives had supposedly disclaimed any share in the family fortune, but they now say they did no such thing.

Named in the suit, besides Rhadamés, are Brother Ramfis, 35, Sister Angelita, 24, and their mother, María, 58. It would probably take a battalion of accountants to unscramble all the secret Swiss bank accounts and phantom companies that hide the wealth. But from the looks of things, the Trujillos on the outside are missing a pretty good thing.

Cutting the Caper. Rhadamés and his fellow "ins" live like royalty, tooling around Switzerland, France and Spain in a fleet of Cadillacs, Jaguars and Mercedeses, accompanied by scores of servants, bodyguards and hangers-on. Rhadamés, who looks after the investments in France, cuts the caper in splendor on a $5,000,000 estate near Evreux, with his wife and 15 servants; his three stallions and 20 champion brood mares are already the talk of French racing. In Madrid, Ramfis, his mother and a few other family members occupy three $50,000 apartments in a fashionable section of the city, while Angelita and her husband live in a $1,000,000 estate on the outskirts of town.

So far, only Rhadamés has been picked up by the police. But the lawyers are expected to petition Spanish courts for extradition warrants on which to arrest the others. And if extradition is granted, the four family members will be hauled back to Geneva for what should be one of the most fascinating trials in years.

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Setting off on a tour of Ecuador, Peru and Bolivia to visit installations of the Pious Society of St. James the Apostle (which he founded in 1958), Boston's **Richard Cardinal Cushing**, 68, felt the twinges of age and chronic asthma. "I don't want to go," he confessed, "but just as St. Paul stung his flesh, and just as President Kennedy stung his flesh, so I must sting mine to fight the enemies of morality."

. . .

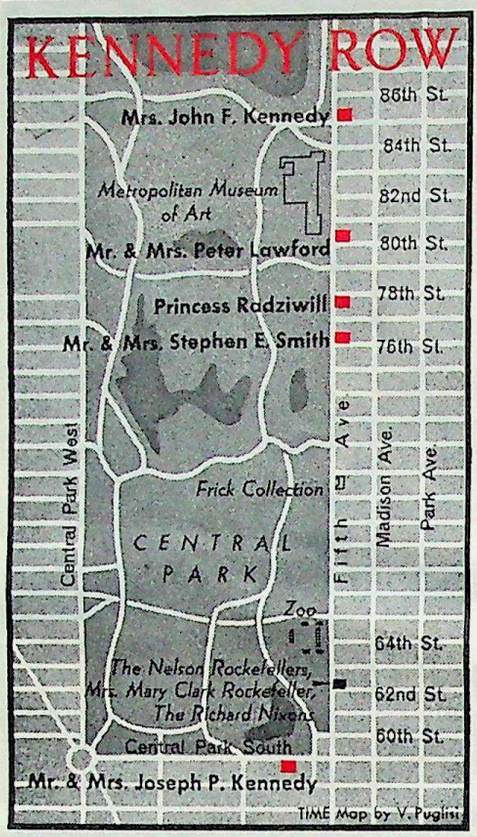
For his 74th happy return, the gifts included: 1) a cigarette box made from the newly dismantled Polo Grounds' foul pole; 2) four Polo Grounds seats, the same row in which he and his wife sat when they met in 1923; 3) a portable TV; 4) a color TV; and 5) a traveling case. There was a sextet of visiting Dodgers who rendered a birthday stanza more or less to the tune of *The Band Played On*. What more could a guy want? Since it was New York Mets Manager **Casey Stengel**, and he is, even at his age, still a dreamer, he thought maybe the Mets could win a game. Ha! It was 5-3, favor of Los Angeles, but season's attendance did pass the million mark. With that kind of gross, maybe next year they could give ol' Case Sandy Koufax.

. . .

"We love Libby!" read the signs, welcoming the V.I.P. to the New York World's Fair just like it was a political convention. Libby who? Well, she is **Libby Miller**, 20, pretty brunette daughter of the G.O.P. vice-presidential nominee, fresh from San Francisco. After an impromptu confetti parade and roses presented by fellow employees, it was back to work for the Newton (Mass.) College of the Sacred Heart senior, who has a job as an $80-a-week summer guide at the New York State Pavilion. There her pitch begins, "Governor Nelson Rockefeller welcomes you, and invites you to enjoy other scenic areas of the state."

HENRY GROSSMAN

FAIR GUIDE MILLER
Impromptu nominee.



. . .

His granddaddy was a Texan, but Treasury Secretary **C. Douglas Dillon**, 54, is an Eastern dude. Nonetheless, he knows that out West, it ain't spurs that go jingle, jangle, jingle, it's those silver dollars the mountain folk use as a status symbol to stun the visitors. Caving in to Western mining-state demands, Congress approved funds to mint 45 million new cart wheels, as recommended by neatly lassoed Dillon, who called them "a traditional medium of exchange in many Western states." So they are, in one vital area of commerce: there's no earthly way a greenback will mediate with a Las Vegas one-armed bandit.

. . .

Los Angeles' trial lawyer **Gladys Towles Root**, 58, is a one-woman courtroom spectacular. Fuchsia, fire engine and living lava are her favorite colors. Feathers and furbelows rise to Alpine proportions above her peroxide French twist. Her earrings would make a Ubangi wince, and her defense of the Sinatra kidnaping last February was equally gaudy. "The evidence," said she, "is that **Frank Sinatra Jr.** was running the show. How, ladies and gentlemen of the jury, do you like that?" Not much they didn't, and a Los Angeles grand jury last week decided they thought Gladys a bit much. She was indicted for inducing her client, convicted Kidnaper John William Irwin, to testify falsely in an effort to prove that Sinatra phonied up the kidnaping as a publicity stunt. The charge carries a maximum penalty of 15 years, $20,000 fine.

. . .

At a 4-H Club show in West Barnstable, Mass., astride her pony Macaroni, **Caroline Kennedy**, 6, stuck a feather in her cap by winning a sixth-place ribbon in a class of twelve, most of them teen-agers. Then her mother, **Jacqueline Kennedy**, went to town—Manhattan, where she celebrated her 35th birthday by buying a dandy 15-room, $200,000 co-op at the corner of 85th Street and Fifth Avenue, overlooking the Central Park Reservoir. City officials promise tourist buses will mind the music and step lively when they drive past Jackie's new home; and the whole arrangement couldn't be handier for the family, since Peter and Pat Kennedy Lawford live on Fifth at 80th Street, Princess Radziwill (Jackie's sister, Lee) at 78th, Steve and Jean Kennedy Smith at 76th. Some Republicans have a toehold farther down, where the Nixons, Nelson Rockefellers, and Nelson's ex-wife Mary live in the same building at 62nd Street, but the Massachusetts delegation comes back strong with Papa Joe and Rose at 24 Central Park South.

. . .

Baal was a sun god, Baalbek his temple in Lebanon, and currently the site of a summer festival where Ballet Stars **Margot Fonteyn**, 45, and **Rudolf Nureyev**, 25, were dancing. Betweentimes, they had themselves a ball sunbathing at Beirut's Saint Simon Beach, she in a bikini that was utterly tutu, he in a monokini that was, as they say in London, utterly twee.

UPI

NUREYEV & FONTEYN
Tutu and utterly twee.

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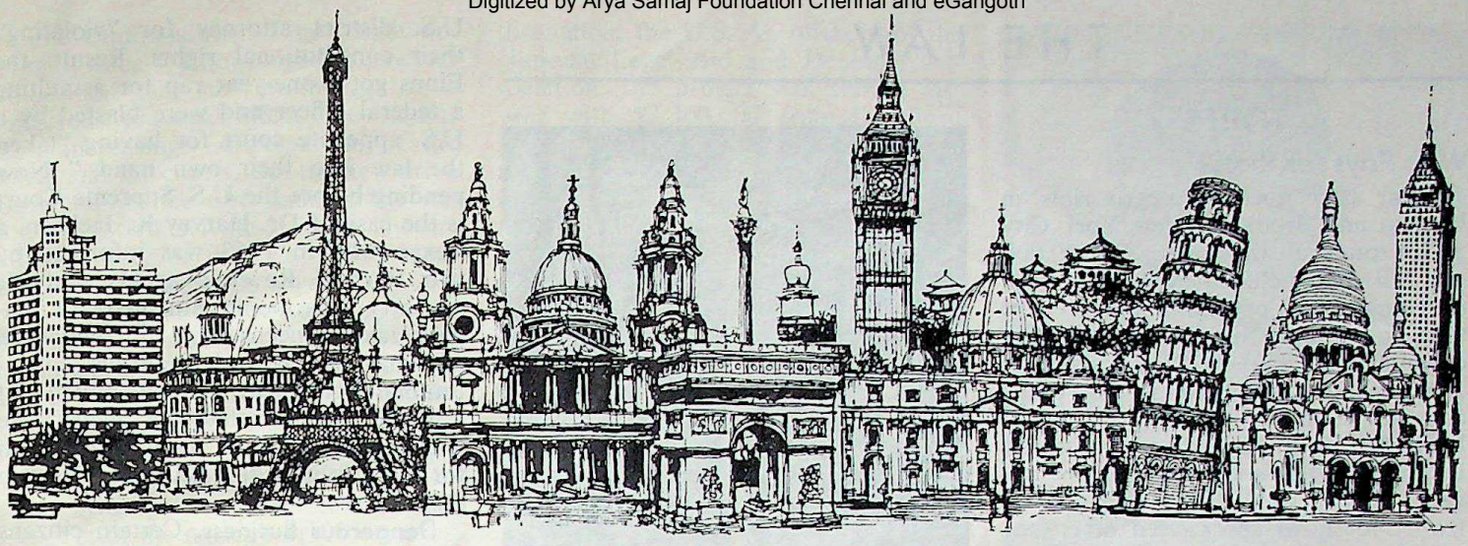

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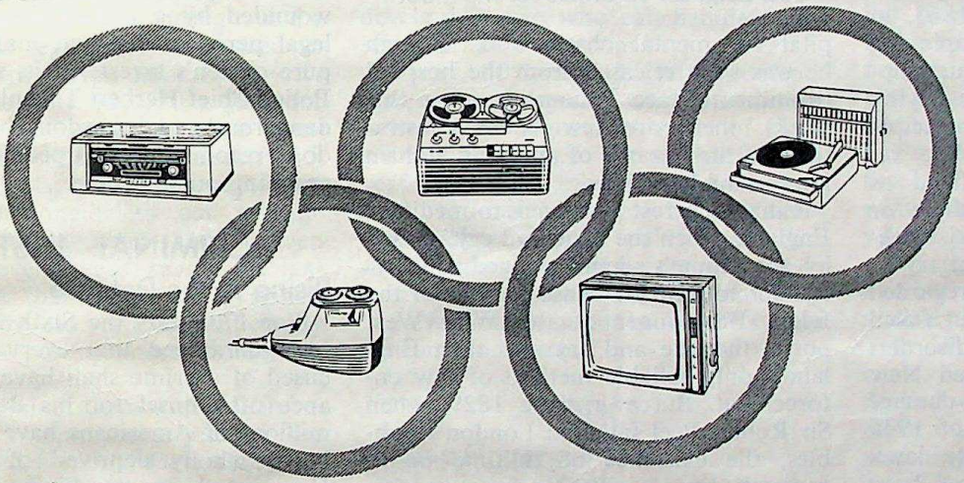

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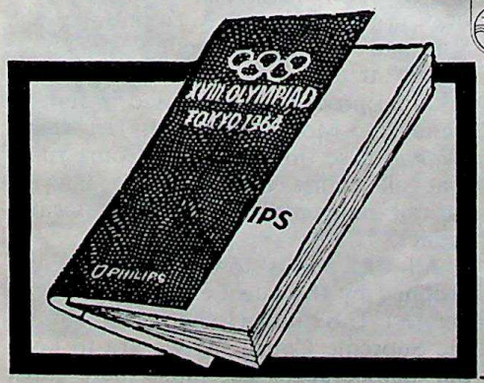

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TORTS

Who Pays for Riots?

Soon after quelling Negro riots in Harlem and Brooklyn, New York City police totted up the cost as $1,500,000 —a bill that included everything from overtime pay to extra ammunition. But that figure may be nowhere near the eventual total, said the *New York Law Journal* last week. Fact is that every city and county in New York State is liable for all property damage incurred in all riots. In New York City the recent riots destroyed or damaged at least 540 stores and caused other uncalculated losses.

Section 71 of New York State's *General Municipal Law* says in part: "A city or county shall be liable to a person whose property is destroyed or injured therein by a mob or riot, if the consent or negligence of such person did not contribute to such destruction or injury, and such person shall have used all reasonable diligence to prevent such damage."

Enacted in 1855, the law spurred many suits against New York City after the Civil War draft riots of 1863, in which whites attacked stores employing Negroes. Over city protests, courts upheld the law as constitutional, relying on the English common-law principle that government has an absolute responsibility to stop riots (defined as "tumultuous" assemblages of three or more persons intending to terrorize others). No matter how hard police try to prevent it, property damage is regarded as evidence that the government failed to use enough force to prevent disorder.

A number of merchants sued New York City and collected for damage done during the Harlem riots of 1935 and 1943. Under similar state laws, cities in Illinois and New Jersey have been sued for damage caused by strikes as well as riots. Restrictions on the plaintiff are few. A merchant cannot collect if he himself helped to incite the rioters—by illegally giving them liquor, for example. He probably cannot collect for lost business, only for real property damaged or carried away. Beyond that, the law is all on his side.

ARRESTS

Do It Yourself

When a hyperimaginative CORE leader named Herbert Callender tried to arrest New York City's Mayor Robert F. Wagner a few weeks ago, he was operating on the correct assumption that everyone has a common-law right to perform a "citizen's arrest." As Callender saw it, His Honor was guilty of a felony—misappropriating public funds by allowing racial discrimination on city-sponsored construction projects. Callender was arrested for disorderly conduct and carted off to Bellevue Hospital for mental observation. Though he was soon released from the hospital (in time to face a court hearing this week), there are few better illustrations of the hazards of applying archaic laws in modern times.

AP

LOOTED STORES IN ROCHESTER
Just don't set up drinks for the mob.

Citizen's arrest goes back to medieval England, when the "hue and cry" raised by a criminal's victim obliged any bystander to join the chase and catch the felon. Forerunner of the Wild West posse, the hue and cry was then England's only reliable method of law enforcement. But ever since 1829, when Sir Robert Peel fathered London's bobbies, the existence of fulltime police forces has made citizen's arrest so rare and unnecessary that it now seems to bring more peril than protection.

No Plague on Policemen. The right is still honored in many countries, including Britain, France, Germany and Japan. With slight state variations, U.S. law holds that a citizen may arrest any person who has committed a felony in his presence or whom he knows to have committed a felony. But the citizen faces a disadvantage that does not plague a policeman, who may arrest anyone whom he reasonably believes to be a felon. If no felony has in fact been committed, the policeman can simply say, "Oops, sorry." In the same situation, a citizen is quite likely to be sued for false arrest, not to mention being arrested himself.

In 1954 the indefatigably litigious brothers Finn—Charles C. and George C. of Los Angeles—tried to gain possession of a war-surplus airplane that they claimed they had bought. Although a federal court had enjoined them from owning the plane, the Finns arrested a U.S. district attorney for "violating" their constitutional rights. Result: the Finns got a one-year rap for assaulting a federal officer and were blasted by a U.S. appellate court for having "taken the law into their own hands." Now pending before the U.S. Supreme Court is the case of Dr. Harvey K. Jackson, a Texan who in 1963 was informed by two Internal Revenue agents that his property was being attached for unpaid taxes. Incensed at this violation of what he claimed were his constitutional rights, Dr. Jackson pulled out a pistol and arrested the agents. He was sentenced to 18 months in prison for forcibly impeding federal officers in their duties.

Dangerous Business. Certain citizens in certain circumstances still have relatively sound reasons to collar wrongdoers—the store detective who nabs a shoplifter, the bank clerk who chases a robber, the householder who captures a burglar. Moreover, they can usually depend on the police to show up and make the actual arrest. In the past 18 months, Chicago police have awarded framed citations to 24 such proxy policemen, whose arrestees ranged from alleged armed robbers to alleged rapists. But the prospect of being killed or wounded by a defiant felon, plus the legal perils of the act, makes for few pure citizen's arrests. It is, says Atlanta Police Chief Herbert T. Jenkins, "a very dangerous and hazardous business. We don't recommend that people go around grabbing other people."

CRIMINAL JUSTICE

Rising to the Defense

For 173 years the Sixth Amendment has guaranteed that every person accused of a crime shall have "the assistance of counsel for his defense." Yet millions of Americans have been largely or wholly deprived of that right. For one thing, the Sixth Amendment was long held to apply only to the federal courts. State courts were allowed to settle for lower standards, and the poverty of most criminal defendants only made matters worse. Each year 300,000 persons are charged with serious crimes in state courts, said a recent American Bar Association report. "At least half of these persons cannot afford to hire a lawyer to defend them."

What makes defense of the poor "a matter of first importance and endeavor," urged the A.B.A. report, is the Supreme Court's changing stance, a stream of decisions requiring that state criminal procedures be raised to federal standards. Most celebrated: last year's *Gideon* case, in which the Court ruled that all courts must provide lawyers for all indigents charged with serious crimes.

All this points toward an ideal envisioned by the late Learned Hand, the greatest U.S. judge who never sat on the Supreme Court. "If we are to keep our democracy," he said, "there must

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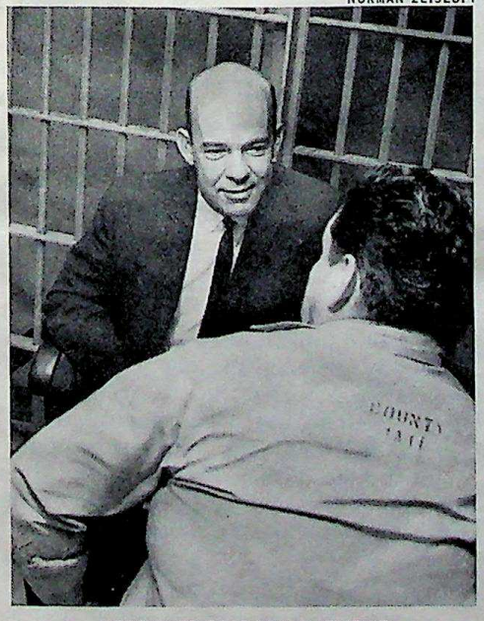
be one commandment: Thou shalt not ration justice." Knowledgeable lawyers would add that such rationing has a dangerous practical effect: the victims grow increasingly disrespectful of the police and the courts. But the new drive for equal justice also saddles the nation's 200,000 private-practice lawyers with the duty of fully defending more than 150,000 indigents a year.

Time & Money. One solution is the time-honored tradition of the court-appointed lawyer. But such lawyers often have neither the time nor the money to assemble crucial evidence and witnesses. The more modern answer is a fulltime public defender with an adequate investigative staff and tax support. Yet of the nation's 3,100 counties, only 194 have such agencies; the entire country has fewer than 50 fulltime defender investigators.

The problem is smallest in Los Angeles County, which boasts the nation's first and biggest public-defender office —a $1,000,000-a-year operation that began in 1914 and now has 69 fulltime lawyers plus ten skilled investigators. Last year the office handled 32,000 cases. Less happy is the situation in Florida, the very state that provided the *Gideon* case. Florida was obliged to install 16 public defenders throughout the state, but the legislature authorized so little money that even Miami's big-city defender gets only $22,750 a year for himself, two assistants and their combined expenses. Tampa's Defender Joseph G. Spicola, who personally gets $9,750, has nonetheless cut average pretrial detention from about seven months to seven weeks, saving the taxpayers more than $480 per prisoner. The legislature has yet to be sufficiently impressed to put up more money for defenders.

Battle Training. Combatting such reluctance is a top-priority job for the Chicago-based National Defender Project, the first significant effort to set up a system of fulltime public defenders throughout the U.S. An offshoot of the National Legal Aid and Defender Association, the project was started last year with $2,300,000 from the Ford Foundation. Last month Ford gave it another $2,000,000, which amounted to an openhanded vote of confidence in the project's staff and distinguished new director, the U.S. Army's recently retired Judge Advocate General Charles L. Decker (West Point '31, Georgetown law '42).

NORMAN ZEISLOFT



DEFENDER SPICOLA & CLIENT
Sharing the rations.

A crack criminal defender as well as prosecutor, Director Decker, who was founder of the Army's Judge Advocate General School and of the nation's first independent military judiciary, will siphon much of his Ford Foundation money into model defender agencies in Boston, New Haven, Philadelphia and Washington—"grey area" cities with slum-bred legal problems. Matching funds will go to other cities and counties willing eventually to pay the full bill for embryo defender agencies. Since 90% of court-appointed lawyers are unskilled in criminal law, Project Defender will also support more law-school criminal courses and trial-training internships for recent law graduates. In a day of noncombatant office lawyers, says General Decker, "our biggest job is developing men who can handle themselves in the courtroom."

Today, 90% of U.S. felony defendants are found guilty. Only a sentimentalist would argue that most of them are really innocent. But thoughtful lawyers agree that U.S. criminal justice has been "rationed" all too long. As Director Decker sees it, public defenders should now face public prosecutors in every county in the land, guaranteeing "an even match in our adversary system of trial procedures."

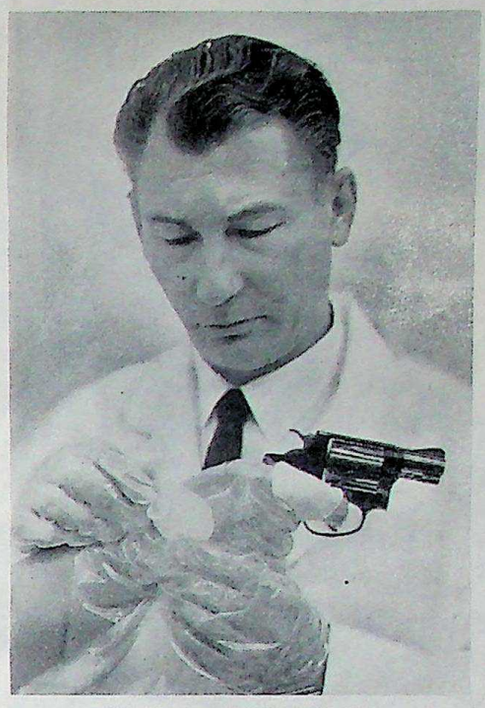
POLICE

Atomic Fingerprints

Summoned by a burglar alarm, San Francisco police sped to a liquor store's freshly jimmied door. Loitering there was William R. Woodward, 30, a private detective with no previous criminal record. On the ground was a tire iron that had apparently come from his nearby car. The cops arrested Woodward for attempted burglary. But there were no fingerprints on the tire iron, and Woodward stoutly denied the charge. How to build a case? Answer: "radiation fingerprints," a new scientific crime detector that makes Sherlock Holmes look like Deputy Dawg.

Telltale evidence against Woodward was produced by neutron activation analysis (N.A.A.), which subjects specimens under study to irradiation with neutrons in a nuclear reactor. The fine details of the specimens' chemical composition can then be deduced from the pattern of radiation they give off. So sensitive is the technique that it can detect a thimbleful of poison dissolved in ten tank cars of water.

In monitoring the most carefully planned alibis, N.A.A. can be as revealing as a photograph of the actual crime. N.A.A. can link suspects to incredibly small bits of physical evidence, such as the infinitesimal traces of gunpowder left on the hand of someone who has fired a gun. N.A.A. helped to win a Canadian murder conviction in 1959 by matching the accused's hair with tiny hair samples found on the victim. The first such U.S. conviction occurred last winter in a New York federal court, which accepted N.A.A. evidence as proof that the soil found on a truck hauling illicit liquor matched the soil around a moonshiner's still in Georgia.



GUINN & GUNPOWDER TEST
Irradiating the evidence.

In Woodward's case, police technicians found the tire iron minutely flecked with paint—a few specks resembling the light blue of his car, a few matching the light brown of the jimmied door. But there was no sure proof that Woodward used the tire iron to jimmy the door. The specks were so tiny (as small as one one-hundredth of a milligram) that conventional chemical or spectroscopic analysis was useless. So the police turned to a radiochemical research team headed by Dr. Vincent P. Guinn of General Dynamics Corp.'s General Atomic Division in San Diego.

Guinn's scientists simply irradiated samples of the various paints and projected the resulting radiation patterns on an oscilloscope screen. Components of the two blue and the two brown paint samples were so alike that no one could dispute their common origin. At Woodward's trial last month, a General Atomic scientist testified that it was "99.98% certain" that the tire iron came from Woodward's car, "99.999% certain" that it was used to jimmy the door. A jury quickly found Defendant Woodward guilty as charged. Before the advent of N.A.A. he would almost surely have gone free.

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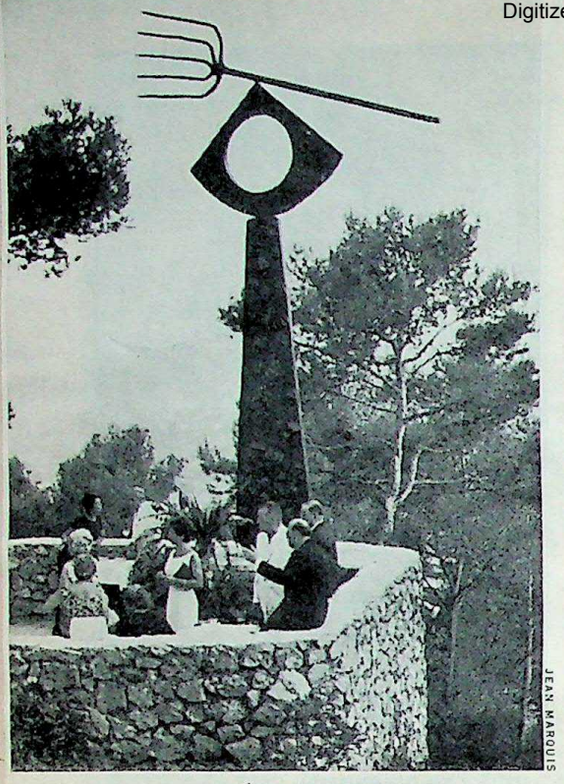
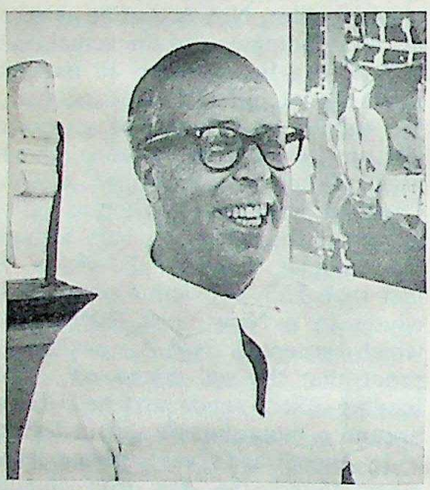
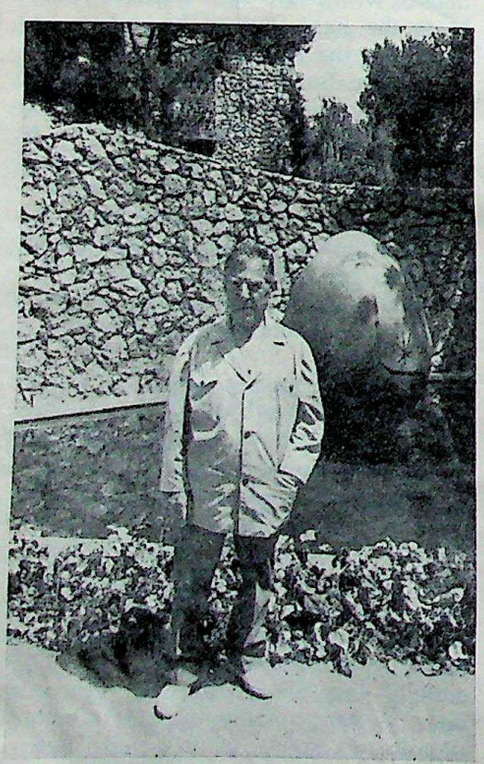


JEAN MARQUIS

MIRÓ'S WEATHER VANE



ARCHITECT SERT IN "SALLE BRAQUE"



MIRÓ & CERAMIC EGG

After five years, three stars.

MUSEUMS

A Place on the Riviera

To the French Riviera last week came a new attraction that is guaranteed to win ⚙⚙⚙ in anybody's *Guide Michelin* of artistic treasures. After five years of work, the museum put up by Flemish-French Art Dealer Aimé Maeght (pronounced Mag) is finished, furnished and open to the public.

Perched on a high, verdant ridge at Saint Paul de Vence above Nice, the museum is the elegantly terraced product of José Luis Sert, dean of Harvard's Graduate School of Design. Its ochre fieldstone walls blend into the slope; atop the roof, flying scoops shaped like quarter-cylinders trap the harsh Mediterranean light, diffuse it through milky glass, and bounce it off vaults inside to soften it further. Six galleries are devoted respectively to Bonnard, Giacometti, Kandinsky, Chagall, Braque and Miró; the paintings are from Maeght's collection or gifts from the artists.

Green Bird. Most of the artists created new works for the museum, and they came to the opening to purr over their work. Miró built a cluster of giant terra-cotta and cement sculptures, including a huge green bird, a giant pitchfork, and a Miró-size ceramic egg in a pool. As the opening festivities for 150 select guests wore on into the flower-scented twilight, he could not tear himself away and sat on a wall, clucking like a proud hen: "Look at that egg! It's the largest egg in the world."

Giacometti has taken to applying paint to his febrile bronze figures, and explained to visitors that he had never liked the metal's brown color anyway. He rhapsodized that life was more valuable than art, saying, "Even if a rat gnawed on a Rembrandt, I would refuse to kill it to save the painting." The artists had a ball.

Hammer Blow. Chagall designed the menu for the opening banquet; Miró designed scarves and handed them out to the ladies. Maeght's granddaughters presented the keys to the museum—the first public foundation of its kind in France—to Culture Minister André Malraux on a red satin cushion.

After dinner, Malraux gave a lofty address on art to the guests, who included James Baldwin, James Johnson Sweeney, Poet Saint-John Perse, Baron Alain de Rothschild, Mmes. Kandinsky and Léger, Ludmilla Tcherina, Yves Montand and Ella Fitzgerald. He called the museum "an important step in the history of the spirit" and concluded: "It was on a night like this that we heard the last blow of the hammer that completed the Parthenon. It was on a night like this that sounded the last blow of the hammer to Michelangelo's St. Peter's." Yves Montand followed with some Parisian chansons, but he could not top that.

ARCHITECTURE

The Plowmen's Palace

Before his death three years ago Eero Saarinen traveled a long way toward an architecture far beyond the glass-and-steel purism that seemed the ultimate in construction a decade ago. His Yale colleges are mounds of masonry; his Dulles airport terminal is canopied concrete; his CBS building a granite monument in great triangular piers. His headquarters (*see opposite page*) for Deere & Co., makers of farm machinery, returns to glass and steel—used in an utterly original way.

Pavilion in a Ravine. At first, Saarinen had proposed a concrete building, but the coolness of Deere executives led him back to the expressionist truth of architecture: the building ought to symbolize its purpose. So Saarinen chose steel, the material of plows and tractors, to "reflect the big, forceful, functional character of its products."

He proceeded to build a seven-story pavilion with exposed, welded posts and beams. Nestled in a tree-rimmed ravine, where 100 water jets spout a carpet of spray over a lake (cooling the air-conditioning system), the raw-beamed façade flails the air like some forgotten, gargantuan reaper waiting for the Jolly Green Giant.

Convention Upside Down. In his return to glass and steel, Saarinen brought new technology with him. Most of the windows are made of laminated mirror glass that reflects 52.3% of sun heat and 62% of light, eliminating the need for curtains inside. The steel itself is a novel alloy called Cor-ten,* which rusts a dense protective coat onto itself—then stops, does not flake, and need never be painted. Although a half-million railroad cars have been made of it since 1933, Saarinen was the *first* to build with the steel that must rust.

An architect who liked to turn convention upside down, Saarinen made people go downstairs, from the fourth-floor main entrance at one end of the building, to the executive offices. Secretaries, instead of being tucked away in dark inner cubicles, were given window seats. Treetops wave just outside the horizontal steel louvers, which will eventually rust to a cinnamon darkness. Every office has its own thermostat, and the whole building has push-button telephones.

The building shows how the architect excels by pleasing the client as well as himself. Saarinen's client, Architecture Buff William Hewitt, chairman of Deere, delivered the ultimate compliment by hesitating to talk about the building—it would be "like a beautiful girl telling you how beautiful she is."

* A trade name contracted from "corrosion tensile." It differs from plain carbon steel in its high copper content.

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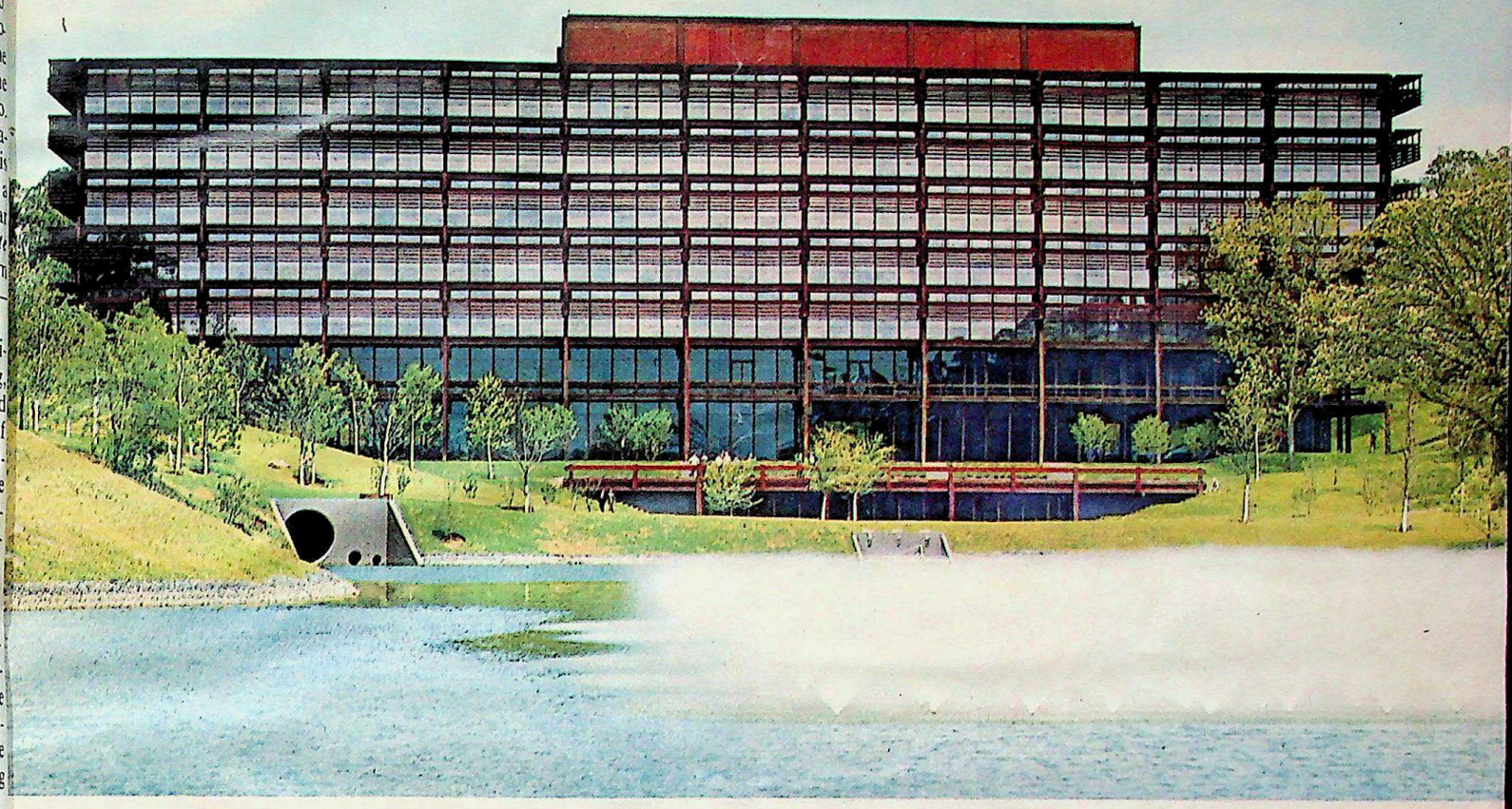
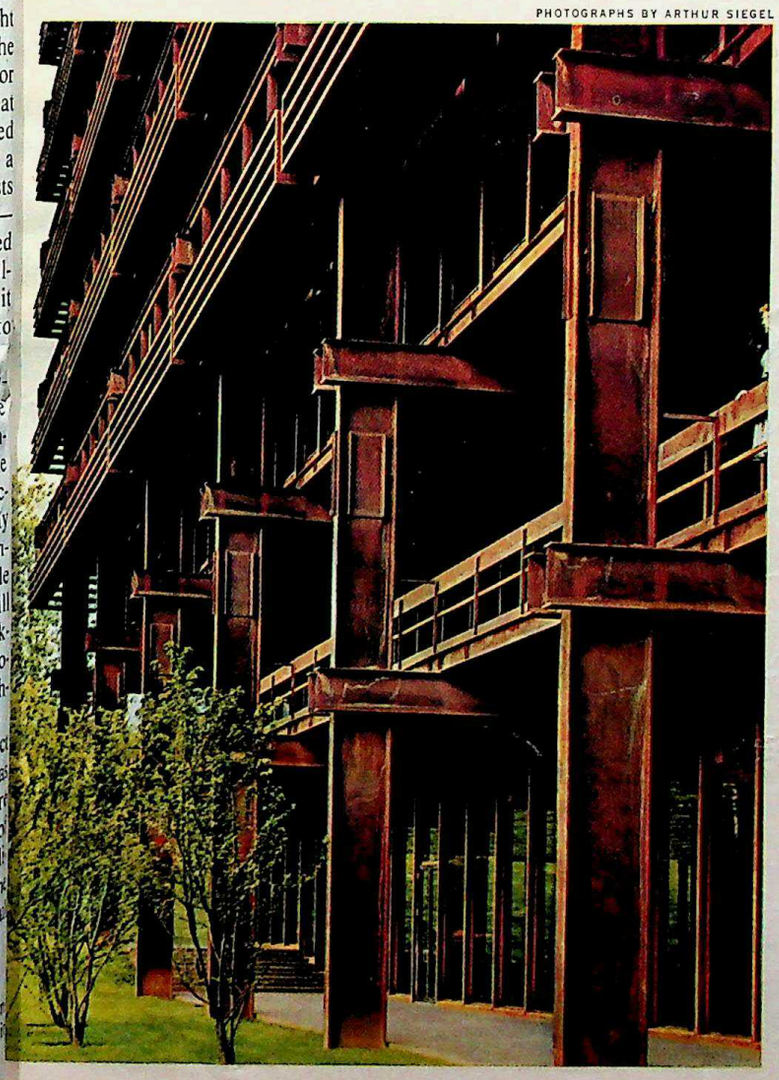
WARM BEAUTY FROM RUSTY STEEL



JOHN DEERE & COMPANY'S new headquarters, one of last and finest works of Architect Eero Saarinen, overlooks man made lake in 600-acre wooded ravine near Moline, Ill.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ARTHUR SIEGEL



SUN-SHADING LOUVERS enable office workers to enjoy nature, eliminate need for blinds. Glass-enclosed flying bridges between buildings give a sense of being among trees.

FARM MACHINERY called for a virile building. Architect chose Cor-ten steel, which rusts for two years, forms cinnamon-brown, weatherproof surface.

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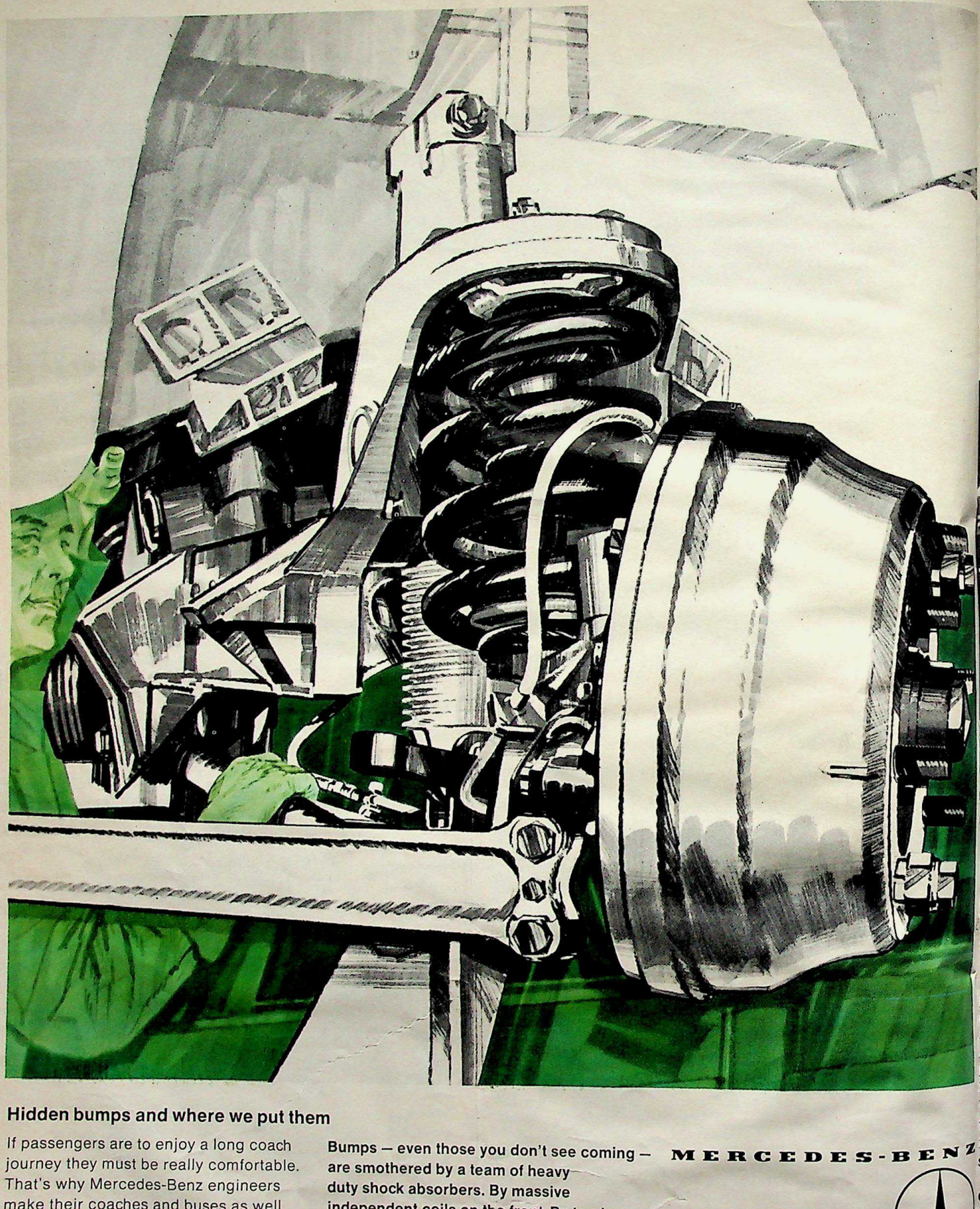
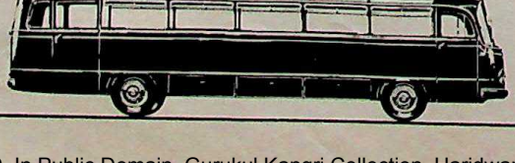


Hidden bumps and where we put them

If passengers are to enjoy a long coach journey they must be really comfortable. That's why Mercedes-Benz engineers make their coaches and buses as well sprung as their cars.

Bumps — even those you don't see coming — are smothered by a team of heavy duty shock absorbers. By massive independent coils on the front. By torsion bars to the rear. By rubber mounted bodywork. No wonder Mercedes-Benz coaches and buses make cobbles and pot-holes feel almost as smooth as a motorway.

MERCEDES-BENZ



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CONDUCTORS

A Choice & an Echo

The great outdoors does things to people. Stuffy board chairmen, foggy professors, bleary barflies are all likely to step out of character under a wide and starry sky. Musicians, too. On the podium of Boston's austere Symphony Hall, Conductor Erich Leinsdorf, for instance, is as musically adventurous as a metronome. But amid the shadowed lawns and towering pinewoods of Tanglewood at Lenox, Mass., where the Berkshire Music Festival has been held for 27 summers, Leinsdorf the precisionist gives way to a gay experimenter.

His latest experiment is a seldom-heard piece by Mozart—who in composing it might have been affected by the breezes of Salzburg's Mirabell Palace gardens. *Serenade ("Notturno") for Four Orchestras* consists of make-believe echoes, in which a short statement by the first orchestra is repeated in turn by the other three, each abbreviating the phrase until the fourth sounds only a faint fragment of it—just as an echoed shout fades out in the distance.

Timing & Fading. Orchestra Number One was on the stage in the Tanglewood shed under the maestro's baton; Two and Three were on the shed floor at either side of the stage; Four ended up nearly out of sight under a canopy normally used by the audience to walk from the parking lot to the shed. Four's conductor, English Horn Player Louis Speyer, had a closed-circuit TV screen in front of him to show him Conductor Leinsdorf, and earphones, which gave him the beat of the other orchestras.

The first problem was getting the "echoes" to come in on time. If each conductor waited to hear his cue, there would be too much of a time lag and resulting chaos. To make it come out right, the conductors had to learn to get their orchestras going just the right number of beats before they heard their cue. And when that was perfected, there came the problem of achieving the fading effect. Mozart, with probably a small garden in mind, had scored each "orchestra" as a string quartet with two horns. This did not work in Tanglewood's 6,000-seat arena. The problem was finally solved by beefing up Orchestra One to 26 pieces, giving Two 15, Three 9, and Four 13. All strings were muted in Four, three-quarters of them in Three, half in Two. Leinsdorf's orchestra played full strength.

Mapping the Campaign. The *Serenade for Four Orchestras* played before the biggest crowd of the season—14,592—but the drawing card was Van Cliburn as soloist in the main body of the program. When *Serenade's* opening statement in the Number One orchestra ended and the echoes began, everybody looked surprised, and there was much craning of necks to locate the elusive Four. In 18 minutes it was over, and the audience gave it a warm round of applause, but no accolade. Said one female Cliburnite to a colleague: "What the hell was that?"

But the orchestra loved it, and so did Leinsdorf. "I was very anxious about the whole thing, really, but it turned out delightfully," he said later in his dressing room. "It was more like mapping out a campaign than conducting an orchestra."

SINGERS

The Maid of Constant Sorrow

Wearing pants that stuck close to home and hair that should never have been let out alone, they looked alike. You could tell the boys from the girls only because some of them had names like Betty and Cindy Lou. They were all folk-song fans, come to Rhode Island last week for the fourth annual Newport Folk Music Festival.*

Jammed into Freebody Park, 15,000 of the faithful hummed, strummed and tapped sneakers as a single unit, outfitted not only with identical uniforms but with a mutual set of convictions that decry the injustices of war, segregation and cheating hearts. One by one, the cult's high priests (Pete Seeger, Joan Baez, Bob Dylan and Odetta) filled the cloudy sky with music. And none did it with more urgency or passion than the slight blonde girl in the pink dress who hoisted a guitar twice her size and greeted the first drops of rain with a voice that built a shelter for her audience.

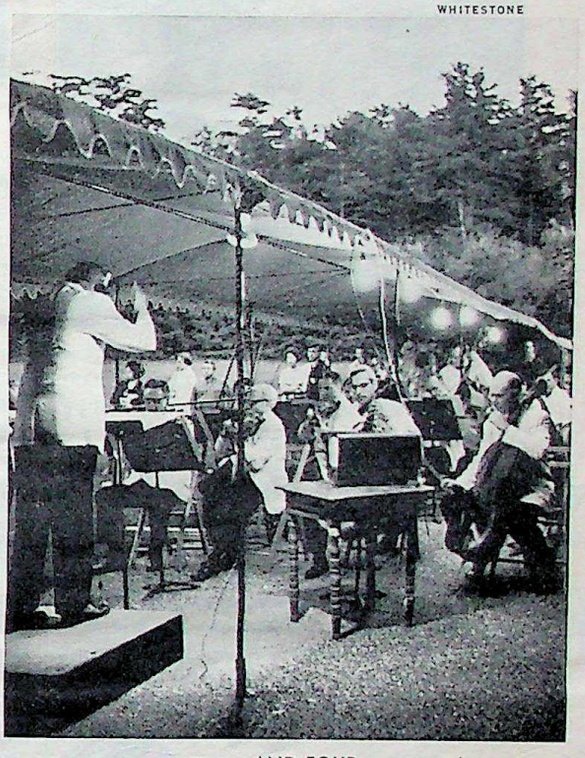
Judy Collins, 25, is neither a novice at her art nor as unfamiliar as some of her contemporaries with the sensation of distress. The folk circuit, her "road to communicate," is a lifetime's journey from the days when she performed as

* Total attendance was a record 70,000, and though the crowds were well-behaved, thousands could not find hotel rooms, passed up the damp beaches, and bedded down instead in city parks and private yards, swarmed through the business area, blocking local traffic and preventing residents from getting to the stores. As a result, the city council banned Freebody Park as a future festival site. Newport appreciates the business, spokesmen announced last week, but wants the folkniks farther out of town.

ORCHESTRAS ONE, TWO, THREE . . .

Where was that faint sound coming from?

WHITESTONE



. . . AND FOUR

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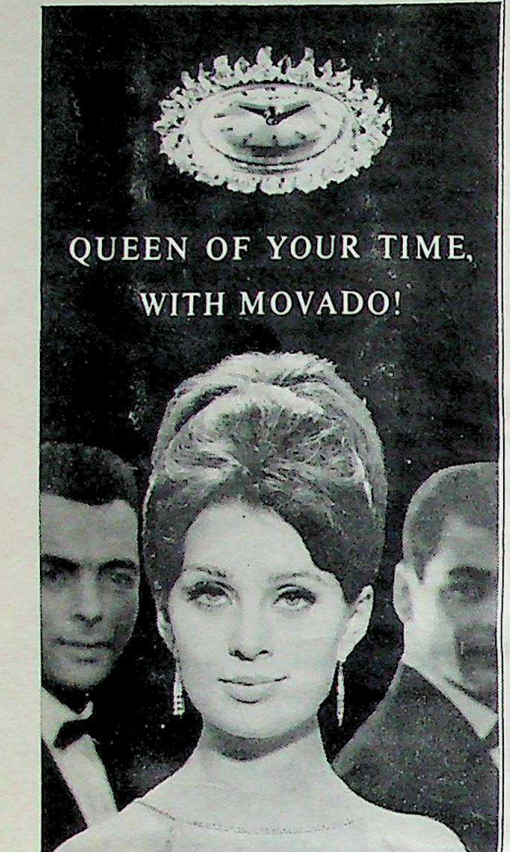

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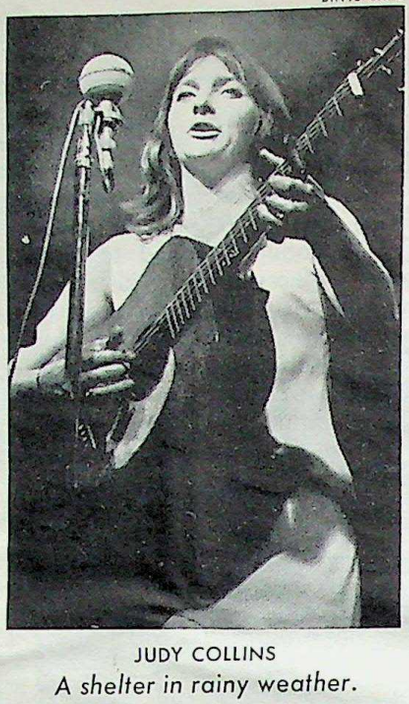

JUDY COLLINS
A shelter in rainy weather.

a piano soloist with the Denver Businessmen's Symphony. Seattle-born and Denver-bred, she was influenced by her blind father, who emceed a local radio show ("a potpourri of philosophy, piano and good music," she recalls).

After eleven years of extensive study, Judy gave up the piano in favor of a battered steel guitar that her father had given her, soon was haunting Denver's folk dens. "Folk music became my contact with other human beings," she says, "a way of saying what I think is happening inside their souls. What's happening in the music now is what happened in the Germany of Weill and Brecht—this outcry, this fury, this screaming 'It's exciting! It's exciting!' " Like the song that she has established as her trademark, she is a "Maid of Constant Sorrow" who has "seen trials all of my days." She has suffered bouts of infantile paralysis, tuberculosis, an abortive attempt at college (one "mummifying" year at MacMurray College in Illinois) and another year in a marriage which ended in separation (one child).

In a versatile repertory ranging from the mournful *Anathea* ("Judge, oh, Judge, spare my brother") to the wryly exaggerated *Silver Dagger Song*, she displayed occasional flashes of bitter humor ("This is a sort of 'Happy Birthday, Mississippi' song," she said, introducing *Hey, Nelly Nelly*). More important, she exhibited a fine facility for dramatic phrasing and a rich, bell-clear alto voice stronger than Joan Baez' and in some ways more interesting. Her ecstatic audience was not surprised, for Judy Collins only proved in Newport last week what her legions of album-buying fans have known for some time —that she is a mere maid of constant sorrow no longer but a major contender for the feminine folk-music crown, second only to Baez among today's flock of urban folk stylists and perhaps first to have lived the songs before learning to sing them.

MILESTONES

Married. Marcia Kubitschek, 3[illegible] comely daughter of former (1956-6[illegible] Brazilian President Juscelino Kubitschek, 50, who fathered the $600 million inland capital of Brasília but [illegible] afoul of the country's new revolutionary government, which recently stripped him of all political rights for ten years; and Baldomero Barbará Neto, 25, [illegible] of a wealthy Brazilian industrialist; in Lisbon.

Died. Willie ("The Wisp") Galimore, 29, star halfback of the Chicago Bears pro football team, who averaged 4.4 yards per carry over six seasons and in 1957 tied a Bears record of four touchdowns in a single game; in an auto accident that also killed Bears End John Farrington, 28, when their Volkswagen flipped as they raced to beat an eleven o'clock curfew at training camp; in Rensselaer, Ind.

Died. Dr. Thomas Henry Carroll, 50, president of George Washington University since 1961, a take-charge scholar-administrator who, having revamped the business schools at the University of Syracuse and North Carolina, was picked to vitalize the capital's lackluster university, within three years increased enrollment by 17% (to 11,246), boosted the budget for faculty salaries by $3,4[illegible] 50%, and initiated a building program that has already tripled student dormitory facilities; of a heart attack; in Bluemont, Va.

Died. Clair Engle, 52, California's flamboyant Democratic Senator; of a brain tumor, following two brain operations that left him partially paralyzed; in Washington (*see* THE U.S.).

Died. James McCauley Landis, 6[illegible] onetime dean of Harvard Law School and F.D.R. brain-truster, Tokyo-born son of Presbyterian missionaries, who at the age of 34 drafted a new securities act for Roosevelt, at 37 became one of Harvard Law's youngest deans, then in 1946, settled down to a lucrative Manhattan law practice (among his clients: Joseph Kennedy), worked as presidential adviser to Joe's son Jack, but saw his fortunes collapse last year when he was convicted of failing to file federal income tax returns from 1956 through 1960; by drowning, in his backyard pool; in Harrison, N.Y.

Died. Hermann Hagedorn, 82, biographer of Theodore Roosevelt, a sometime playwright who, after meeting the old Bull Moose at a rally in 1916, became an armchair Rough Rider, devoted the rest of his life to chronicling the T.R. legend in five highly readable, painstakingly detailed books (*The Boys' Life of Theodore Roosevelt, The Roosevelt Family of Sagamore Hill*); of a heart attack; in Santa Barbara, Ca[illegible]

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MAGAZINES

From Good to Bad at the *Post*

Matthew J. Culligan, chairman and president of the troubled Curtis Publishing Co., invited the nation's leading financial reporters to the Bottle Room of Manhattan's swank "21" Club, for "an important announcement." After cocktails and lunch, Culligan broke the good news: four successive quarterly increases in ad pages for a total 3.5% gain, he said, had put enough strength back into the *Saturday Evening Post* to resume weekly operations in 1965 (it had cut back to 45 issues yearly in a 1962 economy move). He also announced lower advertising-page rates for the *Post* and a reshuffling of the magazine's complicated ad-discount structure in an attempt to attract more small advertisers. Metaphored Culligan: "When you see a man who has suffered a broken leg out skipping rope, you know he has recovered. But it is obvious that the recovery didn't happen just this morning." Not surprisingly, Curtis got bullish headlines across the country.

That was two weeks ago. Last week, laying his skipping rope aside, Culligan held a non-Bottle-Room press conference and announced that Curtis' loss in the first half of 1964 exceeded the $3,456,000 loss for the same period last year, and that the third quarter would also be unprofitable. But he predicted that his company will make a profit in the fourth quarter. Even if it does, that profit is not likely to be large enough to prevent Curtis from finishing in the red for the fourth consecutive year.

CARTOONISTS

Facing the Candidate

The most telling comment on any editorial page is often contained in a brief line that emphasizes a chin, droops an eyelid or curves a mouth. Under the pen of a skilled cartoonist, a man's face can become a political comment, and Barry Goldwater has a face that most cartoonists find a delight to limn.

"It's hard to go wrong on that face," says the Baltimore Evening Sun's Cartoonist Tom Flannery. "It has the look of one of those things on Mount Rushmore." Adds the Washington Star's John Berryman, who has been sketching Presidents since Calvin Coolidge: "Goldwater is perfect to draw. The glasses, of course, are his trademark, but he also has strong facial characteristics—a flat mouth, pearl-grey hair, a strong jaw and high cheekbones." Berryman, who tries "not to be vicious toward candidates," has so far produced the best Goldwater likeness.

Caveman Drawing. What a cartoonist draws is inevitably colored by what he feels, and the feelings of many a cartoonist are even plainer to detect than those of their like-minded colleagues at typewriters in the newsroom. The Washington Post's Herblock draws Goldwater with a snarling lip, but says: "I think he's so bad all you have to do is to picture him as he is." Paul Conrad of the Los Angeles Times also claims, "I don't put in any more than I see." What he sees is a jutting jaw and a vacant, bewildered face. The Atlanta Constitution's Clifford Baldowski gives Goldwater frazzled hair "going off in all directions like the wild man he is."

The Boston Traveler's Jim Dobbins, who sketches a scrawny Barry, says, "I like to show him as a weakling." Such strident convictions can dim a man's appreciation for his own art. "I'm not happy with my Goldwater," says the Miami News's Don Wright, "but then I'm not happy with Goldwater, period."

Humor Is No Vice. There are a few, though, who look at the G.O.P. candidate from another angle. The Philadelphia Inquirer's Hugh Hutton accents Goldwater's forehead and sharpens his nose to give him "the perceptive look of a man who knows what he is doing."

BERRYMAN

CONRAD

HUTTON

WRIGHT

DOBBINS

HERBLOCK

MAULDIN

BARROW

GOLDWATER ON THE DRAWING BOARDS
Colored by feeling.

Hank Barrow of the Omaha World-Herald emphasizes Goldwater's square jaw and set mouth to give an impression of resoluteness. Bill Mauldin of Chicago's Sun-Times takes an evenhanded position. Although critical of Goldwater's politics, he draws the candidate with a broken nose and high forehead to convey a synthesis of the thoughtful man of action. Mauldin's philosophy: "You portray a guy for what he is, not what you think of his politics."

The most striking feature about all the attempts to portray Barry is that none of the cartoonists has yet drawn a face that reflects any really successful attempt at humor. Perhaps the reasons are the seriousness of the political argument and the strong emotional response that Goldwater evokes. Yet a moderate amount of humor in the exercise of cartooning is certainly no vice, and a total absence of it might become extremely intolerable.

COLUMNISTS

The Honest Quote

Columnist Jack Mabley of Chicago's American is an old hand at journalistic coups. He was the first reporter to turn over the John Birch Society rock; more recently he exposed a sales-tax swindle that was costing the state of Illinois $100 million annually. Mabley, 48, also devised the 1951 "plumber's poll" that documented the fact that Chicago's water pressure fell substantially during television commercials and proved that many Chicagoans deserted their sets at such opportune moments.

Mabley's latest coup concerned the courts. In one day's column he reported in detail remarks made by Judge Joseph Wosik to defendants in the city's traffic court. To one defendant, wrote Mabley, the judge stormed: "If I could, I'd waive all these fines for three minutes in a room with you and your wife. When I got done with you, she'd wish for the fines. I'd punch your head in." To a Negro from the South, he shouted: "If you have another accident, I'll make you wish you were back in Mississippi." The judge threatened an Italian immigrant with "another crucifixion" if the defendant failed to stop driving.

Collecting those quotes may not have been Mabley's most important accomplishment, but it brought the swiftest results of his career. The newspaper that carried the judge's remarks hit the newsstands by 9 a.m. By 1 p.m., Judge Wosik had been transferred to the much less busy civil court. The transfer was, in fact, so quick that late editions of the paper that same day carried a front-page bulletin on the judge's shift as well as Mabley's column. "The poor choice of language upset us," admitted Francis Poynton, executive assistant to the chief judge of Chicago's municipal court. Said Mabley: "We ran nothing but quotes. This is the most basic tool of journalism—the honest quote. There was not a word of criticism."

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TELEVISION

The New Emperor of Pay

Pat Weaver, once the president of NBC, is now the emperor of Subscription Television. His empire is scarcely two weeks old and so far has only 2,400 viewers in a small swatch of West Los Angeles. But the clamor it has raised is at the fightin'-words level all over California.

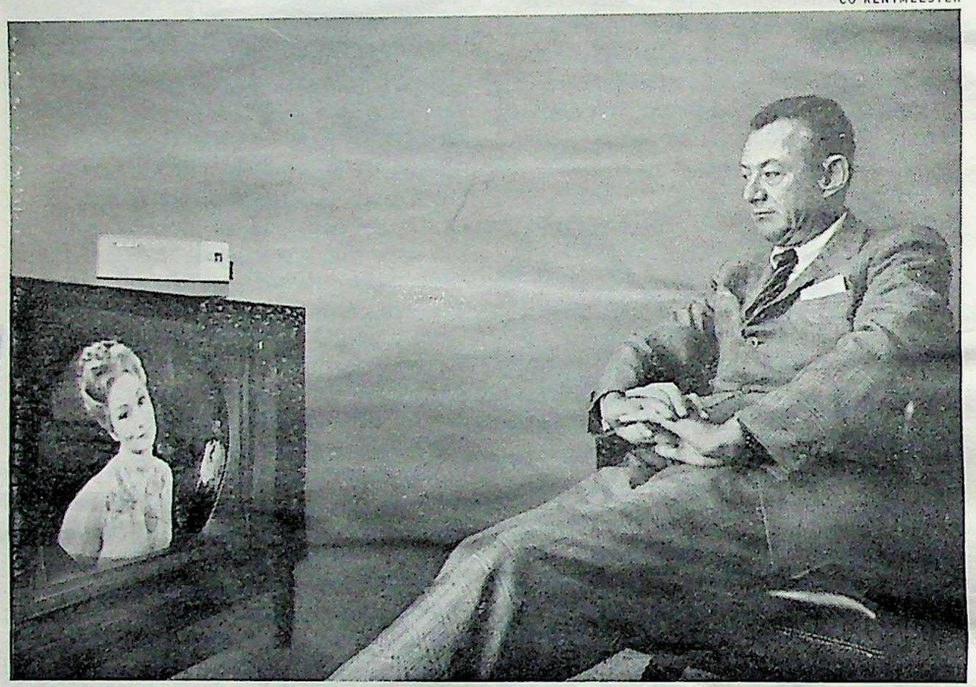
Weaver's STV gets into people's homes on telephone lines. It gets into their ordinary TV sets through an adapter, which puts STV programs onto Channel 6—a deadhead channel in Los Angeles. By twisting a knob on a Program Selector Box that sits atop their TV sets, subscribers can choose among Weaver's "Channels" A, B and C, each of which has its own programs. One typical evening early this week, subscribers could choose from among a tape of the New York Phoenix Theater's production of Maxim Gorky's *The Lower Depths* ($2), a concert by Amsterdam's Concertgebouw Orchestra ($1.50), and Vittorio De Sica's 1952 movie, *Pardon My Trunk* ($1).

Bills arrive at the end of the month. Viewers who let their sets run on as freely as of yore will be paying a pretty penny. But at least they have some "free sample viewing time" at the start of each program—a grace period of up to twelve minutes in which to decide whether a show seems worth paying for. A computer at STV headquarters receives impulses from subscribers' sets and tots up the tab.

Better Ball. Last week viewers had a go at Tyrone Guthrie's production of *Oedipus Rex* ($1.50), a lecture by Arthur M. Schlesinger Jr. on "The World We Want—and How to Get It" ($1), the South African play *Sponono*, by Alan Paton and Krishna Shah ($1.50), a flying lesson ($1), an ample sampling of revue material from Manhattan's Upstairs at the Downstairs ($1.50), and the British National Theater's production of Chekhov's *Uncle Vanya*, with Sir Laurence Olivier, Sir Michael Redgrave, Dame Sybil Thorndike, and Rosemary Harris ($2.00).

Reaction in Los Angeles papers and among subscribers has been, on the whole, favorable. Baseball, which was not available last week since the Dodgers were out of town, proved to be particularly popular the week before, STV's first in operation. Ball games come over in color that is superior to the commercial variety, and viewers feel that at last they can really follow the ball. Next month Weaver will begin operations in San Francisco, and by next spring he hopes to reach his goal of 70,000 subscribers, which he figures he needs in order to break even. He already has 16,000 additional applicants from Los Angeles waiting to be hooked up. A handicap has been his failure to provide the first-run movies he had promised subscribers, because most movie exhibitors have looked on his STV as potential competition. But United Artists has just come round, selling him eight pictures, including *Irma La Douce* and *Dr. No*.

CO RENTMEESTER



WEAVER WATCHING SCENE FROM "UNCLE VANYA"
The box could be Pandora's.

Soiled Naturals. Earlier pay TV experiments in Toronto and Hartford, Conn., have been inconclusive. RKO General's Phonevision has 5,000 subscribers presently watching movies in Hartford, and the company cannot decide whether to expand or give up. International Telemeter, which has 2,500 subscribers in a Toronto suburb, has been encouraged enough to announce that it is granting franchises for ne pay TV systems in Dallas, Atlan Houston and Miami, to start operat next year.

Some people, who otherwise beli strongly in the future of pay TV, a doubtful about Weaver's venture b cause they think that he may be starti too fast, promising an aggregate twelve hours of programming a day o his three "channels." He also nee votes. The sworn foes of subscriptio TV are so active in California th they have succeeded in placing an in tiative on the November ballot, throug which voters may vote pay TV o of existence by effecting the repeal the act that originally sanctioned th subscription project. The foes are chie ly admen, theater operators, owners commercial TV stations and other sub jective warriors, who make the argu ment that subscription TV may pro to be a Pandora's box. Subscription T could conceivably choke off free TV they argue, then later—with mounting costs—start slipping ads in to help pay the bills, with the result that in a few years the nation would be paying to watch TV shows that are as loaded wi commercials as they are now.

That is an interesting argument, bu it has plot trouble. The sort of peopl who are going to support pay TV ar precisely not the devotees of comme cial TV. Pay TV appeal is necessaril to a minority audience, who want an will pay for high-quality but comme cially low-rating material like full-sca opera and theater.

Anchor's Aweigh

The theory seems to be: if the anch does not hold, cut it free and drift wi the tide. In TV coverage of politic conventions, the tide is running paired team acts like NBC's Huntley an Brinkley rather than single masterminc like CBS's Walter Cronkite. So, gasp ing in defeat-by-ratings after the S Francisco convention, CBS last wee announced that it was replacing A chorman Cronkite. Its new we-too du consists of Robert Trout and Roge Mudd, who will be pingponging in A lantic City at the Democratic Conve tion three weeks hence, while Cronki merely carries on with the standar evening news broadcast he gives eve week night of the year.

"The story is purely and simply th Madison-Avenue-ratings game," Cro kite commented last week with a patie shrug. "We have decided upon th change in assignments," hummed C News President Fred W. Friendly, "b cause we have concluded that a d anchor arrangement provides more fl ibility, mobility, and diversity of co erage." What he did not explain is w Cronkite is not at least one of flukes of the new anchor. Is it becau Friendly has never cared much Cronkite, or because he thinks Captain Cronkite does not easily me with other newsmen?

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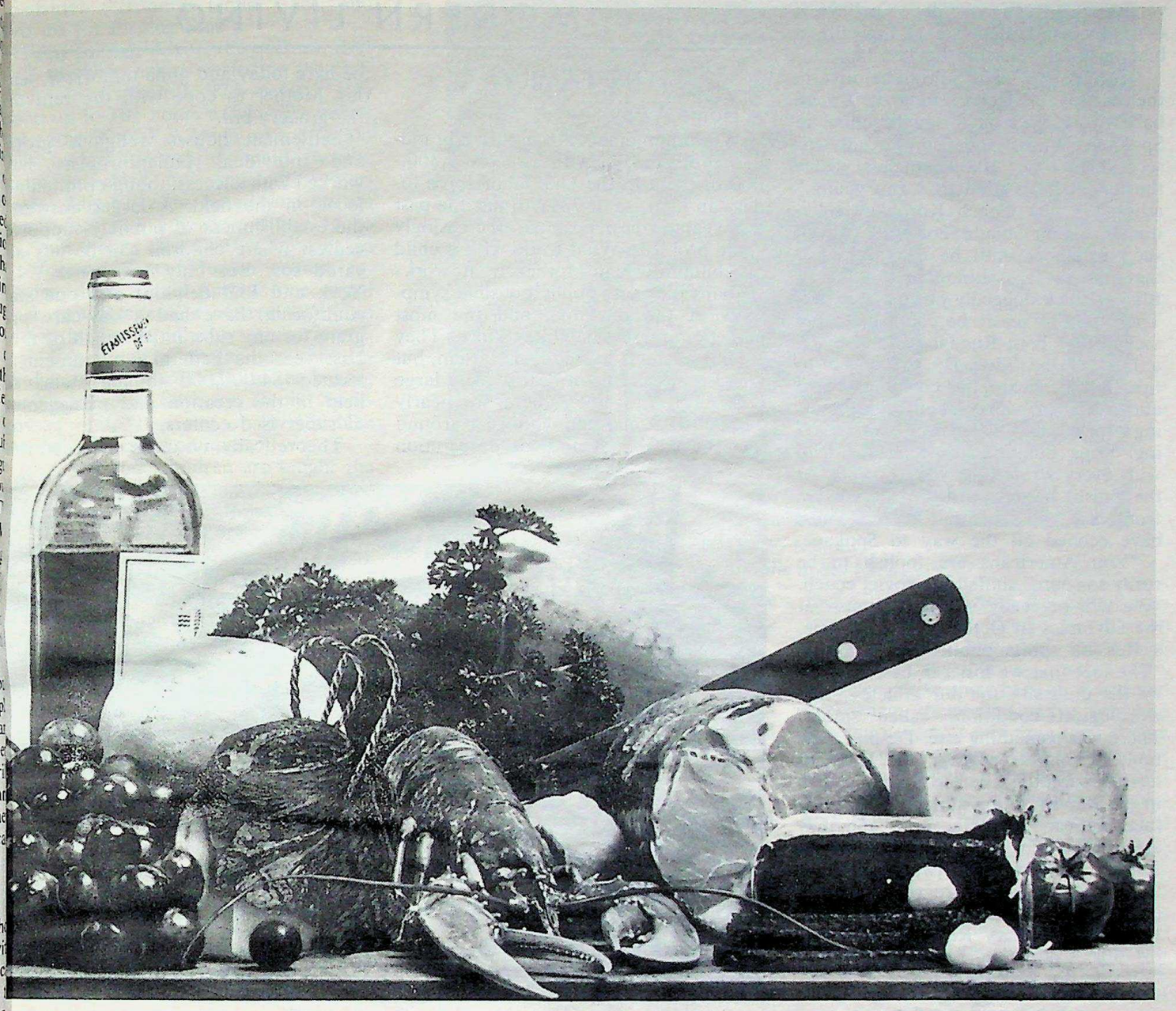

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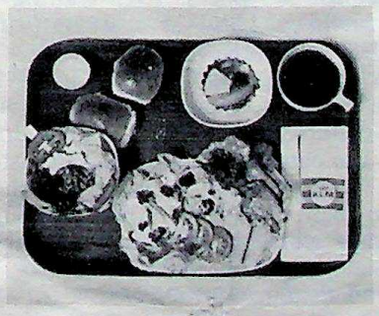

KLM
ROYAL DUTCH AIRLINES

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versity; the Russians did not believe it —until he left them staggering with a blazing 54.8 sec. for the last lap.

"Too Young," He Said. The olive in the martini was Gerry Lindgren, a mere babe of 18, just out of high school in Spokane, Wash., and running only his second race at 10,000 meters, twice the length he is used to. "Too young," advised Soviet Coach Korobkov solicitously. "You should not let him run such distances until he is older." For the first 14 laps, Lindgren (no kin to Blaine) stuck doggedly just off the pace. Then, just to see if he could do it, he kicked past both Russians and sprinted a lap. At the 22nd lap, he began to tire. But he heard the cheering crowd and started to worry about disappointing everybody. On he ran, chest heaving, arms pumping, opening his lead with every stride—40 yds., 60, 80. At the finish, he was a full 100 yds. in front, and the roar that erupted must have echoed all the way to Spokane.

"You Americans are foolish to be ready so soon," sniffed the Soviet coach. "We will be ready when it counts—at the Olympics in October." Back home, a Russian sports publication reported: "The fact that we lost can be explained by the unusual—for our athletes—meteorological conditions called smog." There was something else. Despite their fantastic sports program, the Russians have apparently failed to develop much in the way of young athletes. The same faces appear year after year, and they are getting old and tired. This year's Russian men averaged two years older than their U.S. counterparts; the women averaged almost seven years older. Explained a weary Russian veteran in his 30s: "Why am I still competing? I'm still the best we have."

SCOREBOARD

Who Won

▸ *Constellation:* four out of six races in the two-week New York Yacht Club Cruise series, for an impressive comeback over her archrival *American Eagle.* Though the Yacht Club Cruise does not count in choosing a U.S. twelve-meter to defend the America's Cup against Britain next month, *Constellation* Co-Helmsmen Eric Ridder and Bob Bavier finally seem to have their boat clipping along handsomely, should make it interesting against previously unbeaten *Eagle* in the final selection trials starting Aug. 17.

▸ California's Patty Caretto, 13: the 1,500-meter women's freestyle in the National A.A.U. championships, bettering two world records in the process, at Los Altos Hills, Calif. The eighth-grade sprite was only following her coach's instructions, ripped off the first 800 meters in a record 9 min. 47.3 sec. because he said that early speed was the way to win the race, then just kept going, winding up 1,500 meters in 18 min. 30.5 sec., a phenomenal 13½ sec. better than the old record.

THE FAMILY

A Home Away

Working mothers are hardly a brand-new problem. But with a record 9,300,000 of them in the U.S. labor force today (an increase of 73% in just the past ten years), they pose an increasingly acute problem: What to do with a child or children when Mother is at work? Perhaps the most publicly visible symptoms of the dilemma, and the most pathetic, are the "latchkey kids." They are conspicuous in troubled Harlem, but are also observable in nearly every large U.S. city. Altogether, there are nearly 500,000 U.S. children who wear around their necks this symbol of desperation and neglect. The key unlocks half a million different doors, opens the way into half a million different, equally empty rooms. No one is ever waiting for the latchkey kids—at least not until Mother gets home from work.

In addition, the U.S. Children's Bureau estimates, there are another 500,000 children twelve years old or under who are entrusted to brothers or sisters, thus often keeping them from school. Then there are the 450,000 children of migrant workers who are either taken to the fields with their parents or left behind in untended shacks.

Where's Auntie? But where else can these children go? Who can be found to take care of them? The once standard live-in aunt or grandmother of an older time and more rural economy no longer exists. In today's crowded urban apartment, there is no room for her. Naturally, the problem is concentrated in the lower-income groups, where the father cannot make enough to support the family singlehanded. It is also acute in disheveled families where Father may be here today and gone tomorrow, leaving Mother to cope with the rent and the grocery bill.

Settlement houses, religious groups and individual philanthropists have worked with success, though limited and local, in the field. A larger answer is the establishment of publicly supported centers where children can be left and cared for. But only two cities (New York and Philadelphia) and one state (California) have had a day-care program for any substantial length of time. Last year the Federal Government allocated $4,000,000 to the states to help in the creation and management of supervised centers.

Theoretically, no more is needed than a room where children may be left with a responsible adult to watch them. But in hard fact, a dynamic program would also provide medical supervision and educational training. For the children for whom such homes cannot and do not get enough attention, the training, and the sense of family support that will enable them to enter school confidently and begin the process of education without hopeless handicaps. In one particularly dramatic case, a 4½-year-old boy, already given to wild behavior, was adjudged retarded not until he was referred by an alert day-care teacher to a pediatrician who found to be almost totally deaf. ▸ Trained in a special school, he was recovered, in time, to be of near-genius intelligence.

Day-care centers often need to provide parents with guidance counsel. ▸ They can also help keep families together by sparing a working mother the desperate expedient of sending a child to a foster home or submitting him to some other questionable form of care such as the so-called package deals advertised along

LUNCHTIME AT A MANHATTAN CENTER
Unlocking the doors for the latchkey kids.

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roadsides ("Ironing, Child Care, and Worms for Fishing Bait").

Also Turtles. Across the country, day-care methods are as varied as the children. In California 273 centers stay open up to 10½ hours a day, care yearly for some 30,000 children on a $9,500,000 budget (two-thirds paid by the state, one-third by participating parents). Eligibility is based strictly on need; fees run anywhere from 4¢ to 19¢ an hour. Standard equipment in California's Santa Monica centers includes three large turtles, one small goat, five chickens, a horned toad, and a real leather saddle for sawhorse riding. Explaining a curriculum that includes such subtle delights as the baking of gingerbread, Director Docia Zavitkovsky says, "It is our job to introduce the world to these children."

In Cleveland, children are taught the intricate business of tying shoelaces and are shown where worms go under the grass. And in New York, some 6,300 children attend 85 centers at a weekly cost to parents of anywhere from $1 to $22.75, depending upon need. The Manhattan program, acknowledged to be the best in the nation, has a waiting list jammed with more than 5,000 applicants. And beyond that, maintains Department of Welfare Day-Care Director Catherine O'Connell, there is no way of knowing how many children in New York are being locked in their homes and left alone every day.

THE CITY

Pleasant Backtracking

The municipal world gasped in awe and wonder at the mass decapitation 14 months ago, when the city of St. Petersburg, Fla. (pop. 200,000), lopped off every one of its 4,186 curbside parking meters. Letters poured in from cities as far away as Britain, asking about the feasibility of this unprecedented backtracking—the result of a determined campaign by Realtor Richard D. Tourtelot, who managed to convince St. Petersburg officials that the meters were the major factor in the plight that had fallen on the city's downtown area. Downtown doldrums are getting to be pandemic, and if meter removal was a solution, other cities wanted to know about it.

Last week at the convention of the American Municipal Association at Miami Beach, St. Petersburg's city manager, Texan Lynn H. Andrews, presented a report on the first meterless year. Highlights:

▶ Traffic congestion did not increase, nor parking spaces disappear. The average parking time during business hours dropped from 29 minutes with meters to 26½ minutes without them.

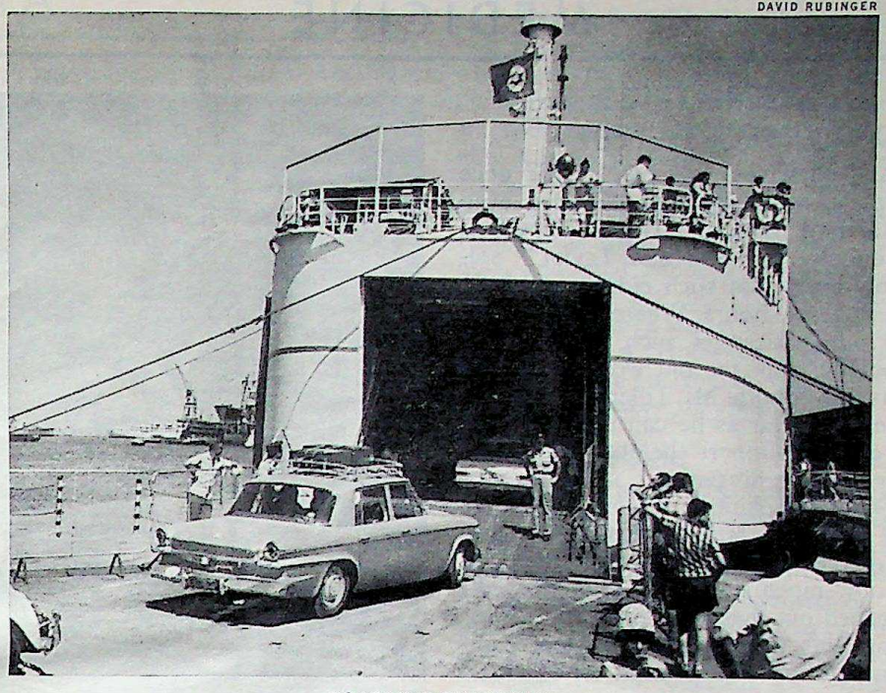
▶ The number of cars parking in the downtown area jumped from a daily average of 19,032 to 21,483—up almost 13%. The cumulative effect of this, states the report, was to give merchants "an extra 40 days of business potential during the year, with more than three-quarters of a million more using downtown spaces."

▶ Revenue from the meters had been $257,000 during their last twelve months of operation. To cushion this loss of income, the city council raised overtime parking fines from $1 to $2. The time limit per space was set at two hours. Revenue from parking tickets dropped $18,000, and the overall loss to the city was $275,000.

The municipal men at Miami did not receive the report with much enthusiasm; the loss in revenue seemed to them like a high price tag for some customer good will and increased circulation. "It seems to have been fairly successful, but it's not a full solution," said St. Pete's Mayor Herman Goldner.

But back in St. Petersburg, the merchants seemed pleased as punch at the way things were working out. Most of them echoed Ralph Howard, manager of the National Shirt Shop at downtown's main crossroads: "Business is up about 15%. More important, the attitude of the customers is much more pleasant. They're not in a bad mood any more."

DAVID RUBINGER



BOARDING THE "BILU"
Across the Atlantic in the family car?

TRAVEL

And Now—the Boatel

In all the world there is no motel like the *Bilu*. In Naples one day last week, several hundred tourists drove in and parked their cars, carted what they wanted into their cabins, fed the kids at the cafeteria and tucked them in, downed a drink or two at the bar or lived it up a little at the nightclub. Next day they gathered around the well-bikinied pool. The unique thing about it was that they were all at sea—literally. The *Bilu* is a motel that makes a 62-hour, 1,200-mile voyage twice a week between Italy and Israel.

The increasingly motorized world is increasingly taken with the idea of driving itself through foreign countries in the family car, and *Bilu*, the boatel, makes this possible as never before. Travelers drive their cars on board and park them themselves, have complete access to them at any time they choose during the voyage. And the price is surprisingly right. A family of four, plus car, can make the trip between Naples and Haifa for little more than $350 one way. A single person can do it for as little as $120 with a car, $75 without one.

Secret of this bargain-basement luxury is, first, that all food is served buffet style and its cost is not included in the fare; a passenger may eat and drink as lightly as his budget or digestion permits. Secondly, he pays for his berth in the single-class cabins (with toilet and shower) on a sliding scale of privacy ranging from $10 (one way) in a cabin for four to $40 for a cabin all to oneself.

Bilu's capacity is 120 cars and 528 passengers. Since the end of April, when the $6,500,000 twin-Diesel, stabilized and air-conditioned *Bilu* got under way, it has carried 10,000 passengers and over 1,000 cars—a success story that has set its owners to rushing the completion of a sister ship, the *Nili*, scheduled to be named this month. When the tourist traffic to Israel slows down in the fall, *Bilu* is scheduled to begin plying between Miami and Nassau, while *Nili* starts running between Southampton in England and Algeciras in Spain, with a stop at Le Havre.

Already on the drawing boards is a 20,000-ton transatlantic boatel with a capacity of 240 cars and 1,000 passengers, which the company hopes will be making five-day runs between Europe and the U.S. by 1967—at a basic round-trip fare of $225, including car and berth but not food. Minimum in-season price on a regular ship with car: $950.

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GERIATRICS

How Much Sleep Past 60?

An old wives' tale has it that once people pass 60 they need less sleep; even a standard medical textbook known to all doctors as "Best and Taylor"* solemnly avers that such elders need only five to seven hours. Where do the medical authorities get such information? Probably from the old wives' tale, suggests Dr. Philip M. Tiller Jr. of New Orleans: so far as he can tell, there are no data to support the statement. And judging from his patients, it just isn't so.

Dr. Tiller studied 83 mentally alert and physically active office patients, all 60 or older. When he divided them up by how much sleep they said they got, it turned out that those with the fewest complaints were those who slept eight hours or more, and most often those who also took an afternoon nap. Those who slept seven hours and less had the most complaints—vague tension, nervousness, lethargy and exhaustion.

In the *Annals of Internal Medicine*, Dr. Tiller reports that he prescribed the simplest possible remedy: more sleep. With no sleeping pills (which he thinks often aggravate the problem), his patients were to rest in bed for nine to ten hours each night and one to two hours in the afternoon. Reading and watching TV were not rated as rest.

For the first week or two, a few of the short sleepers felt worse on enforced rest, but within a month virtually all were getting eight hours of sleep or more, just as Dr. Tiller prescribed. They were more relaxed, had fewer complaints, and were less prone to become apprehensive, dizzy or confused. Some of the tensions of the aged, Dr. Tiller concludes, may be due to something as simple and obvious as "a long-standing deficit of rest, sleep or both."

CLIFFORD BROWN—LOS ANGELES MIRROR

AFTERNOON NAP IN THE PARK
Old wives and doctors are both wrong.

DIAGNOSIS

Making Cancer Glow

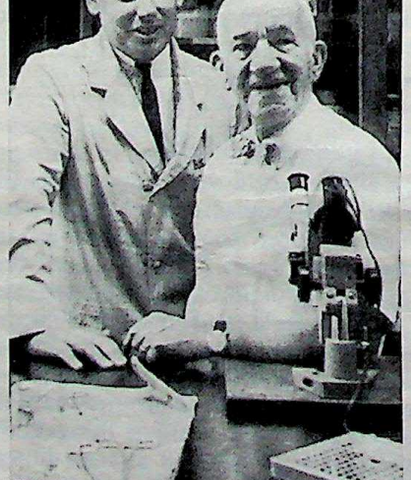
Tetracycline is one of the most familiar and widely used antibiotics for the cure of infections. It has no effect against cancer. But now it seems that by a peculiar quirk, tetracycline may become one of the diagnostician's sharpest tools for cancer detection. And early detection is half the battle in curing many forms of the disease.

For reasons unknown, drugs of the tetracycline family concentrate more in cancer cells, and stay in them longer, than they do in normal cells. Tetracycline has the further peculiarity of glowing yellow under ultraviolet light. To put these peculiarities to use, doctors generally give suspected cancer patients a dose of tetracycline four times a day for two days, then wait 36 hours for the drug to leave all the body's cells except those that may be cancerous. After that, samples of body fluid drained from the areas involved are centrifuged, spread on filter paper, dried and examined under ultraviolet light. "The smallest pinpoint of bright yellow fluorescence" is considered evidence of cancer, say Dr. Leslie J. Sandlow and Dr. Heinrich Necheles in this week's A.M.A. *Journal*.

The yellow-glow technique was first used to diagnose cancer of the stomach, which is hard to distinguish from simple ulcers of the stomach. Then other researchers began to use tetracycline to find other elusive cancers. A University of Oklahoma team headed by Dr. John P. Colmore got surprisingly good results from tests on patients with lung cancer. They reasoned that while it is hard to get test fluid containing cancer cells out of the lungs or bronchi, there are likely to be some in a patient's mucus. And since some mucus is swallowed, especially during sleep, there should be cancer cells in a patient's stomach in the morning. In nearly all their cases that later proved to be lung cancer, the tetracycline glow gave an early, accurate report. One of 15 men being treated for other diseases, and tested for comparison, gave a "false positive" glow. It now appears that this man, too, may have early lung cancer.

In their latest findings, Drs. Sandlow and Necheles report equal accuracy in other hard-to-detect forms of cancer. The test was positive and accurate in seven out of seven cases of cancer of the pancreas, in 12 out of 12 who had cancer involving the pleura (the lining of the chest cavity), and in 12 more with cancer of the abdominal cavity.

ARTHUR SIEGEL



DRS. SANDLOW & NECHELES
Seven out of seven were right.

DOCTORS

Cacoëthes Praescribendi

When Britain's National Health Service began offering medical care and prescriptions with no direct charge to the patient, doomsayers prophesied that doctors' offices would be filled with hypochondriacs demanding chits for tonics. As it turned out, there was less of this trouble than had been feared, and what there was of it has been gradually dying out. But few critics foresaw that on single prescriptions, which now cost patients only 28¢, a lunatic fringe of doctors might prescribe whatever a patient asked for, in unlimited quantities and at fantastic cost to Her Majesty's Treasury.

Ordered by the Ministry of Health to sleuth out cases of *cacoëthes praescribendi* (a mania for prescribing), Dr. James E. Struthers collected and reported some shockers to the British Medical Association:

▶ One Lancashire family got 800 "Purple Hearts" (pep pills) a day.

▶ On a single prescription, one doctor ordered $1,260 worth of an antituberculosis drug (a 2½-year supply).

▶ Enough laxative for 100 people was prescribed every week for one woman.

▶ Some patients got 24 to 36 medicated aerosols a day, at a cost to the government of $36 to $53; others got $280 to $420 worth of oxygen a week.

▶ One doctor wrote a monthly prescription for $1,400 worth of a patented enzyme drug.

Most of Britain's 22,000 N.H.S. doctors are, overall, low-cost prescribers. The expensive exceptions number only 30 to 40. And they do not get away with it for long. When a doctor seems to be regularly overprescribing, he gets friendly warnings. Finally, a committee of the doctor's own colleagues may suspend his license. Ten years ago, there were ten suspensions a year. Last year there were none. The overprescribers, Struthers believes, are getting the word.

* *The Physiological Basis of Medical Practice*, by C. H. Best and N. B. Taylor, first published in 1937 and now in its seventh edition (Williams and Wilkins).

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Mixed Marriage

One Potato, Two Potato arrives in the U.S. brandishing a batch of warmly enthusiastic European press notices. Deemed by Hollywood to be unworthy of this year's Cannes film festival (TIME, May 15), the movie about racial intermarriage was submitted by its makers as an unofficial American entry and ended by winning a Best Actress award for its star, Barbara Barrie. Now U.S. filmgoers can see for themselves that the hot *Potato* hardly deserves to be whipped into a *cause célèbre*. It is an often tedious and oversimplified polemic, even though Actress Barrie's sensitive, unaffected performance does lend some dramatic validity.

The story begins awkwardly with a judge reviewing the evidence in a child-custody battle. His problem: to decide whether a little girl thriving in a home

WALTER DARAN

WEDDING IN "POTATO"
In silence, wrenching eloquence.

superior by every standard except one —"the world we live in" should be taken from her white mother (Barrie) and her black stepfather (Bernie Hamilton) and given to her white father. A lengthy flashback recounts how a young blonde divorcee meets and marries a Negro fellow worker as climax to "an ordinary, everyday, uncomplicated relationship." Thus slighting the tough and painful realities of the problem posed, the film takes aim at the usual clay pigeons and sitting ducks. But except for one brutal police officer, the Midwestern town where these events take place is seemingly untouched by ordinary everyday race prejudice. In a cliché scene that emphasizes the childlike purity of their love, the couple romp in the park playing tag and hopscotch, and steal their first kiss at the foot of the Civil War memorial. Once married, they move out to the farm with his wonderful parents, soon have a baby brother for little Ellen Mary. It is an idyllic existence. Too idyllic, perhaps, for it is a world created to serve the plot—a happy, integrated limbo unsullied by social pressures until Julie's worthless first husband reappears, armed with a giant Teddy bear and some mealy platitudes about the joys of parenthood.

Occasionally, *One Potato* makes a forceful point, particularly in a wedding sequence played against the cold, tight-lipped silence of a female witness. The drama's emotionally wrenching climax succeeds because Actress Barrie has built to it scene by scene. Her quiet, vulnerable eyes enter a plea for understanding that the dialogue cannot match. Mostly, the actors are stuck with expressions of immaculately liberal sentiment, as when the Negro suitor tells his father: "Pop, we're in love, just like you and Mom. What difference does it make if she's black, white, purple or green?" Fledgling Director Larry Peerce (son of Tenor Jan Peerce) too often stages the action with operatic solemnity, and an insistent musical score stresses points already made. For all its sincerity, *One Potato, Two Potato* is an effusive message film with more heart than art, more timeliness than truth.

A Boy & His Dolphin

Flipper's New Adventure is bright, blue-green, ebullient, and probably the next best thing to a day at the beach. But, as with most sequels, this second outing of a boy and his dolphin fails to improve on the flippertygibbet fun of the original. When Sandy (Luke Halpin) learns that Flipper is going to be taken away from him, both head for the open sea. Sandy's skiff konks out near an island paradise where he meets the wife and daughters of Sir Halsey Hopewell, held prisoner aboard his yacht by three escaped murderers.

It is Flipper (actually a girl dolphin named Susie) who saves the day, easily proving the most indomitable anthropomorphic movie hero since Rin Tin Tin. Flipper sings, squeals, dances, tows a disabled rowboat through a choppy sea, finally defeats the villains in single-snouted combat, and nearly dies of a knife wound before surgery pulls him through. Anyone who finds such exploits hard to swallow is either a lot more than twelve years old or just a jaded landlubber who can't appreciate a picture with a porpoise.

Standing Pat

Never Put It in Writing. Pat Boone doesn't sing in this picture, but it's awful anyway. Possibly because he tries to act.

He tries to act like an insurance man who gets word of a major promotion about five minutes too late—the twerp has just posted a sizzling letter of resignation. Can he get the letter back before it flies from Dublin to London? He rushes to the mailbox. "Sorry," says the mailman, "it's state property now." He tries to rob the mails. "Sorry," says a Dublin cop, "you can tell it to the judge." He cuts and runs to the airport. "Sorry," says the pilot of a chartered plane as it nose-dives at a hedgerow. "Never flew this plane before."

It's a paper chase, see, and it may well have them hollering for more on the summer-camp circuit. But customers with mature expectation will probably wonder how Dublin's Abbey Players, who take most of the supporting roles, were ever persuaded to mix good Irish spirits with such cheap fizz. Faith now, and what happens every time the Abbey people get their Irish up and a scene respectably started? Director Andrew Stone, a Hollywood type who seems to have no trouble standing Pat, summarily lowers the Boone.

Fortune Cookie

Seven Faces of Dr. Lao. Over the rim of a hill near Abalone, Ariz., rides a bearded Chinese thaumaturge, 7,321 years old. He sits astride a small yellow mule, a goldfish bowl mounted on his saddle. To light his pipe, he conjures up a flame on the end of his thumb. Strangest of all, beneath the wrinkled

SNOWMAN IN "DR. LAO"
In every dab, a plobrem.

makeup gleams the familiar sardonic smile of Tony Randall, an actor usually involved in fantasies that psychiatry can cure.

In this movie version of Charles G. Finney's unearthly 1935 novel *The Circus of Dr. Lao*, Randall solves other people's "plobrems." The film is a veritable fortune cookie: a frothy dab of nothing and inside a message about the frailty of man's illusions. To deliver it, Randall also impersonates: Merlin the magician; a seer; the Abominable Snowman; a talking snake; a syrinx-playing satyr who pipes away inhibitions; and a Medusa who turns a small town shrew to stone.

Dr. Lao is chiefly a showcase for the ingenuity of M-G-M Makeup Artist Bill Tuttle. His marvelous disguises often do more for Randall than Randall does for them. And Producer-Director George Pal embellishes the fantasy with a dragged-in plot about a villainous prairie tycoon who schemes to buy up the whole town before folks find out there is a railroad coming through. And that's when the cookie crumbles.

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"let's see what ASEA can do"

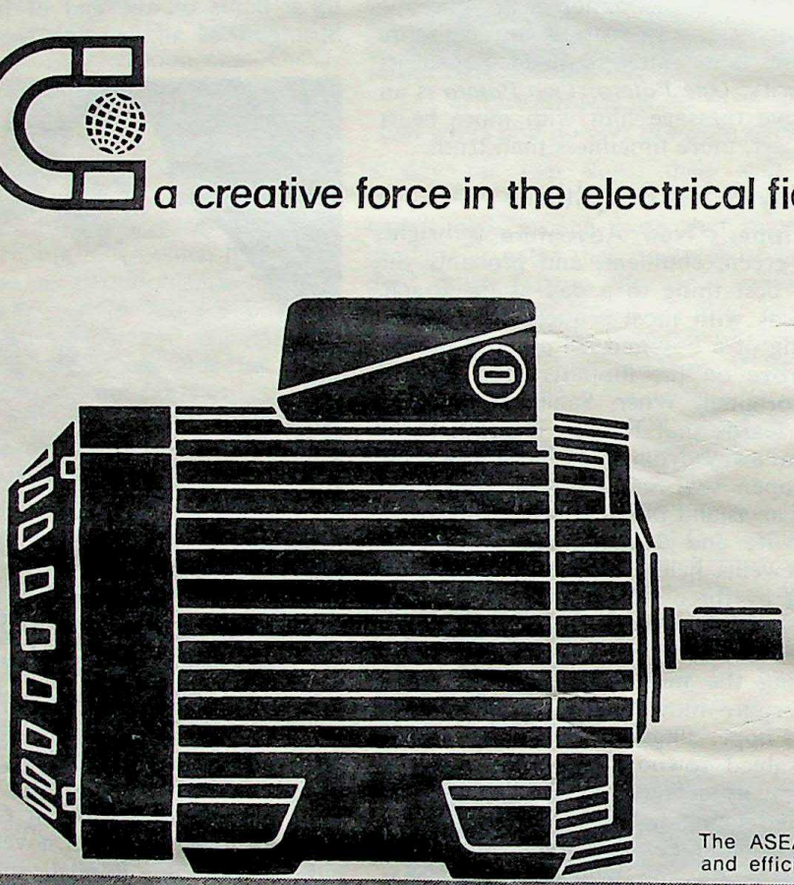
from ELECTRIC MOTORS to FUEL CELLS. The invention of the induction motor three quarters of a century ago gave industry a driving unit which is still unsurpassed for simplicity, reliability and low cost. However, today's highly efficient ASEA induction motor – sturdy, lightweight, non-corrosive – has not much in common with its ancestors from those pioneering days, save the general principle of operation and, of course, the outstanding reputation for service reliability. It is one of the goals of the never ceasing development work pursued within ASEA constantly to improve designs and production methods, making good products still better.

An equally important aspect of ASEA's development work is the exploitation of new, unknown spheres of technology. Take, for instance, the ASEA fuel cell, which is now leaving the laboratory stage. Clean, silent and robust just as an electric motor, it converts the chemical energy of the fuel direct into electricity without any combustion. Future applications will be as a power source in ships, vehicles and spacecraft. ASEA are now working on the practical realisation of fuel-cell equipment for submarine propulsion.

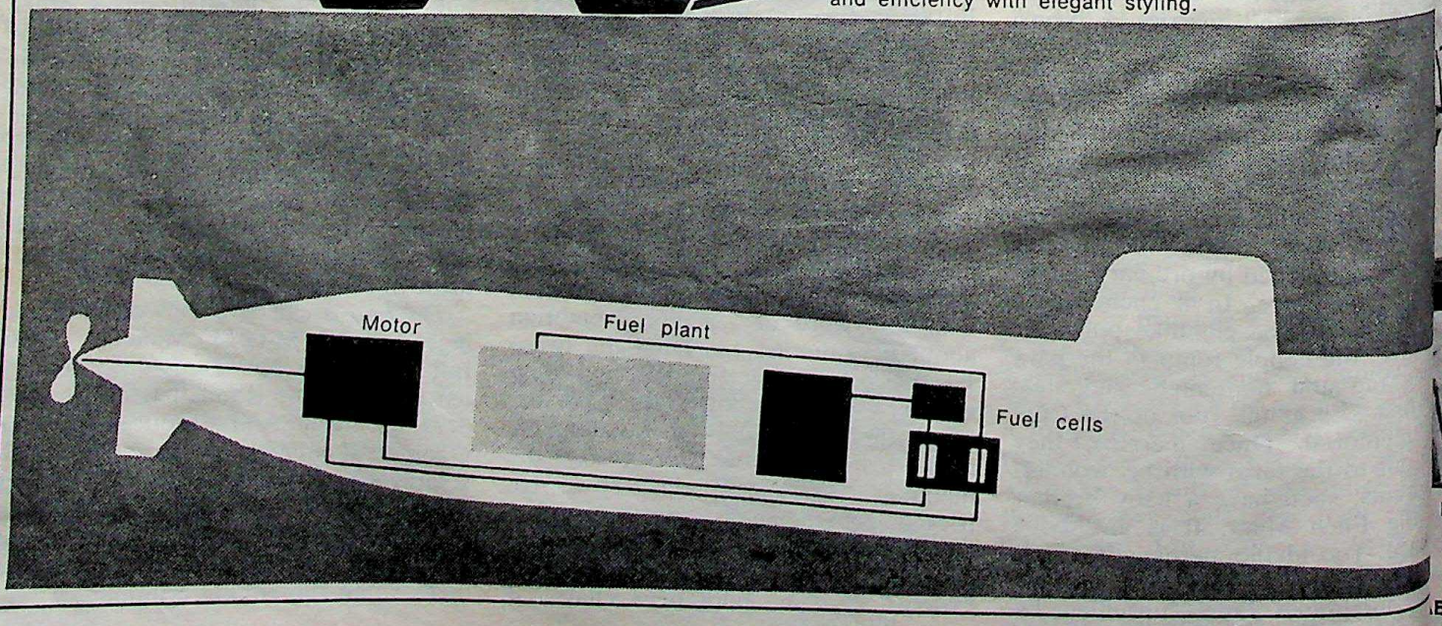
Many other examples could be given. It has been proved over and over again that ideas originating from ASEA's research groups and laboratories, and given the full support of the Company's design and production resources, have developed into products which have gained world-wide recognition for technical superiority. Now, as in the future, you will find it both stimulating and worth while to see what ASEA can do.

a creative force in the electrical field **ASEA**

Head Office Västerås, Sweden. Represended in 65 countries.



The ASEA light-alloy induction motor combines sturdiness and efficiency with elegant styling.



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DRUGS

e Little Company That Got Well

[t sells lipstick and dog shampoo, per-ne and dishes, crop sprays and baby ›ducts—more than 2,500 items in all, ›iled in 100 countries. Sears Roe-:k? Montgomery Ward? The Army's system? Not at all. The purveyor this wide assortment of products is ethical drug house,* Manhattan-ed Charles Pfizer & Co., and the ısual mix of its products is the chief ›on that Pfizer (pronounced fyzer) one of the fastest-growing drug ıses in the U.S. Pfizer's diversifica-ı has raised its sales tenfold since ›9—to $470 million—and changed it m a small and specialized drug firm › the nation's second biggest (after ıerican Home Products).

Controversy also seems to be part of zer's growth. To protect its patent tetracycline, a widely used miracle ıg, the firm is suing about 20 com-ıies and groups, many of which im-rt the drug from Italy. Last week al McKesson & Robbins joined the y by announcing that it will produce l sell tetracycline in the U.S. without ng licensed—and Pfizer moved to file another suit.

Most pharmaceutical companies that ıg out a new drug try to recoup ir research costs as quickly as possi-and skim the cream off a lucrative rket, later lower prices as many com-itors flock in with their own drugs. › price of tetracycline has dropped % since its introduction in 1954, and :er will probably have to drop it :her: McKesson & Robbins plans to its drug at one-third Pfizer's pres-price. In the fiercely competitive drug industry, nothing stays the same very long.

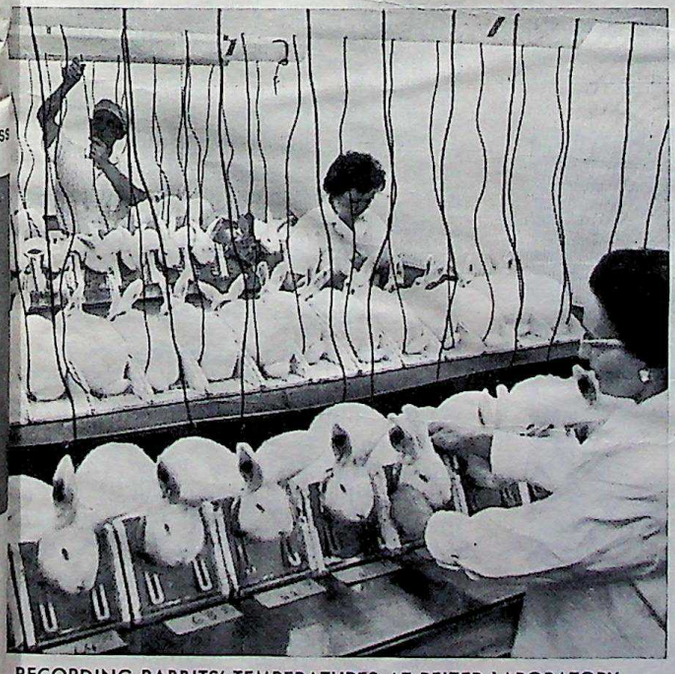
Melting Market. Pfizer learned that lesson well. It was a relatively unknown little manufacturer of chemical compounds until World War II, when it discovered how to mass-produce penicillin. The firm began to do a major part of its business in supplying bulk penicillin to eight U.S. drug companies. But its big customers soon found that they could produce the penicillin themselves, and Pfizer discovered its market melting away.

Just about this time, John E. McKeen, a longtime Pfizer employee, moved into the presidency, saw immediately that Pfizer had to broaden its base rapidly to survive. When Pfizer's chemists came up with Terramycin, a new wonder drug, he decided that the firm would handle its own packaging and marketing, despite lack of experience in both fields. The new management hired swarms of salesmen overseas to open untapped markets for Pfizer products, and embarked on a high-speed acquisition program to give them more products to sell. In ten years Pfizer has swallowed 13 companies, including such recent acquisitions as Coty and Barbasol. Though the companies often seem to bear little relationship to each other, all of their products are in some way involved with chemistry, thus enabling Pfizer, as one executive puts it, "To get the maximum squeal out of the research pig."

Mr. Five-by-Five. McKeen had clearly prescribed the right medicine: the company last year set profit records for the eleventh consecutive year. With 68 plants scattered around the world—and ten more planned for the next year or two—it is now one of the world's top producers of animal medicines and feed supplements and of chemical additives for food and beverages. It is the third largest company in the U.S. fragrance market and in the manufacture of lipsticks. Overseas sales have grown so fast that they now account for nearly half of Pfizer's total, have given it the largest sales abroad of any U.S. ethical drug house. Potentially profitable but competitively risky antibiotics, which in 1953 accounted for 64% of Pfizer's sales, today bring in only 29%.

A chemical engineer who began his career at Pfizer as a $25-a-week control chemist, McKeen has surrounded himself with bright executives and given them complete authority to make their own decisions. He has set a goal that everyone in the company knows as "five by five"—$500 million in sales for Pfizer by 1965.

Ethical" drugs are advertised to doctors sold on prescription.



RECORDING RABBITS' TEMPERATURES AT PFIZER LABORATORY

Just what the doctor ordered.

DAVID GAHR

PRESIDENT McKEEN

ADVERTISING

Brushing with Fluoride

Four years ago, the American Dental Association gave its seal of "recognition" to Procter & Gamble's fluoridated Crest toothpaste, and the $320 million dentifrice industry has not been the same since. Crest doubled its sales within a year, then passed Colgate Dental Cream, the longtime leader, to win the nation's No. 1 selling spot. The side effects of Crest's leap were considerable: a few fringe toothpastes were forced off the market, other brands' advertising budgets soared to keep up with Crest, and almost everybody in the business hurried back to the laboratory to develop a fluoride toothpaste of his own.

Last week the toothpaste business was again agitated over fluorides. The A.D.A. gave Colgate's new fluoridated Cue toothpaste the same pat on the back it had awarded Crest in 1960. Even before announcement of the award, Bristol-Myers pronounced its new fluoride paste—Ipana Durenamel—more effective than Crest in reducing tooth decay. Madison Avenue advertising agencies rubbed their hands with glee: toothpaste ad budgets are sure to rise over last year's record $35.5 million.

The toothpaste pattern now shapes up something like this: from 12% of the market four years ago, fluorides have grown to 35% of total toothpaste sales in the U.S., and the percentage seems sure to rise further. Crest still dominates the market, with 30% of all toothpaste sales. Far behind trails Lever Brothers' Pepsodent Fluoride, as well as Colgate's and Bristol-Myers' other fluoride brands—all of which total about 5% of the market. The A.D.A. endorsement is bound to help Colgate's new brand. But almost unnoticed last week was the fact that the A.D.A. also upgraded its recognition of Crest from "B" status to "A." Crest now rates listing in the dentists' Accepted Dental Remedies classification, a move that is certain to be publicized by Procter & Gamble.

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MONEY

The Golden Hoard

Gold is no longer the coin of any realm, but it remains the one truly international money. It is the solid underpinning of central banks and national treasuries, the most favored way of paying debts among nations. Though no longer the real measure of a nation's wealth, it can set heads to shaking by its movements, as they shook again last week when the U.S. announced a $70 million gold outflow in June (double the loss in May). Despite all this interest, no one knows exactly how much gold the world has. In a new report, Barclays Bank of London has come as close as possible to a definitive answer: 2.1 billion oz., or 72,000 tons worth some $75 billion.

To reach this figure, Barclays panned for gold statistics as far back as 1493, when Columbus returned with his first haul of New World treasure. The total includes all the known gold output since then—ignoring loss from wear, which is presumed to be slight—and an educated guess about recent but unreported Russian production. Despite the widespread departure from the gold standard during the early 1930s, demand for gold keeps climbing, and so does output. Last year the world's gold production reached 39.2 million oz., excluding Russia, compared with 24.2 million oz. a decade ago. South Africa alone accounts for 70% of that output.

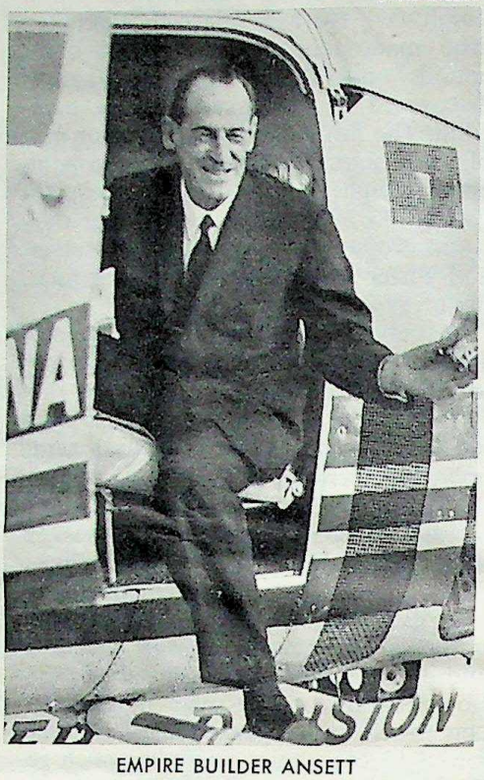
Two-thirds of the world's gold is now held as monetary reserves, about $20 billion being legally tied down as partial backing for paper currencies; the remaining one-third is absorbed by industrial arts and private ownership. The U.S., with 446 million oz. of monetary gold, has by far the largest holdings. Next: West Germany (110 million oz.), France (91 million), Switzerland (81 million), Britain (71 million). As for Russia, how much gold the country holds has become such an international mystery that the U.S. Central Intelligence Agency sniffed around, recently concluded that Russian monetary reserves must run about $2 billion, *v.* the U.S.'s $15.5 billion. London's gold experts believe that the CIA count considerably shortchanged the Russians; they estimate that the Russian gold hoard is as high as $8 billion.

AUSTRALIA

Grim Determination in the Air

Few names are more familiar in Australia than that of Reginald Miles Ansett. It beams from the side of airplanes, buses and trucks, from 20 resort hotels and motels, and from the signs and billboards of 70 companies. Ansett owns them all—together with other assorted properties that make up an $85.5 million empire. Last week Ansett's ubiquitous name flickered onto Australian TV. In Melbourne he opened a $9,000,000 Ansett-owned station, Channel Zero. He has bought into others in Brisbane, Sydney, Adelaide and Perth.

DAVID MILLER



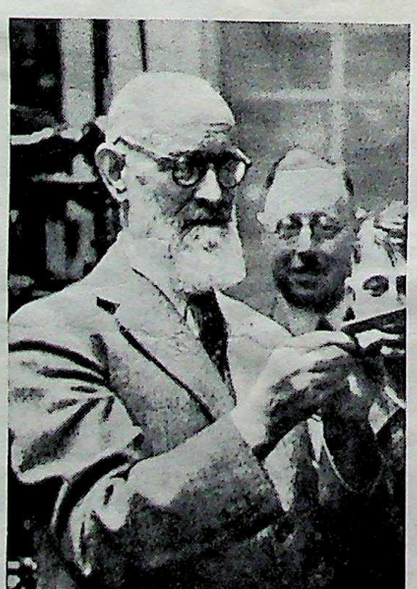
EMPIRE BUILDER ANSETT
More expanding to do.

Fight the Government. The base of Ansett's empire is aviation, which produces about 62% of his income. Ansett owns eight airlines in Australia, which together constitute the biggest private aviation enterprise in the Commonwealth. Blocked by vast wastelands from easy travel on land, Australians fly enthusiastically for both business and pleasure. Last year the country's planes flew 3,000,000 passengers, and the load is expected to increase another 20% this year. Competing with government-owned Trans-Australia Airlines, Ansett flew more than half the national total in his 100-plane fleet, which ...ve from small Cessnas to prop-jet ...sc counts and Electras, and will soo...ge clude Boeing 727 jets.

Although lean, leather-faced "Har... got his big break as a pilot, he s...ch out on the ground. In 1931 he set t... country jitney service with a se...ow hand Studebaker, did so well he ...rp had twelve cars. But the governme...m fused him a franchise to operate ...ui Melbourne because he was comp...jec with government-owned railroads, ...ly Ansett defiantly went airborne; no ...age seemed to care about the air. He bo...alia a Fokker Universal, grandly pa...ul "Ansett Airways" on its side, and b...gge flying between Melbourne and H...res ton. He also took passengers alon...otc stunt flights at $3.50 an hour. Bo...

Fire the Chairman. Ansett had ... creased his fleet to seven planes by ... end of World War II, but by then o... saw opportunity in the air. The go... ment set up Trans-Australia, and a... vate firm formed Australian Natio... Airways. When the banker who ser... as Ansett's board chairman sugge... that he sell out to competing Austr... National, Ansett fired him, eventu... bought out A.N.A. himself for $6,7... 000. When the government ordered ... to raise fares along with Trans-Aus... lia, Ansett stubbornly refused ... forced a backdown. "I've got a kin... grim determination," he says. "I n... accept defeat."

Ansett thrives on battles, has irri... many Australian businessmen in ... steady drive to increase his empire, ... was widely criticized in 1958 for for... a small Aussie airline into his holdi... "When I started out," he says, ... thought I'd work very hard until I ... about 35 and then retire. But you ne... reach that stage. Your aim is to cons... date what you have built up, and th... is always more consolidating to do." ... Ansett, 55, there is always more ... panding to do too. He is now int... on breaking out of Australia and get... routes to Hong Kong and New Zeala... Both are international runs that the g... ernment has so far reserved jealo... for its own Qantas Airlines.



FOUNDER BOSCH IN 1938
No control for the heirs.

WEST GERMANY

Decision from the Grave

Most of the men who created ... many's industrial empires were pr... biologically as well as financially. ... sult: a complexity of heirs who ... have neither the managerial ability ... the foresight as shareholders to ... the companies left in their hands. ... than one company has withered ... er its founder's death, and a few ... Stinnes plastics and machinery ne... is the most recent example—hav... tually died. To remedy this sit... and to avoid huge inheritance ... many German firms are turning ...

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vnership to corporate foundations. ast week, in the biggest such move so r, a foundation took over the automo- ve and electronics empire of Robert osch GMBH, one of West Germany's rgest appliance makers.

Depressing Profits. The arrangement arantees the kind of "forceful and ch development" that Founder Rob- t Bosch hoped for after his death. ow one of Germany's most diversified rporations (3,100 products), Bosch minates Europe in the automotive- uipment field. From car radios to fuel jection pumps, its products go not ly into such German cars as Volks- agen, Mercedes and Opel but into alian Fiats, French Peugeots and Re- ults as well. Bosch is also Europe's ggest refrigerator maker, manufac- res other lines from hearing aids to otorized hand tools.

Bosch's 30 plants and $500 million in les grew from a small Stuttgart elec- cal shop, where Robert Bosch in 1886 rted a modest business to install light- ng rods, doorbells and telephones. He on devised a new magneto-ignition at was superior to existing types, and 1896 entered the young automobile siness. He grew wealthy supplying ch auto pioneers as Gottlieb Daimler, t continually worried over the money e made. Bosch gave away $5 million World War I profits, explaining: The profit I was making while other ople were losing their lives depressed e." An old man by the time World ar II broke out, Bosch began to worry out "keeping alive my spirit and will." ortly before his death at 80 in 1942, picked seven executors, allowed em 30 years to decide how to keep e company strong.

Predetermined Future. This year, ght years ahead of their deadline, the ecutors decided to create a founda- on, which, under German law, may wn a business but not run it directly; holding company set up by the foun- ation will do that. Bosch's heirs—a n, three daughters and a grandson —have already turned over 87% of e family's stock to the foundation, will be paid for the stock from future arnings. They will no longer sit on the oard automatically, but will have to n for election like ordinary directors. Son Robert Bosch, a 35-year-old electrical engineer, is only a minor corporation official; able Managing Director Hans L. Merkle, 51, is not even a distant Bosch kin. "Robert Bosch," says Merkle, "did not want the company to be shared among all his heirs. He wanted to predetermine its future course himself." Last week, 22 years after his death, the old man had his way.

BRITAIN

New Window on the World

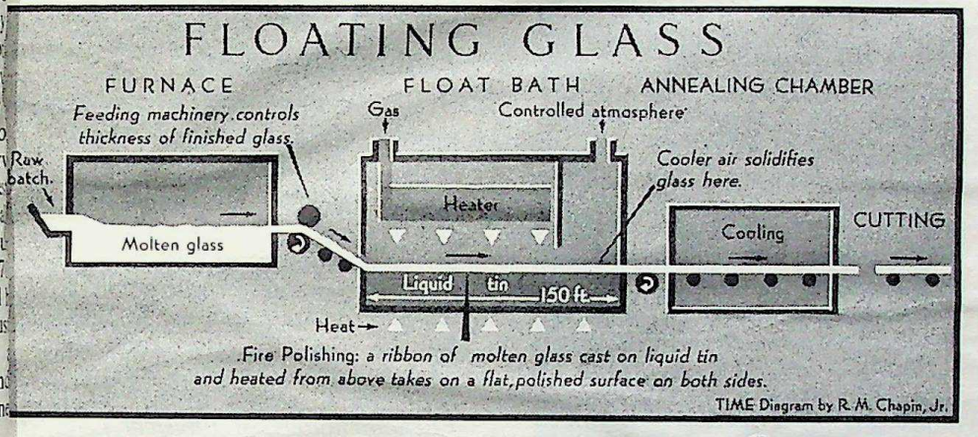
Great Britain, which exported the industrial revolution to the world, has been embarrassed in recent years by a technology that lags far behind the U.S. and much of Europe. Among the notable exceptions to this lack of inventive spirit is a 138-year-old firm named Pilkington Brothers Ltd., Britain's largest glassmaker. Pilkington's new "float glass" process has not only brought dramatic change to an ancient industry but restored some glitter to Britain's industrial reputation. Last week Pilkington completed a licensing agreement that allows Ford Motor to produce float glass for its autos, a move that may lead to widespread use of the new product in the huge U.S. auto market.

Floating Out Glass. Ordinary plate glass is melted, put through a series of rollers and then ground and polished to remove imperfections. The float process, devised by Alastair Pilkington, the company's production head and a distant cousin of the founder, produces better glass more simply and cheaply. In the process, molten glass flows onto the surface of hot liquid tin, acquiring a smooth, flawless surface as it floats, then is quickly cooled and hardened before it can be marred by touching any solid object. By reducing the steps in the production process, the method saves 30% of the ordinary cost of glassmaking.

Pilkington scrapped 100,000 tons of glass while perfecting its process, has since produced and sold 200 million sq. ft. of float glass, which is now used for windshields in nearly all of the 2,000,000 cars made in Britain each year. Most of the world's major glass producers have obtained licenses to make glass according to Pilkington's patented process. Pittsburgh Plate Glass Co., the first licensee, is already floating out glass.

Bicycling to Work. St. Helens, the "glass city" of Britain, is today dominated by Pilkington's new glass headquarters tower and its five plants, which are complemented by factories in eight other British towns and in seven foreign countries. The family-owned company produces more than 500 million square ft. of glass annually, nearly a fifth of it by the new float process.

Pilkington's postwar expansion and its plunge into float glass has been directed by Alastair's cousin, Sir Harry Pilkington, 58, a tall, craggy Cambridge graduate who bicycles to work. Previous Pilkington chairmen have had little interest in affairs outside their company, but Sir Harry is a director of the Bank of England, has served as head of government commissions that have investigated everything from TV programs to dentists' fees. He believes that a glassmaker should have a window on the world.



FRANCE

A Great Year?

When French Agriculture Minister Edgard Pisani walked into a Cabinet meeting at the Elysée last week, he had some very special news for his colleagues. Said Pisani: "Buy a couple of barrels of the 1964 vintage to lay down. It will be as great as 1921." Since 1921 was one of the great vintage years of the century for French wine (along with '29, '47, '53), that news was just too good to keep. Pisani's tip-off to the Cabinet quickly got out, raising both hopes and controversy.

Pisani knows something about wine; he grows grapes on eight acres of Château de Target in the Loire district and produces a tender, perfumed Champigny that some connoisseurs call "the Beaujolais of the Loire." But many wine experts felt that his prediction was premature, might artificially drive up prices. After all, August could turn out to be rainy or too hot, neither of which would be good for the grapes.

Nonetheless, with a little luck Pisani's prediction will come true. One of the results of France's warm summer, blessed by just enough sunshine so far, is that the grapes have matured nicely and should be ready for harvest in September, considerably earlier than usual. Now the vintners have only to pray for another five weeks of good weather.

In any case, volume will be high this year—1.5 billion gallons, worth about $660 million—and that fact alone should prevent prices from rising excessively. A good crop would be welcome news for the government, which has had trouble with the vintners after a superb but slim harvest in 1961 and a nondescript yield last year. "It would be wonderful to have a great even year," said one grower, mindful of the curious fact that only in odd years since World War I has France produced superb vintages.

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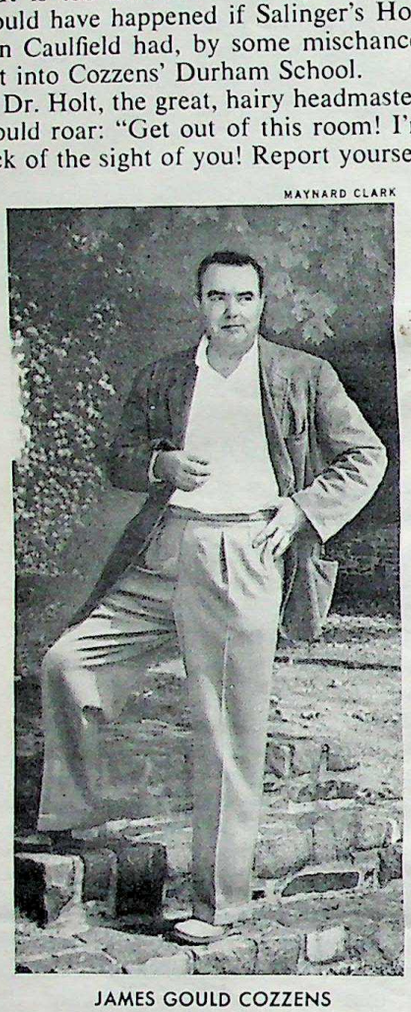
The Little Men

CHILDREN & OTHERS *by James Gould Cozzens.* 343 pages. *Harcourt, Brace & World.* $5.95.

It is too awful to contemplate what would have happened if Salinger's Holden Caulfield had, by some mischance, got into Cozzens' Durham School.

Dr. Holt, the great, hairy headmaster, would roar: "Get out of this room! I'm sick of the sight of you! Report yourself

MAYNARD CLARK



JAMES GOULD COZZENS
Atheist turned apologist.

on detention for a month. If you're absent from chapel, the prefects will take care of it. Get out of my sight!" A dozen of the best would be the lot of Holden Caulfield, just for not believing a lot of crummy stuff about God.

Durham School, which numbers no Zen adepts among its alumni, is the stern focus of many of the 17 stories that comprise James Gould Cozzens' latest book—his first in seven years and a Book-of-the-Month Club choice for August. The school, rather than the un-Salingerian types who attend it, is the real hero, and Cozzens deeply approves of the headmaster's speech above (which is delivered to a character named Smith III).

Worst of Life. Cozzens here turns the same unsmiling, nonextremist conservative eye on the U.S. school (Eastern prep division) which he has cast on other U.S. institutions—marriage and the law (*By Love Possessed*), the military establishment (*Guard of Honor*), the clergy (*Men and Brethren*), and medicine (*The Last Adam*). In the past, the animator has been an individual who, by partial dissent, has lifted the various strands of a society into a tension which made them as visible as struts in a Dymaxion dome.

In these stories, Cozzens seems to have dismissed the rebel in favor of a celebration of the structure itself. Human life, bearable at best, is seen as unbearable and detestable when its natural savagery, passion and poetic lunacy are unconstrained by custom or civilizing institution. This view is seldom given a voice in fiction—even in realistic fiction of Cozzens' unfashionable kind. When institutions are matched against idiosyncrasy, writers have a temperamental bias in favor of the private sensibility.

Expendable Elements. It is doubly rare for a writer of Cozzens' cast of mind to write about childhood at all, when human life, in his terms, is at its very worst. Childhood itself is the villain in these stories, and the thoughts of youth are wrong, wrong thoughts. With these ground rules in mind, Cozzens' stories can be read as thoroughly enjoyable entertainments, watching how Cozzens deals with what might be called the expendable elements of child nature, and how he sets about getting boys to behave —as little boys were once told to behave —"like little men." It is only as such premen that James Gould Cozzens has much time for boys.

"Smith III's intelligence was much too acute to waste its strength in a permanent and ridiculous war with its environment. Real rebels are rarely anything but second-rate outside their rebellion." And so it proves with Smith III. He graduates from Durham vowing revenge, makes very good, and returns in ten years to speak at the old boys' dinner, which, like all old boys' dinners, is primarily designed to extract contributions to help perpetuate a system and a tradition that has made them what they are today. Here is Smith's long-awaited chance to score off his old adversary. But no. Durham got him in the end. Smith's speech eloquently extols the stoic virtues of Durham and Dr. Holt himself, and, as one alumnus put it, "nets Dr. Holt an extra hundred thousand." Smith himself pledges more than he can afford. "The old place has a sort of hold on one, hasn't it?" says one old boy to Smith III.

Tears over Rugby. There are two curious things about this key story. One is that Cozzens himself was involved in similar scenes when as a boy atheist he confronted the redoubtable Father Sill, headmaster of Kent School. He too was redeemed. The other is that (ignoring the sub-literature of "school stories"), nothing like this has been written for a long, long time. It would be necessary to go back to *Tom Brown's Schooldays*, where Thomas Hughes shed an old boy's tears over Rugby.

Away from Durham School, Cozzens encounters in a heightened form the difficulty of all who would write of childhood: how much hindsight is permissible? Adult wisdom-after-the-event may make order of the bewildering charades of childhood, but in doing so may dull and blur a strict accounting of the child's own original vision. There is fascination in these set pieces about family politics, death and the huge mysteries of sex, but the central figure—the child—the fictionalized young Cozzens—is curiously reduced from the unique looniness and divinity of childhood to that of a sane, but ill-informed adult who just hasn't got things straightened out yet. The effect is oddly flat and pathetic in a surely unintentional way—like the little boy in the sailor suit in a family group, with eyes as sole as those of his bewhiskered or feathered elders.

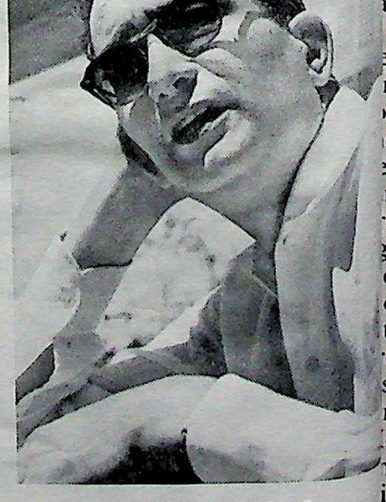
Johnny One-Note

ALL WOMEN ARE FATAL *by Claude Mauriac.* 308 pages. *Braziller.* $4.95.

Bertrand Carnéjoux is a rowing young journalist of notable amatory agility. Every ripple in the stream of his consciousness reflects a preoccupation with sex, and he introduces a dozen different mistresses in the first 50 pages. But on page 31, Bertrand begins to speculate about writing a treatise, in the form of a novel, to be titled: *Phenomenology of Physical Love.* The secret is out; this Don Juan is not a sexual athlete but a literary one, an aspiring philosopher of womanizing. When the reader reads on, he discovers that Claude Mauriac's new novel is hardly a novel at all, but more an anthology of aphorisms about the Frenchmen's favorite topic.

Despite Bertrand's roll call of loves, Amelinha to Yvette, little actually happens. Episode 1: Bertrand

PIERRE MANCIET



CLAUDE MAURIAC
Amorist into aphorist.

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himself on the beach at Rio with his mistress Mathilde and thinks about other women. Episode 2: he gets drunk at a Paris literary party thrown for him by his mistress Irene and thinks about other women. Episode 3: he wanders the streets of Manhattan after breaking up with Leslie and thinks about other women. Episode 4: he takes Francine to bed—and she should have kicked him out for thinking about other women. Total result of all this phenomenological error: "Women at best are interchangeable," and sexual love is a "victory over despair, the conquest of metaphysical solitude."

In such earlier novels as *The Dinner Party*, Author Mauriac (son of famed Catholic Novelist François Mauriac) proved himself one of the more readable and entertaining of the French writers apparently doing business as new realists." This time, reaching for profundity about love and sex, he succeeds only in demonstrating that Don Juan, after all, is Johnny One-Note.

Post-Mortem Analysis

PSYCHOLOGICAL STUDIES OF FAMOUS AMERICANS, *edited by Norman Kiell.* 402 pages. *Twayne.* $6.

When Robert E. Lee launched 15,000 Confederates against a firmly entrenched Union Army of several times that number at Gettysburg, was he being exceptionally courageous? Or exceptionally foolhardy? Or exceptionally pollheaded (his generals to a man had advised him against a frontal assault)? None of these, according to Psychologist Norman Kiell, an assistant professor at New York's Brooklyn College. He was responding instead to what one study of group psychology called "the early ego identifications of childhood" that exist between "the group and the group leader."

When John Wilkes Booth stepped into the presidential box that night at the Ford Theater and shot Abraham Lincoln, was he trying to avenge the South, as he is said to have shouted? Of course not. He was working out a basic Oedipal conflict, and his final words, "Mother, I died for my country," can be translated, "Mother, I killed my father because of you."

"We cannot get our Luthers, Wagners and Napoleons on the couch," writes Psychologist Kiell, "but we know some of what they could have revealed there." In fact, thanks to sophisticated new techniques in "psychobiography" (analysis of handwriting, paintings, drawings, dreams), "psychology and biography have become almost inseparable." To demonstrate what a psychobiographer can do when he sets his intuitions to work, Psychologist Kiell presents a series of post-mortem analyses of famous Americans as seen by an array of psychologists and psychiatrists. Most of them read like psychiatric small talk overheard at a literary cocktail party.

Omnipotent Leaders. Lee's problem, as extrapolated by Ezra G. Benedict Fox from Freud's "postulate of the defense mechanism of identification in the relationship between the group and the group leader," was one that is common to all leaders "exercising a type of paternalism with the group." The group conceives of the leader as omnipotent, and the leader in turn "embraces the gratifying role of omnipotence" that every parent cherishes. Under some particularly trying circumstance, this illusion of omnipotence may "sweep the leader along to his destruction." The trying circumstance in Lee's case was that he was suffering from diarrhea, naively assumed by Southern historians to have been caused by the eating of fruit "in the fertile Pennsylvania countryside," but more probably "it was psychosomatic, caused by his manifested worry over absence of any word for several weeks from the missing Jeb Stuart and his cavalry." His "debilitated physical condition" made Lee "all the more susceptible to psychic influences."

BETTMANN ARCHIVE

WALT WHITMAN'S MOTHER
She never understood.

In Booth's case, reasons Psychiatrist Philip Weissman, his murderous rage was directed not only against his father but also against his older brother (and rival actor) Edwin, who had been publicly praised by Lincoln. Hence the significance of the remark in his diary after the assassination that he had "the curse of Cain" upon him. Still, Booth might not have acted out his "paranoid delusions" if his mother, who doted on him, had not repeatedly told him of a dream she had when he was an infant, visualizing him carrying out "an act of brave but bloody violence in the name of the country." Thus, with one bullet, he was able to remove his two most hated rivals and secure his mother's love.

Slivers of Bone. Lincoln himself, according to Psychiatrist Edward Kempf, suffered from a mother fixation, accentuated by her death when he was nine. Other psychiatrists agree that it was largely responsible for his periodic, almost schizoid, bouts of depression, for his eagerness to pardon military deserters (the mothers of the country, he argued, should not be made to suffer more than they had), and for the "exhibitionistic and self-destructive impulses" reflected in a recurrent dream that he would be assassinated before his second term was out. As for Walt Whitman, he would never have poured so much sexuality into his poetry and realized it so imperfectly in his life (he was impotent, with strong homosexual inclinations) if he had not been so strongly attached to a mother who was illiterate and unable to understand him or his literary ambitions.

The game, it would seem, is inexhaustible. Why did Julius Caesar love oysters? Who was Teddy Roosevelt really aiming at when he plugged a Tasmanian tiger? But it is a bit like reconstructing a mastodon from a toenail or a sliver of bone.

Also Current

FIRST LADY *by Martha Dinwiddie Butterfield as told to Patrick Dennis with photographs by Cris Alexander.* 282 pages. *William Morrow.* $6.95.

It must have been an absolute giggle of an idea. With the elections coming up and all, it would be a hoot to do a sort of *Little Me* thing, only about the girl who married the President. All the fun people joined in—Peggy Cass, Dody Goodman, Harold Lang, Dagmar, Kaye Ballard, Jacques d'Amboise, Melissa Hayden, Vicki Cummings and lots of others—and everybody got dressed up in the wildest costumes while Cris Alexander took loads of simply outrageous pictures. Pat's manuscript had everybody in stitches. The joke was a good one when Cecil Beaton produced *My Royal Past* a generation ago; now, under Dennis' heavier hand, ersatz autobiography-with-snapshots is nothing but a drag.

DOUBLE VISION *by John Knowles.* 210 pages. *Macmillan.* $4.95.

After writing the 1960 award-winning novel *A Separate Peace* and the less successful *Morning in Antibes,* Author John Knowles, at 35, decided he was fed up with the U.S. "I was getting restless in houses so completely furnished and air conditioned and wired for sound and insulated from the outdoors that the people inside seemed in danger of becoming merchandise too." So he sought freedom, and his true self, by traveling to humanity's cradle, the Middle East. In Beirut, languid young Lebanese reclined amid cushions and asked him to explain their country to them because it was so "baffling." In Jordan, Knowles was lionized by King Hussein, and titillated by the prospect that he might lend a hand in writing the royal autobiography (a Briton got the job). Knowles pushed on to the Aegean islands. Everywhere, simple peasants were eager to welcome the camera-bearing tourist.

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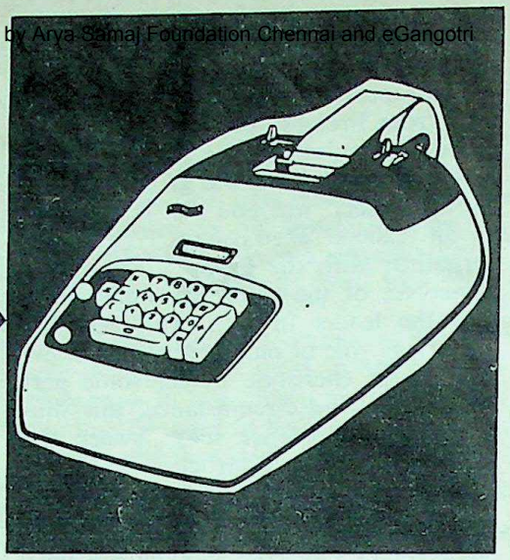
WALTHER

...figures faster than you think



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the ultimate question: "Was Am
as flat, stale and bleak as I rem
bered?" Heaven be praised, the an
is at least a qualified no.

BRIGHT DAY, DARK RUNNER
George Cuomo. 421 pages. *Double*
$5.95.

The narrator in this picaresque n
of present-day Cape Cod is an itine
chef named J. I. (for Judas Isca
LeBlanche. A red-haired giant in his
he is engaging in his strength and di
ness, benevolently tyrannical in his ki
en, reluctantly restrained in his lech
At first sampling, his involuted tale
cerns his summer successes in work
play at a run-down resort, chroni
in a fine and gusty prose. But ther
also a grimly pathetic story: the rac
hardships of LeBlanche's disaster-str
past and the haunting horror of
wife's death at the hands of his p
noid father, whom LeBlanche him
is forced to kill in turn. With this a
gam of somber tragedy and high hu
Author Cuomo probes an ancient
great theme: the growth of a man in
teeth of fortune's callous blows. Re
a variegated, sometimes unusual, alw
hearty novel.

BIFFEN'S MILLIONS *by P. G. Wodeho*
222 pages. *Simon & Schuster.* $4.50.

In the manner of ordinary men, P
ham Grenville Wodehouse started gr
ing older at birth, 82 years ago. But
like most he was able to stop the pr
ess in mid-adolescence. Wodehouse
lives in the same cloud-cuckoo land
titled old blighters, muscular virag
and fluffy-minded bachelors that he f
celebrated 67 books ago. In his 68
he demonstrates that he has lost little
his zany zest for a world that once
Essayist John W. Aldridge in mind
"an incubator of oafdom." The oafs
Biffen's Millions are all after an obsc
ly willed fortune. What happens to t
in the absurdly complicated *plot*
enough to drive confirmed Wodeho
ans happily crackers and Pelham Gr
ville to his 69th book.

AN HONORABLE ESTATE *by Lane Ka*
mann. 424 pages. *Lippincott.* $5.95.

Published in May and already in
fourth printing, *An Honorable Estate*
plainly planned as a Big Novel. But
characters, plot, subplots and messa
are all lightweights. In a sort of sp
level Manhattan setting, the author
trives to make a number of cheri
American goals—including sex, boo
wealth, social position, world travel
Broadway fame—sound dull and
profitable. Glibly cynical, he views
moral wasteland with no moral outr
He even takes a determined new c
at that old chestnut that has
knocked about for decades in
school dormitories and Greenwich
lage walk-ups: should an Artist giv
his Integrity for Commercial Succ
Positively not, Mr. Kauffmann.

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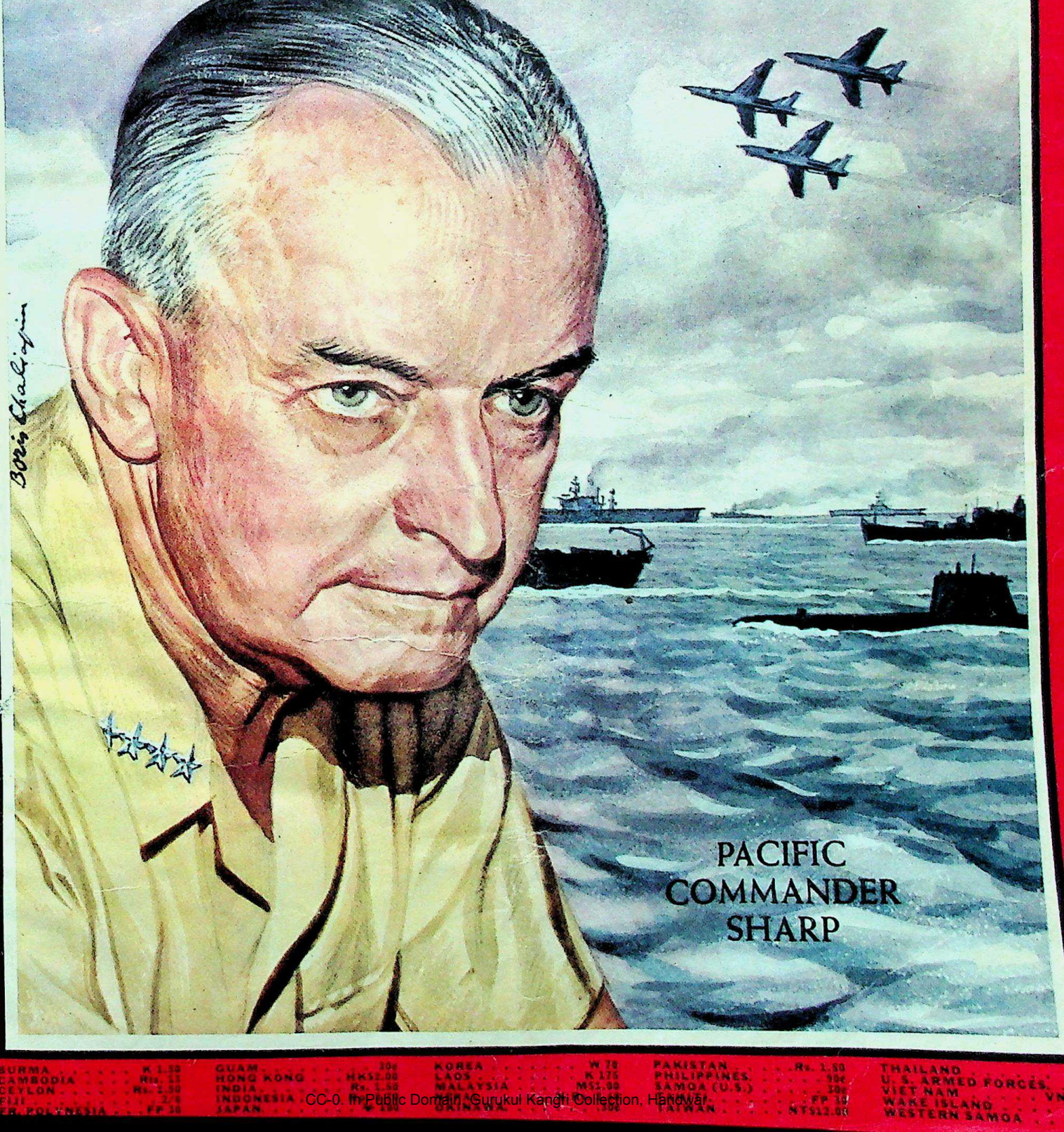
AUGUST 14, 1964

ASIA EDITION

TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

THE U.S. STAND IN ASIA



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VOL. 84 NO. 7

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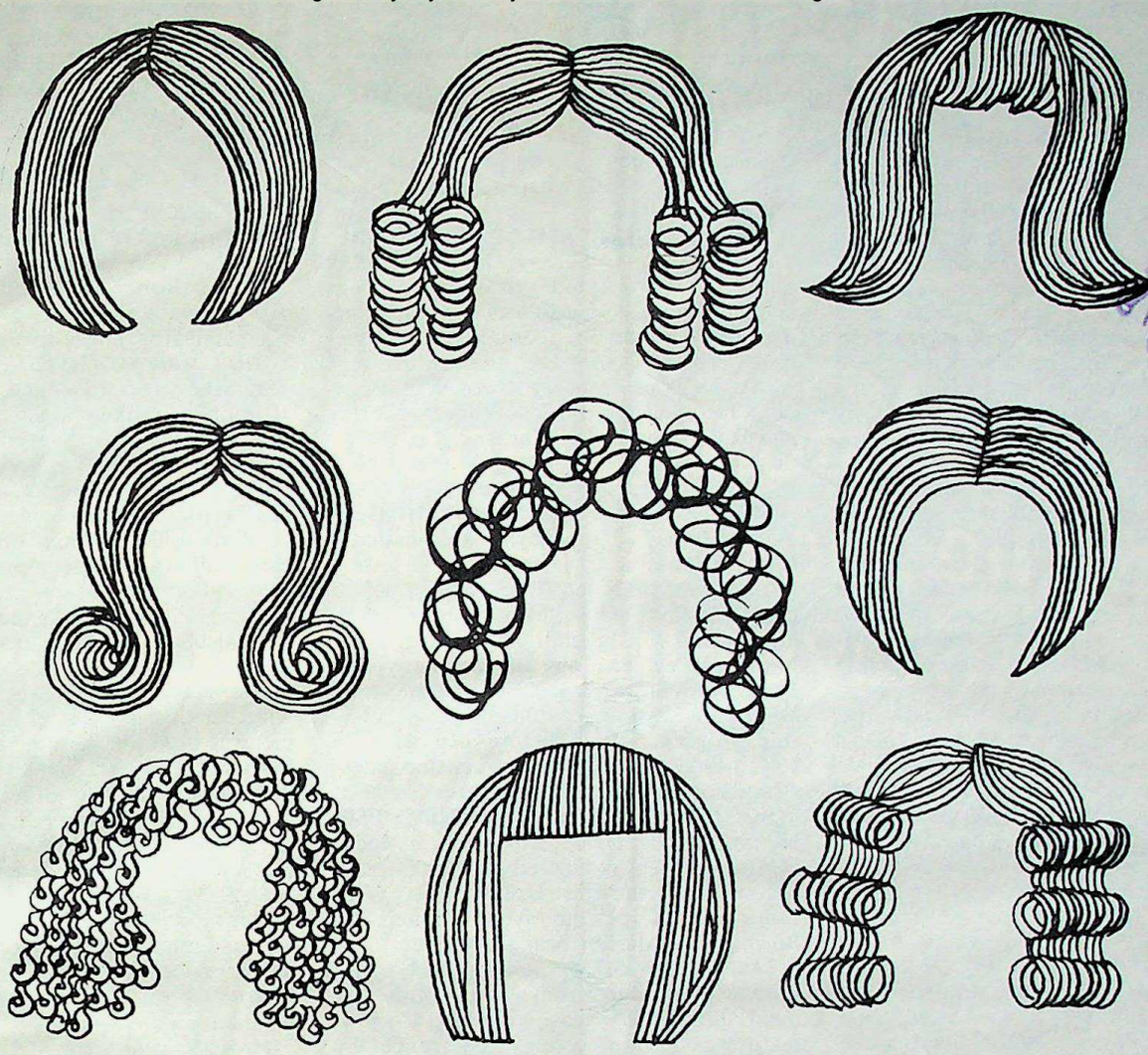

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TIME LISTINGS

TELEVISION

Summer is rerun time on TV, the time when the people who never watch during the winter get a second chance to not watch and the people who were glued to the tube all season discover that most of what they saw isn't worth a second look. A few benefit, however: fans who missed a segment of their favorite series the night the house burned down, virtuous husbands stuck in the city while their wives and children are vacationing at the beach, baseball addicts too bemused by beer to switch off when the game is over, and other misfits.

For this motley assortment of summer viewers, there are occasional items of interest. There is, for example, a chance to check out some of the new show business faces without actually risking an entire evening or bankroll—many of the new nightclub names appear on summer variety programs, while the latest acting sensations often turn up on new interview or old dramatic shows. And since television reviews almost always appear after the fact, sometimes praising specials or particular episodes of series when it's too late to see them, the TV nonregular can catch up on worthy ones he missed.

Wednesday, August 12

ESPIONAGE (NBC, 9-10 p.m.).* This series, which was time-slotted against ABC's *Ben Casey* and CBS's *Beverly Hillbillies* last season, was one of the year's biggest ratings flops, although it was often good and occasionally excellent. This episode is about an American jazz musician arrested in the U.S.S.R. for spying while on a Government-sponsored tour. Repeat.

Friday, August 14

BURKE'S LAW (ABC, 8:30-9:30 p.m.). Each week Millionaire-Detective Gene Barry rounds up a collection of murder victims and suspects played by veteran actors, contemporary celebrities and/or glamor girls of recent vintage. This week the line-up includes Chill Wills, Ed Wynn and Broderick Crawford. Repeat.

INTERNATIONAL BEAUTY SPECTACULAR (NBC, 8:30-9:30 p.m.). Girls from 46 countries and 44 states will compete for the title of Miss International Beauty and the $10,000 that goes with it, telecast live from Long Beach, Calif.

THE DEATH OF STALIN (NBC, 10-11 p.m.). Not to be confused with *Playhouse 90's* controversial, fictionalized account of Stalin's death, which got CBS News kicked out of the U.S.S.R. in 1958, this NBC White Paper, aired early in 1963, is a straightforward documentary, but the Russians kicked NBC News out anyway. (CBS News was reinstated in 1960, but NBC is still banned.)

Saturday, August 15

ABC's WIDE WORLD OF SPORTS (ABC, 5-6:30 p.m.). The Women's National A.A.U. Swimming Championships in Los Altos, Calif.; the Women's National A.A.U. Diving Championships in Los Angeles; and the Isle of Man Motorcycle Races.

NBC SPORTS SPECIAL (NBC, 5:30-6 p.m.). Highlights of a polo match on the royal polo field at Windsor Castle with Prince Philip's Windsor team playing the Jersey Lilies.

HOOTENANNY (ABC, 7:30-8:30 p.m.). A chance to catch a new nightclub star, Trini Lopez, who whangs at his guitar and sings.

SATURDAY NIGHT AT THE MOVIES (NBC, 9-11 p.m.). *The Journey,* M-G-M's 1959 movie about a small group of Western civilians trying to get out of Hungary during the 1956 revolt, features expert, vigorous performances by the entire cast which includes Deborah Kerr, Yul Brynner, Jason Robards Jr., Robert Morley and E. G. Marshall. Color.

Sunday, August 16

SPORTS SPECTACULAR FROM LONDON (CBS, 5-5:30 p.m.). The Royal International Horse Show.

THE TWENTIETH CENTURY (CBS, 6-6:30 p.m.). A day in the life of Rhodes Scholar Winston J. Churchill Jr. (no kin) from North Wales, Pa., one of the many students who have studied, over the years, at Oxford University under the scholarship program set up before his death in 1902 by the South African financier-statesman Cecil Rhodes. Repeat.

HOLLYWOOD AND THE STARS (NBC, 9:30-10 p.m.). *The Great Lovers* is a documentary largely composed of scenes from old movies starring Hollywood's great gentlemen of passion from Francis X. Bushman to Marlon Brando. Repeat.

EAST SIDE, WEST SIDE (CBS, 10-11 p.m.). Borrowing perhaps from *Hamlet,* this segment has a TV-show-within-a-TV-show, featuring a rare acting appearance by *E.S.,W.S.'s* Executive Producer David Susskind, who is typecast as a TV panel moderator. It apparently failed, however, to catch the conscience of King David—he and CBS have since abandoned the entire series. Repeat.

THE RISE OF KHRUSHCHEV (NBC, 10-11 p.m.). NBC's 1963 White Paper on Nikita-the-Bold's ascent to Stalin's throne. Chet-the-Huntley narrates. Repeat.

* All times E.D.T.

THEATER

The heat of summer withers marginal plays, and the survivors are either of proven merit or exceptional freshness. Best of the survivors:

THE SUBJECT WAS ROSES but the thorns draw blood in this perceptive play by Frank Gilroy about people who live within the closeness of a family without being close.

FUNNY GIRL shines in the refracted light of a brilliant new star, Barbra Streisand, who colors every song and caps her clowning with an indelible stage presence.

HIGH SPIRITS is notable for a slapstick séance conducted by mad Bea Lillie, and for the performance of impish Tammy Grimes, who as a spirit brought back to haunt her husband is about as ghostly as a rainbow.

ANY WEDNESDAY. Sandy Dennis plays a kept doll with an unkempt sense of humor that leads to little sex but lots of fun.

HELLO, DOLLY! is a twinkle-toed musical, thanks to Director-Choreographer Gower Champion's dancers and Resourceful Matchmaker Carol Channing.

DYLAN. Alec Guinness probes the special hell in which Dylan Thomas found himself. His brilliant performance is moody, taut with rage and sometimes bright with humor.

BAREFOOT IN THE PARK. A pair of newly weds clamber five flights to a Manhattan flat to coo, tiff and tousle in a variety of dress and undress. Playwright Neil Simon is a laugh merchant who never runs out of lines.

CINEMA

CARTOUCHE. In Director Philippe de Broca's carefree parody of a period saga Jean-Paul Belmondo is the Gallic, sword swinging Robin Hood who robs from the rich, gives to the poor, and keeps Claudia Cardinale for himself.

THAT MAN FROM RIO. Fighting off mad scientists, crocodiles and poisoned darts Belmondo strikes again in Director de Broca's faster—and even funnier—spoof of Hollywood action melodramas.

THE NIGHT OF THE IGUANA. At a sunny resort for shady people, Director John Huston guides Richard Burton, Deborah Kerr and Ava Gardner through some oddly exciting sessions of group therapy devised by Playwright Tennessee Williams.

ISLAND OF THE BLUE DOLPHINS. This intelligent and tasteful tale of an Indian girl (Celia Kaye) who shares an island exile with her dog is a model of what children's pictures ought to be but seldom are.

A SHOT IN THE DARK. As a maladroit inspector from the Sûreté, Peter Sellers pursues Elke Sommer through a multiple murder case and turns up fresh evidence that he is one of the funniest actors alive.

SEDUCED AND ABANDONED. Young love becomes a savage Sicilian nightmare in a sometimes wildly farcical, sometimes deeply affecting tragicomedy by Director Pietro Germi, previously noted for his brilliant *Divorce—Italian Style.*

MAFIOSO. Director Alberto Lattuada also fixes his eye on Sicily, filling the background with some gloriously garlicky slices of provincial Sicilian life while Comedian Alberto Sordi struggles soberly with the insidious Mafia.

ZULU. A bit of bloody British history, vintage 1879, makes a grisly good show as doughty redcoats defend an African outpost against 4,000 proud Zulu warriors.

THE UNSINKABLE MOLLY BROWN. As a girl from the mining camps, Debbie Reynolds makes waves in Denver society and energetically keeps this big, brassy version of Meredith Willson's Broadway musical from going under.

NOTHING BUT THE BEST. A lower-crust clerk (Alan Bates) hires an upper-crust crumb to teach him the niceties of Establishment snobbery in this cheeky, stylish often superlative British satire.

THE ORGANIZER. Director Mario Monicelli's drama about a 19th century strike in Turin has warmth, humor, stunning photography, and a superb performance by Marcello Mastroianni as a sort of Socialist Savonarola.

BOOKS

Best Reading

THE OYSTERS OF LOCMARIAQUER, by Eleanor Clark. By weaving history, topography, marine biology and lyrical gastronomy around the arduous everyday lives of the French seacoast villagers who tend and harvest the *Ostrea edulis,* Author Clark has written a book-length monograph on the world's most prized oyster with the same beguiling erudition that characterized her *Rome and a Villa.*

EUGENE ONEGIN, translation and commentary in four volumes by Vladimir

2 Address changes and subscription inquiries should be mailed to TIME International, Sullivan 31, Mexico 4, D.F. Mexico. TIME Asia Edition is published weekly by TIME Inc., at 540 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. 60611, U.S.A. Second class postage paid at Chicago, Illinois and at additional mailing offices. Subscription price in individual countries listed elsewhere. Additional pages of Pictorial Edition not included in Canadian Edition as follows: East Asia E1-E4, ER1-ER4, South East

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Nabokov. Polylingual, and a poet in [his] own right, Novelist-Scholar Nabok[ov] (*Pale Fire*) has translated Alexand[er] Pushkin's remarkable 19th century nov[el] in-verse with a sense of accuracy a[nd] range of meaning closer to the origi[nal] Russian than any previous version. N[a]bokov's supplementary volumes of no[tes] provide the amusing, exasperating a[nd] always impressive sight of a crusty litera[ry] personality in action.

SOMETIMES A GREAT NOTION, by K[en] Kesey. The author's first novel, *One Fl[ew] Over the Cuckoo's Nest*, took place in [an] insane asylum and proposed the parad[ox] that a good man is hated by lesser m[en] equally in triumph and defeat. This se[c]ond novel, which repeats the same them[e] in a larger setting, is less effective for [the] added dimensions, yet is as exuberant a[nd] brawling as the Pacific Northwest lumbe[r]ing country it describes.

THE RECTOR OF JUSTIN, by Louis Auchin[-]closs. No better chronicler of Massachu[-]setts' elite Groton School and its wise, [a]centric founder, Endicott Peabody, coul[d] be hoped for. This intricate, fascinating novel about "Dr. Prescott" of "Justin" finally fulfills Author Auchincloss' long promise as a major novelist.

CHILDREN AND OTHERS, by James Gou[ld] Cozzens. Many of the stories in this col-lection also concern a fashionable Easter[n] boarding school for boys, and if the[y] come off less well, it is that they focus [on] the institution itself rather than the ma[s]ters and boys. But *Children and Other[s]* represents Cozzens at his most controlled and therefore his best, and the writing [is] as precise as in *Guard of Honor*.

TWO NOVELS, by Brigid Brophy. In these elegant and wickedly brilliant novellas about a masquerade ball and a lesbian schoolmistress, Brigid Brophy show[s] subtlety of both thought and style.

THE FAR FIELD, by Theodore Roethke. A posthumous selection of the poem[s] Roethke wrote during the last seven years of his life celebrates movingly and pro-phetically "the last pure stretch of joy, the dire dimension of a final thing."

Best Sellers

FICTION

1. The Spy Who Came In from the Cold, Le Carré (1 last week)
2. Armageddon, Uris (4)
3. Julian, Vidal (2)
4. Convention, Knebel and Bailey (5)
5. Candy, Southern and Hoffenberg (3)
6. The Rector of Justin, Auchincloss (8)
7. The 480, Burdick (6)
8. The Spire, Golding (9)
9. The Night in Lisbon, Remarque (7)
10. Von Ryan's Express, Westheimer

NONFICTION

1. A Moveable Feast, Hemingway (1)
2. Harlow, Shulman (6)
3. The Invisible Government, Wise and Ross (2)
4. A Tribute to John F. Kennedy, Salinger and Vanocur (3)
5. Crisis in Black and White, Silberman (7)
6. Four Days, U.P.I. and American Heritage (4)
7. Diplomat Among Warriors, Murphy (5)
8. Mississippi: The Closed Society, Silver
9. The Kennedy Wit, Adler
10. A Day in the Life of President Kennedy, Bishop (8)

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LETTERS

Crackback in Viet Nam

Sir: After reading your cover story on Viet Nam [Aug. 15] I felt almost prepared for the current crisis. But I cannot understand why "Washington officials" were so alarmed at the prospect of the crisis coming to a head before the election. I think that it is fortunate that the voters will now be able to judge Johnson's skill in the art of "big-stick" diplomacy.

TANIA BELDEN

New York City

Sir: If the ultimate American goal in Southeast Asia is to stem the flow of Communism, and if an increased effort on America's part leads to even more aggressiveness by the Chinese-supported Communists, where will it all end? I don't see how a limited supply of men can defeat the almost inexhaustible Chinese supply in a conventional war in China's own backyard.

JAMES JOHNSON

Ottawa

Sir: As a "fellow Amurricun," I am appalled at the President's apparent concept of "judicious restraint" applied this week in the Gulf of Tonkin. If a neighbor's child hits yours, do you cut off your neighbor's hand—and then proudly proclaim your "limited and fitting response" because you didn't kill both parents? I am disappointed that my country has chosen to play the role of the strong young father stomping around the world with a bomb on his shoulder.

DENNIS ANSON

Gainesville, Fla.

Sir: President Johnson has shown that he is truly a man of courage and strength in the action that he has taken in the Viet Nam crisis. This was a well-calculated and wise decision. Bless him for it.

JAMES W. PARKER

Parma Heights, Ohio

Backlash Sting

Sir: The one-paragraph example of extremism by Negro Comedian Ray Scott [July 31] is the most revolting, sadistic thing I have ever read. I'm beginning to understand why there will be a "white backlash" in November.

N. C. NIELSEN

Mankato, Minn.

Sir: Everybody knows that the Negroes hate Goldwater. I suppose King and the other Negro leaders think that after November it will be fine for the riots to begin all over again. They had better wake up, because their idol, President Johnson, just might not make it. In Goldwater we will have a President with all the qualities necessary to make our country safe from Communism and riots!

ROY F. WOOD

Tampa, Fla.

Sir: So far, I have been robbed twice by Negroes, kicked in the head and left in an alley. So far, I am still a brother to the Negro, but offhand I would say that the Negro is pushing too hard.

HOWARD J. WILLIAMS

San Diego

Sir: I used to be in sympathy with those people, but now I believe I will say yes to Goldwater come November.

CHARLES L. CONUS

Hollywood

Sir: Skip the polls for the presidential election. Too many two-faced Americans in the privacy of the voting booth will vote differently from what they indicate to neighbors or to pollsters. It is Goldwater all the way—for there are enough prejudiced Americans to elect him.

A. H. GOLDNER

Southfield, Mich.

Sir: If Goldwater hopes to win the election by wooing that portion of our society that seeks to perpetuate white supremacy, if he neglects to condemn openly and forthrightly its bigotry, if he hopes by his silence to encourage its vote, then he may be successful. But he will have sold out his convictions and become President for the most heinous reason in our nation's history.

TIM BLECK

Fairborn, Ohio

Sir: The real truth is that there is no sudden white backlash; it is not new—it has been in existence for more than a hundred years. Goldwater is simply a present-day excuse for opposing equal rights.

A. BAILEY

Pittsburgh

Moon Gazing

Sir: I enjoyed your well-prepared and well-presented article on the recent trip of Ranger VII to the moon [Aug. 7]. Overlooked by many, but not by me, was the speed with which you prepared this story and rushed it into the hands of your readers.

LESTER C. HARLOW

Arlington, Va.

The Long, Hot Summer

Sir: Your article on Harlem [July 31] was more than fine reporting. It was brilliant social commentary and distinguished literature. It points up the awesome enormity of the Negro problem and the need for perseverance, intelligence and decency in working toward its solution.

CHARLES S. JOELSON
Eighth District, N.J.

Congress of the U.S.
Washington, D.C.

Sir: The New York police would have suffered considerably less from thrown bottles, bricks, etc., if they had been provided with wicker shields such as those I have seen used by the Nigerian riot police. These shields are light, and they protect most of the head and body against the usual missiles of an enraged mob. They are also reasonably inexpensive, easy to transport in a hurry to trouble spots, and a good morale booster for harassed policemen.

BRIAN M. BARROW

Houston

Sir: You state that the "numbers game" drains Harlem of $50 million a year. Much of this probably comes out of welfare checks. If the state or city government were to set up a legal numbers game, not only could this $50 million be diverted from the pockets of racketeers, but it could be pumped back into Harlem in the form of improved education, vocational training, recreational facilities and other worthwhile projects designed to build productive, first-class citizens.

RALPH HYDE

Concord, N.H.

Sir: Regarding citizen review boards (to consider civilian complaints of police practices), only four municipalities have established such boards: Philadelphia; York, Pa.; Minneapolis; and Rochester.
True, the York and Minneapolis boards petered out before getting off the ground, but the Philadelphia board, established in 1958, is flourishing, and has performed a substantial service to the community.

SPENCER COXE

American Civil Liberties Union
Philadelphia

Sir: At no time in my discussion with your reporter did I say that "once welfare workers could not tell one Negro child from another and all kids in the neighborhood ran from house to house, a few steps ahead of the social worker, to pad the rolls." There are no facts to support his statement. The problem of unrelated children living with families in receipt of public assistance is not and has not been characteristic of Negroes. Our use of birth certificates and school records is required by federal and state policies for *all* families receiving aid for dependent children. It is not for the purpose of controlling the identity of Negro dependent children.

JAMES R. DUMPSON
Commissioner

Department of Welfare
New York City

▶ TIME *inadvertently attributed that on-relief tale to Welfare Commissioner Dumpson.*—ED.

Sir: As I leave for home (Kenya), I shall take with me your issues of July 17 and July 31 as a reference in answering the very many questions I will be asked about the South and Harlem. In my two

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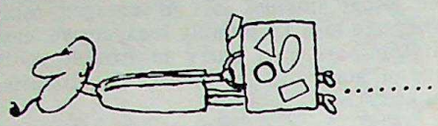
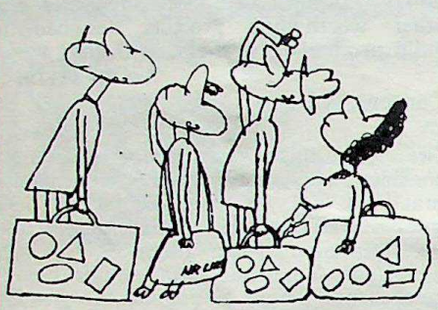
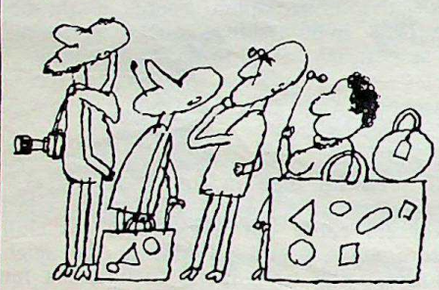


How to avoid the rush at exchange counters





Literally thousands of visitors are expected for the Olympic Games in Tokyo this year.

The best way to avoid the rush at exchange counters is to convert your money before leaving your country. Bank of Tokyo has outlets all over the world where you can purchase Yen Travellers Cheques. As the saying goes, one shouldn't go anywhere in Japan without Bank of Tokyo Yen Travellers Cheques.

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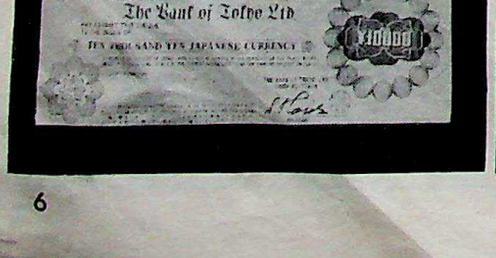
Head Office; Tokyo, Japan



years' stay in this country, I have not come across such objective reporting and thorough analysis of explosive and emotional problems.

HERBERT KANINA

Stillwater, Okla.

Gentleman's Totem

Sir: You misuse the term "aristocrat" in relation to Faulkner [July 17]. Faulkner was by birth a gentleman, but he let down the totem by appearing tieless and unshaven before his audience. There is a certain *noblesse oblige* that prompts a gentleman to keep up appearances, even though he may be a week's march through the jungle from the nearest outpost.

ADRIAN CONAN DOYLE*

St. Paul de Vence, France

Mischief in Malaysia

Sir: All Malaysia was shocked to read "Amok But Not Asunder" [July 31], your version of the recent disturbances in Singapore, which implied that this was a premeditated offensive action by Malays against Chinese. The truth is that the riot was caused by a mischief-maker who threw a bottle at Prophet Mohammed's birthday procession. We hope this is the last time foreign journals and newsmen run amok with untrue tales of indelible racial hatred in Singapore.

SYED ZAINAL ABIDIN
Director
Malaysia Information Services
Kuala Lumpur, Malaysia

Sir: The majority of Singapore's population are sensible, educated and reasonable. But the Malay community has for some time been agitating for better education, jobs and wages—in general, a boost in their lower-than-other-races standard of living. All that was needed was for someone to light the fuse. The racial clashes were the result of a well-planned plot of extremists bent on creating a distrustful internal atmosphere. Once racial feelings were aroused, both sides took up arms and went for each other's throats, destroying everything in their path. But, within a week, order was restored when the people realized that they had to remain united. The existence of hateful feelings among the races would be precisely what the exponents of the "crush Malaysia" policy are hoping for.

ANIL BHATIA NATH JR.

Singapore, Malaysia

Juanita's Problems

Sir: I read with bitter surprise your article devoted to defaming and offending in a cowardly way the memory of my deceased parents [July 10]. When I made the decision of declaring before the world the truth about Cuba, and of thus helping to unmask the existing regime in our country, I did it conscious of the difficulties I would have to face. I knew that I was putting myself in a position in which I was going to be attacked by the partisan press of international Communism. I knew that they were going to try to demoralize me politically. I even thought that I would be the object of personal criticism by my enemies. However, I never imagined that my political attitude would be used to injure the memory of my parents. I consider that it is not worth the trouble to start a polemic, since the struggle that all Cubans have ahead of them does not permit me to lose time clearing up stories without foundation. As our apostle José Martí well said: "He who goes in search of mountains does not stop to pick up stones in the road."

JUANITA CASTRO RUZ

▶ TIME *sympathizes with Miss Juanita Castro Ruz, but believes that at times harsh facts are relevant and must be reported.*—ED.

Catholics v. Nazis

Sir: Three thousand to four thousand Catholic priests underwent their "Golgotha" in Nazi Europe during the years 1939 to 1945. They became victims of Nazi persecution for their silent or outspoken resistance against the Third Reich. The martyrdom of these priests, who sacrificed their lives for their faith in the service of the church, is the only valid answer to the accusations of indifference of the Catholic Church toward the Nazi regime [July 24].

BENEDICTA MARIA KEMPNER

Lansdowne, Pa.

Sir: In 1940, as a prisoner of war in Germany, I was put to work in villages near the town of Ellwagen, where a few years earlier the Bishop of Rothenburg had made a resounding sermon denouncing the Nazi regime and philosophy. The Gestapo came at once to arrest the bishop, but he managed to flee to Switzerland. However, his sermon had been printed, and the villagers were keeping copies of it carefully hidden. Some showed it to us, warning, *"nicht sagen."* Gestapo spies listened to any public declarations in a church.

FATHER FILIBERT
Order of Friars Minor Capuchin

Istanbul

Starving Indians

Sir: How true are the words of India's Communist Party chairman: "A government that cannot feed the people should quit [July 31]." What a pity that the Communists do not realize that the shoe fits them only too well. If the people of India should be gullible enough to swallow the Communist line, they would soon find their meager food supplies being shipped out of the country to feed other Communist-bloc nations that are worse off than they are. Then they will truly know what hunger is.

(MRS.) FRANCES K. WHITCRAFT

Bel Air, Md.

Switched Bishops

Sir: Re the excellent article you wrote concerning the assignment of Bishop James S. Thomas and me [July 24], you inadvertently placed my name under the picture of Bishop Thomas and his name under mine.

PRINCE A. TAYLOR JR.
Bishop

The Princeton Methodist Church
Princeton, N.J.

Pam's Slam

Sir: You quoted Pamela Mason as saying that neither Louella Parsons nor Hedda Hopper "writes her own column [July 17]." I cannot speak for Parsons, but I worked for Hedda Hopper for about ten years. My wife is still her private secretary, and Miss Hopper is still a close friend. The statement that she does not write her own column is false.

DAVID C. MCCLURE

North Hollywood, Calif.

▶ TIME *agrees that Pamela Mason was indulging in colorful hyperbole when she stated flatly that "Hedda Hopper doesn't write her own column."*—ED.

* Sir Arthur's son.

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A letter from the PUBLISHER

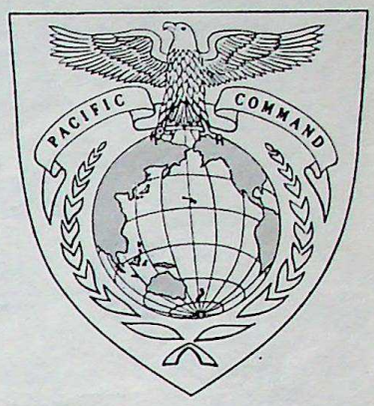
Bernhard M. Auer

WHEN they choose cover subjects, TIME's editors often face a problem that might be called the faceless phenomenon. In a complex civilization, where so much is done by committees and teams, there are many important events and trends that are not readily reportable in terms of one individual. Thus it is sometimes best to use symbolic or group covers. But this problem almost never occurs in moments of world tension. Crisis has a face, and trouble finds its man.

When North Vietnamese PT boats attacked American ships in the Gulf of Tonkin for the second time last Tuesday, it was instantly clear that our previously planned cover on another subject had to be scrapped. To tell about the new crisis in Asia, any number of individuals were suitable for the cover, beginning with the President of the United States, who made the decision to strike back at North Viet Nam. By Wednesday noon, however, we had settled on the U.S. supreme commander in the Pacific, who bears immediate responsibility for the operations and the massive buildup in his vast theater.

From then on, the tempo at TIME began to escalate—but not drastically. After all, from Korea and Hungary to the Wall and Cuba, crises have become almost routine.

Artist Boris Chaliapin began sketching his portrait of Admiral Sharp from photographs. For a background, we originally considered CINCPAC's emblem (*see cut*), symbolizing as it does the command's semiglobal reach, but in the end decided instead on the ships and planes that you now see moving across the cover's horizon. Nation Writers Ron Kriss and Ed Magnuson began planning the week's lead article and the cover story with Associate Editor Jesse Birnbaum. The entire Washington bureau went into action; Military Correspondent John Mulliken interrupted his vacation to resume covering the Pentagon, while Dean



Fischer, substituting for TIME's regular White House correspondent, Hugh Sidey, began his running report on the President's activities.

In Hong Kong, meanwhile, Bureau Chief Frank McCulloch organized our coverage in Southeast Asia. Correspondent Eric Pace stuck close to South Vietnamese Premier Nguyen Khanh, while other aspects of the situation were watched by James Wilde, just back with fresh impressions and a high fever from the guerrilla-infested jungle, and John Shaw, who left his wife and newborn son in Hong Kong to lend a hand in Saigon. From the Los Angeles bureau, Keith Johnson flew to Honolulu for interviews with Admiral Sharp. Reports Johnson: "Covering part of a war from Hawaii is an odd experience. The languid beauty of the place makes it an incongruous setting for anything military. Otto Preminger's staged 'bombings' this week—part of a movie he is shooting here—did not shatter the peaceful illusion." Johnson was allowed to see the secret war room at CINCPAC, which he found quite different from the doomsday vault of a war room in *Dr. Strangelove:* "I kept looking for the button and I didn't find one. There was, however, the admiral's gold telephone. And I suppose one could make quite a mess by saying the wrong things into that."

The admiral was obviously saying the right things last week.

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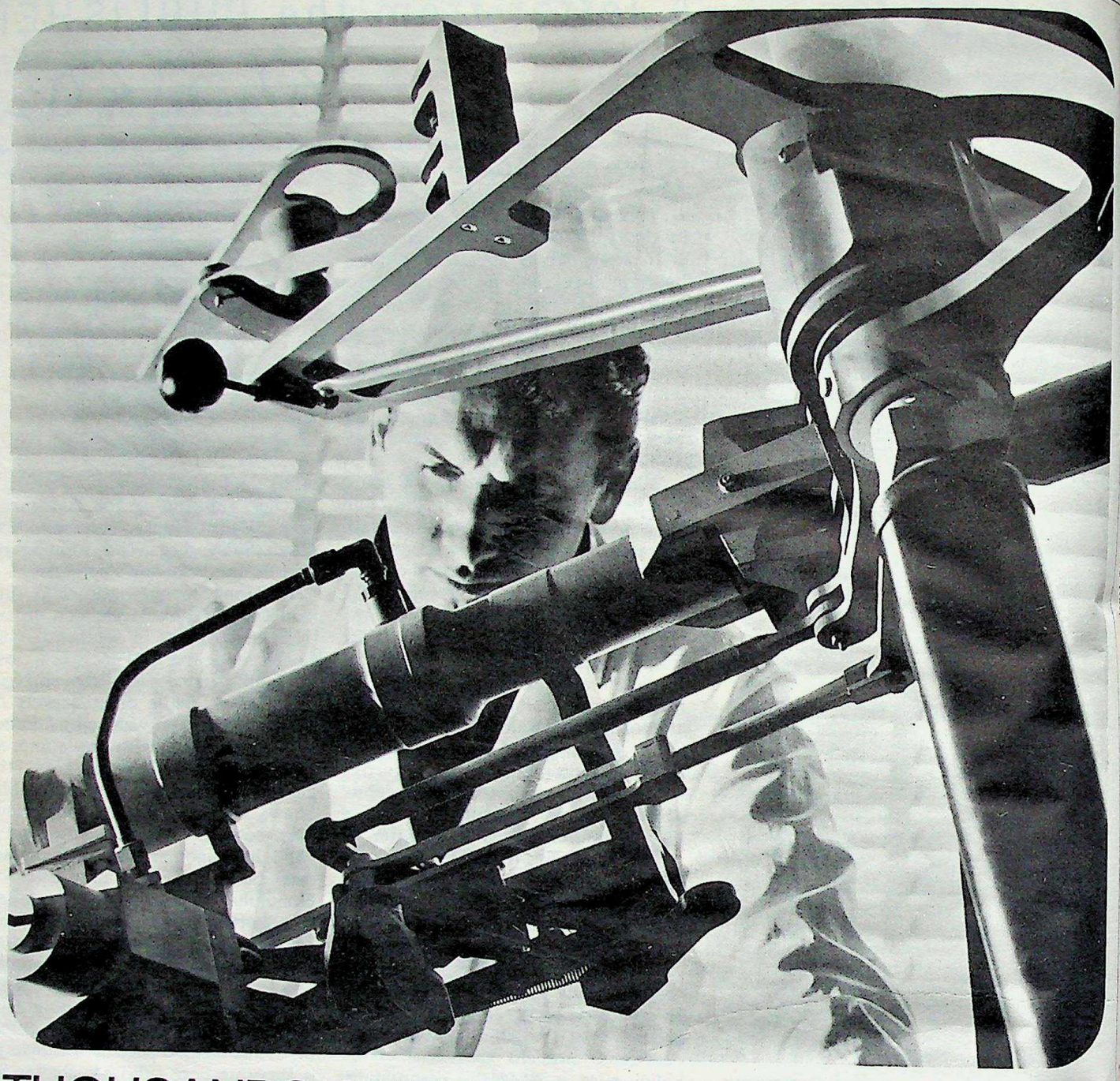

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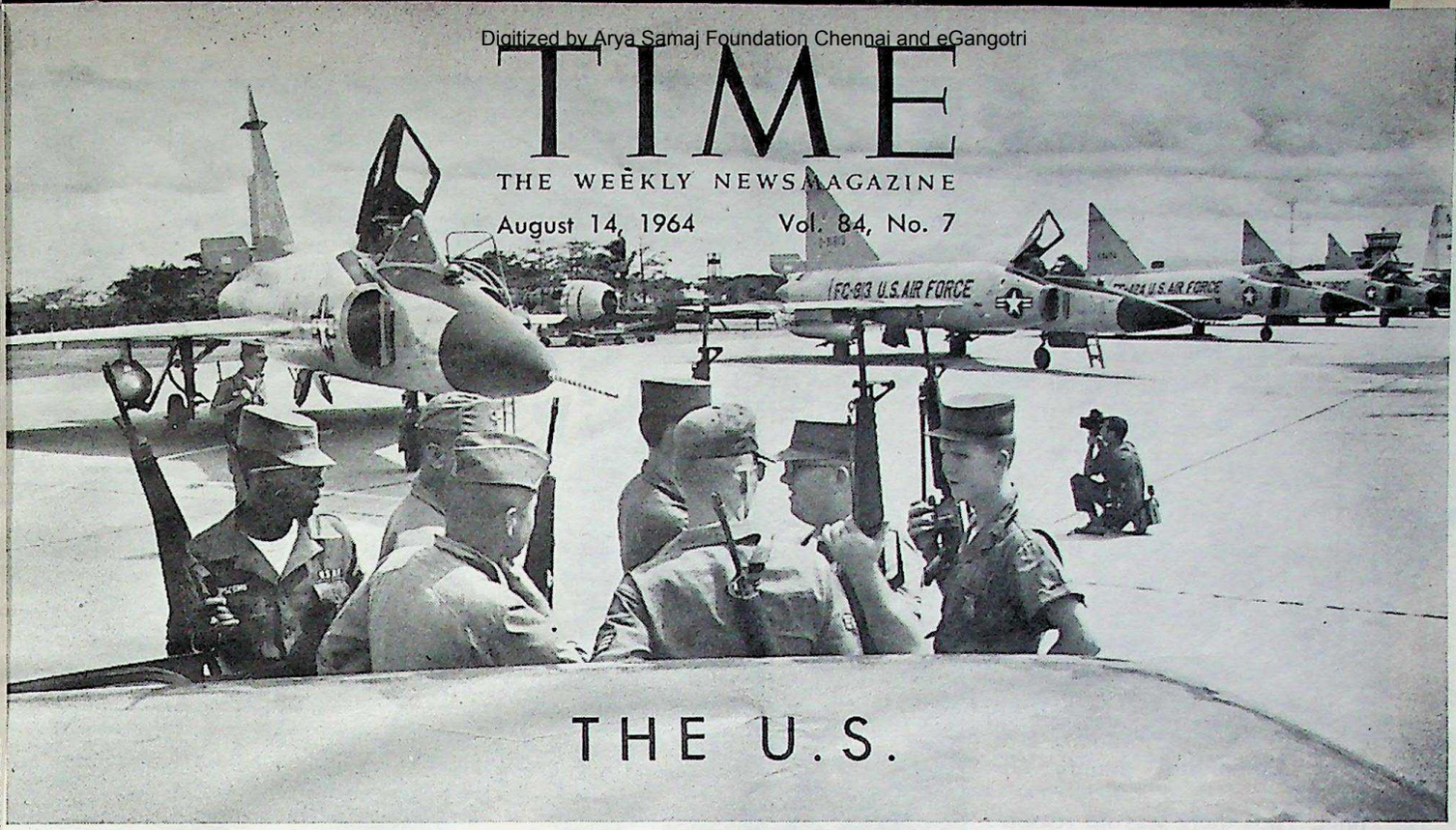

THE U.S.

NEWLY ARRIVED F-102 INTERCEPTORS IN SAIGON
The indispensable weapons are strength and resoluteness.

FOREIGN RELATIONS

A Measured & Fitting Response

"Repeated acts of violence against the armed forces of the United States," said the President, "must be met not only with alert defense but with positive reply." Even as Lyndon Johnson spoke to the nation in a late-evening television appearance, U.S. naval aircraft were hurtling through the Southeast Asian skies to attack selected targets in Communist North Viet Nam. That was the reply about which the President spoke, a reply to one of the most ill-considered Communist moves against the U.S. in recent years: two torpedo-boat attacks against U.S. destroyers that had been steaming in international waters in the Gulf of Tonkin.

Chorus of Approval. That reply, carefully measured and fitted to match the challenge, won instantaneous, widespread support for the President within the nation and from a strong array of U.S. friends around the world. Editorial pages throughout the country blossomed with a rare chorus of approval. On Capitol Hill, the Congress endorsed a resolution backing the President. In California, where he had been yachting, Barry Goldwater got a personal telephone call from Johnson, heard him out and issued a statement of support even before the President made his appearance on television. "I am sure that every American will subscribe to the actions outlined in the President's statement," said the Republican presidential candidate. "I believe it is the only thing he can do under the circumstances. We cannot allow the American flag to be shot at anywhere on earth if we are to retain our respect and prestige."

Even more widespread than support for the U.S. action was bafflement about the basic question: Why did Hanoi mount attacks on the U.S. might in the first place? Why, after failing in the first attack and being warned of reprisal, did the North Vietnamese try again with somewhat more of their tiny force? In answer, Washington experts could only offer theories. Among them: 1) the North Vietnamese, their nerves frayed by the recent talk in Saigon and Washington of carrying the war "to the north," simply decided to end the suspense by testing U.S. resolve; 2) the Reds staged the incident so as to alarm neutrals and prompt them to beat the drums for an international conference on Southeast Asia, something that the U.S. wants to avoid until South Viet Nam is in better shape to parley; 3) the North Vietnamese, by deliberately provoking a stern U.S. response, hoped to draw Red China, and perhaps even Russia, deeper into the Southeast Asia mess; 4) they figured that by sinking an American destroyer in a successful strike they would embarrass the U.S., and give substance to Red China's taunts that the U.S. is a "paper tiger."

To the Brink. While the fourth theory seemed the most plausible, the fact was that even the U.S. had no clear idea of what the attacks might foreshadow. Moscow, of course, weighed in with a charge that the U.S. retaliation was an "open and hostile action," but its reaction was remarkably restrained. The Kremlin was clearly anxious to avoid getting involved too closely in Communist China's designs. Hanoi reacted to the U.S. action with contrived indignation. Peking waited nearly 24 hours, then declared that the U.S. "has gone over the brink of war" and warned that "the debt of blood incurred by the U.S. to the Vietnamese people must be repaid." Despite this bombast, the Red Chinese made no specific commitment of support to their southern neighbors, and U.S. experts could find no scrutable clues as to whether they might launch a new Korea.

No military response such as the U.S. dealt out could be performed without allowing for the worst. Knowing that, the President ordered fresh American forces into the Pacific area, and the U.S. shield was poised. The U.S. action was precisely limited, but in a sense, this nation had once more gone to the brink. And for all the fears of those who caution against strong response, it was established once again that in the cold war, strength and resolution are indispensable weapons.

Action in Tonkin Gulf

(See Cover)

The Gulf of Tonkin is a forbidding body of water. Along its shores lie the brutal war in South Viet Nam, the belligerent Red regime of North Viet Nam's Ho Chi Minh, the ominous expanse of Communist China.

Yet, to the young men of the 2,200-ton U.S. destroyer *Maddox*, patrol duty in Tonkin seemed as ho-hum and humdrum as duty on any of a hundred other routine tin-can patrols. In this case, the mission of the *Maddox* was mainly to show the U.S. flag and keep a casual lookout for Communist gun runners or seaborne Red guerrilla cadres. Occasionally the *Maddox* would slip up to within 13 miles of the Communist mainland, set her radar to sniffing the coast. But the real challenge to her sailors was to stay awake on lonely watches. Few of them even thought about combat; most, in fact, were still

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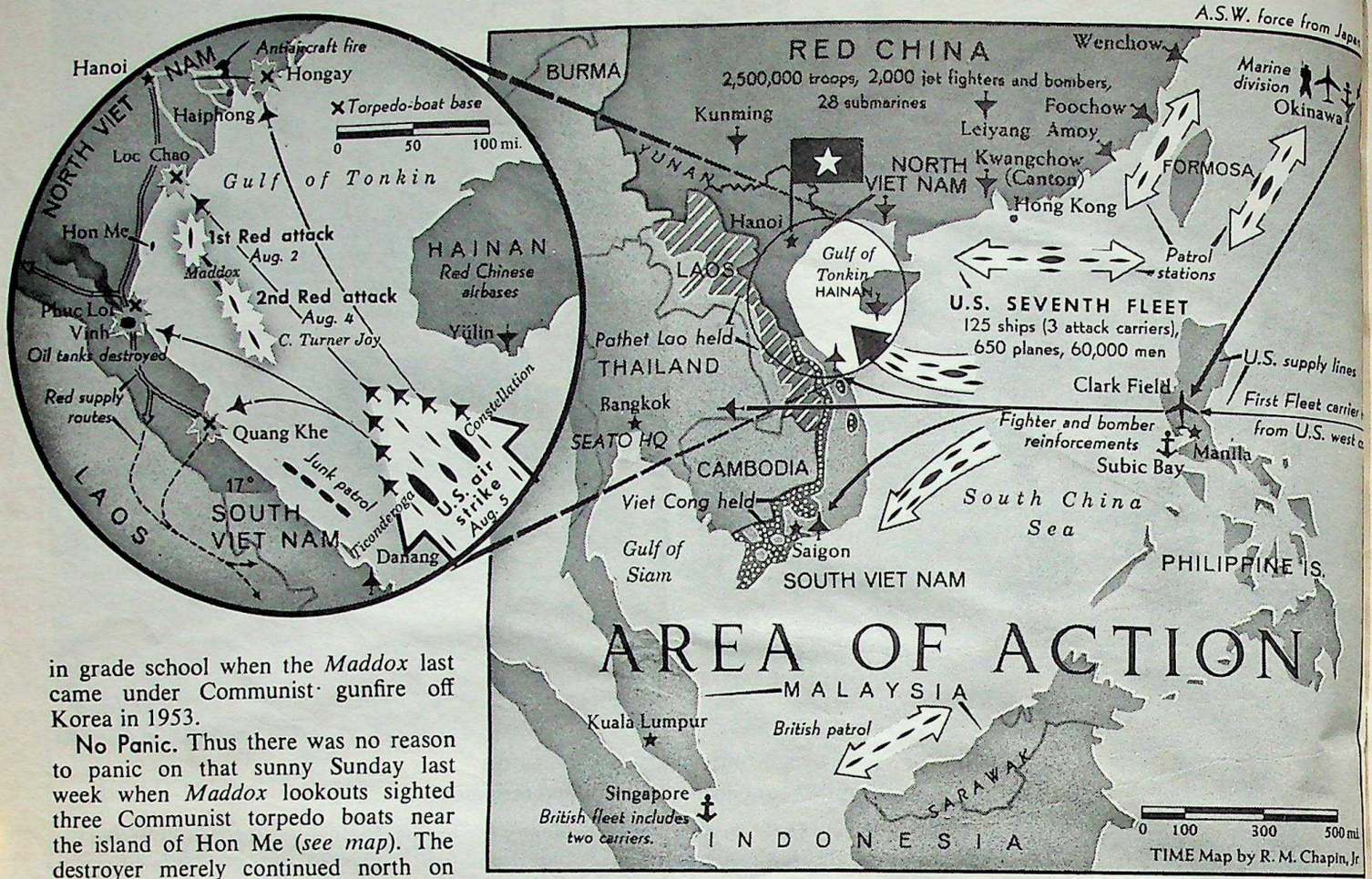

in grade school when the *Maddox* last came under Communist gunfire off Korea in 1953.

No Panic. Thus there was no reason to panic on that sunny Sunday last week when *Maddox* lookouts sighted three Communist torpedo boats near the island of Hon Me (*see map*). The destroyer merely continued north on its patrol, and in due course made a leisurely turn and headed back south.

But at 12:30 p.m., as the *Maddox* cruised down the gulf 30 miles from any land, her radar men spotted three torpedo boats, ten miles to the north, speeding toward the *Maddox*. They were Russian P-4 types, 85 ft. long, armed with torpedo tubes and 25-mm. machine guns. The destroyer skipper, Commander Herbert L. Ogier, 41, sounded general quarters. Two hundred and fifty-five officers and crewmen raced to their battle stations. Ogier held his course southward. And he waited.

For two hours the crew watched the small craft close in. The destroyer did not try to outrace her pursuers; with a top speed of 33 knots, she could not have done so anyway. It was now 2:40. The boats were approaching at about 45 knots. Ogier made his decision. If they kept boring in, he would open fire.

They kept closing. Ogier lobbed three warning shots across their bows. Still they came on.

Two of them moved into a range of 8,000 yds. off the *Maddox's* starboard quarter and headed toward her stern. The *Maddox* has twin-mounted 5-in. 38s aft and two twin-mounts forward. Ogier could either swing the *Maddox* broadside and train one forward pair and the aft pair on the two boats or stay on course and keep the ship's tail toward them. This would permit him to fire at only one boat at a time, but it would provide a slimmer target for enemy torpedoes.

He chose to stay thin.

White Wakes. The battle began at 3:08. The *Maddox* opened up with her aft five-inchers and her 3-in. and 40-mm. guns. The two trailing craft closed to 5,000 yds., launched one 18-in. torpedo apiece. Officers on the *Maddox* bridge had no trouble following the foot-wide white wakes of the torpedoes as they ran through the blue-green sea at a depth of 10 ft.

Ogier swung the ship to port. The torpedoes passed 100 yds. to starboard. For a farewell blast, the two boats sprayed away futilely with their 25-mm. machine guns, turned tail and headed toward the north.

Now the third torpedo boat took up the attack. Skillfully, she pulled 5,000 yds. abeam of the destroyer so that evasion would be far more difficult. But this also brought the PT boat under the fire of two pairs of the *Maddox's* biggest guns. The *Maddox* fired—a direct hit. The enemy craft stopped dead in the water, helpless and aflame. Later she could not be found and was assumed to have sunk.

In the nearby South China Sea, the U.S. Aircraft Carrier *Ticonderoga* maintained continuous communication with the *Maddox*. She reported that four supersonic F-8 Crusader jets, already airborne at the time of the attack, were on the way. Moments later the jets streaked in, unleashed eight Zuni rockets at the two fleeing boats, scored two hits (despite the fact that the early model Zunis

SOVIET-STYLE P-4 TORPEDO BOAT

U.S. NAVY

U.S. DESTROYER "MADDOX"
Three shots were fair warning.

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are designed for strafing fixed targets) and strafed the boats with their 20-mm. cannon. The two craft slowed but continued north. The jet pilots, certain that the attack had been repulsed, turned back to the *Ticonderoga*. At 3:29 p.m., the 21-minute battle—the first direct clash between U.S. and Communist armed vehicles since Korea—was over.

Swift Orders. About 4,000 miles away, near Wake Island, a U.S. Navy C-118 staff plane droned toward Honolulu. Aboard was Admiral Ulysses S. Grant Sharp Jr., commander in chief of the U.S. forces in the Pacific (CINCPAC). "Oley" Sharp was returning to his headquarters near Pearl Harbor after touring the U.S. military missions in South Viet Nam and Thailand —the everlasting hot spots of his vast command (*see box*). It was over the C-118 radiotelephone that the word of the fight in Tonkin Gulf was relayed to Sharp.

The admiral wasted no time. Swiftly he sent orders to his CINCPAC headquarters: the *Maddox* will stay in the gulf—and a destroyer, the 2,850-ton *Turner Joy*, then cruising in the South China Sea, will join her at once.

"Here was a U.S. Navy ship attacked on the high seas," Oley Sharp explained later. "You can't accept any interference with our use of international waters. You must go back to the same place and say, 'Here's two of us this time, if you want to try anything.'" When he landed in Honolulu, newsmen were waiting for him. "Our ships are always going to go where they need to be," he said crisply. "If they shoot at us, we are going to shoot back."

Low-Key. In Washington it was after dawn on Sunday* before the Pentagon had compiled a complete report on the distant sea action. Lyndon Johnson was informed as he dressed for church. To the White House he summoned his top advisers: Secretary of State Dean Rusk and Under Secretary George Ball, Deputy Defense Secretary Cy Vance and General Earle Wheeler, chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff. Defense Secretary Robert McNamara, weekending in Newport, R.I., got a hurry-up call and rushed back to the capital. For 45 minutes the President and his aides discussed the attack, decided to play the whole affair as low-key as possible in the hope that it was all some sort of misunderstanding on the part of the Communist Viet Minh government at Hanoi. Accordingly, the Pentagon issued a dry statement: The *Maddox*, "while on routine patrol in international waters," had undergone an "unprovoked attack by three PT-type boats." The White House declined comment. A State Department staffer said that the best possible answer to the attack had been delivered by the *Maddox* and the U.S. jets. Arriving in New York later for a speech, Dean Rusk said only: "The other side got a sting out of this. If they do it again, they'll get another sting."

Even in private, Washington officials could not offer an intelligent reason that might explain why the puny Hanoi mosquito fleet challenged the 125-ship U.S. Seventh Fleet. Some speculated that Hanoi had somehow connected the *Maddox* with recent South Vietnamese raids on Hon Me and the neighboring island of Hon Ngu. Yet the *Maddox* was at least 30 miles from either island at the time of those attacks. And her presence in the gulf was hardly a new provocation, since U.S. destroyers had been patrolling the area frequently over the past two years and are well known to North Vietnamese seafarers.

* The Gulf of Tonkin is eleven hours earlier than E.D.T.

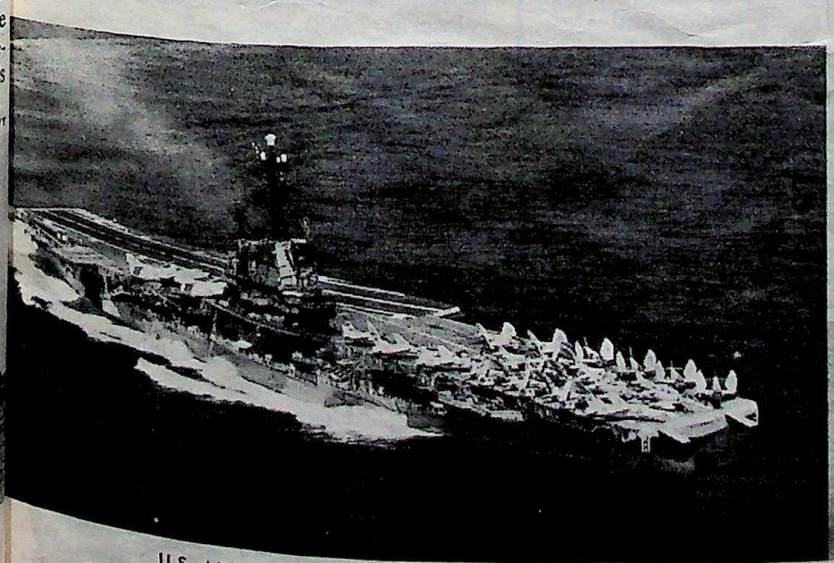
UPI

PRESIDENT JOHNSON WITH NSC MEMBERS AT WHITE HOUSE*

Neither hawks nor doves.

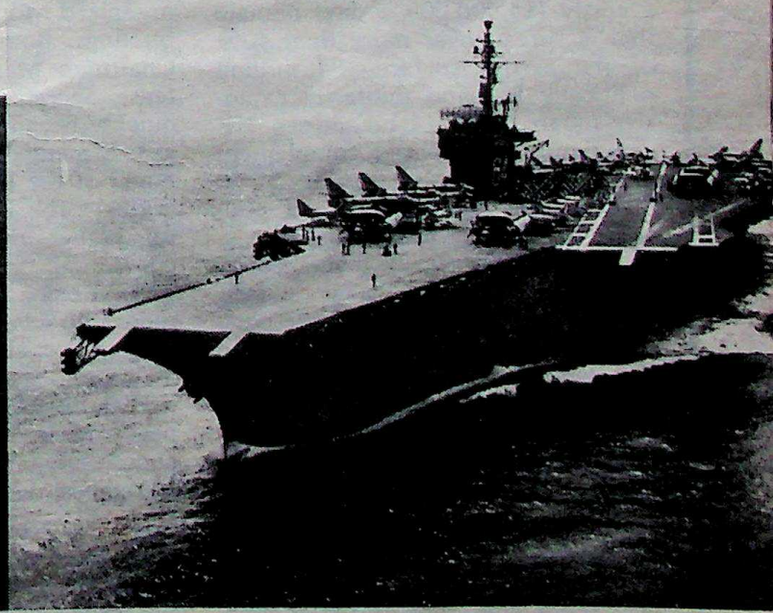
* From left, Under Secretary of State George Ball, Secretary of State Dean Rusk, the President, Defense Secretary Robert McNamara.

U.S. NAVY



U.S. AIRCRAFT CARRIER "TICONDEROGA"

Could the carriers do the job? asked the Secretary.



U.S.S. "CONSTELLATION"

"Hell, yes!" answered the Admiral.

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THE IMPERTURBABLE ADMIRAL

WITH her engines grinding at a rowboat's pace and her crew peering anxiously at debris in the water, the U.S. destroyer *Boyd* slipped in toward Japanese-held Nauru Island on the morning of Dec. 8, 1943. A U.S. fighter pilot had been shot down within point-blank range of the island shore batteries, and the *Boyd* was bent on rescuing him. Suddenly, two 6-in. shells crashed into the forward engine room, destroying half of the ship's power. Shellburst jets of water blossomed everywhere. The *Boyd's* skipper, Lieut. Commander Ulysses Simpson Grant Sharp Jr., unable to find the pilot, heeled the crippled destroyer about and began a nightmarish slow-motion escape through waters alive with explosions. "Knowing that the gunners would attempt to correct their fire after each miss," Sharp recalled later, "I decided to chase the fall of the shot." Whenever a shell blew up, he calmly veered toward the geyser. For six miles he ran that gauntlet, brought ship and crew to safety in the open sea, later got a Silver Star for his cool performance.

Pinpoint Precision. Coolness is still one of the man's most notable characteristics. Last week, as the Asian crisis bore down on him, Admiral Grant Sharp, now 58, well-decorated and as slender and hard as a torpedo (5 ft. 7 in., 147 lbs.), described his activities and explained imperturbably: "These things are all thought out ahead of time. It is the culmination of a lot of planning, and the actual execution is fairly simple." True enough. But had he executed his orders with anything less than pinpoint precision, Sharp could well have triggered a disaster in the Far East. As Commander in Chief, Pacific (CINCPAC), he bosses a costly ($5,000,000 a day) domain that is spread over more than 40% of the earth's surface—85 million politically hot and militarily explosive square miles of land and sea. His command bristles with a complement of 440,000 men, 400 vessels, 3,500 planes, and countless tons of conventional and nuclear weapons.

Always more steady than spectacular in his 37-year navy career, Sharp's presence on the Pacific powder keg is a comforting thought to his Pentagon colleagues. Says one admiral: "Sharp is a solidly trained professional. He is exactly the kind of man this country needs in the Pacific right now."

"Oley" Sharp (the nickname came from his towheaded, Swede-like looks) was raised in Fort Benton, Mont., a tiny (pop. 1,887) landlocked town that has produced no fewer than four admirals.* His father was the nephew of President U. S. Grant, the Civil War giant, but Sharp was not the military type: he ran a general store. Young Oley, bored with the prospect of a merchant's life, wanted—and won—an appointment to the Naval Academy. He boxed, ran the 880 on an intramural track team, but produced a so-so scholastic record and in 1927 graduated 286th in a class of 579.

"A Real Pro." During the dead calm of the pre-World War II years he dutifully trod water in a routine variety of posts. He got married, fathered a daughter, Patricia, and a son, Grant, who is now a Navy lieutenant at the Navy Postgraduate School at Monterey, and polished his golf game to a ten-handicap shine. In mid-1942 he got a wartime command aboard a minesweeper, picked up a commendation for combat action off Casablanca, then served nearly two years on the *Boyd* in the Pacific. His older brother, Thomas, was also a Navyman in the war; he died in the Pacific when his submarine, *Pickerel,* was sunk.

During the Korean war, Sharp briefly commanded a destroyer squadron, then began a series of staff jobs. In 1960 he was appointed a vice admiral and served in the top-brass "E" Ring of the Pentagon as deputy chief of naval operations for plans and policy. There he earned a reputation as a sharp-tongued perfectionist. Recalls one officer: "There was no loose thinking, no folderol permitted. He is a forceful, concise, meticulous man."

Sharp put in driving, twelve-hour days, and mastered the Pentagon's most prized art—the ability to absorb enormous amounts of information, then ladle it out in concise, organized form during high-level briefings. Both Joint Chiefs of Staff Chairman Maxwell Taylor and Defense Secretary Robert McNamara quickly became Sharp admirers, and last September he took over command of the Pacific Fleet. When the critical CINCPAC appointment came up earlier this year, Oley Sharp got it.

That came as no surprise to comrades who admire Sharp's hardheaded skill in a crisis. Says an officer long associated with the admiral: "If I had to choose a man to lead me in peace or in war—a real pro—I'd choose Oley Sharp. When the going is toughest, he's at his best."

* Sharp; his cousin Rear Admiral Louis A. Sharp Jr.; Rear Admiral George C. Towner and Admiral John Hoover. Except for Oley, all are retired.

But lest the North Vietnamese, and by indirection the Red Chinese, misread the U.S. stance, the President ordered the U.S. fleet to pursue and destroy any attacking vessel. "Pursuit," in this case, meant that an enemy could be chased to wherever it might flee, even into the sanctuary of its own territorial waters. To back up the public denunciation of North Viet Nam's attack, moreover, the State Department issued a fiery protest to the Hanoi government.

Lusty Liberty. By Monday, most Americans, leaders and populace alike, were ready to accept the notion that Sunday's attack—incredible as it was—would stand as an isolated incident. The *Maddox* and the *Joy* sailed serenely through the Gulf of Tonkin without challenge. Their crews stayed sharp-eyed, but once again began counting the days until their tedium would end, perhaps with lusty liberty in Tokyo, Hong Kong or Manila.

Tuesday dawned. The weather in the gulf turned bad. Thunder rumbled across the water. Sporadic storms churned waves, and the two U.S. destroyers pitched and rolled. Despite the rough going, *Maddox* radar late in the afternoon again detected the presence of distant company: several tiny blips moved across the scope in tracks paralleling those of the *Maddox* and *Joy*.

By nightfall the warships were steaming near the center of the 150-mile wide gulf, some 65 miles from the nearest land. Yet the number of radar contacts was growing, and their tracks were converging on the destroyers. The *Maddox* flashed the alert to the *Ticonderoga,* which was prowling near the mouth of the gulf. Jet fighters snapped off the carrier's runway, soon formed a cover over the U.S. ships.

Gunfire & Gun Smells. Through the darkness, from the west and south, the intruders boldly sped. There were at least six of them, Russian-designed "Swatow" gunboats armed with 37-mm. and 28-mm. guns, and P-4s. At 9:52 they opened fire on the destroyers with automatic weapons, this time from as close as 2,000 yds.

The night glowed eerily with the nightmarish glare of air-dropped flares and boats' searchlights. For 3½ hours, the small boats attacked in pass after pass. Ten enemy torpedoes sizzled through the water. Each time the skippers, tracking the fish by radar, maneuvered to evade them. Gunfire and gun smells and shouts stung the air. Two of the enemy boats went down. Then, at 1:30 a.m., the remaining PTs ended the fight, roared off through the black night to the north.

Long before the attack was over, CINCPAC Admiral Sharp was routed out of bed (about 4 a.m., Hawaii time) by a duty officer. He hurried to the windowless war room on the third deck of his hilltop headquarters overlooking the white sands of the Oahu coast. He slipped into his green leather chair at

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the center of a U-shaped table, opposite a wall on which illuminated status reports could be flashed, and picked up a dialless gold telephone at his left. On the Stateside end of the circuit was Robert McNamara. Sharp seldom left that room during the next 22 hours. He made about 100 calls to Washington, even more than that to his subordinate Pacific commanders of the Air Force, Army and Navy.

There was no doubt in Sharp's mind that the U.S. would now have to answer this attack with much more than a diplomatic protest note. He recommended that the U.S. hit the North Viet Nam torpedo-boat bases. Could the carriers do the job? asked McNamara. "Hell, yes!" replied Sharp. That was all McNamara needed to know. While McNamara dealt with the problem in Washington, Sharp waited for a decision. "I was watching Saigon time to see how light it was getting, and watching Washington time to see what they were doing. You spend an awful lot of time looking at clocks."

While Sharp watched the clocks, President Johnson, McNamara, Rusk, CIA Chief John McCone and the President's adviser on national security, McGeorge Bundy, met for a luncheon conference in the White House second-floor dining room.

There were no "doves" or "hawks" at this meeting. The possibility of shelling the northern seaport of Haiphong was discussed briefly, but it was discarded since it would involve civilian casualties and would require moving warships into territorial waters. McNamara suggested instead an air strike against five specific targets—four torpedo-boat bases and an oil storage facility. Rusk thought it might be wiser to hit two of the southernmost bases first and save the others for a possible second-stage attack. McCone argued for clobbering all five places, in view of the gravity of the North Vietnamese "act of war" against the destroyers. That was it. "All right," said the President, "let's go."

"We're Going." McNamara hurried back to his office and set the plans in motion. The Pentagon phoned Sharp. In turn, Sharp called the Navy's Pacific Fleet commander, Admiral Thomas H. Moorer, stationed at nearby Makalapa Naval Base, told him: "We're going to do it." Orders crackled through the Pacific as units of the Seventh Fleet were alerted. The carrier *Constellation* moved out of Hong Kong—about 500 miles from the Tonkin bases—with instructions to join the *Ticonderoga* as quickly as possible.

As the massive military machinery gathered its strength, Lyndon Johnson and McNamara briefed the National Security Council and summoned congressional leaders to the White House. McNamara, Rusk, McCone and Wheeler explained the events and the plans. The President was grim, decisive. He made it clear he was informing his old Capitol Hill colleagues, not asking their advice. "These are our plans," he snapped.

Johnson also asked the legislators to move swiftly for a resolution expressing congressional approval and support of "the determination of the President, as Commander in Chief, to take all necessary measures to repel any armed attack against the forces of the U.S. and to prevent further aggression." Solemnly, Johnson looked to each man around the table for his agreement. No one dissented. Republican Senator Everett Dirksen, the key figure, waved his O.K.

When he was sure that the air strike at North Viet Nam was under way, Lyndon went on nationwide TV networks at 11:37 p.m. to deliver his somber message. "My fellow Americans: As President and Commander in Chief, it is my duty to report that renewed hostile actions against United States ships on the high seas in the Gulf of Tonkin have today required me to order the military forces of the United States to take action in reply . . . That reply is being given as I speak to you tonight. Air action is now in execution against gunboats and certain supporting facilities in North Viet Nam which have been used in these hostile operations."

While voicing U.S. indignation at what he called "this outrage" by the Communists, Johnson carefully avoided any sound of saber rattling. "Our response for the present," he said, "will be limited and fitting. We Americans know, although others appear to forget, the risks of spreading conflict. We still seek no wider war."

Combat-Green. At that moment, planes from the *Ticonderoga* and the *Constellation*, now nearing the gulf, were indeed speeding toward their coastal targets. Although it would still be another 1½ hours before they would unleash their first rockets, Hanoi radar undoubtedly had already noted their approach.

The pilots flew through a heavy overcast that forced them to approach at low altitudes—and uncomfortably close to the modern, radar-controlled antiaircraft installations ringing the North Viet Nam bases. Despite the poor visibility and the stiff ground fire, the airmen, nearly all of them combat-green, performed remarkably well.

The flak was thickest over the northernmost target at Hongay, where 37-mm. and 57-mm. ground batteries atop a hill protected the harbor. From the *Constellation*, ten A-4 Skyhawk jets, two supersonic twin-engined F-4 Phantoms, and four slower propeller-driven A-1 Skyraiders blasted Communist patrol craft at the docks with bombs, rockets and 20-mm. cannon. Farther to the south, five Skyhawks, three Phantoms and four Skyraiders from the *Constellation* hit Loc Chao.

WILLIAM CUMMINS

ADMIRAL SHARP (CHIN IN HAND) IN CINCPAC WAR ROOM

Across the Pacific, the shield went up.

The *Ticonderoga* sent six Crusader jets against the southernmost target at Quang Khe. Biggest concentration of airpower—and the most spectacular damage—was focused at Phuc Loi and its nearby oil-storage facilities at Vinh. In all, 32 aircraft from the *Ticonderoga* ripped into patrol boats there and set a dozen of the depot's 14 storage tanks ablaze. A happy squadron leader radioed that the tanks were "burning profusely" and that black smoke rose 14,000 ft. Up with the smoke went some 90% of the depot's oil, which constitutes 10% of North Viet Nam's stored reserves. And down to the bottom went 25 North Vietnamese patrol craft—more than half of its entire fleet.

Red Reaction. McNamara called the raids "very successful." Oley Sharp, who followed the action on charts in his war room, termed it "well executed." He was proud of the carriers' ability to get into position, their pilots briefed, planes armed and into the air as quickly

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as they had. "They had to make their preparations at night and in the early morning hours," he said. "It shows their high state of readiness."

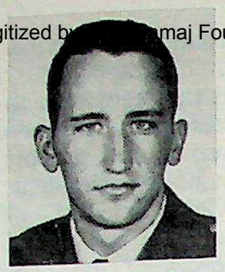
The U.S., however, did not come off unscathed. In 64 sorties, two planes were shot down. One of the 365-m.p.h. Skyraiders, piloted by Lieut. (j.g.) Richard Sather, 26, of Pomona, Calif., was hit at Loc Chao and crashed into the sea with no evidence of the flyer's survival. A 680-m.p.h. Skyhawk caught flak at Hongay. Its pilot, Lieut. (j.g.) Everett Alvarez Jr., 26, of San Jose, Calif., radioed that he was bailing out, and other pilots heard the telltale 60-second radio "beeper" signifying an opened parachute. They saw the plane splash three miles at sea. Hanoi later announced it had captured Alvarez. Two other planes were crippled: one reached its carrier; the other made a safe landing in South Viet Nam.

U.S. strategists had little time to congratulate themselves on the success of their "limited and fitting" answer to Red aggression. The big question was how North Viet Nam—and far more significantly, the Red Chinese—would react to the air strikes. And well before the first plane took off, the U.S. began a well-calculated redeployment of its forces to prepare for any Red move.

Immediately, Sharp began shuffling forces in his own command. An anti-submarine task force, led by the carrier *Kearsarge* (famed for its recovery of orbiting U.S. astronauts), swept into the South China Sea to watch for Red China's roving fleet of submarines. A squadron of Air Force F-102 supersonic interceptors bolted from Clark Field in the Philippines to bases in South Viet Nam to counter any attempt by the Chinese to bolster the Viet Minh with jets. Amphibious landing craft silently embarked for undisclosed destinations.

The Pentagon meanwhile worked out broader plans. The Joint Chiefs transferred an attack carrier group with the flagship *Ranger* from the First Fleet along the west coast of the U.S. into Sharp's Pacific area. Thailand agreed to accept two squadrons of U.S. Air Force fighter-bombers. More than 50 F-102s and B-57 Canberra jet bombers took up residence at airfields at Danang, Saigon and Bienhoa in South Viet Nam. Near Bienhoa, a B-57 crashed into the jungle with Capt. Fred C. Cutrer Jr. and Lieut. Leonard L. Kaster aboard. Hampered by Communist guerrillas, rescuers were unable to find the flyers. Flights of F-100 Super Sabre fighters, RF-101 Voodoo reconnaissance planes and F-105 Thunderchief fighter-bombers swept out of the U.S. and streaked toward Pacific bases.

The rapid movement of naval and air units demonstrated the value of a flexible response capability in the U.S. military forces. So, of course, did the dramatic use of carrier airpower along the Gulf of Tonkin. That flexibility and the U.S. advantage in military technology are what made last week's firm U.S. military stance throughout Southeast Asia credible.



LIEUT. KASTER

CAPTAIN CUTRER

LIEUT. SATHER

"Well executed," but at a price.

LIEUT. ALVAREZ

Where the flak was heaviest.

Strong on Land. The adversary boasts power too. Red China has 2,500,000 troops to throw into land action. Most of that manpower is still positioned opposite Taiwan. Three armies (about 120,000 men) are near North Viet Nam, another on the island of Hainan in the Gulf of Tonkin. U.S. intelligence says that there has been no recent build-up in these southeast concentrations. The Red Chinese air force, with some 2,000 jet fighters and bombers, is one of the world's largest, but is hampered by shortages of parts and fuel. And her navy is weak: she has 28 subs and about 170 torpedo boats; her largest ships are four destroyers.

While North Viet Nam lost half of her navy last week and has at best about 50 aircraft (presumably none of them jets), her well-trained and high-spirited army numbers about 300,000, backed by a 150,000-man militia. These troops could be checked in a major drive into South Viet Nam only by a direct, all-out U.S. effort. (Last week a North Viet Nam infantry regiment stared across the Ben Hai River at a reinforced Saigon division in South Viet Nam. Neither showed signs of moving.) Hanoi's greatest weakness in such a drive would be her vulnerable supply routes.

Unmasked Aggression. As the U.S. raised its shield, it took pains to assure the world that its actions and responses had all been necessary. McNamara told a press conference that all of the military movements were "appropriate to the provocation." He summed up the air strike simply: "Our objective was to deter the PT-boat fleet from further attacks on our vessels. I believe we have accomplished that." President Johnson pointed out that "the Gulf of Tonkin may be distant, but none can be detached about what has happened there. Aggression—deliberate, willful and systematic aggression—has unmasked its face to the entire world. The world remembers, the world must never forget, that aggression unchallenged is aggression unleashed."

Johnson also issued a pointed warning against further Red interference in Southeast Asia. "To any who may be tempted to support or to widen the present aggression, I say this: There is no threat to any peaceful power from the United States of America. But there can be no peace by aggression and no immunity from reply. That is what is meant by the actions that we took." To help spread that word abroad, Johnson asked Henry Cabot Lodge, former Ambassador to Saigon, to present the U.S. case in allied capitals.

At a hastily called United Nations Security Council meeting, U.N. Ambassador Adlai Stevenson described the U.S. action as a "limited and measured response fitted precisely to the attack that produced it, and the deployment of additional U.S. forces to Southeast Asia is designed to make unmistakably clear that the U.S. cannot be diverted by military attack from its obligations to help its friends establish and protect their independence." Stevenson readily accepted the Soviet Union's rather dispirited demand that the Hanoi government be invited to tell its story to the U.N. Council, on condition that South Viet Nam also would be heard.

Two Dissenters. More than anything, the precise, coolheaded statements that issued last week from U.S. leaders were aimed at assuring an edgy world of America's good faith, and America's determination to use its power only in the defense of itself and its allies. Members of the Congress—debating the resolution approving the President's actions and allowing him the discretion to strike back again if the U.S. is attacked—were concerned about making that same point. The resolution cleared the House with a resounding 416-0 vote after only 40 minutes of debate, but the Senate talked for a full nine hours before approving, 88-2. The only two dissenters were Alaska's Democratic Senator Ernest Gruening and Oregon's irascible Democrat Wayne Morse, both of whom argued that the resolution was unconstitutional because it amounted to a "predated declaration of war power" normally reserved to Congress.

On the other hand, it could be argued that technically Johnson already had all the authority he needed without the resolution—as he had demonstrated so dramatically in the Gulf of Tonkin. The congressional support mainly punctuated the fact that the U.S. was united behind the President. At week's end U.S. forces around the world stood alert. And behind them stood their nation.

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CIVIL RIGHTS

Grim Discovery in Mississippi

In 101° heat, FBI agents swarmed over an earthen dam on Olen Burrage's Old Jolly Farm, six miles southwest of Philadelphia, Miss. Through the scrub pines and bitterweed, they bulldozed a path to the dam, then brought up a lumbering dragline whose huge bucket shovel began chewing a V-shaped wedge out of the 25-ft.-high levee. Twenty feet down, the shovel uncovered the fully clothed, badly decomposed bodies of three young men, lying side by side in a pocket of red clay. They had been dumped there while the dam was still being built, and in the weeks afterward a local contractor had unknowingly piled earth higher and higher on their primitive graves.

The agents packed the bodies in ice, sealed them in black plastic bags marked X-1, X-2 and X-3, and rushed them to the University of Mississippi Medical Center in Jackson, 80 miles away. There a team of pathologists, using dental and fingerprint charts, proved beyond a shadow of a doubt what everybody had already suspected. These were the bodies of missing Civil Rights Workers Michael Schwerner, 24, Andrew Goodman, 20, both white, and James Chaney, 21, a Negro.

"They're Just Hiding." Thus ended a six-week search that began after the three men disappeared on June 21, just one day after they had arrived in Mississippi. They had attended a week-long indoctrination course, sponsored by a civil rights coalition called the Council of Federated Organizations (COFO) at Western College for Women in Oxford, Ohio. Schwerner, son of a Pelham, N.Y. wigmaker and a graduate of Cornell, had been working for the Congress of Racial Equality in Meridian, Miss., since January, had volunteered to go up to Oxford to instruct Northern students in voter-registration techniques. Chaney, a slender young man from Meridian, had accompanied him. Goodman was the son of a New York City building contractor and a student at Queens College. All were working with the 400 volunteers sent into Mississippi by COFO to help register Negroes.

The three had had time for just one night's sleep in Meridian when they decided to drive over to Longdale to inspect the ruins of a Negro church that had been burned down by segregationists. Returning to Meridian, they were picked up outside Philadelphia by Neshoba County Deputy Sheriff Cecil Price for speeding. Price said later he had held them until 10:30 that steamy, moonlit night, then turned them loose.

The three young men never made it back to Meridian. Two days later, the burned wreck of their blue Ford station wagon was found twelve miles northeast of Philadelphia. While an army of FBI men and 400 sailors took up a painstaking ten-county search, many Mississippians preferred to believe that their disappearance was all a hoax. "They could be in Cuba," said Governor Paul Johnson airily. "They're just hiding and trying to cause a lot of bad publicity," pshawed Neshoba Sheriff L. A. Rainey.

Brutally Beaten. Though the FBI declined to admit it, the break apparently came after agents offered to pay $25,000 for inside information. And "somebody," as one bitter Philadelphian put it, "finally went and opened up." The informant, whoever it was, knew what he was talking about. The federal men had to dig only one hole to find the bodies. Schwerner and Goodman had each been shot through the heart with a single .38-caliber bullet. Chaney had three slugs in his body and, according to an unofficial autopsy, had been brutally beaten. "In my 25 years as a pathologist," said Dr. David Spain of New York after examining Chaney's body at his mother's request, "I have never witnessed bones so severely shattered."

Some Mississippians were shocked that the cold-blooded triple murder had not turned out to be a hoax after all. "I just didn't think we had people like that around," said a Jackson high school coach. Others seemed equally shocked that someone had violated the "code" by squealing to the FBI.

The federal agents pushed on in a grim effort to track down the killers, and President Johnson at week's end told a press conference that "substantive results can be expected in a very short time." Near the grave, FBI men sifted every inch of dirt, hunting for such evidence as cigarette butts and shirt buttons, and sent several 20-gallon cans containing scraps and other possible evidence to the Bureau's Washington laboratory for analysis.

Rampage in New Jersey

Political Boss Frank ("I am the law") Hague put Jersey City on the map by making it the most corrupt municipality in the U.S. When Hague's 30-year stranglehold was finally broken in 1949, Jersey City seemed destined for lingering obscurity. But last week that drab, gritty city (pop. 275,000) was back on the map again. For three nights, hundreds of Negroes rioted, looted and tossed fire bombs in a racial rampage that was grimly reminiscent of last month's Harlem and Rochester violence.

It began when police were called to Ward F, a slum-ridden and low-income-housing area that is home to most of Jersey City's 47,000 Negroes. They arrested a Negro woman for drunkenness, also took into custody a Negro man for interfering with the arrest. Almost instantly there mushroomed a rumor that the police had beaten the woman. Within half an hour, 20 Negroes were demonstrating at the Fourth Precinct station house; before long, 800 angry Negroes were milling around a Ward-F housing project looking for trouble. It wasn't long in coming.

Negro youths began pelting cops with rocks, bottles and garbage-can lids. One of them broke a liquor-store window, grabbed two bottles and fled. When a policeman fired two warning shots, the mob, which had begun to disperse, went wild. A crowd swarmed into Grand Street, surrounded a car driven by a 22-year-old white man, John Hudak. They smashed the car windows, dragged Hudak from the vehicle, and beat him with a baseball bat before police could rescue him.

The marauding eased off, only to resume the next night, and the next, as

JACK THORNELL—JACKSON DAILY NEWS

BODY OF SLAIN CIVIL RIGHTS WORKER ARRIVES IN JACKSON
Under 20 feet of clay, X-1, X-2 and X-3.

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helmeted police tried to bring order. Negroes hurled Molotov cocktails at police and fire trucks. A Negro youth was shot in the shoulder; a policeman's ankle was broken. One gang stabbed a baker in the back four times, then set fire to his delivery truck; another pulled a bus driver out of his bus and beat him mercilessly. The three-night toll: a $100,000 loss in property damage; two Negroes shot; 46 people injured, 22 of them police; 65 people arrested, mostly Negroes. Said Jersey City's Mayor Thomas J. Whelan, a man who hitherto had been highly regarded by civil rights leaders but who now suddenly became a target of criticism: "I came from a marginal family. I was one of 13 children. I know what it's like to try to do homework with seven kids around the table in a cold kitchen. I know what it's like to compete against people with better education. But being poor is no excuse for taking the law into your own hands. I will not condone violence by anyone for any reason. This is a simple case of hoodlumism versus public order. Anyone touching a policeman better be ready for the consequences."

Senselessness in Georgia

During the two weeks that he was at Fort Benning, Ga., on Army reserve duty as a lieutenant colonel last month, Lemuel Penn, 49, Negro director of vocational high schools for the District of Columbia school system, never set foot off the base. Reason: he did not want to be responsible—even inadvertently—for causing a racial incident. On the night of July 10, his training completed, Penn set out for home with two other Washington Negroes. They planned to drive straight on through, stopping only for food and fuel.

They rolled through Atlanta, on through Athens, and into the lonely hills of northeast Georgia. They were about 23 miles outside Athens when a car pulled alongside. A white man poked a sawed-off shotgun toward the Negroes' car, leveled the end of its barrel only three feet from Driver Penn's head. He pulled the trigger. Penn died instantly.

To FBI agents who moved swiftly into the case, the utter senselessness of such a murder was in itself an important clue. They did not have to dig far to discover that Athens is a center of activities for one of the most senseless organizations imaginable: the Ku Klux Klan. Sure enough, a little more detective work led them to one James Lackey, 28, an Athens gas station attendant. According to U.S. authorities, Lackey confessed that he was in on the ambush and implicated three fellow Klansmen—Garage Owner Herbert Guest, 37, a short, fat gun fancier; textile Yarn Plucker Cecil Myers, 25, who strutted around Athens toting a pistol; Machinist Joseph Sims, 41, a quick-tempered segregationist who was arrested in March for flourishing a pistol during a Negro demonstration. All are members of Clarke County Klavern No. 244.

The FBI arrested the quartet on the only federal charge applicable in the case—violation of the Civil Rights Act. The maximum penalty for that is ten years in prison and a $5,000 fine. But the state of Georgia also issued warrants charging murder. Maximum penalty for that: death in Georgia's integrated electric chair.

DEMOCRATS

The Problems of Being Bobby

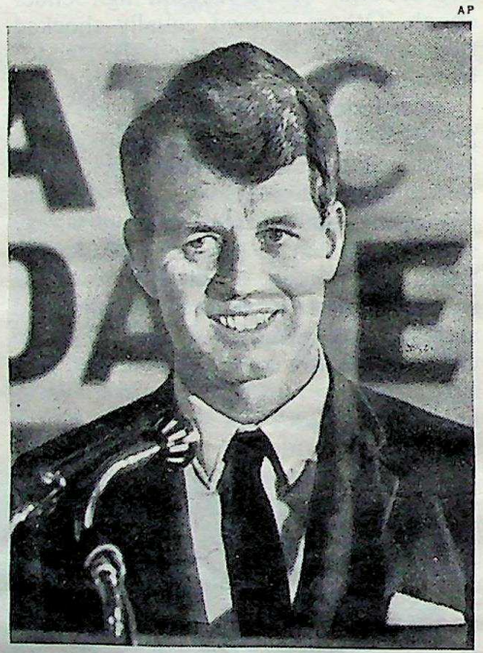
Riding home through rain-soaked Washington in his Justice Department limousine one evening last week, Attorney General Robert Kennedy turned to a companion, said matter-of-factly: "I don't think there is much future for me in this city now."

Bobby's future had come to be the second most talked-about subject in the Democratic Party. When Lyndon Johnson had called him to the White House five days before and told him that he was not the answer to the party's No. 1 question—Who will run for Vice President?—Johnson had mentioned several possible assuagers: a Cabinet post or a foreign service assignment, for example. Bobby replied that he did not want any of them. The President said: "I think I know what you want. You want to lead the country some day." Whereupon Lyndon gave the Attorney General a fatherly little talk about the merits of running for elective office, promised to give him all the help he could if Bobby decided to enter a race. That was all very well, but the trouble was that Kennedy did not want to talk of the presidency when he had just been dealt out of the vice-presidential game.

Bobby now shows signs of taking it all philosophically. "I must confess I stand in awe of you," he told a meeting of Democratic congressional candidates, who were aware that Lyndon had barred all Cabinet-level officials from the vice-presidential nomination. "You are not members of the Cabinet, and you don't meet regularly with the Cabinet, and therefore you are eligible for Vice President." After he got the word from the President, added Bobby, "I decided to send a little note to Cabinet members in general, saying, 'I'm sorry I took so many nice fellows over the side with me.'"

It could be that Bobby was picking up a few pointers for himself at the candidates' school. There was a whole new wave of speculation that he would run for the U.S. Senate in New York for the seat now held by Republican Kenneth Keating. Earlier, he had said he would not run for that office, amid talk that too many New Yorkers would consider him a carpetbagger from Massachusetts. Now he seemed to be reconsidering. At week's end, without any fanfare, he met privately for an hour in Manhattan with New York City's Mayor Robert Wagner, who is not particularly anxious to see Bobby make the race. After the meeting, Kennedy left as silently as he had arrived, and went away for a few more days of thought.

AP



ATTORNEY GENERAL KENNEDY
A little note to the Cabinet.

THE CONGRESS

All Lyndon's

Unlike the Kennedy-sponsored tax cut or civil rights legislation, the $947.5 million anti-poverty bill was Lyndon Johnson's own baby. Riding with its fortunes on Capitol Hill was a large measure of presidential prestige. Indeed, when Johnson sent his poverty program to Congress last spring, he expressed his "total commitment" to it. That being the case, there was practically nothing the Administration wouldn't —or, as it turned out, didn't—do to get the measure approved.

In the Senate, the bill passed by a margin of nearly 2 to 1, but only after Administration forces stood still for a $15 million cut and a Southern-sponsored amendment that gave state Governors veto powers over several of the bill's programs within their states.

When the measure finally reached the House floor last week, the going was even rougher. For three days a bitter battle raged. Trying to placate enough of their Southern colleagues to produce a majority on the final roll call, Democratic leaders found themselves giving ground both to segregationists and states'-righters. Thus an amendment, by Mississippi's Democratic Congressman John Bell Williams, requiring loyalty oaths of all youths enrolling in the bill's job corps, passed 144 to 112. And the House upheld the Senate's gubernatorial veto provision.

But perhaps the strongest sign of the Administration's determination to have a program at any price was its willingness to scuttle Adam Yarmolinsky, who has been on loan to the Poverty Corps from his Pentagon job as special as-

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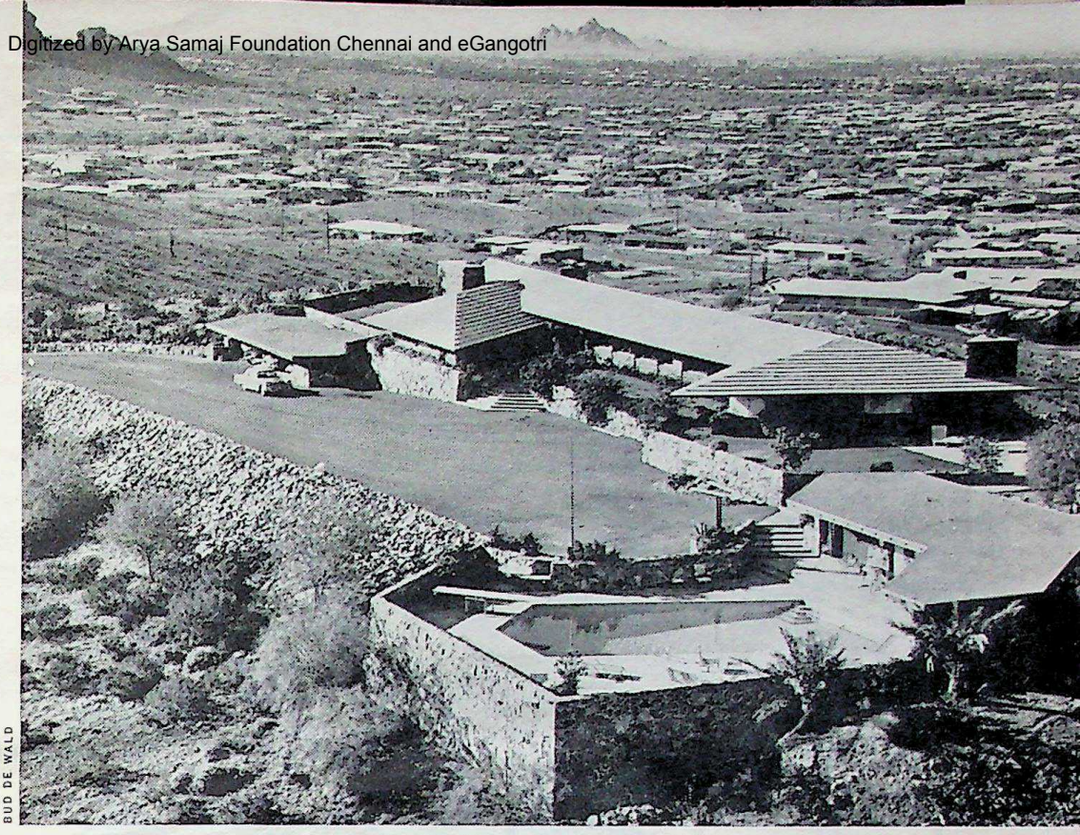
sistant to Defense Secretary McNamara. Yarmolinsky is disliked by many Southern Congressmen because 1) he is a liberal, and 2) he helped set up a Kennedy-ordered commission to investigate racial discrimination in the armed forces, later took part in implementing its anti-discrimination proposals. Those same Southerners did not want Yarmolinsky messing around with the Poverty Corps. The *coup de grâce* was delivered, fittingly, by Georgia's Democratic Representative Phil Landrum, a recent convert to Johnsonism, and the bill's floor manager. Landrum told the House: "Mr. Yarmolinsky will have absolutely nothing to do with the program," added: "I have been told on the highest authority that not only will he not be appointed, but that he will not be considered if he is recommended for a place in this agency."

Around Washington, "highest authority" could mean only one thing: the White House itself. Thus placated, nearly 60 Southern Democrats joined forces with non-Dixie Democrats and 22 Republicans, and the bill passed by a vote of 226 to 184.



BUD DE WALD

THE GOLDWATER HOME IN PARADISE VALLEY
A fortune mined from two mother lodes.

ARIZONA

The Goldwater Gold

In the affluent '60s, it almost seems appropriate that presidential candidates are themselves fairly well-heeled. Jack Kennedy, of course, was a millionaire several times over. So is Lyndon Johnson. It has been assumed for some time that Barry Goldwater, too, is a man of wealth, but the Goldwater family has never made public any information about it one way or the other. Last week TIME correspondents put together a balance sheet on Barry's finances. The answer is—yes, Goldwater is a millionaire, and then some.

Growing Nest Egg. The Goldwater gold was mined mainly from two mother lodes: the Goldwater-family retail stores; and Chicago's Borg-Warner Corp., where Peggy Goldwater's father, R. P. Johnson, was a vice president and director until his death in 1932.

In 1962, the Goldwater family sold its retail business to New York's Associated Dry Goods Corp. for $2,200,000 worth of Associated stock. Barry's share was about 20%. His common-stock holdings now include 7,555 shares in Associated Dry Goods (worth $445,700), 973 shares in Arizona Bancorporation ($20,400), and 90 in Borg-Warner Corp. ($4,320). He has life insurance with a cash value of $20,000. And he also has $37,000 cash on hand, a sizable chunk of which is earmarked to pay for the proud wedding he put on for his daughter Peggy last June. Thus Barry's personal worth is roughly half a million dollars.

When Peggy Goldwater's father died, he left her a one-third share of an estate valued at $[illegible],000. Today Peggy's nest [illegible] grown to include 1,690 shares of common stock in American Electric Power Co. ($77,740), 349 shares in Arizona Bancorporation ($7,330), 5,278 in Associated Dry Goods ($311,400), 2,491 in Borg-Warner ($119,568), 200 in Continental Casualty Co. ($15,600), 348 in General Electric Co. ($29,232), 798 in General Motors Corp. ($75,000), 417 in Hooker Chemical Corp. ($18,765), 87 in International Business Machines ($40,225), 550 in Maryland Casualty Co. ($33,550), 350 in Honeywell Inc. ($44,450), 700 in Standard Oil of New Jersey ($61,600), 400 in Texas Utilities Co. ($25,600), 186 in Universal Match Corp. ($2,418), and 1,576 in Valley National Bank of Arizona ($113,478). She also holds $71,000 worth of municipal bonds, and is nominal owner of the Goldwaters' $200,000 home in Paradise Valley near Phoenix (on which a $33,400 mortgage balance still remains). Peggy's total worth: $1,047,000.

It might have been more. The trustees at Valley National Bank, where Peggy's inheritance has been handled for about 30 years, invested her funds mainly in bonds, so the soaring stock market did not affect her account. By comparison, the estate of Peggy's mother, who received an equal share of the Johnson fortune in 1932 (and who died last November), has been estimated in probate at $2,700,000.

Easy Touch. All told then, the Goldwaters are worth about $1,700,000. Last year family income—$37,600 from coupon clipping, $22,500 Senate salary, $5,000 from Barry's honorary post as chairman of the Goldwater division of Associated Dry Goods—totaled a tidy $65,000. The Goldwaters live well, so that total does not leave a surplus. Barry, for example, owns and pilots a $50,000 Beechcraft Twin-Bonanza. Each of the four Goldwater children gets a $3,000 gift check from Dad each year. This year he shelled out some money of his own for campaign expenses. And while he takes a very hard attitude on federal welfare handouts, Barry himself is "an easy touch," says a bank officer. His contributions to such philanthropies as Trinity Cathedral in Phoenix, Washington's Mount Vernon Seminary girls' school and the United Fund last year ran to nearly $25,000—most of it in stock. As a result, the Goldwaters find themselves digging into their capital.

There are, however, some reserve aspects in the Goldwater financial picture. Peggy's mother left a $2,500,000 trust fund for her seven grandchildren; Barry's four offspring will share in that. And Barry's own mother, now 89, is herself worth at least $2,000,000.

POLLS

How They Say It's Going

What with the performances turned in by political polls this year, there is widespread skepticism about their findings. But they're interesting. This week the Gallup poll reported that President Johnson is the choice of 59% of the "likely voters" across the country, with 31% backing Barry Goldwater and 10% undecided. In the East, Johnson led with 70% to Goldwater's 19%, in the Midwest with 59% to Goldwater's 30%. In the Far West, on the conservative doorstep of Barry's own home country, Gallup found Lyndon out in front 62% to 33%. Only in the South did Gallup give Goldwater the edge, by a margin of 51% to 40%.

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SOUTH VIET NAM

The Shaken City

At first glance, Saigon seemed hardly disturbed by the violent events taking place in the Gulf of Tonkin last week (*see* THE U.S.). Secure in the knowledge that thousands of troops were deployed in the outskirts to protect the city from the Viet Cong, students and politicians lounged idly at sidewalk cafés, carping endlessly about the government's handling of the war. Shops bustled with busy shoppers; thousands of insect-like Renault taxis still clogged the streets. And as always, at midday practically everyone went home for the traditional siesta.

AP

GENERAL KHANH ADDRESSING TROOPS
In Saigon, a new concern.

"Bad Times." But beneath the surface there was, for the first time, an undercurrent of real fear from the realization that the city could be a target of any Communist retaliation. Housewives began buying extra supplies of rice, charcoal, dried fish and canned goods. Among the 9,500-odd Americans in the capital, including nearly 1,900 women and children, mild security precautions were quietly taken. U.S. citizens were advised to alter their "normal patterns of movement," avoid public places of amusement, and make "frequent inspections of vehicles for bombs."

Lacking the normal supply of G.I.s, Saigon's garish night life virtually flickered out. At one B-girl *boîte*, a lone visitor nursed his beer while a Vietnamese *mademoiselle* opened his pack of cigarettes, another refilled his glass, and a third sighed, "These are bad times."

Though it introduced new concern into the unreality of Saigon, the U.S. action was generally applauded by the South Vietnamese. If they had any complaint, it was that Washington did not go far enough. Most pleased of all was Premier General Nguyen Khanh, who has in recent weeks called for tougher moves against Red North Viet Nam. Khanh had another reason to be happy: the crisis was also a political godsend for him.

"State of Urgency." Ever since Khanh himself seized power in a coup last January, rumors of another coup have swirled about him. He has tried in vain to get the country's minuscule, myriad "political parties" (more than 60 at last count) to come up with a program, and to pacify discontented generals and colonels. His nominal chief of state, General Duong Van ("Big") Minh, has been unhappy and uncooperative. Latest dissident is one of Khanh's three Vice Premiers, Nguyen Ton Hoan, leader of the nationalist Dai Viet party, who recently complained of "too much interference from Khanh and those around him." As last week began, the coup rumors grew to a new crescendo. But with the U.S. blow at North Viet Nam the reports faded, and Khanh appeared at least momentarily bolstered.

Mindful of his critics and fearful of a Communist attack, Khanh seized the opportunity to consolidate his power by decreeing a "state of urgency" empowering the government to ban strikes and demonstrations, impose censorship and travel curbs, search private homes at will, and jail "elements considered dangerous to national security." Violators of public order were to be handed over to military courts; terrorists, saboteurs and "speculators harmful to the national economy" who were caught redhanded were to be sentenced to death. That night, an 11 o'clock curfew was clamped on Saigon, and censors moved in on the capital's 40-odd newspapers and political scandal sheets.

In a proclamation, Khanh once again called for liberation of the North Vietnamese from Communism, declaring: "We are ready to extend our assistance." With that, he was off on an inspection tour of the northern front, where from a border observation post he gazed across the Ben Hai River at North Vietnamese installations.

CYPRUS

An End or a Beginning

"Now it's hopeless," said a veteran U.S. diplomat in Cyprus recently. "Three times we held back the Turks, but I don't know if we can keep Turkey from coming in any longer." The words were prophetic, for last week the long-expected Turkish intervention had begun. It was not the full-scale naval landing that some had feared; this still could come, but for now Turkey was sending its jet fighters across the narrow straits to blast limited Greek Cypriot targets.

The first attackers, using bombs, rockets and machine guns, killed 33 and injured 230, according to the government. Next day, Turkey sent 64 planes to hit the Cyprus coast.

Falling Villages. Cyprus had been at flash point for weeks, as Greeks and Turks pumped in men and arms to bolster both factions on the island. Archbishop Makarios' Greek Cypriot regime, emboldened by its new strength, had cut off the water supply to the Turkish quarter in Ktima, went so far as to break the telephone connection between Nicosia and Ankara. Then one day, at the very center of Nicosia, on the Green Line along Paphos Street, the Turkish Cypriots decided to move their sandbagged post a few yards toward the Greek Cypriot positions. The Greeks retaliated by setting up a new outpost of their own. Suddenly both sides began shooting; when it ended, one Greek Cypriot was dead and two were wounded.

In no mood to swallow a defeat at the hands of the Turks, Greek Cypriot forces many miles away on the northwest coast were already poised to attack the little ten-mile-long Turkish strip of coastal villages around Mansoura (TIME, July 24). The news from Nicosia may have had nothing to do with it, but within hours the Greek Cypriots were hammering away with bazookas, mortars and machine guns. One after another, Mansoura, Alevga and Ayios Theodoros fell to Makarios' men. Desperately, the Turkish Cypriots fell back to new lines at Kokkina.

The United Nations commander, Indian General Kodendera [illegible]nayya,

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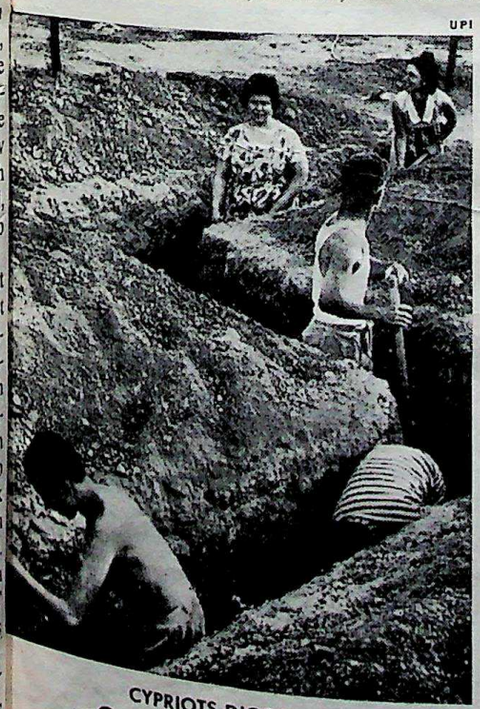
complained to Cypriot President Archbishop Makarios that his U.N. peacekeeping force was hamstrung by Greek Cypriot restrictions. Typically, Makarios was polite and evasive. The U.N. contingents had no intention of standing in the middle of a shooting war; indeed, their governments had threatened to fly the men home.

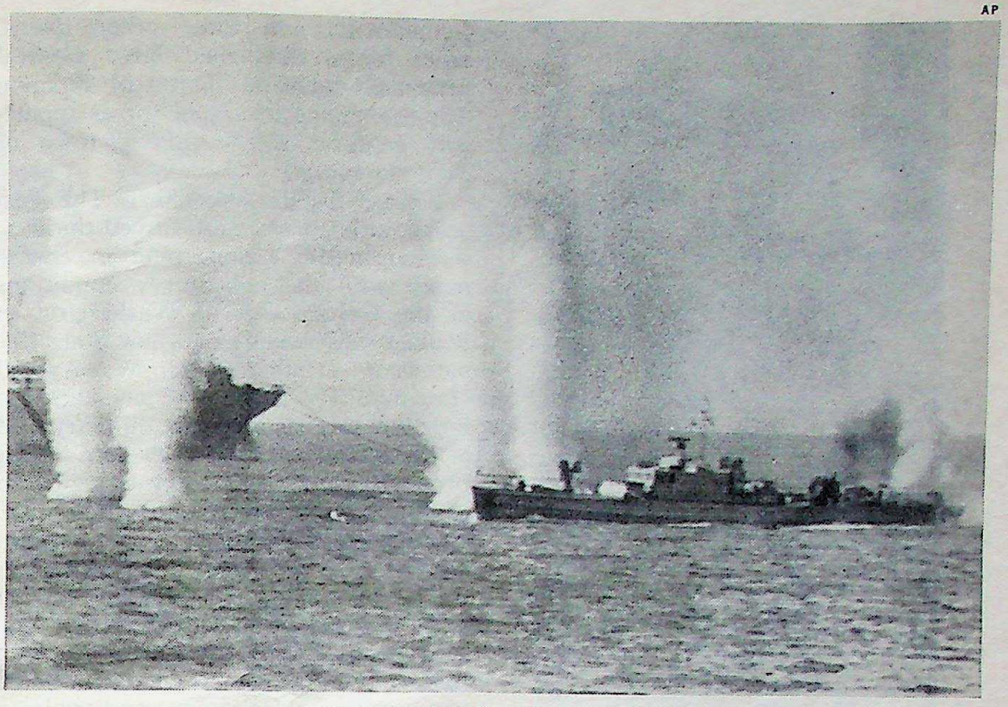
Beached Boat. In Ankara, Premier Ismet Inonu warned that Turkish patience was at an end. Out of the blue Mediterranean sky dropped flights of U.S.-built jet fighters. At first, the planes swooped low on "reconnaissance" sorties that were clearly intended as a threat to the Greek Cypriots. When the Greeks did not withdraw, the Turkish pilots poured rocket fire into the Greek positions around Kokkina. Three more jets blasted the Kyrenian mountain range as Greek Cypriot antiaircraft batteries filled the air with flak bursts. At the coastal town of Xeros, Turkish jets riddled a Greek Cypriot patrol boat, and the crew ran it ashore. Swedish U.N. troops tried to arrange a truce at Kokkina to remove women and children. When the combatants refused, the Swedes entered the village in armored cars and evacuated the refugees. Troops at a U.N. outpost, caught between two fires, had to be rescued by helicopter.

After a three-hour Cabinet meeting, the Turkish government issued a five-point communiqué: 1) Greek Cypriot military activities will be subject to reconnaissance flights by the Turkish air force, 2) the Turkish armed forces are being held in a state of alert, 3) on the Aegean seacoast and on the Turkish-Greek frontier in Thrace, the Turks are prepared to meet all attacks, 4) Turkey is providing its NATO allies with all the necessary information about its military activities, and 5) measures



UPI

CYPRIOTS DIGGING IN
On the Green Line, blood.



AP

GREEK PATROL BOAT UNDER ATTACK
In Ankara, anger.

are being taken to put the entire country, including the civilian population, in a state of readiness.

Military Muscle. The Turks were fighting mad, and troops and ships were ready at the seaport of Iskenderun to spearhead an invasion of Cyprus. But the Greek Cypriots, stiffened by thousands of reinforcements from the mainland, were cockily convinced of victory.

Even as their planes were swooping over the northern coast, Turkish delegates at the United Nations were arguing for a Security Council condemnation of the Greek actions in Cyprus. No less loudly, the Greek Cypriots demanded an end to the Turkish attacks, and at an emergency Security council meeting, the U.S. and Britain proposed a resolution seeking an immediate cease-fire.

There could be no doubt that the man largely responsible for the deterioration was Archbishop Makarios, who had rejected reasonable U.S. proposals for settlement and boasted that "we will accept no compromise solution, no swapping of islands, no federation in Cyprus, no Turkish Cypriot 'cantonments.'" In short, he demanded that the Turkish Cypriots lay down their arms and accede to majority rule by the Greek Cypriots. One Cypriot newspaper voiced the Greek mood by stating, "There must be an end to the drama." The only question, at week's end, was how bloody the end was to be.

THE CONGO

"That Man, C'est Moi"

The surreal quality of the Congo's creeping rebellion often obscures the fact that slowly but surely the country is slipping out of the government's grasp. In the seven months since the current wave of revolt began in Kwilu province, various rebel bands—some Communist-backed, others leaderless but just as vicious—have captured fully a third of the nation. Last week the tide lapped at, and then inundated, the biggest rebel prize yet. Strategic Stanleyville, the Congo's third largest city and the old stronghold of its first Premier, Leftist Patrice Lumumba, fell after two days of hard fighting.

Up the road to Stan marched the "Popular Army of Liberation," a ragtag band of tribesmen carrying spears and an occasional captured rifle. But each rebel also carried a magic wand, which he fully believed would protect him from bullets, and the 1,000 Congolese soldiers and gendarmes who opposed the rebel force at Stanleyville last week shared that belief. By the time the angry, ragged rebels reached the city, all but 50 of its battle-weary defenders had thrown their arms into the Congo River and ducked out, many of them disguised as women.

The men who remained put on a good show—for a while at least. The fighting raged back and forth across the broad lawns of the U.S. Consulate in Stanleyville. From the windows of the long, low, white building on the river bank, Consul Michael P. E. Hoyt had a ringside view. A burly, cigar-chomping Chicagoan of 34, Hoyt calmly stood his ground and flashed progress reports back to Leopoldville on his single sideband radio.

Lions & Goats. "Organized bands entering city," Hoyt observed laconically as the battle began. "Firing into air and possibly on consulate. Just saw Congolese in tattered dress, presume Popular Army." As the rebels pushed past the consulate, he sent USIA Officer Philip R. Mayhew, 29, off on a "successful, courageous dash" to the airport with two American girl tourists. The firing intensified, and Hoyt messaged: "Pole shot and rope cut by gunfire, but consulate flag still flying." At one point, rebels

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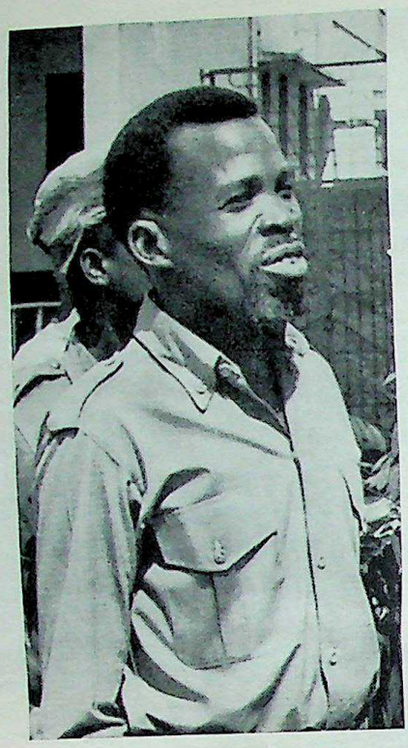


REBEL LEADER SOUMIALOT
Magic wands for the new Lumumba.

actually broke into the consulate, and Hoyt prudently retired with his four assistants to the "strong room," leaving a bottle of whisky behind to preoccupy the invaders. The whisky proved more powerful than the rebels' wands: they soon reeled away. By early morning, the city seemed to have fallen, but Hoyt was not sure if the Stanleyville airport had fallen with it. "Report from control tower says 'fighting' at airport," he flashed Leopoldville. "Air Congo reports all quiet."

Any doubts as to who held the airport were cleared up later that day when a U.S. DC-3 carrying the commander of the Stanleyville garrison tried to land. It was met with gunfire, which wounded the American pilot and sent the plane winging hurriedly well out of range.

Tshombe & Cha-Cha-Cha. That evening the radio crackled a message of triumph: "All Stanleyville is in the hands of the Popular Army. Do not forget: we are the lions and you are the goats." Next morning a program of recorded cha-cha-cha music was interrupted by a strident voice advertised as that of Emile Soumialot, president of the Chinese Communist-backed National Liberation Committee. "I am the new Lumumba," the voice ranted. "Just before he left us, Lumumba let it be known that someone stronger than he would come to complete his work. That man, *c'est moi.*"

He may very well be, for it seemed that nothing short of major military aid from the outside could stop the rebels and preserve the month-old "government of public salvation" led by Premier Moise Tshombe. Though the Congolese army, in a rare show of aggressiveness, had recaptured the river port of Bolobo some 200 miles northeast of Leopoldville and three other towns, rebel forces threatened Kivu Central province's highland capital of Bukavu. The rampaging insurgent forces reportedly captured the tin-mining town of Manono as well.

Bullets & Bird Watchers. The desperate military situation forced the U.S. into an ironic action quite in consonance with the topsy-turvy conditions of the Congo. Out of Washington to Brussels near week's end flew State Department Troubleshooter W. Averell Harriman. His mission: to persuade the Belgians to give increased military and technical aid to Tshombe's army. Just two years ago, the U.S. was trying to eliminate Belgian support for Tshombe, but that was in Katanga, where Tshombe was attempting his abortive secession. Now Belgium is reluctant to get involved, for fear that the rebels will retaliate by killing the Europeans who remain in the country. After hours of discussion, Harriman and Belgian Foreign Minister Paul-Henri Spaak reached a compromise: Belgium will double its number of advisers to 400, while the U.S. will increase shipments of trucks, planes and communications equipment to Tshombe's government. Spaak would not permit Belgian officers to engage in combat, but both men agreed that they would do nothing to keep Tshombe from hiring mercenaries (so long as they were not Belgians or Americans).

As word of the rebel successes filtered into Leopoldville's *cités indigènes* last week, Africans began muttering, "They are coming, they are coming." About the only people in Leo who were not concerned were a group of 30 American bird watchers who arrived from New York for a 2½-day ornithological outing. The merry band made 60 "sightings" during its brief stay, the most exotic of which was a wattled plover.

NORTHERN RHODESIA

"Dead or Alive"

Central Africa's weird little holy war went into its third terrifying week. On one side was the government of Prime Minister Kenneth Kaunda; on the other the spear-bearing, fanatic followers of Prophetess Alice Lenshina, whose hybrid cult mixes white magic with the teachings of the Church of Scotland.

Late one night, 200 of Alice's followers sacked 19 towns in an orgy of looting and slaughter. When dawn came, 75 lay dead behind them, 1,200 were homeless. Stunned by the massacre, Prime Minister Kaunda ordered a full-scale offensive against the fanatics, who were now outlawed by official decree. "I want Alice Lenshina dead or alive!" he cried, waving a black kerchief to a mourning throng. Next day government troops attacked two Lenshina strongholds, killing 81 hostile warriors. But of Alice there was no trace.

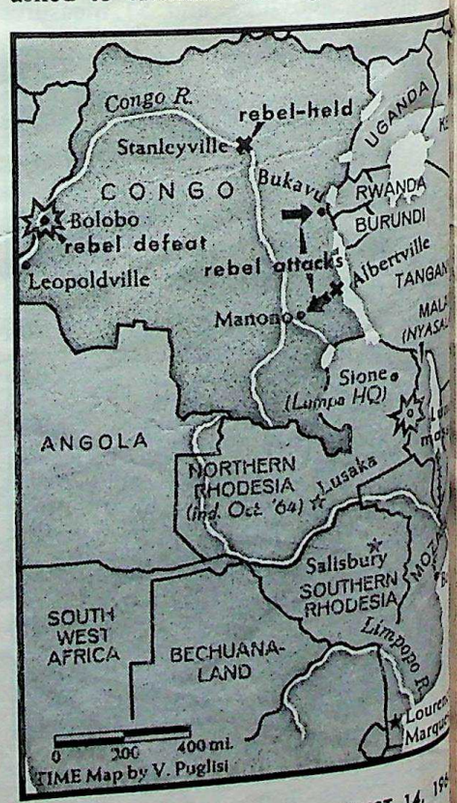
COMMUNISTS

A Model Red

Any eager young Chinese Communist diplomat would have jumped at the assignment, and crew-cut, bespectacled Tung Chi-ping was no exception. The place was Bujumbura, the cool, colorful capital of tiny Burundi (pop. 2,750,000) in the heart of subversion-ripe Central Africa. The embassy itself was located in an entire wing of the Paguidas-Haidemenos Hotel ("hot and cold running water"), and the job was nominally "assistant cultural attaché." The duties were far more interesting than mere lecturing on Sung poetry and Ming pottery. Every night, for instance, exciting home movies were shown to select audiences brought in from the Congo and other African countries. The noise on the sound track was largely machine-gun fire and bomb explosions, but that was to be expected, since Peking's men were giving the Africans a short course in revolution.

Willing Waste. What was not to be expected was Tung's real motive for taking the assignment. Last May 26, after only a day on the job, he walked out of the Paguidas-Haidemenos, hailed a taxi, and told the driver: "Quick, the U.S. embassy." Minutes later he became a defector—the second Chinese Communist official ever to seek sanctuary with Americans.

Last week Tung turned up in New York on a Pan American flight from Rome. The State Department denied any role in his escape from Burundi, and Tung himself made it clear that his defection had been his own idea. "I saw the hypocrisy of China long before I decided to defect," he explained. What had disillusioned him was Mao's treatment of intellectuals, who had been asked to criticize the regime and were



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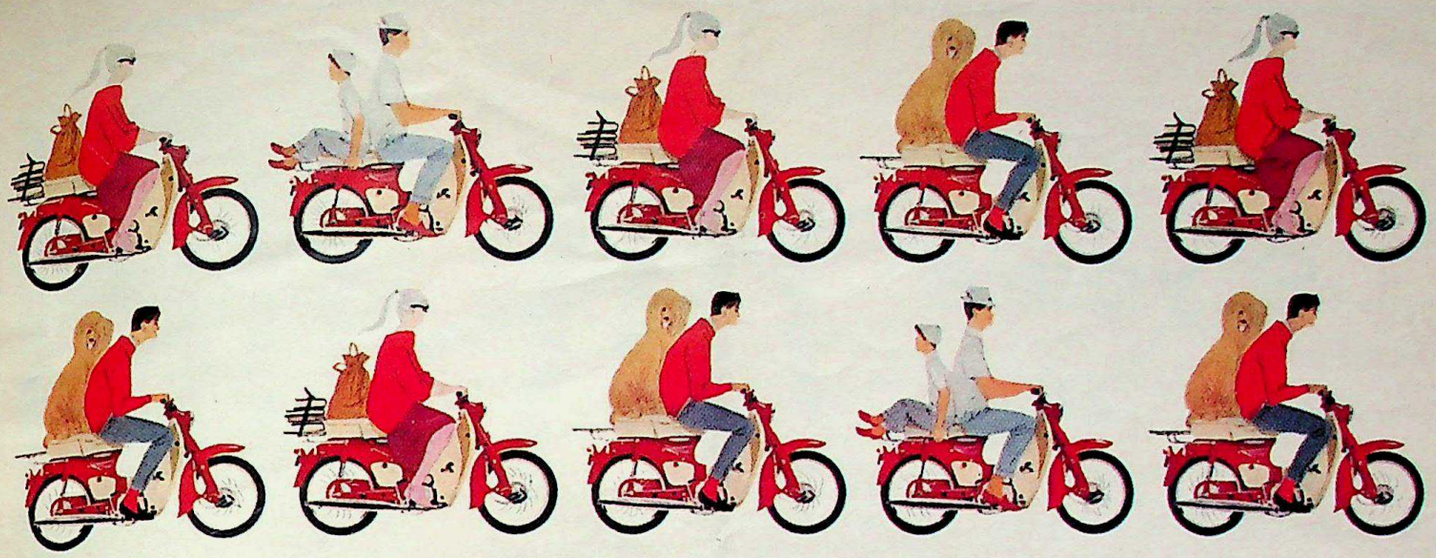

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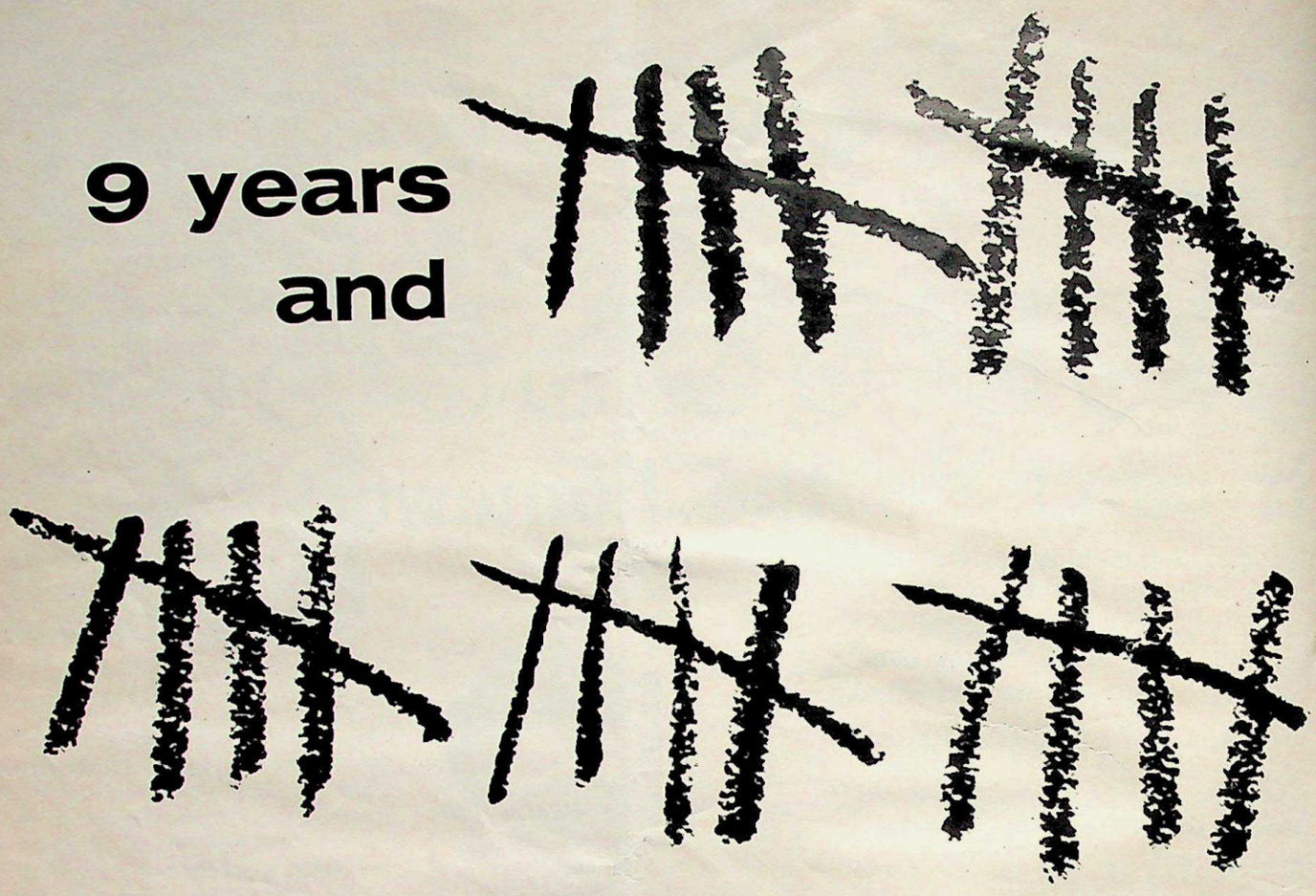

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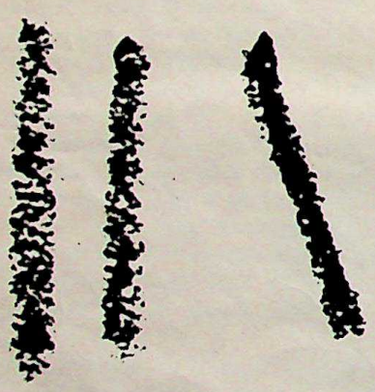

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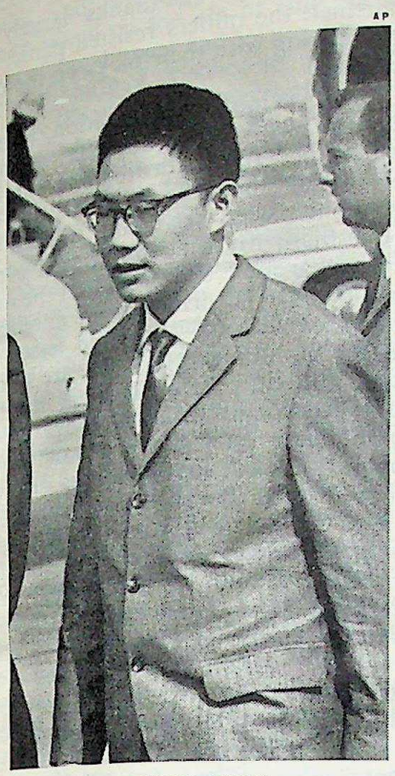
AP

DEFECTOR TUNG
Home movies for the revolution.

then denounced as traitors. Equally repellent was Red China's abortive "backyard furnace campaign" of 1958, in which the government cynically asked every neighborhood to smelt steel for the greater industrial glory of the country, then never used it. Said Tung: "I realized in 1958 that the Communists were willing to waste lives and energy for their own purposes."

Fitting Reward. But to escape from Red China Tung knew he would first have to convince his bosses of his complete dedication to the system. "I became very progressive," he says. And indeed, during four years at the Foreign Language Institute at Shanghai, where he excelled in French, Tung was a model Red. He was rewarded with the Bujumbura assignment.

Aside from his desire to live in the West, Tung brought with him 72 pages of notes on Chinese Communist intentions in Africa. "What they care about is the Congo," Tung told reporters. "Mao Tse-tung has said: 'When we can grab the Congo, then we can grab the whole of Africa.'" To find out just where Mao plans to close his fingers, the State Department last week invited Tung down to Washington for some serious talk.

MOZAMBIQUE

Public Enemy No. 3

When Dr. David Livingstone wandered through the wilds of Mozambique a century ago, he found only "wretched forts full of military convicts with bugles and kettledrums." Today the forts are far from wretched. Big, solidly built, and bristling with guns, they are manned by thousands of tough young Portuguese soldiers who have no illusions about their job. "Africans are pleasant people," said one trooper recently, "but we need cheap labor. If the Africans challenge this, we will have to suppress them."

And the challenge is bound to come, for Mozambique ranks just behind South Africa and Portuguese Angola on the list of "public enemies" drawn up by the Liberation Committee of the Organization of African Unity. With its upper half locked in the vise of militant black Africa, and the newly independent nation of Malawi (formerly Nyasaland) jutting like an *assegai* into its heart, Mozambique is in a precarious position. Larger in area than Texas, the torrid, subequatorial nation is run by 163,000 whites and Asians who are outnumbered 40 to 1 by blacks. Yet Portugal's Dictator António Salazar, who sits in a Lisbon palace 5,000 miles away, insists that Mozambique is not a colony but, like Angola, an integral part of metropolitan Portugal.

A Bullet for the President. Salazar himself has never visited Mozambique —a fact that most white Mozambicanos resent. But last week his puppet President, Rear Admiral Américo Deus Rodrigues Tomás, concluded a two-week swing through the country in an effort to prove that Lisbon really cares. From the Indian Ocean port of Lourenço Marques (where he reviewed 5,000 troops and 200 Alsatian, Doberman, boxer and Labrador guard dogs) to the villages of the Limpopo River Valley, the sprightly, 69-year-old President met with rousing receptions and blizzards of confetti. But for all the outward signs of welcome, Tomás was taking no chances. "One bullet for the President now will be worth 25,000 later," was the terrorist slogan, and Tomás was accompanied everywhere by 58 security cops armed with machine pistols. Last week, as the President cruised along the reed-grown shores of Lake Nyasa and contemplated the 20-mm. Oerlikon cannon at his vessel's bow, he aptly expressed his nation's position. "I find great pleasure," Tomás proudly told his naval aides, "in crossing these Portuguese waters."

A major stop on the President's tour was the vast $34.2 million Limpopo settlement scheme in southern Mozambique, into which Portugal hopes to lure 1,000 immigrant families from the homeland, as well as 500 more from Mozambique itself. Each new farmer will receive up to 25 acres of irrigated land, a new house, furniture and tools, as well as two bullocks, a milk cow, two pigs, five chickens and a rooster. The 14-village project serves two purposes: it takes the pressure off the government at home, where poverty and discontent are mounting, and it strengthens Mozambique's white population against the day when the "freedom fighters" decide to move.

Blunting the Spear. That day is still far off, for Mozambique's rebels are currently divided against one another. The largest of the groups—Frelimo (for *Frente da Libertação de Moçambique*) —is led by mild-mannered Dr. Eduardo Mondlane and claims 9,000 members both inside and outside the country, as well as 500 freedom fighters training at secret camps in Tanganyika. Frelimo's major rival is an organization called Udenamo, which claims that because Mondlane has a white American wife, his group is nothing more than a U.S. spy outfit that would never kill white Portuguese. Lesser, localized rebel gangs abound, but most of them are confused and ineffectual. One group boldly proposed a war-canoe raid on a Portuguese "slave island" off the coast. But it gave up when it could not find the island.

Just in case the rebels ever do get coordinated, Portugal is taking steps to blunt their most dangerous spear: the salient of Malawi, which provides 700 miles of mountainous, bush-grown border through which freedom fighters could filter at will. To prevent Malawi from becoming a rebel launching pad, Portugal is pressing a shotgun courtship with its black African Premier, Dr. H. Kamuzu Banda. Actually, Banda has very little choice but to be friendly with Mozambique: Malawi's 3,900,000 landlocked people are helplessly dependent on the Portuguese-run railroad to get their vital tobacco and tea exports to the Mozambican port of Beira, the only available shipping outlet. As Banda himself observed: "We need the Portuguese as much as they need us. We can be as friendly with them as the British are with the Russians." Though the policy would hardly win Banda any friends among African nationalists, it would at least keep his economy perking during the crucial months of initial independence.

PRESIDENT TOMÁS ON TOUR
A rooster for the immigrants.

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GREAT BRITAIN

Rocks Round the Clock

To Fleet Street, it was the second Battle of Hastings. To Hastings, now a drab south-coast resort town, it was simply the bloody awfullest sight since William the Conqueror. Mothers locked their children safe indoors, merchants closed their shops and pulled down the blinds, sedate middle-aged couples on the beach fled for cover. The Mods and the Rockers had come to town.

Up the Mods. Despite their common heritage (Elvis) and heroes (the Beatles), the foppish Mods and sullen Rockers like nothing better than to crack one another's skulls. Two mass bashes over the Easter and Whitsuntide weekends had only whetted the teen sects' appetites for more, as excited word spread from London's Mecca Ballrooms and myriad Soho record clubs that Hastings would be the smart place to be on the long three-day Bank Holiday weekend at the beginning of August.

The first waves began arriving on Saturday, black-jacketed Rockers by the hundreds, parka-clad Mods by the thousands. By Sunday morning, Hastings swarmed with teen-age Beatles and their birds, scruffy and wild-haired after all-night nesting on the beach. To add to the general misery, a light rain was falling. Suddenly, the kids began ranging through town in packs, stopping traffic, banging on cars, chanting ("Up the Mods"), looking for trouble. They raided cafés for dishes and glasses to throw, knives and forks to brandish, chased each other up the beaches and down the streets under a hail of rocks and crockery. On the promenade, herds of noisy Rocker motorcycles roared incessantly; buzzing them in hand-to-handlebar combat were enough Mod motor scooters to hold mass Vespa services.

Escape from Boredom. Round the clock Hastings rocked, while police, outmanned and outwheeled, called in reinforcements from nearby towns. Not until Monday morning, after Scotland Yard had airlifted four planeloads of riot cops from London, did they manage to round up the rioting youngsters and march them sternly out of town. Battle toll: dozens injured, 66 arrested. "It is time," said Hastings Magistrate Alfred Coote, "for Parliament to consider what measures they should take to crush this form of mass hooliganism."

Would legislation be any more effective than the vain protests of millions of anxious parents? Britain's youth, with more shillings in its pockets than ever, seeks escape from boredom—and from the hearth. "My Dad's trying to get me to join the Young Conservatives," sniffs a teen-age girl. "But I like this set. They're nice, and they say what they mean." "We hope to stay smart forever, not shoddy like our parents," adds a Mod leader.

UPI

POLICE & RIOTERS AT HASTINGS
Vespa services on the promenade.

FRANCE

"André Was With Us"

For the French, a hero must have not only courage but also *savoir-faire*. A 45-year-old mine foreman named André Martinet last week showed plenty of both.

An underground veteran of 18 years in the pits, Martinet was trapped some 220 ft. below the surface when a limestone mine deep inside Mont Rivel suddenly shook, loosing tons of rocks into the shafts. With him were eight fellow workers, most of them younger. "At first we did not dare move," recalled Joseph Cattenoz, 31. "But then André was with us, and he took over." From the first moments of a marathon drama that lasted for more than a week, the short, balding, beak-nosed Martinet was the indispensable man. With him in the lead, the men explored the "room" in which they were trapped: a 144-ft.-long by 15-ft.-high chamber that was cold and damp, its floor under water. There was no food; yet, thanks largely to Martinet, the miners resisted panic, began tapping with their picks on the eastern wall.

Piped Wine. The situation seemed hopeless, but 32 hours later, a small exploratory rescue drill broke through the roof of their cavern and a tiny microphone was lowered. Chosen as spokesman, Martinet introduced everybody all around, suggested that the main rescue shaft be drilled from another—and more difficult—angle to lessen the danger of falling rock. "We are a little hungry, a little cold and very thirsty," he called to the rescuers above. Down came some red wine in a hose. Later, specially baked, rodlike loaves of bread were lowered into the tiny opening.

On the surface, someone suggested using explosives to enter from the side. Up came a roar from Martinet: "You are going to send the whole works down on our heads! Spare us any further emotions." As the drills advanced at the excruciatingly slow rate of 7 ft. an hour, drill bits broke. Martinet never complained, calmed fellow victims and rescuers alike, asked for playing cards with which the men passed their time playing *belote*, a sort of French bridge. When Martinet's 18-year-old daughter Janine asked in a midnight conversation from the drill site, "Papa, how are you?" he lectured: "Should not a girl of your age be home at this hour of the day? Go home and keep your mother company. She should rest and not worry. Our morale is like iron."

Survivors Emerge. The drilling proceeded even more cautiously as it neared the chamber; it took 13 hours to tunnel the last 12 ft. When the breakthrough came, Martinet issued appropriate congratulations. *"Voilà!"* he shouted wryly. "For eight days we have been talking to each other. I would very much like to lay eyes on you." Yet he gallantly insisted on being the last to come out.

At sundown one day last week, as thousands watched, grimy, bearded André Martinet emerged at the surface, ending eight days and seven hours of anguish. "I waited and hoped, but above all I prayed," said Martinet. Safe at last, he immediately volunteered to go down once again to try to find five other men trapped in different passages, but at week's end rescue efforts for them were abandoned. Next, vowed Martinet, he was going to apply for a new job—above ground.

EUROPE

The August Catastrophe

The full force of the midsummer madness struck Western Europe last week. Bulletins on French radio had the urgency of war communiqués: "The traffic jam is now approaching Lyon . . . It is now impossible to pass through Avignon . . . Accidents have blocked all roads into Aix." In Italy, three-quarters of the population of Milan fled the city. Rome, Florence, Naples and Genoa were dead, and Capri, Elba

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Rimini and Viareggio as jammed as Coney Island on the 4th of July. Thousands of vacationers had to stand twelve hours in railroad coaches to reach the sea. In Spain, the government had moved from Madrid to San Sebastián, and was nearly trampled under the influx of French tourists, who this year will number 7,000,000.

Stubbed Toes. If the American works for raises and promotion, the European works for his vacation, and he wants it in August. It has done no good to point out that Nice is nicer in July, with more sun and less rain than in August, or that Spanish beaches are pleasanter in June and September than in midsummer. No one listens. Of France's 8,000,000 autos, 4,000,000 were on the road last week—filled with potato salad, crying children, accordion maps and cursing drivers. Seven million campers pitched their tents on 8,400 acres of camping space, and there were scarcely 4 sq. yds. per bivouacked family in Southern France. Thousands of toes were stubbed on thousands of tent pegs. Along the French Riviera the cars were bumper to bumper, and the bikinis bosom to bosom. Vacationers everywhere stood in line for meals, phone calls, beach umbrellas and bathrooms. Restaurants in Nice served as many as four sittings for dinner, the last at 11 p.m. Genial hosts in the beleaguered resorts responded bravely by shoring up their prices.

Though obviously silly, an August vacation was still chic. At St. Tropez alone, Premier Georges Pompidou, Conductor Herbert von Karajan, Artist Bernard Buffet and Author Françoise Sagan were dining and dancing. Brigitte Bardot arrived, then left when she could not find a maid. There were so many of the young, beautiful people from Paris that the town was being called St. Tropez-des-Près. In Antibes, Pablo Picasso good-humoredly cavorted for tourist cameras at the Restaurant Roger.

Absurd Lesson. Governments beg their citizens to vacation at other times. Jean Hallaire, secretary of France's Committee for the Establishment of Work and Leisure Time, warned: "The month of August will be a catastrophe for vacationers. It should be an excellent lesson in the absurdity of everyone taking his vacation at once."

But it is not easy to stay home in August, since many businesses simply close down for the month. The French production index slipped to 66% of the yearly average. Survival in the empty cities has its risks—the plumber, the doctor and the baker are all at the beaches. In Italy, most bars, restaurants, movies and drugstores are shut down for eight to 15 days. Every other shop in Paris bears the sign *Fermeture annuelle*. Most Western Europeans could well understand the sign posted last week outside the Church of Santa Lucia in Verona. It read, "Absent on vacation," and was signed, "The beggar of Santa Lucia."

The Forgotten War

From the mountains of Yemen last week came news of a sharp turn in the fighting that greatly improves the prospects of Egypt's President Gamal Abdel Nasser and dims the hopes of victory for the tenacious royalist tribesmen of Imam Mohamed el Badr. A brisk, twelve-week campaign has put Nasser's troops and tanks in control of most of the country.

The streak of success came none too soon for Egypt's ruler, who has poured vast quantities of men and money behind the republican regime that deposed the Imam in a palace coup two years ago. Since then, it has been touch and go for the 30,000 to 40,000 Egyptian soldiers who managed to cling to the towns and a few main roads. The royalist tribes, led by Imam Badr and princes of the royal family, controlled the mountains of the center and north.

Broken Blocks. The tide began to turn in May, when, under the personal command of the Imam, the royalists surrounded the northern towns of Hajja and Sada. Two Egyptian armored columns raced to the relief of the garrisons, broke through royalist roadblocks, and smashed the lines of the besieging tribesmen. As before, the royalists swiftly retreated to the mountains, fully expecting the Egyptians to remain in their hard-won positions. Instead, Nasser's troops plunged into the hills in hot pursuit, methodically cleaning out each tortuous ravine and occupying each ridge line before moving forward.

Nasser has also been making gains on the diplomatic front. At an Arab peace conference last January, he skillfully detached Jordan's King Hussein and Saudi Arabia's Crown Prince Feisal from the royalist side. Last month Hussein recognized the Yemen republic, and though Prince Feisal still supplies the Imam with money, he apparently has closed his borders to arms traffic.

Red Wolves. Nasser claims that the place of the Arab potentates has been filled by the British, long uneasy about Nasser's ambitions in oil-rich Arabia. Indeed, Anthony Boyle, who until last October was aide-de-camp to the British High Commissioner in Aden, recently turned up as an unofficial military adviser in the royalist mountains. Asked in Parliament who authorized Boyle's involvement in Yemen, Britain's Prime Minister Sir Alec Douglas-Home insisted that "both the present High Commissioner and his predecessor have assured my right honorable friend that they were not aware the person in question was involved in any way." It was hardly a blanket denial of British participation.

EGYPTIAN TANKS IN YEMEN
How long to dislodge a man with a gun?

What bothers Britain most is Nasser's effort to stir up the tribes of the South Arabia Federation. Britain's claim to have exterminated South Arabia's chief rebels, colorfully called the Red Wolves of Radfan, was premature, to say the least. Since June, the Royal Air Force has flown 1,500 sorties against rebel tribesmen—devastating many of their villages as thoroughly as the Egyptians had done in Yemen. As much as anything, the British are challenging the claim of hegemony that Nasser hopes to carry to the conference table at the Arab summit meeting next month. Nasser wants the Saudi Arabs to join Jordan in official recognition of Yemen's republican regime, and he clearly thinks he can win such diplomatic assent if further success is achieved, not only in the South Arabia Federation but also among Yemen's disorganized chieftans.

For all his recent successes, clear victory for Nasser is highly improbable. In the sere heights of northern Yemen, a man with a gun cannot easily be dislodged. Declared the Imam last week: "Yemen has fought for decades against foreign intruders, and is today stronger than ever. We are ready to fight this war for another ten years."

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CUBA

View from Havana

For six days the five Cubans paddled north across the sea on a raft fashioned from truck-tire inner tubes, rope and bamboo poles. By the time a passing Florida yachtsman spotted them 35 miles off Grand Bahama island last week and took them aboard, the raft had disintegrated and the refugees were clinging to the inner tubes, half in, half out of the water. What sort of land is it that drives men to take such risks to escape? Last month Fidel Castro invited 30 U.S. newsmen to Cuba to witness the July 26 celebrations marking the eleventh anniversary of his initial attack against Dictator Fulgencio Batista. Among the newsmen was TIME*'s Caribbean Bureau Chief Edwin Reingold. His report:*

A handsome old woman rocks on the porch of her once proud but now paint-flecking home. Her husband is dead; her son is in exile; her maid, whom she reared from childhood, will soon be moving out. "And then," sighs the woman, "who will stand in line for me?" She is painfully alone. This is no longer her Cuba. It is no longer the Cuba of anyone's memory. "La Roca?" puzzles the young boy in the starched militia uniform. "Oh yes, it was an old restaurant that used to grovel for Yankee dollars before the revolution. I never go there." A University of Havana student is almost euphoric in his fervor: "We are building a new Cuba. We must waste no time and we must be ruthless."

A Grey Spectrum. The leaders of the new Cuba have proved after 5½ years in power that they can control Cuba. No one has yet proved that they can run it. Rationing and shortages have worsened to the point where an automobile tire now goes for $130 on the black market, the weekly coffee ration is down to 1½ oz. per person, and the monthly butter ration is ⅛ lb. per person. At Havana's Tropicana nightclub, the chorus is still leggy and kicking, but the food is bad and few Cubans can even afford the tips. A Coca-Cola? Sure, says the obliging bartender at the Habana Libre Hotel. The bottle is certainly a Coke bottle—but the orange-colored stuff inside resembles battery acid.

Day by day there are the continued mechanical breakdowns—automobiles, refrigerators, elevators and sugar-mill equipment. The main problem, of course, is the U.S. blockade, which has choked off the supply of new equipment and spare parts. But there is also Cuba's own bureaucracy and inefficiency. In factory after factory, production "norms" are blandly ignored. Unfortunately for Fidel, many have-nots simply care not. In Santiago we noticed some workers stacking cases of soda pop, and one man was methodically dropping every fifth case, shattering scores of bottles. As we walked toward the man, down went another case, and he gave us a sly, knowing wink. It seems he was pressed into his job, and he didn't like it.

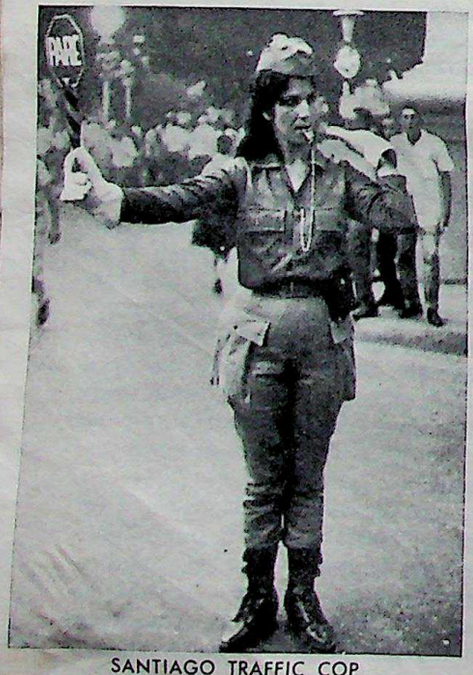
Radio stations broadcast and rebroadcast Fidel's speeches, bookstalls are chockablock with tracts on Lenin and Marx and a grey spectrum of repair and fix-it books. "There isn't a magazine, a novel, or anything else worth reading," sighs an exasperated Cuban. "Just this junk about imperialism and stuff on what a happy place Hungary is."

A Plea for Hope. The stuff, however, is having its effect, particularly on Cuba's youth. In Santiago one eight-year-old we talked to froze in terr when he discovered that we were "t imperialist monster." Students are to that they would never have had chance to go to school except und Communism. To keep them believin it, scholarship students get first crac at the milk, butter, eggs and fruit. Olde Cubans can only shrink back into them selves. They are the people who cou less and less today. "Can't you give u some hope?" pleaded one woman i Havana.

The answer one gropes for bu doesn't give is that one sees nothin inside Cuba to give hope. As the re gime becomes more firmly entrenched the older Cubans learn to live wit their hardships and the younger Cuban to love them as a symbol of the revo lution. The feeling among Western dip lomats in Havana is that by 1969, when Castro has half-promised to draw up a constitution, it might actually be safe for him to open the polls. Over the next five years, the shortages may be alleviated somewhat, and the *campesinos,* true to Castro's boast, may have a bit more than before. Party control will certainly be more tightly sewed up, dissenters will be driven into deeper silence, and Cuba's internal power base will be broadened.

Already Minister of Industries Che Guevara has taken control of most of Cuba's economy, and Fidel's little brother Raúl, head of Cuba's armed forces, is assuming an ever larger role in politics. It has been suggested that the only thing that could topple the Communists in Cuba would be Fidel's assassination. If Fidel were to die, there would indeed be turmoil. But a year or two from now, the party may be so strong that one man's death would make little difference.

PEASANTS BOUND FOR JULY 26 CELEBRATIONS



SANTIAGO TRAFFIC COP
Some love the revolution.

BEN MARTIN

TROPICANA DANCER
Some live with it.

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INFECTIOUS DISEASES

Preventing the Incurable

So far as man and his domesticated animals are concerned, rabies is under control in the U.S. Last year only one person died of the disease—one-tenth of the toll ten years ago. The death rate among dogs is down by the same percentage; the rate among cats and farm animals has been halved in the past decade. Yet rabies is still so serious a problem that each year at least 30,000 Americans who have been bitten take the 14-day series of vaccine injections. Last week the U.S. Public Health Service assembled its top virologists and epidemiologists, along with state and city veterinarians and teachers of preventive medicine, to bring one another up to date.

Why does rabies still loom so menacingly? Among wild animals it is increasing fast enough to raise the nation's overall total of cases steadily. A persistent mystery is just how the virus survives: since it invariably kills its victim, at least among the higher animals, it might be expected to die with him. But it may have another reservoir somewhere. Opossums and bats seem to have some tolerance for the virus. Rabies is spreading where opossums are spreading, and it is spreading among bats.

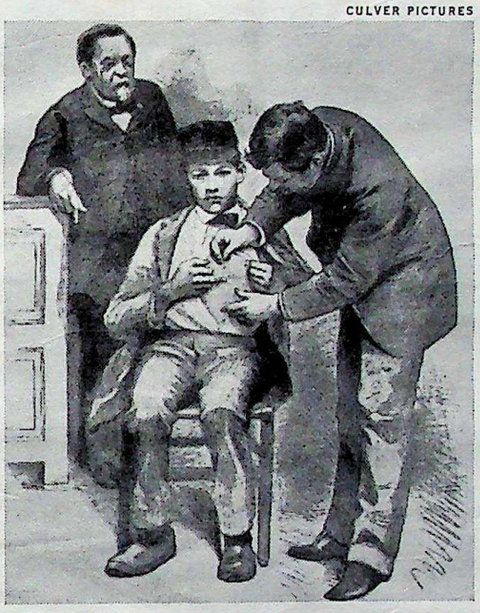
The ironic reason that so much remains to be learned about rabies, says Dr. Robert G. Scholtens of the PHS's Communicable Disease Center, is that Pasteur produced an apparently workable vaccine so fast. His success in 1885 stifled medical interest in investigation of the disease.

Rabbits & Duck Eggs. Pasteur's and later rabies vaccines are unique in being given after the victim has been infected. This is because the disease has an amazingly variable incubation period—from ten days to eight months in both man and dog. An infected animal is not literally "rabid" or dangerous until ten days before its inevitable death. If a rabid dog bites a child in the arm or leg, the virus will stay localized for weeks before it attacks his central nervous system. Doctors usually start daily injections of vaccine into abdominal muscle without delay. If the animal has been captured and is still alive and normal after ten days, its saliva was not infectious, and the injections are stopped. If the animal dies, all 14 injections are given. Although the long series of uncomfortable injections often turns out to have been an unnecessary precaution, it is better than living in an agony of doubt about the threat of an agonizing death.

Until recently all rabies vaccine was made much as Pasteur made it: by injecting the virus into the brains of rabbits. The vaccine that was later extracted contained rabbit-brain protein, and it was likely to set up painful local reactions. In some cases it caused paralysis or death. In 1957, Eli Lilly & Co. began marketing a vaccine made in fertilized duck eggs. Only the occasional person who is allergic to eggs will get a bad reaction from it. For dogs, a preventive vaccine made from live, though weakened, virus has proved effective. But it has been considered too risky for man.

Last week the C.D.C.'s Dr. Ernest Tierkel, known in the trade as "Mr. Rabies," reported promising results in tests with pre-exposure vaccination for people who run special risks—veterinarians, dog handlers and wildlife rangers. This protection program, Dr. Tierkel suggested, may be just the ticket for Peace Corps workers and other people going into areas where rabies is endemic, especially in Central and South America, home of the vampire bat.

CULVER PICTURES



EARLY RABIES VACCINATION (1885)*
A victim of success.

Human-to-Human Serum. Dr. Tierkel also had good news for people who may be bitten by suspected rabid animals around the head and neck—from which the virus may reach the central nervous system before abdominal injections have time to build up protective antibody. Since 1954, these victims have been injected with antirabies serum from horses. This gives only short-lived, "passive" immunity, but it works fast. The trouble is that horse serum is almost as dangerous as the rabbit-brain product. Now, said Dr. Tierkel, veterinarians and others who have had a full course of vaccinations are being asked to take a booster shot of duck-egg vaccine. A month later, they donate a pint of blood. The gamma globulin fraction from the serum in these blood samples is rich in rabies antibody, and because it is from human serum it should cause no bad reactions.

* Standing at left, Louis Pasteur.

Recruits' Meningitis

Even as the 25,000 soldiers in the mammoth maze of barracks at California's Fort Ord were being trained for action against an enemy that might be as distant as Viet Nam, they were already engaged in mortal combat with an insidious and invisible invader right in their midst. Spinal meningitis has struck down 59 trainees this year and killed nine of them.

In an all-out effort to halt the epidemic, 3,000 of the soldiers are under drastic quarantine. These are the men who have been on Fort Ord's 29,000 acres of hills and wind-blown sand dunes for less than eight weeks. For reasons that still have medical researchers baffled, only the rawest recruits seem subject to the disease. After a man has spent two months on the post, he apparently develops immunity, and cases among the permanent party are virtually unknown.

How Does It Spread? Fort Ord, on the Monterey peninsula, reported the first cases of its current meningitis epidemic in January. Colonel Rolland Sigafoos, the base medical officer, was not taken by surprise. There are epidemics every few years in big camps; the Navy had had one only last year at San Diego (TIME, March 22, 1963). Sometimes, daily doses of sulfadiazine are a good preventive, but the meningococcus germs storming Fort Ord were of a type resistant to sulfas.

More cases appeared in scattered barracks. As usual, the medics could not trace the paths by which infection spread. Thousands of recruits had meningococci in their throats, but did not get sick. There was no way to predict which few men would develop a life-threatening infection that would race through the bloodstream and attack their meninges—the covering of the brain and spinal cord.

Worst of all, there was no way to halt the fatal process in the rare fulminating or explosive cases in which a man who seemed to have nothing more than a headache in midafternoon was dead by nightfall. Last week Private Michael Sandstrom, 19, from Sylmar, Calif., died within two hours of admission to the post hospital.

Small Compensations. After this ninth fatal case, Major General Edwin H. J. Carns tightened the quarantine still more. The men had been confined to the camp for a month. Now the new recruits are confined to their own company areas, even for Sunday services, in units of only 240 men. They are banned from post exchanges, movies, the beer hall. The usually rugged physical training has been softened to cut down fatigue. And a man who complains of the slightest sniffle or headache can be sure he will be rushed to the dispensary. There are none of the usual top kick's sneers about goldbricking; the command and the medics are taking no chances.

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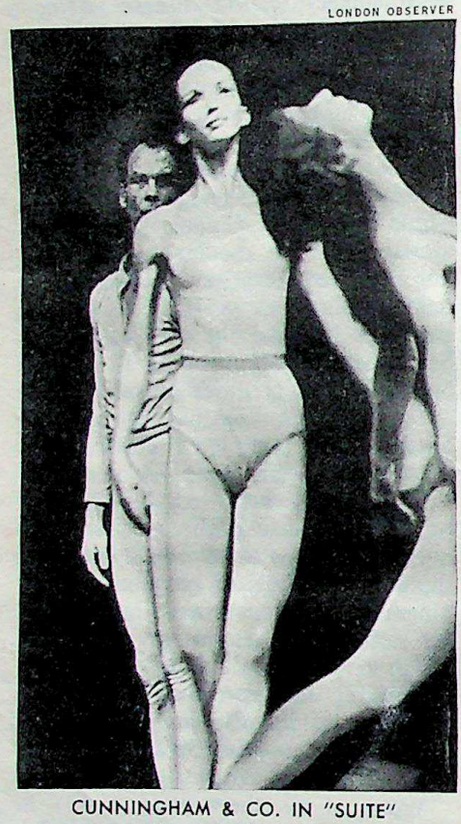
DANCE

Pop Ballet

They certainly belong together. Choreographer Merce Cunningham believes that all movement is dance. Composer John Cage insists that all sound is music. Pop Artist Robert Rauschenberg thinks "every object is as good as every other object." But could they belong to *derrière-garde* London? After presenting 15 ballets in six performances at Sadler's Wells, the triarchy established itself as the most explosive event in British ballet since Martha Graham's London debut in 1954. At week's end the company had proved such a surprise

LONDON OBSERVER



CUNNINGHAM & CO. IN "SUITE"
From far-in to farthest out.

smash that it transferred to another theater for 18 more performances.

The repertory ranged from far-in to farthest out. In a 50-min. work aptly titled *Aeon*, a blinding flash of magnesium flares stirred Cunningham's ten-member troupe into an other-worldly, slow-motion ballet. In the orchestra pit, Conductor Cage slowly raised and lowered his arms like a railroad signal, while his two-man orchestra conjured a percussive nightmare with such ear-splitting accents as a nail file rasped across a metal music stand. When the sound system shorted and buzzed harshly for several minutes, the audience accepted it as part of the show.

As was markedly evident in *Suite for Five*, no attempt was made to correlate Cage's scores with Cunningham's choreography; the dances were neither created nor rehearsed to the music. A couple of ballets ended as inconclusively as a *New Yorker* short story. What did it all mean—if anything? "Barefoot inconsequentiality," as the Guardian snorted? Or "a much-needed shot in the backside," as the Sunday Times averred? Most balletomanes tended to the Observer's verdict that the three "are so full of invention that they will be a mine for imitators for years."

CONDUCTORS

The Next Toscanini?

Seldom has old Salzburg witnessed such an ovation. After the festival's opening concert last week, a capacity audience of 2,200 stamped, clapped and bravoed in a demonstration that verged on Beatlemania. One of the few in the hall who seemed unmoved by all the fuss was the man on the podium, hot-eyed, shock-haired Zubin Mehta, 28, the onetime boy wonder from Bombay who, in four years of conducting from Moscow to Montreal, has enjoyed one of the most spectacular ascents to fame in many a decade.

The peak of Mehta's career to date was his selection as lead-off conductor at Salzburg, where he has appeared for three straight years. With feet planted firmly apart, lithe, suavely handsome Mehta led the Berlin Philharmonic with driving energy through a varied program of works by Stravinsky, Mozart and Brahms, writhing and swaying, from heels to tiptoes, with the ebb and flow of the rhythms. Disdaining a score, he commanded a clean, precise beat with slashing strokes of his baton, winding his arm behind his head for broad, sweeping gestures like a pitcher unfurling a fastball, while his spidery left hand deftly drew out the secondary voices.

Mehta's performance did not charm the tough Salzburg press as much as it did the audience. To critical carping that his visually arresting style is designed to conduct the audience as well as the orchestra, Mehta replies coolly: "Intellectual snobs forget that showmanship is a great asset to the profession. We have to be able to bring certain things over to the public magnetically, and that requires acting."

Brainwashed. Whatever other talents he may have, Mehta is a natural, consummate performer. Back in North America, where he serves as conductor of both the Los Angeles and Montreal symphony orchestras, committee dowagers and women's magazines purr kittenishly about his "brutal charm" and "catnip gaze."

The only Indian conductor who has ever won international fame, Mehta allows that he was "brainwashed with classical music from the cradle." Urged on by his father, former conductor of the Bombay Symphony Orchestra and now a violinist with Philadelphia's Curtis String Quartet, he began studying the violin and piano at seven. At one period, he renounced music for medicine but soon relented. "Every time I sat down to write an exam or cut up a dogfish," he says, "there I was with a Brahms symphony running through my head." In 1958, after studying conducting for three years at Vienna's Academy of Music, he entered Britain's international conductors' competition at Liverpool, walked off with first prize. This launched him on a series of guest-conducting engagements throughout Europe. Back in the late 1950s, when the San Francisco Orchestra's conductor, Josef Krips, first heard Mehta in Vienna, he cried: "The next Toscanini has been born!"

Misfortune's Child. Mehta's big chance came during a whirlwind nine-month period in 1960-61 when half the world's first-rank conductors were struck with illness. Hopscotching between con-

ZUBIN MEHTA
From dogfish to Brahms.

tinents on a moment's notice, he became the leading understudy to a host of ailing maestros, winning high critical acclaim nearly everywhere he appeared. In 1961, after stellar subbing jobs in Los Angeles and Montreal, Mehta was named resident conductor with both cities' orchestras. At 24, he rejuvenated Montreal's faltering orchestra almost overnight, stretched its season from twelve to 26 weeks, more than trebled symphony subscribers, to some 10,000.

"I made half my career by jumping in at the last moment," muses Mehta. "I sometimes think my success was due almost entirely to the misfortunes of my elderly colleagues." No more. Indeed, the *"straordinario maèstro Indiano-inglese,"* as an Italian critic called him in July, served notice last week that he had finished "thinking about" his career and would now embark on a decade of "fulfillment." It promises to be some decade.

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stop taking snapshots

[*and start taking photographs*]

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WEAPONS

Tomorrow's Rifles

The weapons of modern navies a air forces are largely the products the most modern technology, but the ground the basic infantry weapo the rifle, has barely changed in half century. The M-14 carried by preser day G.I.s is only a slight improveme on the heavy, clumsy M-1 of Wor War II; the M-1, in turn, was little di ferent from the Springfield of Wor War I. They are all large-bore weapo firing heavy bullets that have rapid spi which aids their long-range accuracy— a quality that has little value in a rif in a modern war. Production of the o M-14s was finally stopped last sprin The Defense Department has now o dered 85,000 of the Colt arms com pany's small-bore M-16s, most of whic will be sent to Viet Nam, where the have already been proved in combat

The killing effect of a rifle bullet de pends on the energy it carries, an that energy increases with the square o the bullet's speed. The bullets of th .223-cal. M-16 make up for their ligh er weight by having a muzzle velocit of 3,250 ft. per sec.—significantly mo speed than the 2,800 ft. per sec. of th .30-cal. M-14. The cartridges are ligh er, and so is the rifle itself. An M-1 with 120 rounds of ammo weighs onl 9 lbs., no more than an empty M-1. Its bullets are not as accurate at range greater than 300 yds. because they a deliberately given less stabilizing spi They tend to tumble, and since the usually hit their targets sideways, tha do extra damage. The M-14 kicks lik a mule, but the M-16 is almost kickless It can be fired rapidly, with little ten ency toward wildness.

The M-16 is just the beginning of th rifle revolution. Under development:

• TWO-SLUG CARTRIDGE. For run-of-the draft riflemen, whose aim is usua wide of the target, the Army is e perimenting with cartridges containi two bullets, one packed behind the ot er. The front bullet flies true, but t rear bullet is deliberately made roug ended so that it lags and drifts a litt approaching the target a foot or mo to one side. The resulting shotgun effe is calculated to improve the score of non-deadeye marksman.

• MULTIPURPOSE RIFLES. For infantr men who have always longed for rif that can be fitted out to serve efficient as magazine-fed light machine guns heavy-volume belt-fed machine gu the Defense Department is testing t such weapons systems under battlefi conditions, and trained marines ma the transformations in less than 1 m while wearing clumsy Alaskan mitte

• MICROJETS. For short range targ not more than 100 yards away, t rockets called microjets are now bei tried. No bigger than bullets, they a filled with a quick-burning propell

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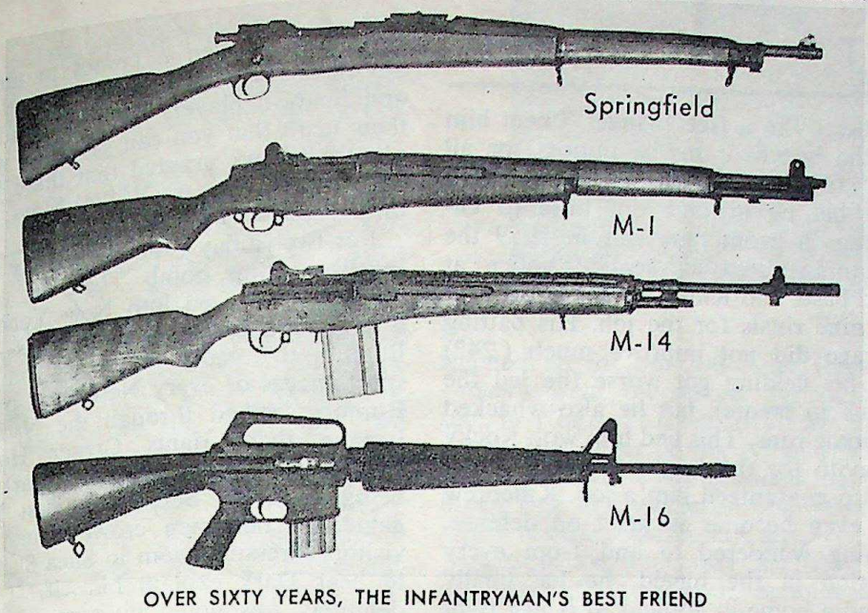

OVER SIXTY YEARS, THE INFANTRYMAN'S BEST FRIEND

For a new war, new arrows?

and launched in quick succession from a thin-walled, hand-held tube. Their chief advantages are light weight and silence. They operate not with a bang but a hiss.

• DART-THROWER. For the future, the most radical rifle is SPIW (Special Purpose Infantry Weapons, pronounced "spew"), which fires darts instead of bullets. Called flechettes, French for "little arrows," the darts are about as thick as pencil leads and an inch or so long. They have tiny fins or thin tails to make them fly straight, and their needle-sharp points allow them to move through the air like supersonic aircraft with much less drag than short, fat, traditional bullets. Several can be fired from the same cartridge, but Army experts prefer to use one per cartridge and have the gun fire three flechettes automatically in quick succession. The darts are easily deflected by wind, brush or even leaves, and when they hit an enemy they may pass straight through his body without doing much damage. But it is far more likely that they will turn and bend, slashing through flesh like high-speed knives.

ENTOMOLOGY

Hot Wasp Nests

Near Oak Ridge National Laboratory in Tennessee is a green woodland dotted with man-made pits and a steadily dwindling pond. Both pits and pond have been used for the disposal of radioactive wastes, so an 8-ft. chain-link fence fringed with barbed wire keeps unauthorized people away from the wood's dangers. Unmanned monitor stations, looking like small refrigerators and packed with instruments, keep watch for signs of trouble. Last summer some of the monitors began to give alarmingly high readings. One reported more than one roentgen per hour, and it takes an accumulated dose of only 400-500 roentgens to kill a man.

Mud in the Monitor. Somehow, radioactive mud seemed to be getting into the instrument boxes. But how? Insect Ecologist Alvin Fleetwood Shinn was called in to investigate. Dressed in white coveralls, rubber boots and gloves, and carrying a radiation survey meter, he prowled the forbidden woods and soon identified the culprits. Hidden among the monitor instruments, sometimes even plastered on vacuum tubes, were dozens of mud nests built by wasps.

Other places in the fenced-off reservation were thick with "hot" nests; an abandoned house had so many that sleeping in its bedroom would have been dangerous. Actually, the yellow-and-black dauber wasps that built the nests were no threat to humans because they never fly far enough to carry radioactive material outside the high fence. To make sure that wasps would not confuse the instruments again, he had the monitors screened. Then he went to work studying the wasps, which had handed him a readymade experiment on the biological effects of radiation.

Dauber's Difference. Insects can stand more radiation than humans, but they are not immune. Shinn put dosimeters in the nests and found that young wasps sometimes got 25 times as much radiation as a human can stand. The dose apparently reduced by 40% the number of wasps that developed successfully into adults. Of the two kinds of wasps that built nests among the instruments, Shinn noticed that only the yellow-and-black daubers used radioactive mud. The nests of the closely related pipe-organ daubers were always as free of radioactivity as if nuclear physics had never come to Tennessee. How could the wasps tell the difference?

Shinn does not yet have the answer, but he is running elaborate tests to find out. It may be that the cautious pipe-organ wasps are repelled by the faint odor of ozone and other gases that rise from radioactive mud. More fascinating is the possibility that among the wasps of Oak Ridge, which have been exposed to radioactive wastes for a longer period than any others, the pipe-organ daubers may have evolved a special sense that detects radioactivity and enables them to build nests that will not be lethal to their sensitive young.

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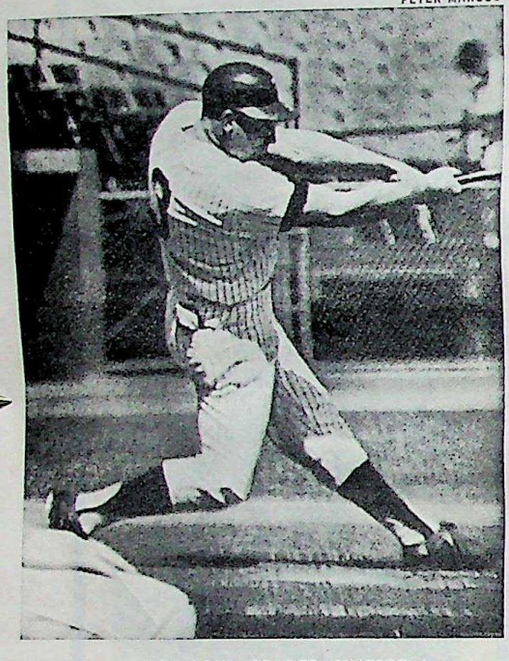
BASEBALL

The Nuclear Bomber

Harmon Clayton Killebrew, 28, is 6 ft. tall, weighs a meaty 213 lbs., and keeps very quiet about the whole thing. He won the American League home-run crown with 48 in 1962, did it again last year with 45. But that was nothing. The righthanded slugger already has 39 this summer, is swinging

PETER MARCUS



HOME-RUN LEADER KILLEBREW
Settling it once and for all.

at a pace that could set a new major league record.

Which record depends. Ever since Commissioner Ford Frick accepted both the home-run marks of Babe Ruth (60 in 154 games) and Roger Maris (61 in 162 games), statistics-crazed fans have been in a quandary. Nobody knows whose pace to follow. Result: the once-consuming pastime of charting the progress of the current slugger has declined. Now Killebrew may settle it once and for all by knocking both records out of the park. At the end of last week he was 7 games ahead of Ruth's pace, and within striking distance of Maris. Killebrew this year is averaging one homer every 9.9 times at bat, compared with Ruth's lifetime average of 11.8. He is leading the slugging Minnesota Twins, who have lofted 177 homers in 111 games, on a pace that will almost surely make them the home-run-hittingest team in the history of baseball.*

Free Swinger. A house painter's son from Payette, Idaho, Killebrew signed for $30,000 in 1954, was the first bonus baby in his club's history (the Twins were then the Washington Senators). For five years a combination of unsteady fielding and a zest for bad pitches ("I'm a free swinger") kept him on the bench or in the minors for all but 113 major league games, where a .224 batting average did little to encourage a promotion. But in 1959 the Senators posted a vacancy notice at third base, and Killebrew somehow beat out nine rivals for the job. His batting average did not improve much (.242) and his fielding got worse (he led the league in errors), but he also whacked 42 home runs. This tied him with Rocky Colavito for the league home-run title. It also guaranteed him a job. Killebrew has even become an asset on defense. Having wandered to and from every position in the infield, he has finally found a home in leftfield. It is just right for his medium speed, average agility, good hands and reasonable right arm.

Killebrew is so quiet that sportswriters have given up trying to jazz up his image with nicknames like "Killer" or "Hammering Harm." His private life is equally taciturn. At its most dramatic, it would include such events as the day he moved his wife and two children from their home in Payette across the border to Ontario, Ore. The towns are six miles apart.

Just Hitting. A successful knee operation last winter indicated that Killebrew was ready for the best season of his life this year. Instead, he lapsed into an inexplicable spring slump, on May 9 took his .167 average and sat down on the bench. Four days later, Manager Sam Mele put a rested Killebrew back on the field. Zot! Bam! Phoom! In 16 games, Killebrew walloped ten home runs and added almost 100 points to his batting average. His team is still deep in fifth place, but his average is at a peak .300.

Everyone has an explanation. Some say it is because Killebrew no longer lunges as he swings, thus lifting his head and losing sight of the ball. Manager Mele says Killebrew has finally learned to wait and just try to meet outside pitches rather than trying to pull them. The only person without a theory is Honest Harmon. "I'm not swinging any differently, using new bats or doing anything I wasn't doing when I was in the slump," he says. "I'm just hitting."

Giant-Sized Trouble

With the civil rights issue flaming across the U.S., the story about what Alvin Dark had said was sure to create a furor. Dark, whose talent-loaded Giants were still sputtering along in second place, one game back of the Philadelphia Phillies, sat down in San Francisco to discuss his woes with a visiting sportswriter, Stan Isaacs, columnist for Newsday, a Long Island, N.Y., daily. "We have trouble," Isaacs quoted Dark as saying, "because we have so many Negro and Spanish-speaking ball players on this team. They are just not able to perform up to the white ball players when it comes to mental alertness. You can't make most Negro and Spanish players have the pride in their team that you can get from white players." Dark granted that there were exceptions such as Willie Mays, but they were just that—exceptions.

For twelve days, the column lay ticking like a time bomb. Then last week, the Giants moved into New York for a two-game series with the Mets—and Boom!—the story exploded on the sports pages of every New York paper. Rumors seethed through the National League that Giants Owner Horace Stoneham was about to fire Dark for being a racist. Before the first Mets game, 35 newsmen crowded into the visitors' dressing room in Shea Stadium to hear Dark explain himself. "I was definitely misquoted on some things," he said, "and other statements were deformed. If you are going to make such statements, you are either stupid or ready to quit baseball." Newsday's Isaacs stood by his story: "I don't retract anything."

An End to Pairing. Whoever was right, Alvin Dark, 42, is neither stupid nor ready to quit baseball. He is a Southerner—Oklahoma-born, Louisiana-educated—and one of the most intensely competitive men anywhere. He was a triple-threat halfback at Louisiana State, a Marine officer in World War II, an outstanding shortstop for the Giants from 1950 to 1956. As Giants manager for the last three years, he has won the National League pennant once (in 1962), finished third twice.

If he is a deep-dyed Southerner, no one has ever before accused him of letting that affect his judgment of baseball players. One of Dark's first acts on taking over the Giants in 1961 was to end the practice of "pairing," by which Negroes and whites were not permitted to share the same locker. He has used as many as seven Negro and Latin American players in a single game's line-up. Negroes and Latin Americans have displaced several established players on the

MANAGER DARK
Ticking like a bomb.

* The Twins have 51 games to break the New York Yankees' major league mark of 240.

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Giants—Negro Jim Ray Hart for Jim Davenport at third base, Puerto Rican Jose Pagán for Ed Bressoud at shortstop, Dominican Jesus Alou for Harvey Kuenn in rightfield.

The Frustrations. But Dark is also a bitter loser, who cannot abide—and cannot keep quiet about—bad base running, missed signals and halfway efforts. This year, with a team that might well have run away from the league, his frustrations have boiled over. He has clashed openly with several players—particularly Puerto Rican First Baseman Orlando Cepeda, who runs the bases as if he were treading molasses, and Negro Leftfielder Willie McCovey, who is hitting barely over .200 when Dark figures he should be batting .300.

Giant Owner Horace Stoneham seemed to recognize the reasons for Dark's discontent, at week's end broke his silence to give his manager a vote of confidence. The press reports, said Stoneham, were "exaggerated and distorted"; he denied all thought that a "managerial change is contemplated." Nevertheless, Dark has a Giant-sized problem—how to keep some of his best players from thinking that he regards them as inferiors. "It is hard to put out," said Willie McCovey, "if you think he feels that way about you."

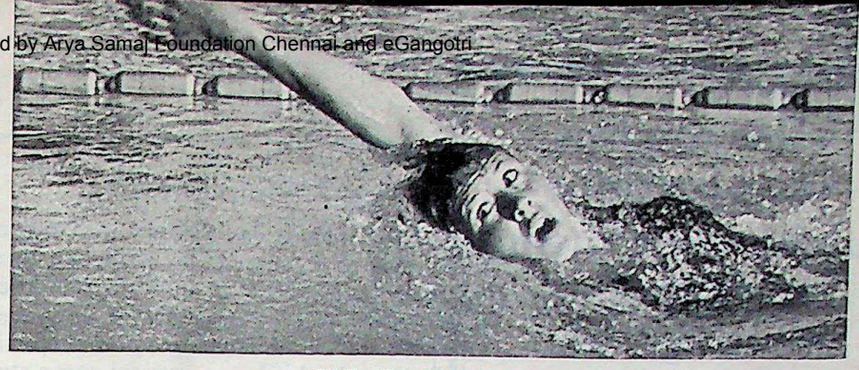
SWIMMING

Look Out, Tokyo, California's Coming

First the Japanese were the world's top swimmers; then it was the Australians. Now the U.S. rules the pools. In the 1960 Rome Olympics, American men and women splashed off with nine of 15 gold medals. The competition will be tougher in Tokyo this October, but then so will the U.S. In a pre-Olympic test, 380 youngsters turned up last week in Los Altos Hills, Calif., for the national A.A.U. championships. Nine world records and 20 American marks disappeared beneath the bubbles.

The lone outlander among the record breakers was Australia's Murray Rose, a durable veteran of 25, who took time off from his Hollywood acting career to regain the 1,500-meter freestyle record he first held eight years ago. But just about everything else was California's. Or, rather, Santa Clara's. The Santa Clara Swim Club, alma mater of Olympic Queens Chris von Saltza and Lynn Burke, swam away with four of the world records, won 14 of 30 events, and became the first club ever to win both the men's and women's championships.

"My Property." Of course they were this year's host club. But that could hardly account for the performance put on by Don Schollander, 18, a smooth-cheeked broth of a boy who favors gaudy red, white and blue swimsuits and starts like a torpedo out of a tube. In the 400-meter freestyle, he clipped nearly 1 sec. off the world record with a 4-min. 12.7-sec. clocking. Next he



FIVE FOR DE VARONA

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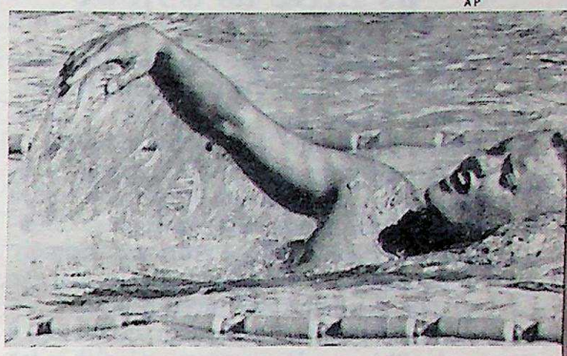

FIVE FOR SCHOLLANDER

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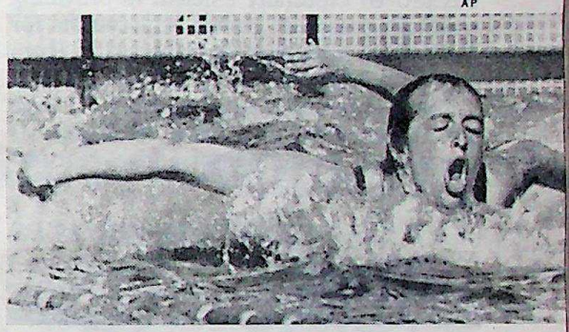

AND THREE FOR STOUDER

Making like water bugs.

stepped up for the 200-meter freestyle—down went the record by nearly 1 sec., to 1 min. 57.6 sec. "I always think of the 200 as my property," said Schollander, then for encores added the 100-meter title and anchored both winning freestyle relays for Santa Clara.

It went on that way for the better part of four days. Schollander's Santa Clara Teammate Dick Roth, 16, knocked almost 2 sec. off the 400-meter individual medley (butterfly, backstroke, breaststroke, freestyle) in 4 min. 48.6 sec., picked up an American record in the 200-meter medley. Santa Clara's girls? Freckle-faced Claudia Kolb, 14, merely won two medals in the 100-meter and 200-meter breaststroke. Then there was Donna de Varona, already an Olympic veteran at 17, who won both individual medleys, besides helping all three winning relays for Santa Clara.

Whole Flotilla. On behind the Santa Clara swimmers came a whole flotilla of young water bugs. City of Commerce, Calif.'s Sharon Stouder, 15, matched Schollander's triple by winning the 100-meter freestyle and the 100-meter butterfly, then lowered the world 200-meter butterfly record by almost 3 sec. to 2 min. 26.4 sec. Arizona's Marilyn Ramenofsky, 17, thrashed through the 400-meter freestyle in 4 min. 41.7 sec., breaking Chris von Saltza's listed world record by 2.8 sec.

Next stop for the swimmers is the Olympic trials in Queens, N.Y., later this month. After last week's A.A.U. spectacular, some coaches might be expected to taper off for fear of overtraining. Not Santa Clara's George Haines. "We didn't even attempt to reach our peak," he said. "Our boys and girls will be better for the Olympic trials, and better still for the Olympic games." So back to work it was for his young charges, swatting up and down the pool, practicing twice a day.

SCOREBOARD

Who Won

▶ Britain's John Surtees, 30: the German Grand Prix over the tortuous (172 curves) Nürburgring circuit in the Eifel mountains, in 2 hr. 12 min. 4.8 sec., to average 96.56 m.p.h. and break the record he set last year. Surtees played it cozy for the first few laps, letting the field sort itself out, then gunned his Ferrari into the lead for good and finished 76 sec. ahead of Fellow Briton Graham Hill. Bad luck dogged Scotland's Jim Clark, the reigning world champion, who failed to finish because of a burned valve. Point standings for the 1964 championship after six races: Hill 32, Clark 30, Surtees 19.

▶ Speedy Scot: the $91,381.71 Realization Trot, a 1 1/16-mile stakes event for four-year-olds, at New York's Roosevelt Raceway. Driver Ralph Baldwin maneuvered the 1-to-5 favorite into first place at the half-mile pole, sat back and let him breeze home a length ahead, thus making Speedy Scot the first standardbred to retire the Founder's Plate, awarded to the horse that wins major stakes races at the Roosevelt at two, three and four years of age.

▶ The Chicago Bears pro football team: the 31st annual College All-Star game, 28-17, before 65,000 fans in Soldier Field, Chicago. The burly National Football League champions were out to restore the pros' pride tarnished in 1963 when the collegians (actually the year's crop of pro rookies) rudely upset the Green Bay Packers. But for the first 30 minutes it looked as if another upset was in the making. With Miami Quarterback George Mira tossing bombs and Arizona State Halfback Charlie Taylor crunching through the line, the All Stars actually led 10-7 at the half. Then the Bears came out of hibernation, scored three quick touchdowns, and it was back to training camp for the All Stars.

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international film, TVfilm and documentary market (MIFED)

MIFED - the International Film, TVfilm and Documentary Market - meets twice a year in Milan: in APRIL at the time of the Milan Fair, the world's largest annual trade show, and again in OCTOBER.
Interested business representatives and operators are cordially invited to MIFED's Tenth Cine-Meeting. It will run from 12 to 21 October 1964. Sponsored and concurrent with the next Cine-Meeting, the Second International Salon of Technical Aids for the Cine and TV Industries (SINT), and the First Exhibition and Congress of World Television Progress (EXCOT 1964) will also be held from 12 to 21 October next.

Information from: MIFED - Largo Domodossola 1 - Milano (Italy)

12 - 21 October 1964

Yeah? Yeah. Yeah!

A Hard Day's Night will move one young segment of its audience to tears, hysteria and even outright unconsciousness. More than a movie, it is the answer to a maiden's prayer. Surprisingly, though, this hairy musical romp starring John Lennon, Paul McCartney, George Harrison and Ringo Starr—yclept the Beatles—is one of the smoothest, freshest, funniest films ever made solely for purposes of exploitation. It seems better than it ought to be simply because the Beatles prove themselves disarming personalities.

Looking like four errant Blue Boys, the lads hit their nimble stride in a script shrewdly slapped together by Scenarist Alun Owen and directed in racy "new cinema" style by Richard Lester. Scorning plot, *Night* affects to study an ordinary day or so in the wholly extraordinary lives of its heroes. They are the clear-eyed innocents, imprisoned by fame behind a whimsically improbable wall of wailing nymphets, but never for a moment blinded to the really flagrant foolishness of the adult world around them. Representing the dangers of creeping maturity is a low-comedy menace identified as Paul's granddad (Wilfrid Brambell). Though everyone remarks how clean he looks, Granddad is patently a lecherous old billygoat and a born troublemaker. His ultimate mischief is to persuade Ringo to defect from show biz to the outside world—a disaster certain to deprive the cream of Britain's youth of any reason to survive puberty.

Before that calamity is averted, there are enough mad puns and sight gags and individual comedy bits to throw any Beatlemaniac into spasms of joy. Spoofing press conferences, the Beatles give every banal question the answer it deserves: "How did you find America?" "Turn left at Greenland." "What do you call that haircut?" "Arthur."

Sometimes the humor seems force the North Country slang impenetrab And, in truth, a more exciting and the same time more perceptive view a Beatle's insular existence is project in a documentary feature titled *Wh Happening!—The Beatles in the U.S.* Made with near-perfect fidelity by A bert and David Maysles, a brother tea of American independent film make who shot it on the spot with a han held camera and portable sound gea this bristling, hilarious account of th sound and fury generated during public-appearance tour was shown o British television, but has yet to be r leased for public showings in the U. Meanwhile, *A Hard Day's Night* fil the gap with Beatlesong, frothy fictio and an air of high-spirited improvisa tion almost as amusing as life itself.

Decline of the Samurai

Harakiri. Kneeling in starched white death robes on a mat in the sacred garden, the desperate young warrior strips himself bare to the waist. He seizes a short sword, plunges it int his abdomen once. Twice. Three times Four. He falls over the gory weapon "Behead me!" he pleads, but before th last merciful blow is delivered he ha bitten off his tongue.

In that grisly, excruciatingly detailed study of a samurai's ritual suicide, Jap anese Director Masaki Kobayashi se the theme of a 17th century tragedy o honor in death—and the death of hon or. The victims are two *ronin*, or unem ployed samurai left to starve when the lordly masters are disfranchised follow ing a civil war.

The samurai code of honor break down when they present themselves i turn at the household of one Lord Iy begging for "a corner of the porch" o which to commit harakiri—a sham her oism often used by *ronin* to draw o an offer of a job. After the first youn warrior's ignoble death is forced up

THE BEATLES IN "NIGHT"
Innocently imprisoned by nymphets, but not blind to adult folly.

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HENRY GROSSMAN

DUEL IN "HARAKIRI"
Honor in death—and the death of honor.

him, largely as a diversion for the courtly company, a seasoned old fighter Tsugumo (Tatsuya Nakadai) arrives seeking vengeance. The tragedy unfolds austerely in flashbacks framed by Tsugumo's rather wordy debate with Lord Iyi's chief retainer, whose rigid adherence to a feudal military system is summed up by the phrase: "In time of peace, there is no hope."

Though *Harakiri* may sometimes try the patience of an Occidental moviegoer, the film's best scenes lift it to the stature of an astringent minor classic. Director Kobayashi softens violence with impeccable artistry. In his hands, the grim ancient ritual of self-immolation seems as rigidly formalized and strangely beautiful as any of the lethal arts, bullfighting for example. And Tsugumo's climactic battle with the palace elite guard, as intricately choreographed as a kabuki dance, provides in one swift scene an unforgettable splash of blood, boldness and cinematic bravura.

All Buckle & No Swash

Stop Train 349. From West Berlin, a sealed U.S. military train rolls by night through the Soviet-occupied East German Republic. Destination: Frankfurt. Its passengers are the usual assemblage of harassed or abrasive or mysterious strangers. Most objectionable of the lot is José Ferrer as a famous newsman with a nose for international incidents. Sure enough, an incident occurs when a French nurse (Nicole Courcel) helps a frightened refugee to jump aboard the train. Thus a U.S. lieutenant (Sean Flynn), commanding officer of the train, is caught between the quadripartite treaty and the Brotherhood of Man. When the Soviets uncouple the engine at the border station of Marienborn, demanding that the prisoner be surrendered—well, what's a fellow to do?

Instead of doing anything, Flynn just stands there. Meanwhile *Stop Train 349*, which might have made a sizzling topical melodrama, is sidetracked by flaccid direction, routine performances, and a script that turns people into points of view. The biggest jolt is pitting Errol Flynn's tall, handsome but impassive son against the Communist menace, and letting the Reds get the best of it. In this generation, Hollywood's good guys appear to be all buckle and no swash.

KHAMIS ABDEL LATIF

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JAPAN AIR LINES

Official Airline – XVIII Olympiad TOKYO 1964

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EDUCATION

LEARNING

The Mind's Ear

They cannot see—but they hunger to learn. A blind college physics student wants to know what is in a four-part book on quantum mechanics written in Greek, Latin, German and English. A sightless theologian needs to absorb Reinhold Niebuhr's *The Nature and Destiny of Man*. A farmer must learn the contents of *Modern Fruit Science*. An aspiring salesman pleads to know *The Five Great Rules of Selling*.

The only practical way to get such knowledge from the printed page into the brain of a blind man is through his ear (Braille is hopelessly slow to read, expensive and bulky to produce). Luckily, any blind college student, professional man or businessman in the U.S. can have the textbooks he is studying read aloud to him, and free at that. Recording for the Blind, Inc., a nonprofit group of 32 staffers and 2,400 dedicated volunteers, will put any educational book on 7-in., 16⅔-r.p.m. vinylite discs and send it out to whoever needs it.

ART SHAY

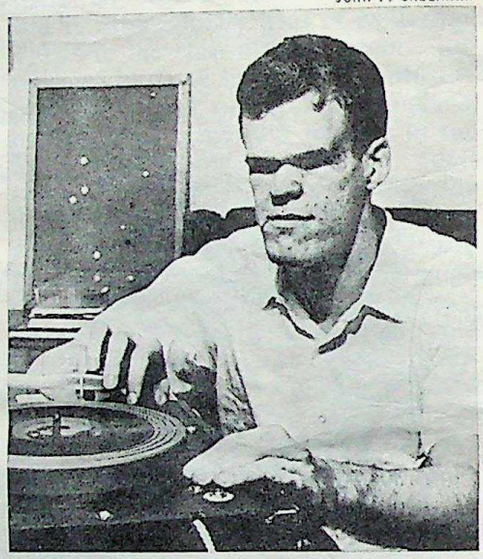
READER HAMERMESH

Better Motivated. The organization got started in 1949 when Mrs. Ranald H. Macdonald, wife of a New York investment banker, and a small group of volunteers began recording textbooks for G.I.s blinded in World War II. The Korean war casualty list sharply increased the need for help, and in 1951 Recording for the Blind was incorporated. Now, at the New York headquarters and 15 other recording units from Miami to Los Angeles, teams of readers and monitors (who check the spoken word against the text) spend hours inside soundproof booths to build up a catalogue of titles that stands at 7,000 and is growing by 1,600 a year.

The effort is enormous but singularly rewarding. Blind college students, more strongly motivated than students who can see, get better grades; 72% scored a B average or better in a recent nationwide sampling. Operating on a budget of $389,000, Recording for the Blind this year is aiding 1,000 undergraduates and 1,500 adults. Expanding toward lower grade levels, it is also helping 400 high school seniors to prepare for college. And by arrangement with Connecticut education officials, the group is recording textbooks for youngsters in Grades 4 through 12, the state paying the initial cost and the private charity making copies available to some of the 17,000 other blind elementary- and secondary-school children in the U.S.

Vested Interest. Among the celebrities who have sounded off on record are CBS Newsman Walter Cronkite and film stars Dana Wynter, Ed Begley and Bradford Dillman. Most volunteers are college-educated housewives, who usually read general histories and biographies. When a request comes in from a blind student (each needs about eight books a year), it is relayed from Manhattan to the field unit best staffed to read the subject intelligently. For that reason all but one unit—Oak Ridge, Tenn.—are located near a university with a good library and a big pool of specialists.

JOHN P. CALLAHAN



STUDENT McCOLLUM
Absorbing facts at 16⅔ r.p.m.

At Oak Ridge, a team of five nuclear scientists recorded tough texts on thermodynamics for Gerald McCollum, a blind student at Phillips Academy, Andover, Mass., and wound up feeling that they had a vested interest in his future. McCollum came through: he graduated second in his class. Now McCollum is at Brown University, and this summer he is using a translated Russian physics text in a research project financed by the National Science Foundation. His reader: Morton Hamermesh, assistant director of the Argonne National Laboratory near Chicago, who helped to translate the book.

FOUNDATIONS

Mum Money

Railroad Financier Arthur Curtis James was one of the least-known philanthropists in the U.S.—if his beneficiaries blabbed that they were getting money, James took it back.* He secretly gave away some $20,000,000 before he died in 1941, but he was famous chiefly for his beard, his fancy for orchids and yachts, and his ownership of securities representing one-seventh of the railroad mileage of the U.S. An urbane fellow, James listed himself in *Who's Who* as a "capitalist."

James's eleemosynary obscurity was shared by the foundation he chartered to run for 25 years after his death. Although the directors eventually lifted James's ban on publicity, the grants they handed out, $42 million all told, usually came in such small amounts (average: $55,000) that James Foundation donations were hardly noticeable compared to the fat checks regularly issued by giants like Ford and Carnegie. Last week, with the expiration of the charter only two years off, the James Foundation voted to dissolve itself. The foundation's manner of leaving was untypically spectacular: it gave away almost all of its principal of more than $96 million to 92 institutions. Grants of $1,000,000 or more went to 36 universities, museums, hospitals, philanthropies and religious organizations. Biggest gift: $5,500,000 to New York's Union Theological Seminary, long one of Presbyterian James's favorite causes.

EDUCATION ABROAD

Rector for The Resplendent

Islam's oldest university has a new rector. Ending a seven month search, Egyptian President Gamal Abdel Nasser picked Sheikh Hassan Mamoun, 70, to head Cairo's Al Azhar ("The Resplendent") University, for 1,000 years the most renowned center of Moslem learning.

Mamoun, a lifetime judge and political power in Nasser's Arab Socialist Union, came out of retirement to take the job. As Grand Mufti of Egypt from 1955 until 1961, he issued thousands of rulings and interpretations on religious matters. As the 39th rector of Al Azhar, Mamoun's responsibilities are even more impressive. The post carries with it the titles of Grand Imam and Sheikh of Islam, which makes Mamoun the nearest thing to a Moslem pope. Yet with Egypt struggling to slough off its feudal ways, he must also guide the university toward turning out the educated elite essential to run a modern nation.

The school, mired for centuries in

* Just like Television Actor Marvin Miller of CBS's *The Millionaire*, who doled out $1,000 a week for 298 richly melodramatic weeks before the sponsor's money ran out in 1960.

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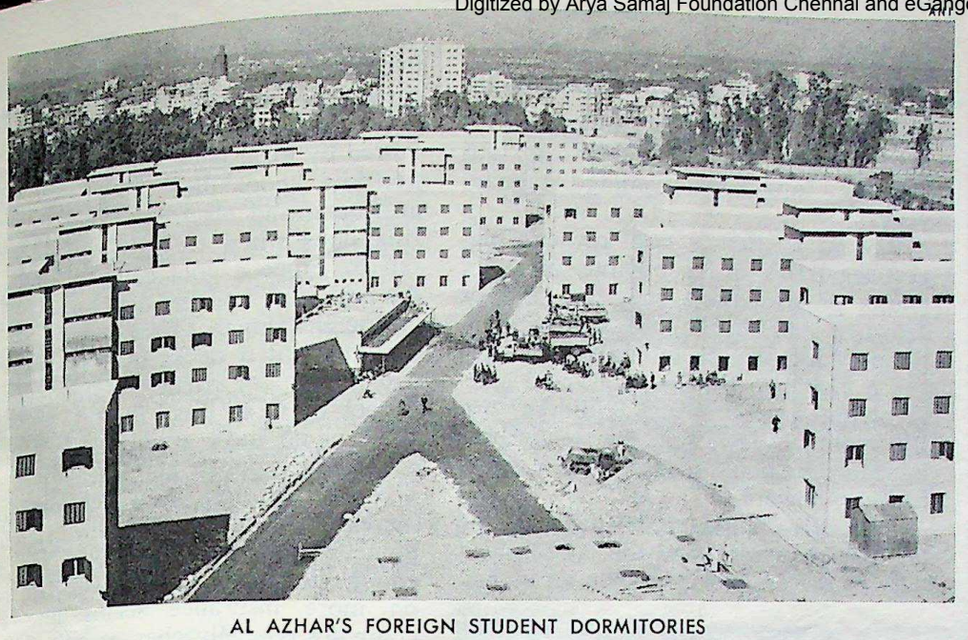
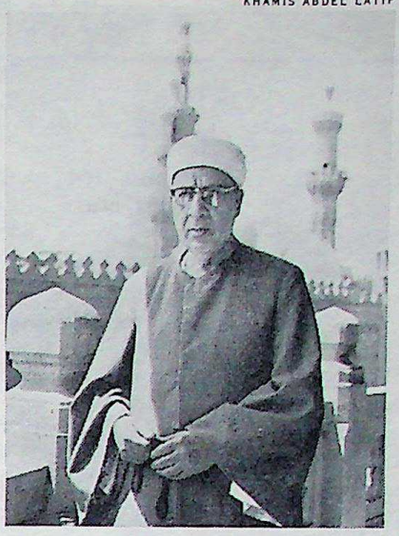


AL AZHAR'S FOREIGN STUDENT DORMITORIES
Combining ancient eminence with an up-to-date curriculum.

KHAMIS ABDEL LATIF



SHEIKH MAMOUN

rote teaching of the Koran, is already in the midst of a thriving renaissance. Mamoun's predecessor, Sheikh Mahmoud Chaltout, a leading scholar of the Koran who died in December, opened a school of commerce, made the study of English compulsory, revised the medieval law curriculum, established a separate college for girls. The government built an ultramodern "City of Islamic Missions" where Al Azhar's 3,600 foreign students, including six Americans, live in national dormitories with their own kitchens and common rooms.

Chaltout's changes aimed at making Al Azhar into a new university, while preserving its ancient eminence as a religious center. Mamoun intends to keep the combination. This fall, Al Azhar opens three new faculties of medicine, engineering and agriculture. And the three towering minarets that once cast their shadows on a courtyard of ragged students kneeling on straw mats now look down on modern classrooms and a swimming pool.

TEACHING

Look, Ma, I'm Writin'!

"The rotter school teacher is Mr. Holbrook," wrote the daring student. "He is a tramp. He needs a wash and a haircut and a new shirt and he has a big head and beady eyes." The description delighted English Teacher David Holbrook. Only a few months before, the "bottom-stream" British schoolboy of 14 was barely articulate. Now, flaunting a new-found power with words, he groped toward understanding the mystery that transforms murky thoughts into vivid language.

A fellow of King's College, Cambridge, Holbrook, 41, is a teacher who comes straight to the point that "the roots of true literacy are in the child's natural urge to use language to make sense of its life." Scoffing at the "didactic decorum" that dominates English teaching, Holbrook ignores graded vocabularies and grammar drills. "Without 'vocabulary lessons' the child yet extends his vocabulary because he is searching for new concepts. Without lessons in grammar and sentence structure he yet comes to write 'by nature' sentences of such complexity that grammarians would take years to catch up on definitions of his syntactical subtlety."

Say It with Music. Holbrook sometimes sounds more convinced than convincing, but he produces results. Enacting real life in the classroom, he gets grunting students of the twelve-to-15 age range to talk by staging mock employment interviews and playlets that become psychodramas of family problems. Then he makes them write, often by getting them to describe recorded music ranging from Aaron Copland to Jelly Roll Morton. One girl entering Holbrook's class with a reported IQ of 76 turned out a long, sophisticated lovers' dialogue that John O'Hara would have approved.

ALAN CLIFTON

DAVID HOLBROOK
Eliminating the smarmy.

Holbrook's impact on Britain's educational establishment has been heavy. His five anthologies of prose and poetry are used in thousands of state and private schools. Instead of the usual diet of Wordsworth and *Silas Marner*, the students get kitchen-sink selections from Hemingway on the birth of a baby, D. H. Lawrence on a son's quarrel with his mother, Koestler on a Communist execution, Joyce on a Dublin funeral. Holbrook's first book on education—combining theory, sample student compositions, and Holbrook's interpretations of their efforts—is required reading at most teacher-training colleges. As his just-published third book, *The Secret Places*, shows, his instructional message never wavers. Picturing a scrawled page from Picasso's notebooks, Holbrook snaps: "The first problem in creativity is to have material to organize; tidiness comes later."

14th Century Comfort. A man with a big head and hair that needs to be cut, Holbrook turned to teaching out of necessity in order to finance his creative writing of poetry and criticism after a career at Cambridge as a reader in English under famed Critic F. R. Leavis. Now comfortably settled with his wife and three children in a 14th century cottage in a hamlet near his alma mater, Holbrook earns far more in royalties as an anthologizer and educational gadfly (total sales: 80,000 copies) than he ever did as a teacher or fiction writer.

Holbrook's indictment of Britain's elementary-school readers explains why. "Turn to any English book and you will find pious and smarmy passages of moral uplift ('the good citizen is one who takes his jacket off to get down to some really hard work'), passages of irrelevant heroism, and academic poetry and prose from the cloisters. The rich torment of popular life, with all its agony, excitement and teeming warmth, is not exemplified in the school culture. So it promotes ennui and resistance."

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THE LAW

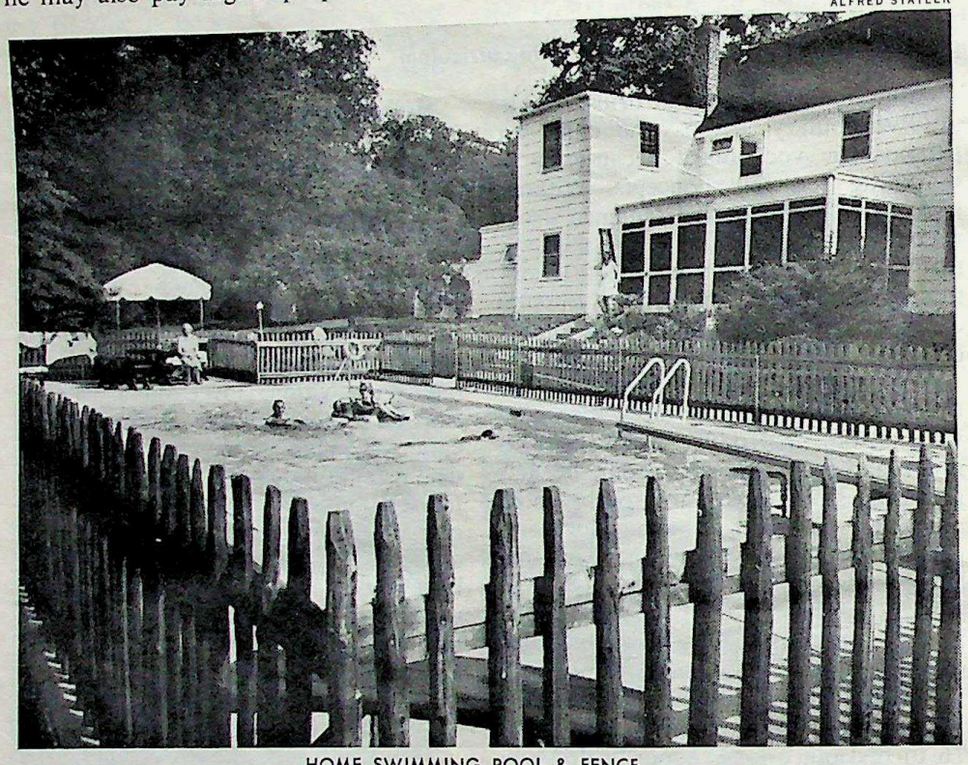
TORTS

Come Up & Sue Me

Such is the U.S. genius for mass-produced luxury that the average home swimming pool now costs only $3,849. By year's end, the country will have more than 400,000 of them, a 220% increase since 1959. So enjoy the pool, but keep in touch with a lawyer.

Although specific swimming-pool laws are still rare, chances are that pools come under the local "police power" to regulate public health, safety, morals or welfare. A pool owner may not only have to build a high, strong fence, but he may also pay higher property taxes. To prevent disease and pressure on local sewers, he may be forced to install a costly pump that recirculates his water every 18 hours. To save town water, he may be required to dig his own well.

ALFRED STATLER



HOME SWIMMING POOL & FENCE
What the owner needs is a lawyer.

Act of God. Then come the claimants—for example, the builder. If he runs into "latent defects," such as hidden springs, the builder is entitled to charge more than the contract calls for. If the owner fails to pay on time, the builder may also force public sale of the pool, a move that can conceivably result in the owner's losing his property as well as his pool.

Assuming he escapes that Waterloo, the pool possessor's next problem is a century-old precedent that property owners may be liable for dangerous activity, such as flooding, that takes place on their land and affects adjacent land. The pool owner is exempt only if he can blame a third party or an act of God. Under "nuisance law," which amply covers swimming pools, the neighbors may also sue or enjoin the pool-ster from all sorts of annoyances—glaring lights, noisy swimmers, noxious chlorine, and bug-breeding stagnant water.

Beyond all that, a pool owner's biggest legal risk is the obvious one that guests or trespassers may be hurt or drowned. Although injuries are frequent, the pool industry claims only 3.7 fatalities a year per 10,000 pools, and suits involving pool-drowned children are still relatively few. Still, the steady proliferation of pools suggests that owners had best beware.

Attractive Nuisance. Historically, the law has always relaxed the landowner's duty of reasonable care when an invited guest is injured. The exception is a hidden danger of which the owner is aware but the guest is not. If a pool owner fails to warn guests that his diving board is broken, for example, he is quite likely to lose a diving-accident case if it comes to court.

What of the uninvited guest? Traditionally, the landowner owed practically no duty of care to trespassers. But this, too, is changing. For example, the unfolding doctrine of "attractive nuisance" holds that owners must protect trespassing children of tender years from enticing dangers that they cannot understand. Until recently, the courts refused to apply this concept to swimming pools. Parents were responsible for their tots who strayed into other people's pools. But in 1959, the California Supreme Court ruled in *King* v. *Lennen* that the owner of a poorly fenced pool was liable for the death of a 1½-year-old boy who wandered in and drowned. Other states are likely to follow the *King* precedent.

In California, which boasts about one-third of all U.S. pools, *King* and related cases have spurred all sorts of safety devices—not only elaborate fences required by local laws, but also resuscitation kits, "pool-sitter" lifeguards ($1.25 an hour), and electronic monitors that ring bells when trespassers plunge or fall in. Since a pool cover is probably the best idea, builders now offer a push-button elevator that rises out of the pool bottom until it decks over the pool as a play slab for parties. Unhappily, the gadget costs at least $1,500. Happily, $150 or so buys a polyethylene mesh cover that supports 200 lbs.

Not surprisingly, insurance companies increasingly insist that the standard homeowner's liability policy is not enough to cover a pool. The risk ratio on more insurance seems low—one company typically charges only $37.50 a year for a $100,000 pool liability policy—but well-heeled owners, who may be sued for a packet, are more and more turning to a $50,000-deductible "umbrella" policy that covers everything from pools to boats for up to $10 million. For people who throw pool-side parties and fret about the consequences, some companies charge a mere $25 for a one-night policy covering 100 guests up to $1,000,000. With that, the whole party can fall in as the carefree host beams: "Come up and sue me."

CRIMINAL JUSTICE

The Press & the Courts

No matter how shocking the charges against him, every American accused of a crime is entitled to a fair trial before twelve unbiased jurors. Yet whatever tactics the defense tries—change of venue, peremptory challenges or cautionary instructions to the jury—all may be futile in a day when mass media confront potential jurors with everything from the murder weapon to the victim's widow. Such "prejudicial reporting" or pretrial press publicity has caused appellate courts to overturn more and more convictions.

There have been many reminders of the kind of reporting the courts condemn. Most recently it was the case of Ohio Osteopath Dr. Sam Sheppard. In freeing him, a federal judge blasted Cleveland newspapers for "trying" Sheppard ("a mockery of justice") with such editorial outbursts as GET THAT KILLER (TIME, July 24). For their part, newsmen refuse to surrender the right of the press to alert and inform the public. Though they may err on the side of sensationalism, their job is to ways to dig out all the facts. The Constitution, after all, guarantees a free press just as firmly as it does due process. The tough problem here, as it frequently is in the law, is to balance both cherished values.

Newsmen argue that defense and prosecution lawyers must share the blame for press abuses. The American Bar Association is ready to concede

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that lawyers have much to answer for. Scheduled for passage by the House of Delegates this week at the association's annual convention in Manhattan is a stern new canon of ethics:

"It is the duty of a lawyer engaged either in the prosecution or the defense of a person accused of a crime to refrain from any action which might interfere with the right of either the accused or the prosecuting governmental entity to a fair trial. To that end it is improper and professionally reprehensible for a lawyer so engaged to express to the public or in any manner extrajudicially any opinion or prediction as to the guilt or innocence of the accused, the weight of the evidence against him or the likelihood that he will be either convicted or acquitted."

Reward from a Robbery Rap

In what may be the year's prize legal oddment, a canny convicted robber has just used Britain's stern libel laws to win a $45,000 judgment against no less a personage than the detective who sent him to jail eleven years ago.

Alfred George Hinds, universally known as Alfie, was convicted of a $100,000 safecracking job in 1953, after being arrested by Herbert Sparks, former chief superintendent of Scotland Yard's ace flying squad. Passionately attached to liberty, Alfie tried to shorten his twelve-year sentence by escaping from jail three times, lost 13 appeals to the highest courts in the land. All this moved Sleuth Sparks, when he retired in 1962, to write a series of articles in the London Sunday Pictorial poohpoohing Alfie's claims of innocence.

Alfie sued Sparks for libel—in effect demanding that Sparks prove that the original conviction was correct. Sparks tried, but a London jury was unconvinced. It found in Alfie's favor—thus casting Alfie's robbery rap in doubt. "Now," he says happily, "I shall press for my conviction to be quashed."

P.A. REUTERS

HINDS & WIFE
A rare legal puzzle.

At first glance, Alfie seems to be asking too much. The doctrine of *res judicata* (the thing is decided) holds that a fully adjudicated conviction is final. But that doctrine applies only to the original parties—in Alfie's robbery case, that means *the Crown* v. *Hinds*. The libel suit involved different parties: *Hinds* v. *Sparks*, and only by coincidence was the robbery the key issue. Since it was the issue, however, Alfie managed to have himself found "innocent" in what laymen at least could view as a retrial. Whether he now deserves a pardon is up to Home Secretary Henry Brooke, who has a rare legal puzzle to solve.

COURTS

The Law's Delay

The biggest traffic jam in U.S. courts comes from personal-injury cases, usually growing out of automobile accidents. Such cases now take an average 17.6 months to reach jury trial in the nation's principal courts of general jurisdiction,* reports New York University's Institute of Judicial Administration. Although this year's delay is less than last year's (18.7 months), and is actually down to two months in Spokane, Wash., things still look grim in the heavily populated urban areas that handle most of the cases. The country's 13 slowest jurisdictions:

Cook County (Chicago), Ill.	57.6 months
Suffolk County (Long Island), N.Y.	52.6
Kings County (Brooklyn), N.Y.	51.3
Westchester County, N.Y.	51.0
Nassau County (Long Island), N.Y.	48.6
Philadelphia County, Pa.	48.4
Bronx County, N.Y.	44.6
Queens County, N.Y.	42.4
Cuyahoga County (Cleveland), Ohio	37.2
Washington, D.C.	37.0
Fairfield County, Conn.	32.3
Wayne County (Detroit), Mich.	32.0
Suffolk County (Boston), Mass.	32.0

CIVIL RIGHTS

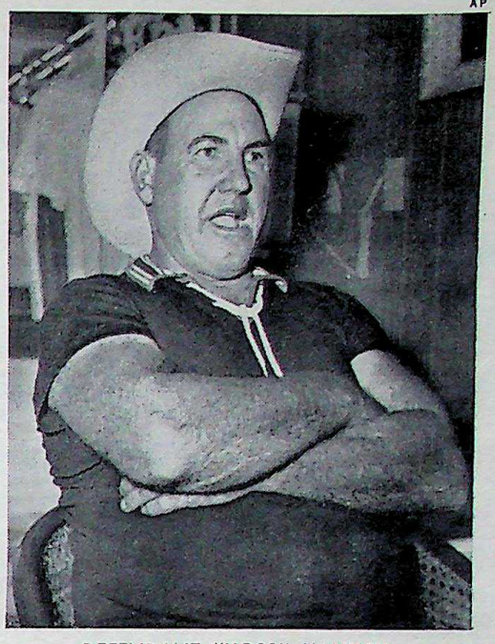
Hoss Unhorsed

In St. Augustine, Fla., most of the previously white-only motels and restaurants began serving Negroes as soon as the Civil Rights Act became law. The owners wanted peace; racial violence already had cut the tourist trade by 50%. Yet a few days later, most places were resegregated. An army of white racists, the owners said, had forced them to lock out Negroes once more on pain of assault or worse.

In a precedent-setting case under the new law, St. Augustine Negroes asked U.S. District Judge Bryan Simpson in Jacksonville to order compliance by 15 motels and restaurants in their city. Going to the key issue of enforcement, the plaintiffs sought an injunction against the owners' alleged coercers—a troop of white toughs headed by Hol-

* County courts with a variety of names, such as superior court, supreme court, circuit court and court of common pleas.

AP



DEFENDANT "HOSS" MANUCY
A case of law v. pride.

sted ("Hoss") Manucy, a convicted moonshiner of Majorcan descent. Manucy, who runs something called the Ancient City Hunting Club, denies membership in the Ku Klux Klan but calls it "a wonderful organization."

At the trial last week, Judge Simpson let the motel and restaurant owners convict Manucy & Co. The owners told of being picketed by whites carrying such intimidating signs as "Niggers Eat Here. Would You?" Many reported anonymous phone calls: "You're not gonna make it home if you keep serving them." Eddy Mussallem of the Caravan Motel said he called everybody from the sheriff to the state police, only to be told that the pickets were doing nothing illegal. With unwitting irony, Tom Xynidis of the Sea Fair Restaurant told Judge Simpson that he was afraid of obeying the law on his own: "If I'm the only one, how can I face my fellow citizens with pride?"

Ordered to take the stand, Hoss Manucy parried one question after another with the same evasive words: "I'm not gonna answer that at this time." Manucy refused to admit not only that he had ever threatened anyone, but also that he even knew his own sons, five of them being his co-defendants. "You don't mean you don't know the people at this time," snapped Judge Simpson, "just that you don't want to answer at this time." Said Manucy meekly: "Yes, Your Honor."

That was enough for Judge Simpson, a Florida aristocrat whose grandfathers fought on both sides in the Civil War. Ordering the restaurant doors opened to Negroes, Simpson enjoined the Manucys and "each member" (about 1,500) of the Ancient City Hunting Club from molesting the owners or Negro customers in any way. James Brock, whose Monson Motor Lodge was set afire, still had a point. For the Civil Rights Act to work in St. Augustine, he testified, "we will need very strong law enforcement for a long time."

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ART

PAINTERS & SCULPTORS IN THE HAMPTON DUNES* HANS NAM

"If you say to a cocktail party of brokers out here, 'I'm a painter,' they understand."

ARTISTS

The Summer Place

There is something about success in art that leads artists to appreciate the kind of surroundings that success on Wall Street leads stockbrokers to appreciate. If in midsummer 1964 it became necessary to page 150 ranking painters and sculptors, the place to go would be the Hamptons on the eastern end of Long Island, an area best known as a golfing, sailing, tennis-playing, tanning and drinking preserve for the rich.

A 40-mile stretch of sea, sand and shore towns, the Hamptons have attracted artists ever since the 1870s, when Winslow Homer went there to paint impressionistic oils of ladies dipping their toes in the surf. Last week the art colony was at its midseason busiest. The oldest colonial, visionary Architect Frederick Kiesler, 67, was at work on a 46-ft. sculpture despite a recent heart attack. Sculptor Costantino Nivola, 53, a swarthy Sardinian who likes to cast concrete abstracts in a huge sand pit on his 40-acre property, was busy making a small sculpture of Kiesler.

An Abundance of Axes. Pop Artist Jim Dine has just bought a house in the area and says he likes the Hamptons for a special reason: the marine and farmers' hardware in local stores. "I've bought more than 20 axes to put in my new assemblages," he reported. "If I'd bought them in Manhattan, the store clerks would have turned me in as an ax murderer."

The artists of the Hamptons form anything but a school. Alexander Brook still paints tender nudes from life, works in a former stable in the old whaling town of Sag Harbor, and putts around in his Model T and 1935 Rolls-Royce. *Realists* such as Fairfield Porter, Paul Georges and Moses Soyer live within a short drive of Abstractionists Ludwig Sander, Corrado Marca-Relli and James Brooks. Even *New Yorker* Cartoonists Charles Addams and Saul Steinberg find the region warmly inclusive.

A De Kooning House. Architect Gordon Bunshaft, chief designer and partner in Skidmore, Owings & Merrill, has built a small concrete and marble pavilion overlooking an inshore bay, and Edward Durell Stone remodeled a 21-room, grey-shingled elephant on a dune where Jacqueline Kennedy used to play when she was a subdeb Bouvier. The Hamptons' most illustrious and most retiring painter, Willem de Kooning, turned architect and built his own house —over and over again. A huge, $150,000-plus modern mansion with all the daring angularity of De Kooning's art, it has a 30-ft.-high studio and a sauna in the basement, but it is still unfinished after four years of continuous construction, destruction and rebuilding.

Sculptor Ibram Lassaw believes that the merit of the Hamptons for artists is just that "they can find a studio here." Painter Lucia Wilcox, who used to turn fish thrown away by local fishermen into bouillabaisse for Max Ernst, Jean Hélion and Fernand Léger when they were war refugees in the Hamptons, says, "I am crazy about the sky. It's like Paris." City Landscapist Jane Wilson likes the change. Moreover, Art lives comfortably with Wealth. Adolph Gottlieb is a neighbor to one of the U.S.'s richest insurancemen. He reports that "if you say to a cocktail party of brokers out here, 'I'm a painter,' they understand. They are interested in art."

* Among the better-known, left to right: Lee Krasner, cigarette in hand, talking to Balcomb Greene in dark shirt; Buffe Johnson, standing in sarape; David Porter, reclining on elbow; James Brooks, in center of cluster, showing profile; Adolph Gottlieb, in white loafers, half hiding Lucia Wilcox and Ibram Lassaw, grinning; John Ferren, puffing pipe; Frederick Kiesler, standing at rear in bow tie; Jane Wilson, in sleeveless dress, turning toward Theodoros Stamos, showing only hair and forehead; Robert Dash, sitting at extreme right.

PAINTING

Resurrected Mural

In his old age, Raoul Dufy fretted a great deal over the fate of the painting he considered a masterpiece, the gigantic mural called *The Fairy Electricity*. Shown at the 1937 International Exposition in Paris, it was later cut up into 250 sections and stored in a musty warehouse. Despite Dufy's best efforts, no place could be found big enough to exhibit the mural permanently.

Now, eleven years after Dufy's death, the painting has been reassembled and installed in the great semi-elliptical hall of Paris' Museum of Modern Art, where it has become the major attraction of a mediocre institution. Crowds shuffle back and forth, dazzled by the light bouncing off *The Fairy Electricity's* lacquered surface—for real electricity has not served to light it very well.

Tossed in amidst sprouting red vines, canoes, traffic lights, an orchestra, lightning, tricolored smoke, tankers, sailboats and quiet pastoral scenes stand 110 greats of the history of science. To make things less bewildering for the liberate, Dufy labeled the figures. Originally he painted all of them—Archimedes who once ran naked through the streets of Syracuse, Thales, Aristotle, Leonardo, Bacon, Galileo, Faraday, Pascal, Morse, Edison, Bell, Helmholtz—in the nude. Then he had extras from the Comédie Française model period costumes while he dressed up his pantheon.

But is it the masterpiece Dufy thought it to be? Its central focus, a dynamo rendered blueprint-style in all its 1937 grandeur, is sublimely anachronistic; its diversity makes it seem a collage of pages from a sketchbook; its pretentious setting heightens all its weaknesses. Somewhat ambiguously, the museum bills the mural as "the world's largest painting"; viewers walk away feeling that they have seen the world's largest hand-painted billboard.

Raoul Dufy has become chief new attraction in Paris' Museum of Modern Art. Titled *The Fairy* ing, first commissioned for *1937 Paris fair*, celebrates in crystalline colors the industry's pioneers.

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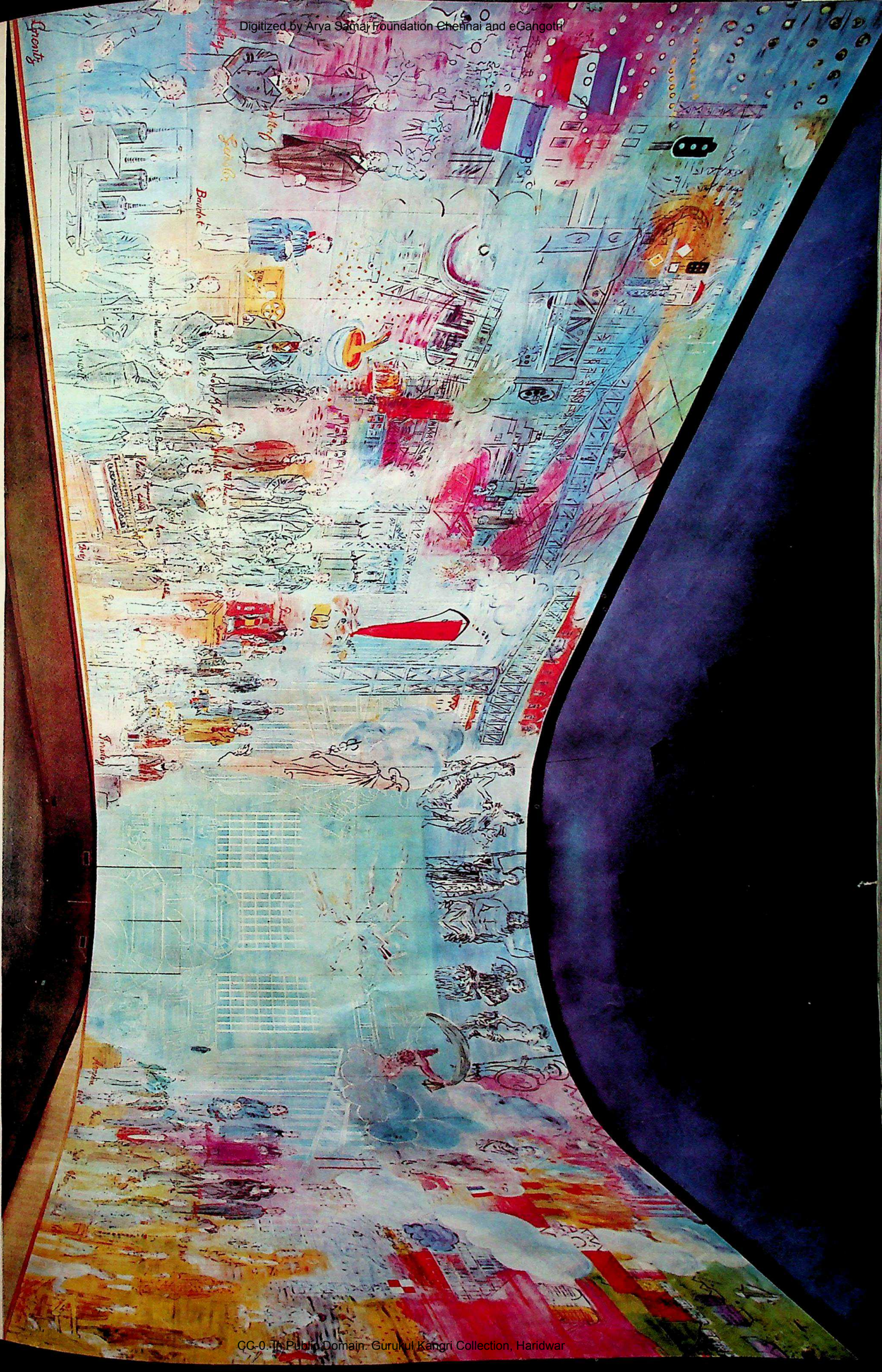

MONUMENTAL MURAL by late Fauvist Painter Raoul Dufy has become chief new attraction in Paris' Museum of Modern Art. Titled *The Fairy Electricity*, the huge (33 ft. by 197 ft.) painting, first commissioned for 1937 Paris fair, celebrates in crystalline colors the industry's pioneers.

HEINZ ZINRAM

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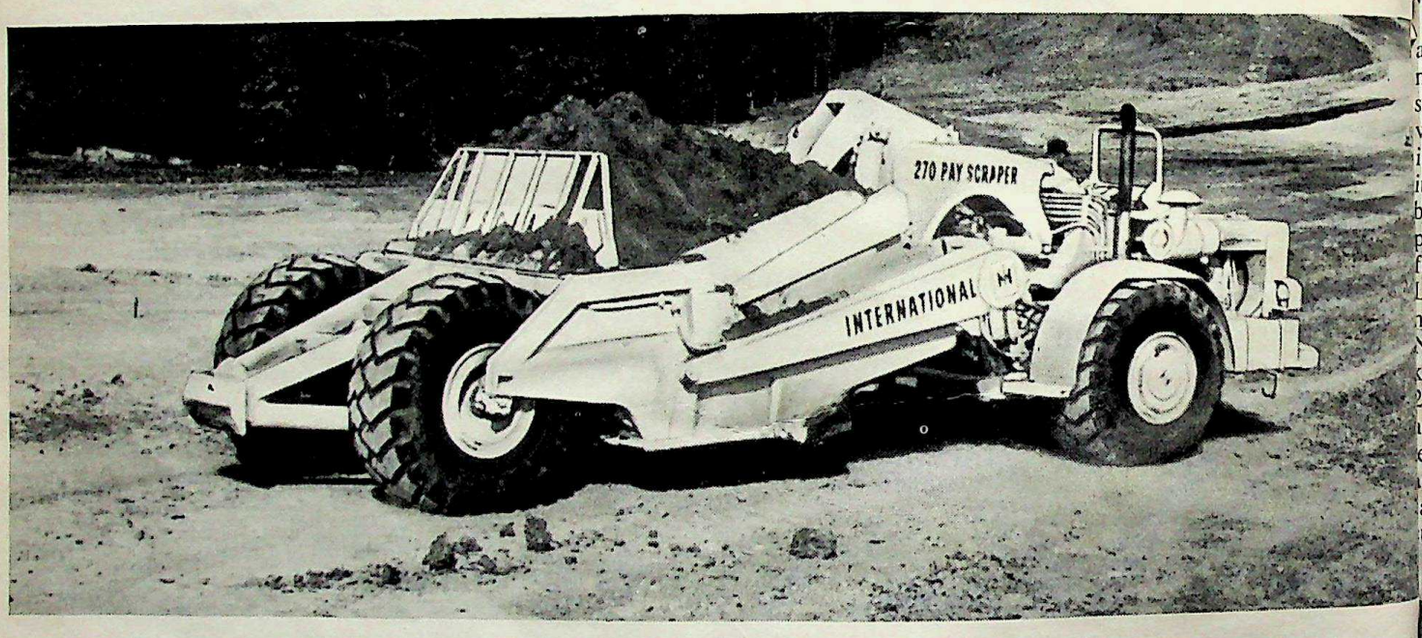
Coming...

or going...



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EVANGELISM

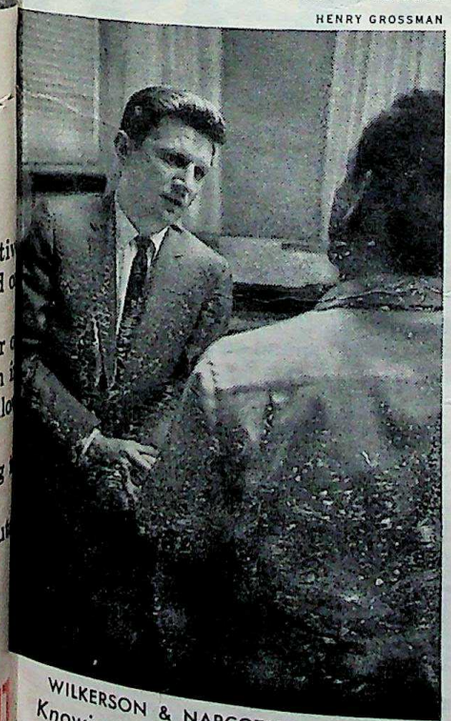
Preaching the Monkey Off Their Backs

When Toni walked into the old Georgian house on the edge of the slum-ridden Bedford-Stuyvesant section of Brooklyn, she was on the brink of hopelessness. At 31, she was not long out of jail, had no job, no money, and eight years of prostitution and drug addiction behind her. "I didn't know about this religion bit they had there," she said. "But man, I was ready to try anything." It is now four months later, and Toni appears to have beat off despair. Her eyes are bright, her health is back, and her manner downright pleasant. "You know when I knew?" says she. "I knew when a pregnant girl said something nasty to me. I would have kicked her right in the belly before. But this time I just stood there—and then I walked away."

Cold Turkey. Like hundreds of drug addicts before her, Toni owes her metamorphosis to Evangelist David Wilkerson, 33, a Pentecostal minister who went to New York in 1959 with $12.95 in his pocket, and now runs a rehabilitation program in New York with a budget of $200,000—"every dime prayed in." What brought Wilkerson from Philipsburg, Pa., was a drawing in LIFE that showed some teen-agers who had stabbed a polio victim to death in New York's Highbridge Park. Soon Wilkerson gravitated toward the city's 24,000 drug addicts, bringing with him a naively simple solution to their problems: "We don't believe in medical aids, and we don't believe in psychology," says he. "God is the only one who can cure you," he tells addicts.

Helped by 20 volunteer workers from Evangelical Bible colleges and a $30,000 mortgage, Wilkerson began his Teen Challenge Center four years ago in an old house on Brooklyn's Clinton Avenue. Through street services and word of mouth, he takes in about 40 junkies a month; more than half of them are Latin American, mainly Puerto Rican. He sets about trying to cure them by abruptly cutting off their drug supplies—a technique known as "cold turkey" that is scorned by most medical experts.

HENRY GROSSMAN



WILKERSON & NARCOTICS VICTIM
Knowing God is the biggest thrill.

But Wilkerson's serving of cold turkey is unlike anybody else's. He never leaves an addict alone in the throes of withdrawal, helps them pray as they agonize through their first three days without a fix. "Once when I had to kick in jail," says Toni, "I vomited, I had diarrhea, I twitched all over, I couldn't eat and I couldn't sleep. When I kicked here, I ached some, but in two days I was eating three meals a day. How can you feel sick where everyone's always saying, 'How do you feel, honey? Can I rub your back for you?' "

Every Addict a Minister? Wilkerson concedes that half the addicts who come to him do not stay two weeks, but he also claims that 80% of those who stay are cured. Says he: "All their lives these kids have been looking for the big thrill—that's why they went on dope. I teach them that knowing God is the biggest thrill of all."

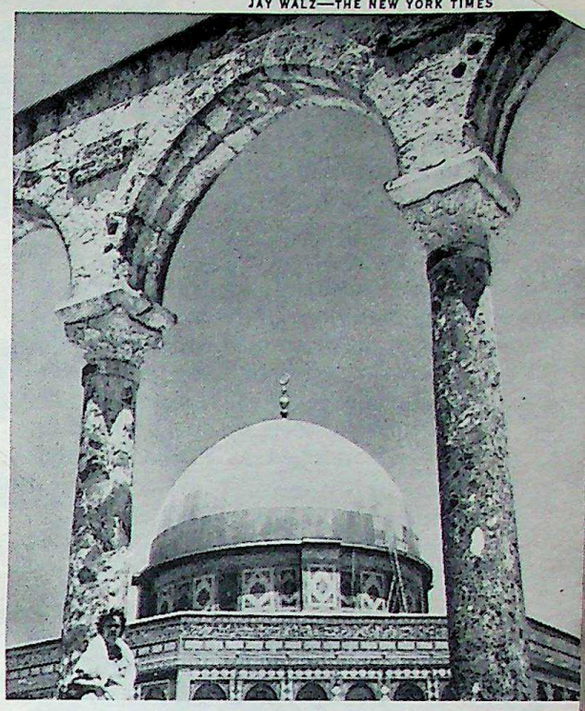
Teen Challenge Centers have sprung up in Boston, Chicago, Philadelphia, Los Angeles, San Francisco, Dallas and Toronto, and Wilkerson has a work farm for male addicts in Pennsylvania and a home for females in Rhinebeck, N.Y. His board of directors includes Tiffany Board Chairman Walter Hoving, Combined Insurance Co. of America President W. Clement Stone. Wilkerson has his critics, among them some of the most eminent narcotics specialists in the U.S. "Sure, he'll cure a few who are motivated by a religious fervor," says Dr. Robert Baird of New York's Haven Clinic. "But what's he going to do—turn every addict in the country into a minister?" Used to such judgments of his work, Wilkerson bridles only at clerical critics. "The church," says he, "has done less to cure drug addicts than anybody else. These kids are tired of 'bless-me clubs'; they want a church that's alive and active, not cold and dead."

MOSLEMS

Shrine Renewed

In the early days of Islam, when conquering Arab armies swept across Christian Syria, mosque making consisted of seizing Christian churches, closing their western entrances, opening new doors to the north, and praying facing south across the aisles toward Mecca. A few decades later, Moslem caliphs began to raise the first authentic mosques, blending Byzantine and Persian architecture, and in 691 A.D. the Caliph of Damascus, Abdul Malik Ibn Marwan, completed the great shrine called the Dome of the Rock.

JAY WALZ—THE NEW YORK TIMES



DOME OF THE ROCK
Glowing like 1,000 Arabian nights.

Over the centuries, the lead-sheathed wooden dome and most of the rest of the structure had to be restored on several occasions, but never in history did it suffer so much as from Israeli mortar fire in 1948. Architects reported that the entire structure had been so weakened by bombardment and the ravages of time that it needed renovation at once, and the Moslem nations set about raising $2,000,000 for the job. Last week Jordan's King Hussein, 28, surrounded by Moslem and Christian representatives from Arab nations, reopened the shrine, restored as nearly as possible to the way it was during the Middle Ages.

The original mosque, in what is now Jordanian Jerusalem, was built around the rock from which Mohammed supposedly rode to heaven on horseback in 632 A.D. The architecture was plain: a dome, 72 ft. in diameter, raised on a colonnaded drum to a peak of 116 ft. and set in the center of an octagon. But the decoration was splendid: quartered-marble paneling and glass mosaics on gold backgrounds.

Curved sheets of aluminum bronze alloy have replaced the lead on the dome, thus lightening the load from 200 to a mere 40 tons, and Egyptian and Jordanian architects have added an aluminum staircase inside it. New mosaics, tiles and marble from Italy, Greece, Turkey and Belgium have been set into the walls. The mosque is most resplendent after dark: for the first time, the Dome of the Rock is illuminated like a thousand Arabian nights, with indirect lighting inside and huge spotlights set on the grounds outside.

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THE PRESS

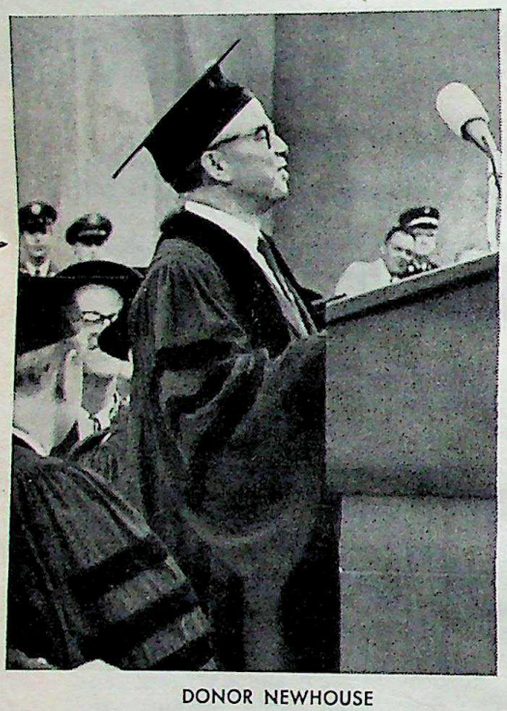
PUBLISHERS

Little Sam's Big Gift

Though he owns the nation's largest newspaper empire,* Samuel I. Newhouse, 69, is often criticized as a crass financier whose only concern is his profit, who has done little to improve the quality of his often mediocre papers. But at Syracuse University last week, Press Lord Newhouse (TIME cover, July 27, 1962) drew himself up to his full 5 ft. 3 in. and watched as President Johnson inaugurated a handsome new building that will testify to Sam Newhouse's concern for quality in the press long after his critics' cries have faded.

After the President explained U.S. actions in Viet Nam (*see* THE U.S.), visitors got their first look at the concrete and glass cruciform structure designed by I. M. Pei to be the first of three buildings in Syracuse University's Newhouse Communications Center—a $15 million gift from Sam. The new building will house the School of Journalism in superbly equipped surroundings. In two experimental underground classrooms, students will answer examination questions by pushing buttons and a computer instantly totes up their scores. Other rooms are set up like regular city rooms, complete with wire-service Teletype machines. Construction will start within a year or so on a radio and TV building and a journalism library. When the entire complex is finished in 1970, said Syracuse University Chancellor William Tolley, the Newhouse gift will have built the world's most modern communications school.

* Nineteen dailies with a combined circulation of 5,800,000. He also owns Condé Nast (*Mademoiselle, Vogue, House & Garden*) and five television stations.



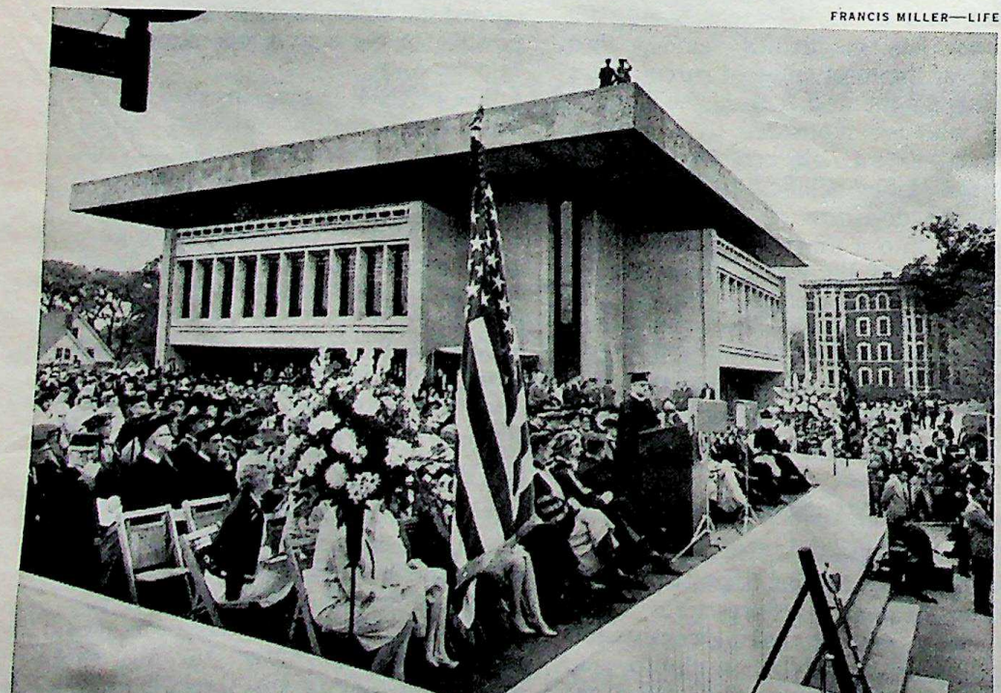
DONOR NEWHOUSE

LIBEL

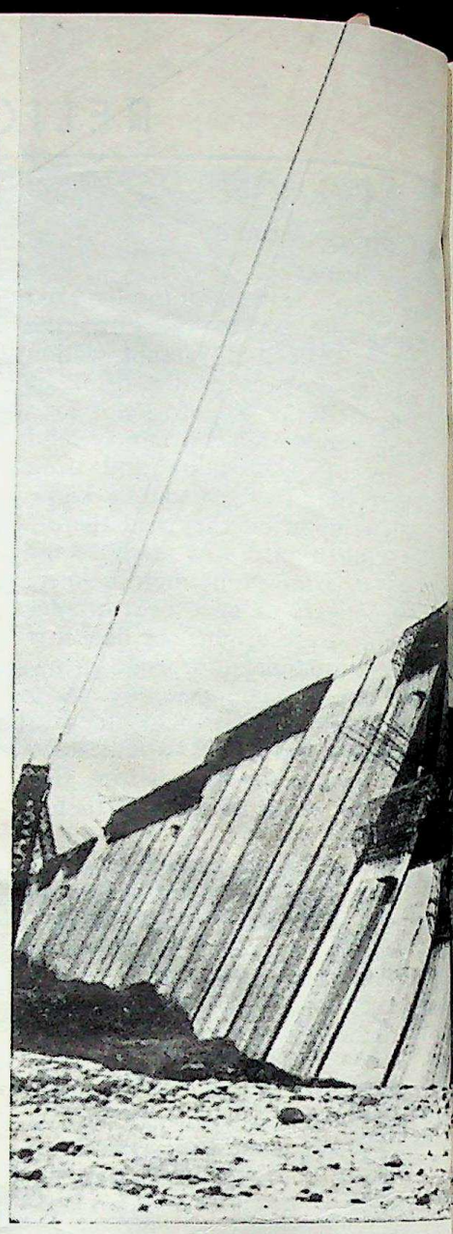
Filling in the Blanks

As part of a sensational exposé on British racketeering, London's tabloid Sunday Mirror last month thundered on its front page that Scotland Yard was investigating a homosexual relationship between a peer of the realm and a notorious London gangster. The Sunday Mirror and its weekday sister, the Daily Mirror, which repeated the story, named no names, describing the peer only as "a household word." But upon returning from a vacation, Lord Booth-

FRANCIS MILLER—LIFE



PRESIDENT JOHNSON AT DEDICATION OF SYRACUSE'S JOURNALISM BUILDING
And a computer shall judge them.



Co

THE

Only flying over the romantic spra Sudan gives you a quick understand country. It is an immense plain. To and west, desert. To the east, an tract bounding the Red Sea. To (reaching within about three degre Equator), scrub and forest alive wi antelope and elephant.

1 The Sudan is a country of unexplor and possibilities, covering nearly a mill miles. Of this about 120 million acres but only slightly over 5 million ac present cropped. Cotton is by far important cash-crop, and it is amon in the world—fine, long and strong.

2 The boom prices cotton earned capital of Khartoum/Omdurman int great urban centres of Africa, with new buildings, an international ai rows of suburban houses.

THE BATTLE FOR WATE

3 The Sudan's ten-year plan is fu First, the fight for more water. The G is building two dams—one to supp

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Construction work on the new Roseires dam. Controlling the exhausting sequence of floods and droughts is one of the country's major problems.

SUDAN

CONTROLLING THE WATERS, DEVELOPING THE LAND

dam on the Blue Nile, the other on the tbara to develop about half a million new cultivable land.

nd, the fight for new cash-crops. To re-er-dependence on cotton (about 60% of , the country is exporting gum-arabic, nuts and sesame, and experimenting with ffee and wheat.

SEA-BORNE OIL POWERS NEW INDUSTRIES

orts swallow up cotton earnings. So the encouraging agricultural development reign industrial investment with low duties on materials, etc. A winning com- in a country where the people are hard-working individualists.

new agricultural projects, as well as the cloth and sugar industries, need power. wide it, oil is carried from Port Sudan on d Sea to the many storage depots located tegic points up-country. As you read this, a finery is being built to process a million tons products a year. Oil complements hydro- ity as a source of power for development.

WHERE THE BLUE NILE MEETS THE WHITE

7 In the midst of so much activity, one of the pleasantest spots in the Sudan is still Khartoum, where the Blue and White Niles meet at the junction called the "Elephant's Trunk".

8 Here you can feel the soft Nile breeze, and watch fishing boats spread their nets for perch against the deep blue sky.

Winter has come, so take me home
to the warmth and splendour of Khartoum

a poet wrote nostalgically.

SHELL AND WORLD OIL

To achieve self-generating growth the young industries of the Sudan need more and more oil. So do those of many developing countries. Oil is one of the fastest growing sources of energy, and demand is expected to double within 15 years.

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by, 64, onetime parliamentary private secretary to Winston Churchill, looked into the Mirrors and in effect screamed: That's me they're talking about!

Lord Boothby, who is divorced from a cousin of former Prime Minister Harold Macmillan's wife, immediately wrote a letter to the Times of London denying that he was a homosexual. He sent copies of the letter to the two Mirrors, challenging them to print whatever "shred of evidence" they had against him and "to take the consequences."

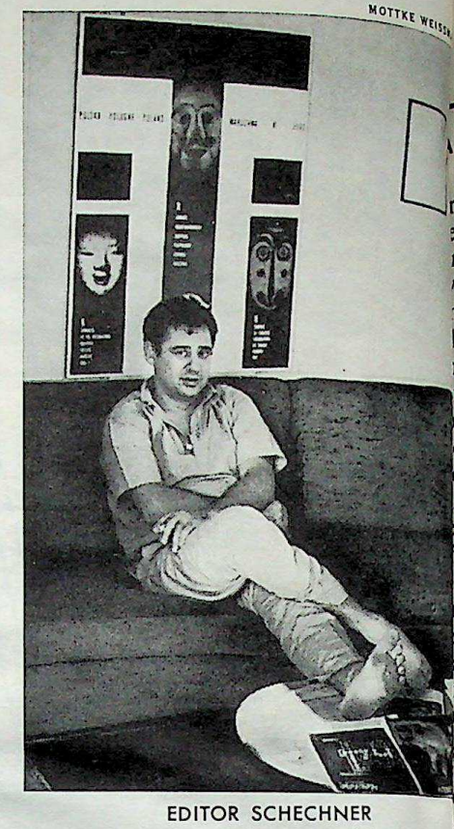
Press Lord Cecil King, who publishes the Daily and Sunday Mirrors, which are two of Britain's largest mass-circulation papers, wasted little time deciding that those consequences might be altogether too unpleasant. To avoid any legal action by Lord Boothby, King admitted that his papers had erred, apologized and paid the peer $112,000 in damages. Lord Boothby thus won the distinction of becoming the first man in memory who ever named himself as the subject of a damaging printed report and then collected damages.

MAGAZINES

Dramatically Different

The "little magazines"—a select and often little-read group of literary periodicals—tend to remain small because they appeal to limited audiences. Yet one of the newer little magazines shows promise of surprising growth. It is the eight-year-old *Tulane Drama Review*, in which Editor Richard Schechner, a Tulane University Ph.D., combines a scholar's skill with the insight and pugnacity of a first-rate journalist. Since taking over two years ago, he has increased the stature of *T.D.R.* enough that the American National Theater and Academy last month switched its group subscription from *Show* to *T.D.R.* ANTA's 4,800 members will increase the magazine's circulation to nearly 15,000, placing it among the leading literary quarterlies. "*T.D.R.* started off as a valuable magazine," says Yale Drama Professor John Gassner; "now it is indispensible for anyone connected with the theater."

Hard News. Schechner has won such praise by putting into his magazine something most literary editors overlook—hard news. When Julian Beck and his wife Judith Malina, the founders of Manhattan's Living Theater, barricaded themselves in their theater to ward off eviction, he interviewed them through a megaphone. He keeps in touch with European theater on both sides of the Curtain. He prints a previously unpublished play in each issue; so far, each of the plays has been produced within a few months of its *T.D.R.* debut. Though Tulane University provides a New Orleans office and financial aid, Schechner is free to print what he pleases, depends largely on non-scholars for his articles. "We are not here," he says "to inflate academic egos." Schechner, who turns out the magazine with



EDITOR SCHECHNER
Aeschylus and Shaw would applaud.

the help of Associate Editor Ted Hoffman, worked on college newspapers at Cornell and Iowa University, was in Paris writing his doctoral thesis on Ionescu when he was tapped for the *T.D.R.* job.

Schechner has also stirred up interest with his caustically outspoken editorial comments. He delights in dissenting. While critics almost unanimously praised Edward Albee's *Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?*, Schechner called it "a classic of bad taste." He attacks plays that promote what he calls "morbidity and sexual perversity which are only there to titillate an impotent and homosexual theater and audience." He denounces Broadway as "commodity theater," and crusades for a quicker ing of local professional and university theaters, where, he believes, the future of American theater lies. While just about everyone else was doing stories on Shakespeare, Schechner a special issue on Marlowe.

Running Rebuttals. Although Schechner states his case with an almost belligerent finality, he is not at all averse to inviting an adversary to write a buttal that he runs directly after own piece. The result, says Historian Jacques Barzun, "takes the theater of the realm of mere grease paint and glamor and into that of ideas and ing. Aeschylus and Shaw would plaud, and I do too."

NEWSPAPERS

Headline of the Week

REPORT HEAVE IS GIVEN HO

In New York City's Daily N above a story on the rumor that Chi Minh had been replaced as dent of North Viet Nam.

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THE THEATER

Trick But Not a Treat

Laterna Magika is a marriage of rama, music and movies, and it de- elops both the hoopla and the prob- ms of the *ménage a trois*. Invented two clever Czechs named Alfred and mil Radok, *Laterna Magika* is present- on a split-level stage surrounded d intersected by movie screens: wide reens, narrow screens, square screens, und screens—one, two, five, ten, thir- en screens illuminated by three pro- ctors projecting several pictures at the me time and the whole gazingstock companied by a skull-splitting roar stereophonic sound.

Last week after a six-year run in ague and several tours of Europe, *terna Magika* arrived for a six-week and in Manhattan's Carnegie Hall. n opening night a full and fashion- le house sat still for a 2½-hour show at started with a swift skid through hmaltz (a 90-minute medley of scenes om Jacques Offenbach's roman- opera, *Tales of Hoffmann*) and fin- ed with a swift skip through the ly side of the medium (a hilarious ort subject in which the actors one movie wander accidentally into other).

As a *tour de technique*, the show is scinating. Sometimes an actor shows on the stage, sometimes on one of screens. Once, when the hero tries find him, the villain darts elusively m one screen to another. Sometimes live actors slip behind the main een, which is transparent, and appear play parts in the picture. The actors the picture meanwhile play parts on stage. When the live actors sing at m, they sing back. Sometimes the ne figure sings from three screens at e. Sometimes each screen is a dif- nt color. Sometimes all are black white. Sometimes the negatives are ersed. Sometimes the images on the een and the scenes onstage are split scattered in a maze of mirrors till sion and reality dissolve in shimmer- similitude.

All this is fun, and it snowed some opean critics. But to American audi- es, sated with TV spectaculars and h, *Laterna* is scarcely *magika*. Its e is dated and decadent. The spec- or sees with sad surprise that *Hoff- nn's* masks and mirrors, carriages candelabra are no longer consid- arty by the Party. What's more, show attempts too many things at e and too few of them really fit to- her. The actors on the screen, for tance, continually steal scenes from actors on the stage—they are bigger, ghter, louder. As a result, the spec- or is continually aware that he is tching a trick, an immensely intricate k that doesn't quite come off. Even it did come off, *Laterna Magika* would be a trick and not a treat. It is gitimate theater.

DUBONNET IS A PRODUCE OF C.D.C. EXPORT DIVISION 30 AVENUE KLEBER PARIS

I FEEL ALL TWISTED UP!

Well, have a Dubonnet

E. Du. 181

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TRAVEL

A Foreign Country

This summer as never before, Americans are realizing that to most of the world's population the U.S. is "abroad," a strange land for tourists to goggle at, write home about, and exclaim over in their incomprehensible tongues. In 1964 more than 300,000 Frenchmen, Germans, English, Italians, Russians and Japanese—not counting students, government officials, 5,000,000 Canadians and 260,000 Mexicans—are expected to visit the U.S. This amounts to an increase of 31,491 over the influx last year and about a 77% gain over 1960. "The U.S. vacation," says a London travel agent, "is the In thing this year."

There is still a formidable gap in the balance of travel: U.S. tourists spent $2 billion overseas last year, while foreign visitors will spend $375 million in the U.S. in 1964. But Americans are quickly getting the hang of catering to the tourist from abroad. So is the fledgling Government Tourist Agency, which spends $2,600,000 a year to plug the New World in ads and pamphlets, and has striven heroically to dispel the general impression that a trip to the U.S. is only for the rich. Even with generally unfavorable currency exchange rates, Europeans are astonished to find such travel bargains as the $99 bus ticket that will take a traveler as far as he wishes on any line for one month, an airplane ticket that will do the same on 15 local feeder lines for either $100 (15 days) or $200 (45).

Distances & Delights. Chief problem for Europeans is the language barrier. The Japanese don't expect to communicate in anything but English, but most Continentals can get along in at least one other language besides their own, and it comes as a shock to find the Americans so relentlessly monolingual. The cash value of tourism, though, is bound to engender more linguistic proficiency. In only a year's time, New York City's Newtom Commuting Corp., has built up a booming hired-car service around the idea of having polylingual chauffeurs, who pick up foreigners at the airport and stick with them for the duration of their stay in the city (Newtom can handle nine languages, so far). Manhattan's Gray Line sightseeing buses now offer spiels in Spanish, German, French and Japanese.

Another rude awakening for transatlantic visitors is America's sheer size. French travel agents have learned to make a point of telling their clients that the U.S. is 17½ times bigger than France, but still they are repeatedly disappointed to learn that a morning is not enough to visit the Grand Canyon from Denver or that a horseback ride across Arizona would be no fun at all. The insular English are forever making appointments for lunch in Boston to be followed by dinner in Phoenix and then wondering what all the rush is about.

Pleasantest surprise is Americans' easygoing friendliness and hospitality amid all the busy-busy activity. "New Yorkers," wrote Shirley Conran in the London Observer, "have the unself-conscious *joie de vivre* of the French without being nearly so rude." Warned in advance that Manhattan cab drivers are a surly lot, a pair of visiting secretaries from London were converted within minutes of arrival by an airport hackie who insisted on treating them to a free tour of Manhattan, complete with running commentary. Industrialist Georges Monroy from Arques, France, stopped recently to stare in admiration at a farm in California and was overwhelmed when the farmer drove up, spent two hours showing him around. "This pleasant man," he marveled, "took us to his house and offered good Scotch!"

The Spot for Kissing. U.S. food is also likely to be a not unpleasant surprise—especially to French and Italian tourists, who come prepared to sicken or starve on a diet of greasy hamburgers and limp French fries. Not only do they wax ecstatic. "It's a shock at first," runs the typical reaction, "but you soon get used to it." The attractions they talk about most, however, are the superhighways and the coin-laundries, the toilet paper and the free soap, department stores, motels, and skyscraper hotels, and the simply operated, station free telephones, over which human speech can actually be understood.

About 34% of the Europeans who have been discovering America this year have been English, 18% German, 12% Italian, 10% French. Notwithstanding Charles de Gaulle's supercilious view of the U.S., 19.5% more French this year than last, and 77.2% more than in the first half of 1961, have come to see for themselves. The venerable Paris publishing house of Hachette has just concluded a guide to New York in the famed *Guides Bleus* series, which notes, among other weightier matters, that:

▶ There are no *pissoirs* on the streets in deference to U.S. sensibilities, and such facilities as there are are often deliberately camouflaged behind doors bearing cute euphemisms such as Romeos and Juliets.

▶ It would take a foreigner ten years to grasp the rules of baseball: "If a ball goes into the stands kills someone, the

FRED SCHNELL

PIPER-CUBBING ACROSS THE U.S.

DAVID GAHR

CASING WORLD'S FAIR

RUBBERNECKING IN CHICAGO

Where the natives speak English, give away soap and go to the Romeo.

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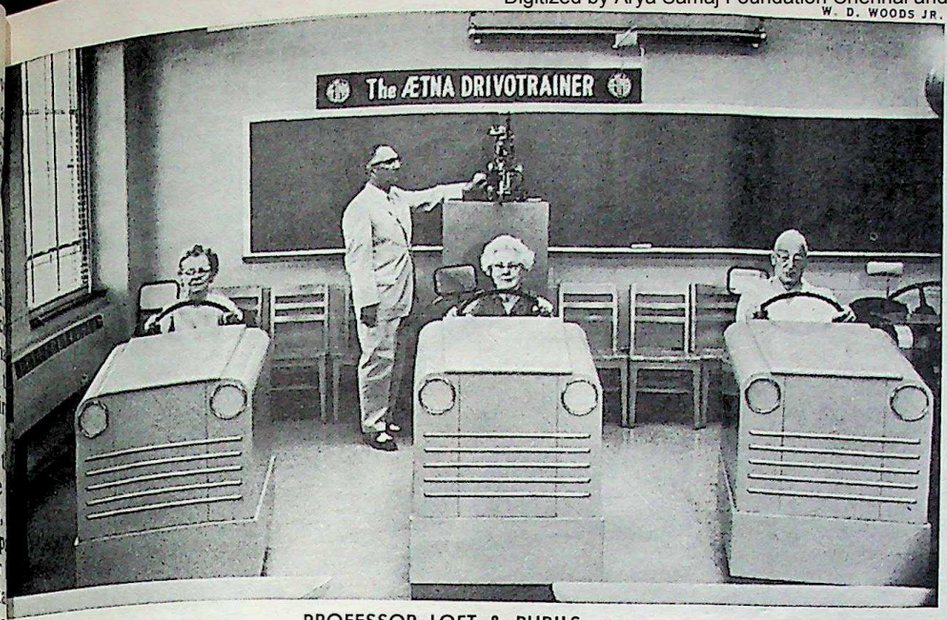
W. D. WOODS JR.



PROFESSOR LOFT & PUPILS
Most gain confidence from learning their limitations.

m will be well pleased. There isn't a easanter death in America."
The Empire State Building's observa- on roof is one of the best spots in the orld for kissing.

THE HIGHWAY

he Elderly Driver

If teen-agers are dangerous drivers, are their grandparents. And the rem- y may well be the same for both: ucation. So thinks Bernard I. Loft, , associate professor of health and fety at Indiana University, who last ek wound up a pilot project in geri- ic driver training that may go a long y toward proving his point.

Back to School. High school courses driving and traffic have been a solid ccess, argues Loft: boys and girls who ve taken them are involved in 50% wer violations and accidents than se who have not. "With teen-agers," says, "the biggest problem is attitude, k of maturity and judgment, not skill. with senior citizens, maturity, judg- nt and attitude for the most part are remely good. They need help in de- loping confidence, and they have to taught their weaknesses and how to mpensate for them."

Last month Loft began a training ogram for 14 women and five men tween the ages of 56 and 75 who unteered in response to a newspaper y. Each trainee received two 45- nute periods of driving instruction per ek with a graduate student in Pro- sor Loft's department, as well as a -hour classroom session. The first ssroom session was devoted to tests visual acuity, including distance judg- nt, reaction time, ability to distin- ish colors, see in the dark and recover m headlight glare. The remaining assroom sessions included handling the ttons and levers, everyday driving ma- uvers, good practices in traffic, on eeways and under bad conditions. hen the program has been evaluated, ft plans to invite all Indiana high school driving teachers to one-day semi- nars on the plan, so that they can initi- ate similar driving education for old people in their own communities. "I expect this idea to spread," he says.

Lock the Doors. Graduates of Loft's first course seemed to feel that their time was well spent. Miss Elizabeth Means, 75, has been driving since 1923, but after all these years says that "back- ing worried me. Now I feel I have the right technique." And Henry C. Gray, 69, a retired mechanical engineer, who estimates that he has driven about 400,- 000 miles, discovered that his night vi- sion is poor and he should do as little night driving as possible.

Gray doesn't buy all his instructor's recommendations, though—such as the practice of keeping the car's doors locked while driving, both to avoid be- ing thrown out in case of an accident and to prevent anyone from getting into the car while it is stopped at a traffic light. "In the past I haven't felt the ne- cessity of locking the doors," he says, "and I doubt that I'm going to change my ways in the future. Another thing they recommend is that you hold the steering wheel at 'ten and two o'clock'. Well, the spokes on my Rambler's wheel are at 'four and eight o'clock', and it's going to be hard not to catch them right there—for normal driving, at least."

THE ZOO

Fifi: Si!
Bobo? No!

All of Seattle is distressed about Bobo. He is the 560-lb. star of Wood- land Park zoo, just turned 13, in the prime of life. He is one of the hand- somest, healthiest gorillas in captivity. But Bobo has a problem: he doesn't like girl gorillas.

Eight years ago, Seattle was so proud of Bobo that everyone from schoolchil- dren to tycoons chipped in to raise $4,000 to buy him a suitable bride. They settled for a dainty (350 lbs.), nubile (aged 11) enchantress, whose main aim in life is to reproduce. Bobo will hardly look at her.

It's not that he's run-down. Each day Bobo gets a massive dose of vita- min E, swigs pure wheat-germ oil, eight raw egg yolks, a jigger of thiamine and a 20-mg. jolt of male hormones. Each day also brings more letters, aphrodi- siac recipes and snide phone calls from citizens who don't like what Bobo is do- ing to their city's image. Many Seattle- ites volunteer remedies: "Send Fifi away on a separate vacation," wrote one wom- an. "It works for me every time. Bobo will love her when she comes back." A man who lives on Puget Sound is so en- thusiastic about his own regeneration that he has offered to gather and deliver fresh oysters daily. Zoo Director Frank Vincenzi thinks that a pornographic movie might give Bobo some ideas. Trouble is, no blue film ever made was aimed at the genuine simian market. Fifi needs no such jogging. On the con- trary. Her lonely desperation has driven her to amorous lengths that are enough to make a gorilla blush.

Woodland Park authorities think that Bobo's trouble may arise from an overprotected childhood. He was brought up by a couple like a human baby. He slept in a ribboned bassinet, ate in a high chair, sat on a potty, played pat-a-cake, and wore little-boy suits. When he became too obstreperous and was sold to the zoo at the age of 2½, he was so miserable with his clothes off, and so afraid of the other animals, that his foster mother came and slept in a cot by his side every night for three weeks.

Dr. Kenneth Binkley, the zoo veteri- narian, is pessimistic. His diagnosis: "Single male primates raised from ba- byhood in human homes are highly neu- rotic. Bobo has human inhibitions—he simply will not make an exhibition of himself in public."

DOLLY CONNELLY

SEATTLE'S RELUCTANT & BRIDE (REAR)
Some gentlemen just don't.

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PIA Boeings make 'firsts' in routes, flights, servic

A PIA Boeing 720B fan jet holds the world record for the fastest time between London and Karachi, London and Beirut and Beirut and Karachi. PIA are the first international airline to pioneer a new route to China with modern jets through Canton and Shanghai; the first service through Moscow and beyond. And the first airline to show inflight films to both First *and* Economy class passengers. It is this kind of modern and imaginative enterprise which explains why last year PIA—a consistently profitable airline—carried over 14% more passengers and why seasoned travellers say PIA are great people to fly with.

LONDON · FRANKFURT · MOSCOW · GENEVA · ROME
BEIRUT · TEHRAN · KARACHI · DACCA · CANTON · SHANGHAI

PAKISTAN INTERNATIONAL AIRLINES

GREAT PEOPL TO FLY WITH

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THE ECONOMY

Price Vigilance

The U.S. has come to expect higher prices as the cost of better times. The remarkable thing about the current advance is that prices have so far stayed relatively level, and that inflation has remained a bogeyman instead of a jingling presence. Nonetheless, the nation's economists are increasingly concerned about the possibility of broad upward price movements. That concern has been reinforced lately by rumblings from steel executives about the need for price rises and by signs that the United Auto Workers are determined to win a substantial settlement from the profit-heavy auto companies.

Not Ominous. For the price watchers, there have already been a few disturbing signs. In its latest survey, the National Association of Purchasing Agents found more prices going up than down. The prices of such basic metals as aluminum, copper and tin have risen. Scrap steel, electric motors and corrugated paper cartons are all more expensive now than a few months ago. Last week the major U.S. tire companies agreed that there should be an increase in the price of replacement tires—perhaps by 3%—to cover wage and benefit hikes won by workers.

For all that, the price increases have been scattered and without any ominous pattern. Some industries, such as chemicals, have had to rescind price increases because the market would not bear them. Though increases outnumber decreases, there have also been numerous price declines, for example in fuel, lumber, industrial pumps, electrical circuits, color TV sets. The wholesale price index, though an imperfect indicator, has stayed flat for many months. The more sensitive index developed by the National Bureau of Economic Research has been rising, and the consumer price index has been rising steadily too—but at a pace that economists consider normal. For the present, no serious inflationary spiral is in sight. Last week President Johnson expressed his opposition in strong terms to any broad steel price increase. Said he: "If you had a price increase, it would strongly conflict with our national interest in price stability. We think that stability is essential to sustain a strong expansion in jobs and output and to sustain improvement in our balance of payments."

Natural Forces. Even if the steel companies do announce price hikes, they will probably not be across-the-board but limited and selective increases on such products as plate steel, demand for which is so great that delivery time has risen to 14 weeks. The auto unions are likely to settle for a package between the 3.2% ceiling requested by the Administration and the 4.9% increase in the industry's productivity. No other really big industry negotiations come up until mid-1965. Last week's announcement that unemployment has dropped below 5% for the first time in 54 months—to 4.9%—should generally improve labor's mood.

None of this is apt to stop economists from worrying about inflation, even though natural market forces are also working to keep prices in line. U.S. factories are still operating at 83% of capacity, which rules out pressures for price increases from over-demand. Industry has either been able to absorb its costs through higher efficiency, or else—as in the case of the battle for the fuel market among oil, coal and gas—is caught in the kind of competition that produces price cuts. Besides, prosperous consumers tend to trade up to the better models that produce more money for manufacturers and thus reduce the need for price increases.

WALL STREET

A Case of Nerves

If the nation met the crisis in Southeast Asia with considerable calm, the same could not be said of Wall Street. The Dow-Jones averages paused on Monday after the first North Vietnamese PT boat attack on U.S. ships, plunged 7½ points Tuesday after news of the second attack, rallied on Wednesday for a fractional gain. Then on Thursday, as rumors spread of possible Red Chinese involvement, the market tumbled 9.65 points—to 823.40—in the sharpest one-day break since President Kennedy's assassination. The week's total decline, after a 5¾-point rally at week's end: 12 points, to 829.16. It was Wall Street's classic way of ducking distant gunfire.

The little investor was doing much of the selling, and the tape ran late nine times during the week, once for 16 minutes. But there was no panic, and trading volume stayed extraordinarily low for most of the week. Professionals figured that, in any case, the market needed an excuse to retreat after a heady climb, guessed that there was a good deal of plain old profit taking. At the most bearish hour last week, *Indicator Digest*, an investment advisory service, issued a special bulletin: "Emotional war jitters have always culminated in good buying opportunities." True enough, but wary professionals were not entirely sure that the jitters were quite over.

AUTOS

Cloak & Camera in Detroit

As the auto industry last week began producing the first 1965 cars, many potential customers speculated about the features that are expected to make for the most dramatically changed models in years. There will be a futuristic fastback shape for the Buick-Oldsmobile-Pontiac line; a switch of seven models to vertical double headlights; the Ford's and Chrysler's new slab sides; a hop-up rear fender for the Chevrolet; and a new shape for the Corvair that makes it look like a miniature version of the Buick Riviera. These details, however,

SPY'S VANTAGE POINT OVERLOOKING GENERAL MOTORS' FENCED-IN TEST TRACK
Finding out what to do and what not to do.

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are ancient history to a small group of men who are already displaying considerable interest in the looks and features of Detroit's 1967 models.

Ford calls them "product information specialists" and Chrysler "competitive study engineers." In Detroit, their trade is often known as "G-2" or "G-4." Whatever their title, they are men employed by each automaker to ferret out the secrets of the others—auto spies. Though the industry officially declines to recognize its existence, espionage is an ever-present fact of life that goes on at all levels in Detroit, from treetops overlooking test tracks to the steam room and bars at the Detroit Athletic Club. The hunting season usually begins a couple of model-years in advance, when the cars of the future are barely off the drawing boards.

Comfortable Spying. "G-2" enables companies to discover what their rivals are doing with styling and engineering trends, thus prevents them from moving too far behind the industry or—what some executives fear even more—so far out that the public will reject their models. Intelligence is also invaluable for marketing and advertising campaigns, which are planned months in advance and can frequently make use of information to pinpoint weaknesses in another company's new line. The right kind of intelligence, on the other hand, can also save companies the embarrassment of duplicating too closely the styling of a competitor. "You need this kind of information," says retired Ford Styling Chief George Walker, "so you know what not to do."

Detroit's operatives keep in constant touch with key informants in such sensitive and hard-to-patrol areas as the tool and die shops, design firms, plaster shops, tire companies and art studios that subcontract for the auto industry. Here they can often pick up information that skilled engineers and product planners can assemble into a faithful replica of a rival's new car. Ford, for example, was able to construct a clay model of General Motors' Chevelle nearly a year before its introduction. Most agents do their work so quietly that only a handful of men in each division or company knows who they are.

Locked Wastebaskets. But there are also more glamorous elements in much of Detroit's industrial espionage. Spies equipped with telescopic cameras seek out strategically placed trees, farmhouses and hills near automobile test tracks, concealing themselves and sometimes waiting for weeks for a prototype of a rival's car. Both G.M. and Chrysler men often check into Ford's Dearborn Inn, which overlooks the Dearborn test track, bringing luggage crammed with cameras and telescopic lenses. When G.M. learned that snoopers were using a modest farmhouse overlooking its high-security proving ground in Michigan's Livingston County, it persuaded the farmer to sell out for $55,000, then razed the house.

To guard against espionage, auto companies plant thick rows of pine trees near their tracks, build corrugated-steel walls and throw up 20-ft. earthen embankments to shield exposed parts of the track. Guards patrol the periphery of proving grounds, armed with two-way radios, binoculars, whistles—and sometimes even saws, which they use to threaten photographers discovered in trees. Ford employs an ex-FBI agent to head its styling security force, and most firms even use security-type wastebaskets with locks. Styling personnel usually wear colored Pentagon-type badges that give them access to only one section; clay models are destroyed after use.

To confuse the intelligence men, companies make elaborate decoys that will never be produced in volume, have them driven endlessly around tracks. Actual prototypes are usually painted ink-black before being taken to the test track, since the color considerably limits depth perception in long-range photography. Despite all precautions, though, the men with cloak and camera prove remarkably resourceful. Inspecting some 1965 models last year in the tightly guarded styling patio at the G.M. Technical Center, Elliott ("Pete") Estes, Pontiac's general manager, heard a whirring sound. He looked up just as a helicopter swooped over the building, with telescopic lens pointed earthward. Estes waved his arms for maintenance men to cover the new models with canvas sheets, which were kept in readiness for just such an "air raid." But it was too late: his unknown rival got a lensful of future Pontiacs.

CORPORATIONS

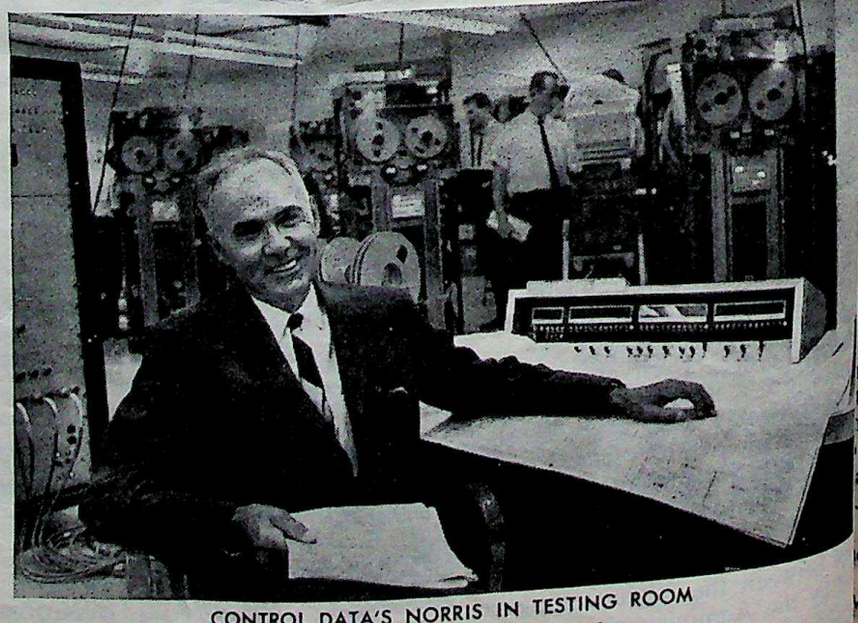
"Poor Man's IBM"

"If a guy owns 80% of the railroad tracks in a country and you want to run a train, you make your wheels fit his track." So says an executive of a firm that has prospered by learning that simple lesson well: Minneapolis' Control Data Corp., a maker of computers. The track owner of the computer business is mighty IBM, which routi... scoops up 70% of the world's c... puter orders. By making all its eq... ment so that it meshes with IBM's ... tems—and trying to make it better ... cheaper—once-tiny Control Data ... risen to third place in computers (a... Sperry Rand) and is jokingly know... Wall Street as "the poor man's IB...

Targeting Missiles. That is the ... joke on the Street about Control D... whose fast growth and aggressive st... have made it a favorite glamour s... Last month the firm made a 3-... stock split, the second in its seven-... history, and announced that new or... for June, the latest month calcul... reached a record $61 million. Ne... space for its lusty growth, which b... ed sales to $100 million last year, ... trol Data last week settled into a ... three-building headquarters in subu... Minneapolis, which replaces the ... verted paper warehouse in which it ... operated since its founding. "Our ... ple were running scared when ... started this company," says shy, ... President William C. Norris, 54. "... they're scared millionaires."

Not that there is anything to be sc... of. Control Data's success is due to ... shrewd marketing strategy and ca... planning program worked out by ... eleven Sperry Rand engineers—led ... Norris—who founded the firm in ... after tiring of life in a big corporat... Realizing that they could not com... directly with the giants, they con... trated on scientific computers, w... IBM was weakest, instead of on t... ness data-processing equipment, w... it was strongest. They made all t... machines compatible with IBM sys... at a time when most other comp... firms were setting up their own syst... since then, many firms have follo... the example of Norris & Co. Bec... of its specialization, careful plan... and tight control of inventories, ... company sells some equipment for ... to 20% less than IBM, claims th... computers are 98% efficient v. ... for most computers. No custome...

CHARLES BRI...



CONTROL DATA'S NORRIS IN TESTING ROOM
Running like scared millionaires.

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been more impressed than the U.S. Government, whose business accounts for 75% of Control Data's output; it has installed Control Data computers on submarines to target in Polaris missiles.

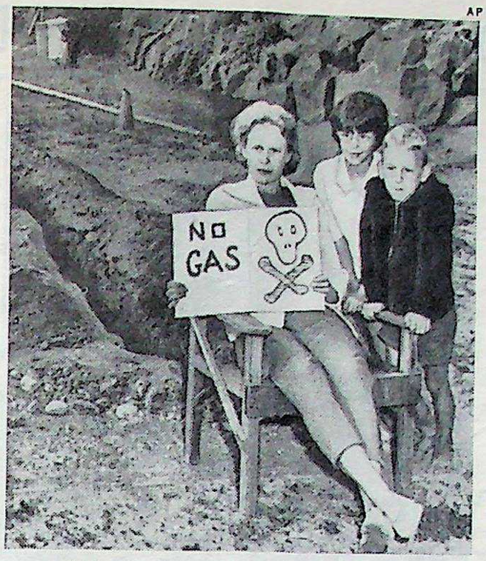
More Plans than Money. Control Data's latest computer is its complicated 3600, which can execute 3,000,000 orders per second, is being installed in the AEC's Livermore, Calif., lab. Cost: $7,000,000. But the firm is gradually moving beyond purely scientific computers. Its most popular model is its high-speed 3600, a machine that averages $3,000,000 in price, is designed for data processing as well as for scientific problems. The 3600 will be used, for example, by West Germany to forecast weather, by Sears Roebuck to coordinate orders from 1,400 offices, and by Francis I. du Pont & Co. to receive and channel stock orders to specialists.

Control Data has acquired twelve small companies or divisions as their products or systems were needed, has also expanded to Canada and Australia, and to Europe, where the market for computers is growing twice as fast as in the U.S. But despite its spectacular growth, the firm tries to maintain the stimulating atmosphere that its founders brought. Ideas bubble up from below with such frequency, says Norris, that "there are usually more plans than we can afford to finance." In an industry overshadowed by one huge competitor, Control Data claims to be the only firm other than IBM to be making money from its computers.

TRANSPORTATION

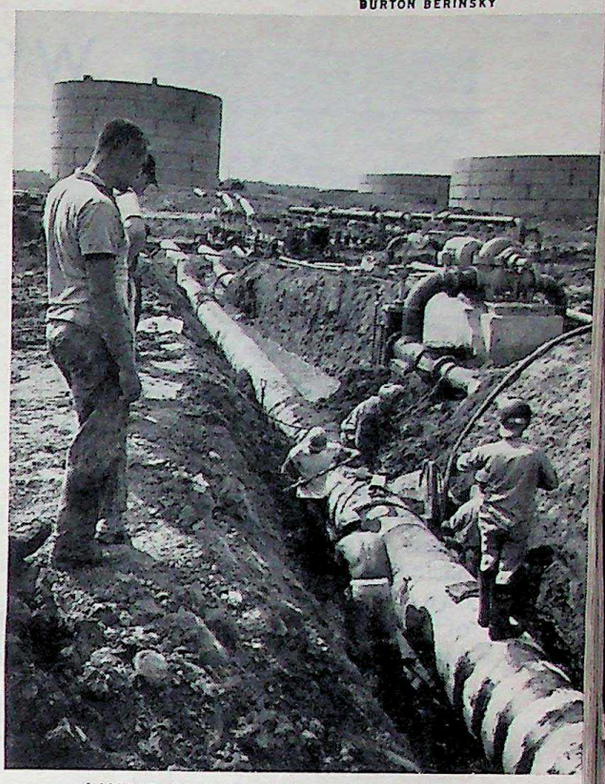
The Invisible Network: Revolution Underground

A huge new transportation system—outranking rails and airlines—is spreading across the U.S. in a spaghetti-like maze. Nearly a million miles long, it is almost completely invisible, carries no passengers, is deterred neither by rivers nor mountains. It is the nation's rapidly growing network of oil, gas and product pipelines, which now extends into all of the 49 continental states. Last week the biggest product pipeline of them all, built by Atlanta's Colonial Pipeline Co., slowly threaded its 36-inch ribbon of steel through the swamps and suburbs of New Jersey, two feet underground. Only ten more miles will mean the completion of a 1,600-mile link between Houston and New York. The pipelines, says Joseph C. Swidler, chairman of the Federal Power Commission, have had "a revolutionary impact on our economy." The revolution started in World War II to thwart tanker-hunting U-boats; the Big Inch and the Little Inch, from Texas to the Atlantic Coast, were the first major lines. Since then, pipelines have grown so fast that they now transport more than 30% of all the energy used in the U.S. They have created a revolution in home-heating and cooking, provided cheaper industrial power and, less happily, caused severe wrenches in existing coal and oil industries. Twenty-four million U.S. homes—twice as many as a decade ago—now heat with pipelined natural gas. Because of the pipelines, oil companies now locate their refineries nearer the oilfields and ship refined products at lower cost instead of building plants near markets.



AP

SEATTLE HOUSEWIFE PROTESTING
Undeterred by rivers, mountains or suits.



BURTON BERINSKY

LAYING PIPE IN NEW JERSEY

The Big Yard. Most of the pipe network, whose smaller spurs link towns and even plants, is owned either by consortiums of companies or by eight independent transmission companies, led by Houston's Tennessee Gas Transmission Co. So much pipe has been emboweled about the petrochemical suburbs of Houston that the area is called "the Spaghetti Bowl." Near Harrisburg, Pa., five different pipelines parallel one another through the Allegheny Mountains. Pacific Gas & Electric's 36-in., 1,400-mile "Big Yard" carries 600 million cu. ft. of Canadian natural gas daily to 34 California counties and to Montana, Idaho, Washington and Oregon. The Big Yard is the largest, longest gas pipeline in the U.S., but it may soon be surpassed by a 1,550-mile line that will carry Texas gas to the Los Angeles plants of California Edison.

Putting down the line is the hardest and costliest part of pipelining; in rough terrain it can cost $150,000 a mile, always requires many pieces of special machinery to dig the ditches and successfully lay the pipe. But once in place, pipelines are impervious to weather and immune to strikes, operate day and night with rare breakdowns and only occasional pumping station overhauls. They eliminate the costly necessity of deadheading empty cars, barges or tankers, are so automated that only a handful of men can monitor a cross-country system. Pipelines are thus the cheapest transportation available for bulk commodities: gasoline can be shipped from Texas 900 miles to Chicago for less than a penny a gallon.

Land Mines in the Way. In many ways, pipelines operate very much like railroads. On product lines, which carry various liquids, shipments are pushed along under pressure generated by jet engines. Bulk shipments, or "slugs," of crude petroleum, diesel fuel, gasoline, jet fuel, even butane and propane, follow each other through the pipe without interval: uniform pressure keeps them from mixing, and specific gravity dials at each pumping station tell when each has passed. Shipments already in line can even be temporarily sidetracked into storage pits or pipes to let high-priority slugs pass through. Moving at 2½ m.p.h., Houston's petroleum products reach New York in 21 days.

Because in most states pipelines take property by eminent domain and raise fears of various dangers in some people, their construction is often controversial. Dealing with 14,000 property owners as it moved north, Colonial had to file 400 condemnation suits, settle 50 damage suits, soothe a Mississippi farmer who sowed land mines in the way and Pennsylvania pickets who sat down in front of bulldozers. Actually, accidents are almost unheard of. Modern lines are made of high-strength steel, electrically welded, tested for leaks and wrapped in fiber glass and asbestos felt before they are buried. Airplanes regularly patrol the lines in search of the yellowed foliage that indicates a gas leak in the area, and sensors along the line also keep guard.

Despite some unpopularity, pipelines have nothing but more growth ahead. Newer and stronger types of lighter steel pipe are being produced to carry material under greater pressure. Pipes can also carry sugar cane and iron ore, and tests are under way to make them carry wheat, wood pulp, sand and gravel. The president of one pipeline company has even suggested, not completely facetiously, that men and women could also be transported via pipe, moving at high speeds in tubular cars separated by air cushions.

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CANADA

The Windfall That Fell

When a rich lode of copper was discovered at Timmins in Ontario last April, the news set off a wild rush of speculation in Canadian mining stocks. As prospectors staked out some 8,000 claims in the Timmins area, penny stocks became dollar stocks on the Toronto Exchange, and paper fortunes piled up almost overnight. Though most of the glory and the proven reserves belong to the lode's Yank discoverer, Texas Gulf Sulphur, Canadians were particularly pleased when one of their own companies seemed on the verge of its own strike. It was only a small company with a long-shot name—Windfall Oils & Mines Ltd.—but it began moving quickly on faith, hope and rumor.

In the past month, the price of Windfall's stock soared from 56¢ a share to $5.70. Then the bubble burst, damaging thousands of investors, badly depressing the penny stock market and involving one of Canada's most unusual women. Last week two official investigations of the Windfall affair were launched.

Early in July, Windfall announced that it had started drilling in the Timmins area about 3½ miles from the Texas Gulf Sulphur site. Without so much as a hint of what, if anything, had been found, investors bought up more than 6,000,000 shares of Windfall in the week of this announcement. Rumors of a rich lode raced through Bay Street, Toronto's Wall Street. The company remained noncommittal and, despite frequent urgings from the Toronto Exchange, did not report its drilling results.

Surprise in Store. Many Canadian investors placed considerable trust in the prime mover of Windfall: Viola MacMillan, 61, a shrewd, hard-driving prospector since 1923 and the dark-haired darling of Canada's mining men. Miners had elected Viola president of the Prospectors and Developers Association 21 times, and serenaded her each time with a lively rendition of *Let Me Call You Sweetheart*. She and her husband George, the president of Windfall, were called "the mining MacMillans." They also kept stockholders in the dark. To one questioner, Viola replied cryptically: "A lot of people are going to be surprised."

They sure were. Last fortnight the MacMillans finally got around to announcing the result of the drillings: "No commercial assays were obtained." The next day, sell orders flooded the Toronto Exchange, driving the price of Windfall stock as low as 80¢ before it closed at $1.04. Last week, as the price settled at a limp 78¢, both the Ontario Securities Commission and the provincial government began investigations of Windfall's dealings. A BLACK DAY FOR CANADIAN MINING, headlined the respected *Northern Miner*.

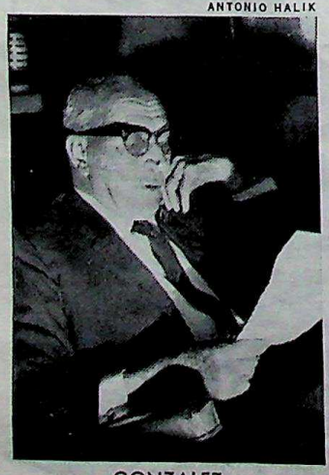
TORONTO STAR

GEORGE & VIOLA MacMILLAN
Moving on faith, hope and rumor.

Penny Crash. Windfall had delayed the announcement until it got 35 core samples prepared for assay. But many miners felt that experts like the MacMillans could have seen the core's value, or lack of it, much earlier. Other companies controlled by the MacMillans held 900,000 shares in Windfall—and Canadian law, unlike that in the U.S., does not force company officers to disclose what they have bought or sold. The Toronto Stock Exchange took a close look at Consolidated Golden Arrow Mines Ltd., one of Viola MacMillan's companies. At the exchange's request, Viola disclosed that at the beginning of June, Golden Arrow had owned 120,000 shares of Windfall, then bought an additional 38,000 shares for $30,778. All of these 158,000 shares, she said, had been sold during the run-up—for a total of $345,907.

The fall of Windfall brought other penny stocks crashing down with it. Many run-of-the-mine speculators took a hard dive last week, and even experienced investors took a stiff beating. Many companies in the Timmins area were able to put money in their treasuries before the Windfall affair, intend to go on drilling on the theory that one failure is not decisive. But the Windfall case could discourage the speculative buying that Canada needs to find mines, and it will probably produce legislation to introduce stricter regulation of the securities business, including full disclosure of insiders' dealings.

ANTONIO HALIK



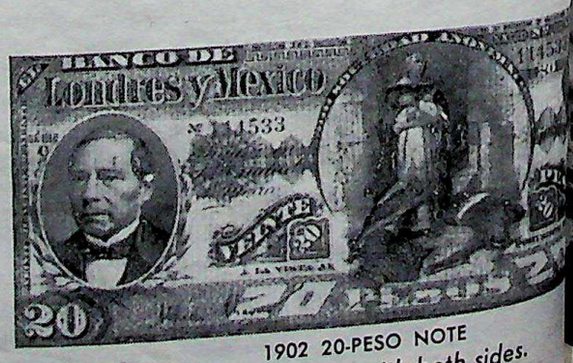
GONZALEZ

MEXICO

How To Survive Revolutions

While 1,000 guests banqueted on Mexican delicacies last week at the fashionable Hotel Maria Isabel in Mexico City, a small group of men sped out far to the south into the vastness of Yucatan and Quintana Roo. Banquets and scouts had something in common: the Bank of London and Mexico, Mexico's oldest bank. The guests were celebrating the bank's 100th birthday and ogling a group of visitors that included four Cabinet members. The scouts were hard at work searching for new bank sites in the sparsely populated southeast, thus demonstrating the determination that has helped their bank survive half a dozen revolutions.

Founded by Englishmen William Newbold and Robert Geddes (the British ownership was severed in 18... the bank opened its doors amid the ... war raging between the foreign-imposed Emperor Maximilian and Mexican Revolutionary Benito Juárez. Remarkably it succeeded in winning the business of merchants and spreading into several branches, partly because it adopted the still-popular British stance of doing business with both sides and partly because its peso notes became Mexico's first nationwide paper currency. (The banknote shows Benito Juárez, Mexico's 33rd President, and Bartolomé de las Casas, the Dominican "Protector of the Indians.") In 1913, Rebel Leader Pancho Villa raided the bank's Torreón branch and took more than 150,000 pesos; later that year the revolutionary forces of Victoriano Huerta robbed the Durango branch of 100,000 pesos. A few years later, when the bank's ... executive staff refused to hand over its gold and silver bars to President Venustiano Carranza, he jailed ...



1902 20-PESO NOTE
Doing business with both sides.

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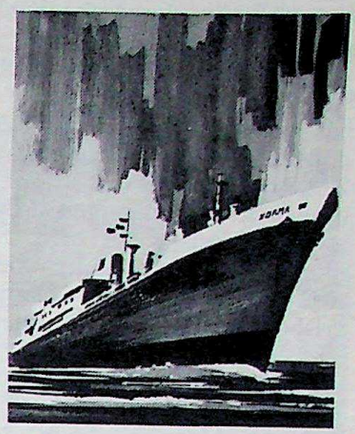

What does Norway's M. S. Norma have in common with the President Hotel in Hong Kong?

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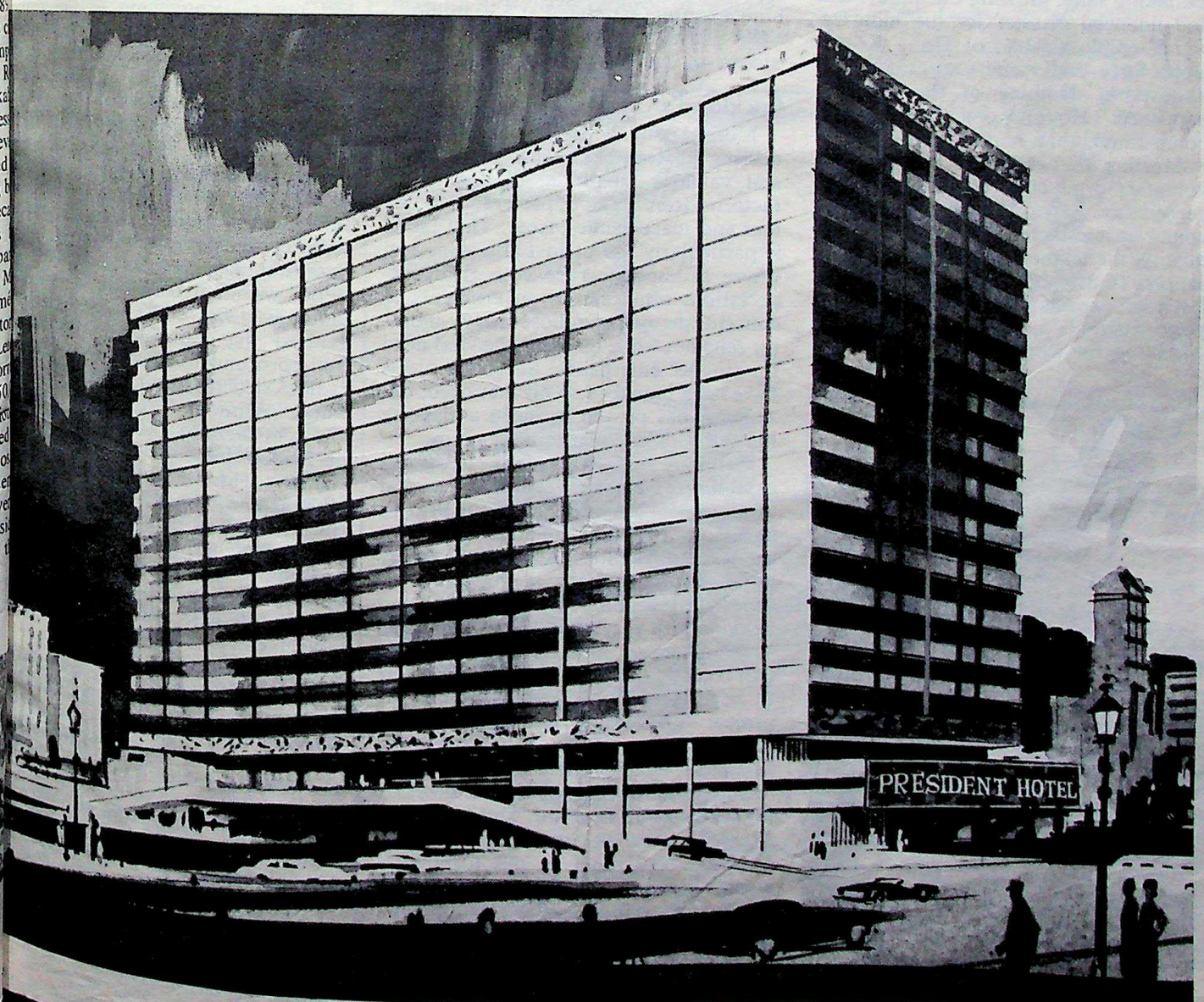

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and virtually closed the bank for five years.

Calmer times have brought the bank both prosperity and prestige. Today it has assets of $244 million, which make it Mexico's third largest bank, and its 299,812 customers are served by 104 branches. Although generally regarded as conservative, the bank has moved into Central and South America, actively pushes loans to Mexico's impoverished farmers—a field that Mexico's 114 other commercial banks are usually reluctant to plow. "Agriculture credit is a good operation if you study the farmer," says Managing Director Fernando Gonzalez. He insists that his bankers not only advise farmers what to grow, but also what seed and fertilizer to use. Director Gonzalez is known affectionately in banking circles as *"un viejo lobo banquero"*—an old banking wolf —but he is one wolf that Mexico's farmers are glad to see at the door.

HONG KONG

The Weavers' Boom

Hong Kong's textile industry spun a tale of woe when the U.S. and other nations imposed embargoes on its low-cost cotton goods a few years ago. With acrimony and self-pity, it predicted dwindling sales, growing unemployment and financial disaster for the industry, which employs 41% of Hong Kong's work force and manufactures 53% of its exports. Nothing of the sort has happened: Hong Kong has enjoyed boom rather than bankruptcy.

Meeting the challenge by imposing voluntary production controls, skillfully negotiating export quotas with other countries and increasing the variety and quality, the textile industry increased its exports 16.8% to a record $350 million last year, expects at least a 6% gain this year. There is actually a shortage of 14,000 textile workers.

INGER ABRAHAMSEN, RAPHO-GUILLUMETTE

SOUTH SEA'S TANG
Cultivating the broader outlook.

The firm that has contributed most to the prosperity of Hong Kong's textile industry, and profited most from it, is South Sea Textile Manufacturing, the colony's biggest spinner and weaver and the creation of a sprightly textileman named P.Y. (for Ping Yuan) Tang. Last week Tang, 65, was negotiating with Britain's Imperial Chemical Industries and another Hong Kong spinner to build Hong Kong's first dyeing and finishing plant for processing blends of cotton and synthetic fibers. Tang expects to increase his production 15% this year, and his 2,000 employees work three shifts round the clock in his 18-acre, air-conditioned plant.

Tang helped Hong Kong by crusading for higher quality and a broader outlook than "one-shot" sales, helped set up permanent "ambassadors" of the industry in Brussels and New York and promoted Hong Kong products on his own wide travels. His new finishing plant reflects his belief that Hong Kong's textile industry must upgrade itself and diversify: instead of producing only basic fabrics, he insists, it must embrace a wide variety of quality and costlier finished goods. Tang's efforts have made him a millionaire many times over, but he is not awed by money. When he left China in 1948 to escape the Reds, he and his family left behind a fortune estimated at $50 million.

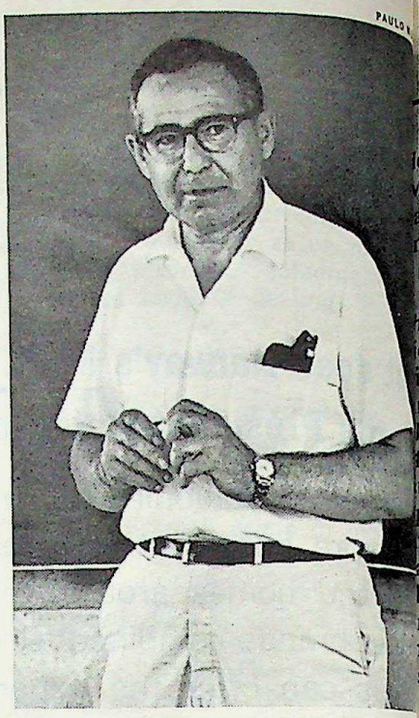
BRAZIL

Backland's Capitalism

Morris Asimow is a U.C.L.A. engineering professor who has an unusual and valuable talent: he likes to build factories from scratch, preferably in distant and inaccessible places. That talent is particularly useful in Latin America, where a desperate race with rising expectations often causes governments to concentrate on grandiose heavy-industry schemes while ignoring the vital need for smaller enterprises. Several projects have been launched to fill that need, but Asimow has proved to be in a class by himself as a one-man aid program.

Counting on a sort of do-it-yourself capitalism, Asimow has set up several locally financed corporations in Brazil's backlands to build, operate and own small factories. Starting with practically nothing, his projects in the state of Ceará have become models of what can be done with very little. U.S. aid officials in Brazil are so impressed by the results that recently they sat down with Asimow to negotiate a $2,200,000 loan for his project. Last week another Brazilian state, Sergipe, asked Asimow to come in and set up a self-help project.

Suspicious of Foreigners. Asimow, 57, knows what he is about. During World War II, he took time out from his U.C.L.A. classroom to put together a small aluminum extrusion plant out of scraps and hand-me-down equipment. In 1949, the U.S. Government sent him to New Guinea to recruit native labor and set up a plant to reduce surplus war planes to scrap. "That convinced me,"



BUILDER-PROFESSOR ASIMOW
Turning distrust into civic pride.

says Asimow, "that if you could do s projects on an island like that with skilled natives, you could do it al anywhere in the world."

Working mostly during summer cations, Professor Asimow since has put his conviction to the te Ceará's Cariri valley in northea Brazil, where per capita income is under $80 a year. He gathered a of graduate students and profe from U.C.L.A. and the Universit Ceará. At first, Brazilians were picious of the foreigners and skep of a corporation's chances: there little capital, more faith in land th stock certificates, and more trust in tives running a business than in dire

But within two months, Project mow, as it has come to be known ganized five separate corporation mill corn and to make shoes, tran radios, structural ceramics and pr wood. Asimow hired local mar and sent them to U.C.L.A. for tr persuaded local landowners and chants to buy stock and serve o all-Brazilian boards of directors. trust turned to civic pride, and i ments, ranging from $7 to $10,000 poured in. Together, the five co tions have raised more than $1,00

Onward with RITA. By now shoe factory is producing 80 p day, the radio plant is in operation the other three are under constru Spreading out, Asimow is back in this summer, organizing new co tions to build a cement plant, a and a meat-processing plant. The has already agreed to back similar ects all over Latin America. Wo begun in Chile, Ecuador and M and requests are pouring in from Venezuela and several Central A can republics. Giving it bureaucra proval, the U.S. has assigned suc grams a name and initials—Rur dustrial Technical Assistance, or

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MILESTONES

Born. To Geraldine Gleason, 25, elder daughter of TV's indestructible Fat Man, and John Chutuk, 26, Manhattan talent agent: their first child, a son; in Manhattan.

Died. Flannery O'Connor, 39, authoress of the Deep South, an impassioned Roman Catholic from the Georgia backwoods who, in 30 short stories and two critically acclaimed novels (*Wise Blood, The Violent Bear It Away*), explored the South's religious curiosities, finding among them such an appalling collection of lunatic prophets and murderous fanatics that one critic called her "a literary white witch," and she herself said, "I write from 9 to 12, and spend the rest of the day recuperating"; of lupus erythematosus (a rare tissue disease); in Milledgeville, Ga.

Died. Kathryn Messner, 61, Manhattan book publisher, who in 1955 accepted a manuscript that five other publishers had rejected, spent a year editing and toning down its lurid, sex-studded account of small-town U.S. life, saw the gamble pay off as Grace Metalious' *Peyton Place* sold over 300,000 copies of her hardback edition and later brought in handsome royalties from 10,000,000 paperback sales; after a long illness; in West Long Branch, N.J.

Died. Aleksander Zawadzki, 64, President of Poland, a onetime coal miner who joined the Communist underground in 1923, served the cause with such ardor that Moscow made him a general during World War II, then in 1952 eased him upstairs to become Chairman of the Council of State, a sinecure that relegated him to laying cornerstones and delivering speeches; of cancer; in Warsaw.

Died. Sir Cedric Hardwicke, 71, British character actor and comedian, who delighted London as George Bernard Shaw's favorite lead (*Heartbreak House, The Apple Cart*) that he was knighted in 1934, after which he crossed the Atlantic to keep them chuckling on Broadway (30 productions) and in the movie houses as one of Hollywood's typical Britishers, bald pate, frosty visage, deadpan drollery and all; of emphysema; in Manhattan.

Died. Mary Josephine Fitzgerald, 98, widow of Boston's famed Mayor "Honey Fitz" and maternal grandmother of John F. Kennedy, who watched on TV as J.F.K. took the presidential oath on the Bible and as Grandson Ted beat out George Lodge to become U.S. Senator thereby avenging Honey Fitz's 1916 defeat by George's great-grandfather), was never permitted to see or hear anything about the assassination—though the family "had a hunch she knew"; in Boston.

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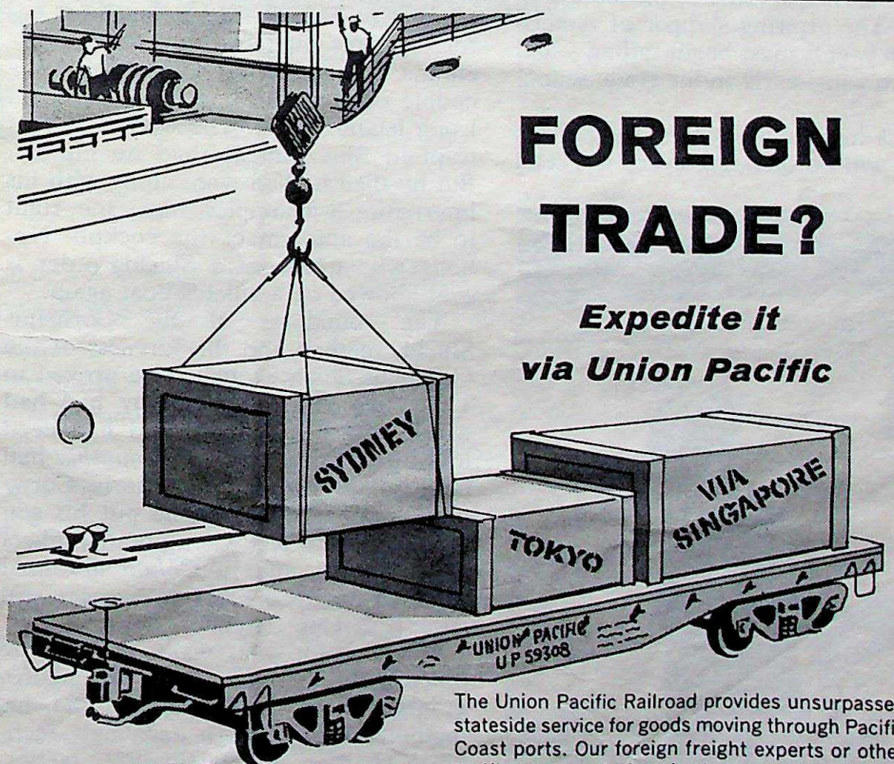

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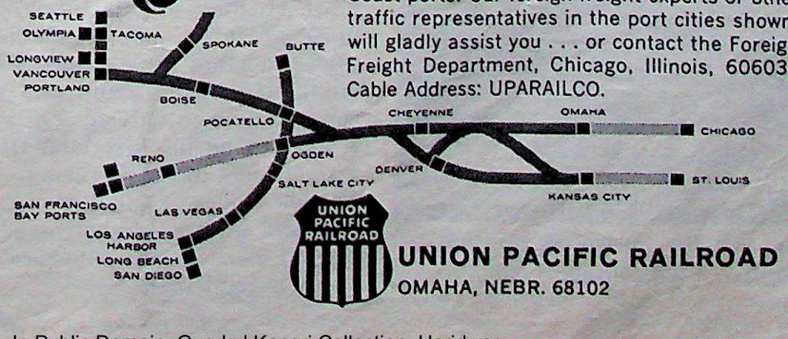

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Races Are for Winning

CORNELIUS SHIELDS ON SAILING *by Cornelius Shields.* 240 pages. *Prentice-Hall.* $7.95.

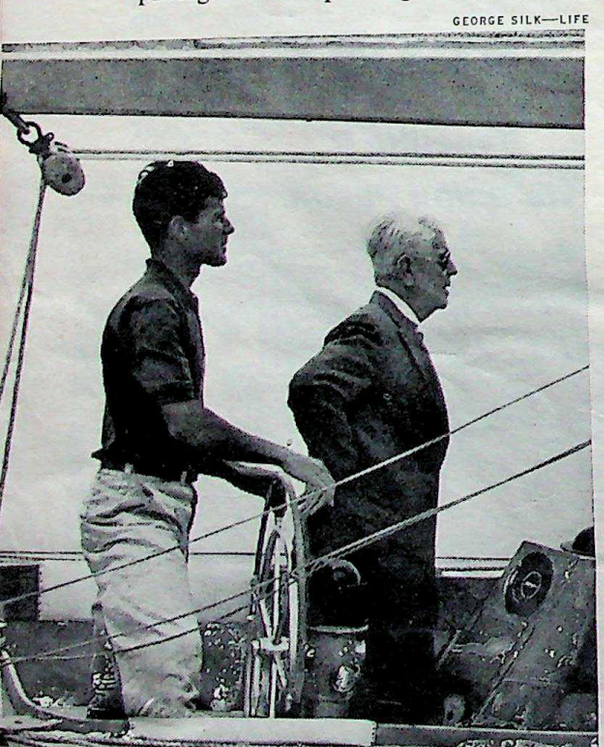
The wind is important; so is the cut of the sails as well as the skill and care of the men who designed and built the boat. But to Corny Shields a racing sailboat—the only kind in which he is interested—is driven mainly by the skipper's will to win.

As just about the most successful racing skipper of this century (TIME cover, July 27, 1953), Corny Shields has, inevitably, the most indomitable will to win. "Racing," he admits frankly in this autobiography and sailor's guidebook, "is the aspect of sailing that has gripped me the hardest." Then he adds, perhaps intending to be disarming: "I'm supposed to be a 'competitive' person; at least, I've always enjoyed competitive sports and matching skills with others." The fact is that Corny Shields, now a ripe 70, would die if he didn't win.

Triangular Discipline. For the sailor who wants to win, Shields provides the formula. The aspirant must begin a year or so before he is born, by picking his parents right. They must raise the child with at least a summer home on river, lake or sea front. They need not be rich, though that helps. (Shields picked a rich father.) The aspiring skipper of America's Cup yachts must begin sailing—and sailing to win—early in his grade school years.

By his high school years, the Shields protégé will be spending every weekend day, every summer, racing around triangular courses in Penguins or Blue Jays or Lightnings. When he graduates to larger craft, he will need his weekdays off (no summer work for him) to perfect his skills in rigorous sail drills. He had better not go away to a prep school, because he should spend every winter weekend in frostbite racing, which may give him as many as eight starts a day—eight chances to show his will to win at the starting line, at the windward mark, and again at the leeward mark. Then, perhaps, the fledgling sailor may be considered qualified to crew for the likes of Corny Shields, in International One-Designs, or America's Cup 12-meters, or in ocean-going yachts in the biennial Bermuda races.

GEORGE SILK—LIFE



"GLIT" & CORNY SHIELDS ON COLUMBIA
Captain Bligh without a mutiny.

Never Question. If it sounds like as tough an apprenticeship as that of midshipmen in Captain Bligh's day, it is. Shields would not have it otherwise. He is dedicated to the idea that the important thing in sailing is racing, and the important thing in racing is winning. If any man is interested in sailing merely to enjoy the sensation of having his boat driven by the wind, Shields is not for him, and he is not for Shields. As a Johnny-come-lately to ocean racing (in 1946), Shields was appalled to find that on the 635-mile course from Newport to Bermuda, which takes four to six days, skippers allowed their crewmen to relax. Not Shields. He insisted on enforcing the same tense, split-second discipline that he knew from racing for a couple of hours around three buoys in Long Island Sound. The wonder is that Captain Bligh Shields had no mutiny. But by then he had won, along with his international championships, the right to be the autocrat of the cockpit. Nobody who questions a Shields order is ever allowed on a Shields boat again.

The soundness of the Cornelius Shields method and the sureness of the Cornelius Shields touch were proved in 1958, two years after Corny had had a crippling heart attack and had been told never to race again. *Columbia* had been faltering in her early starts. Corny took command, though he put his son "Glit" at the wheel when photographers were around, and in *Columbia's* final trials he whipped her into a successful America's Cup defender.

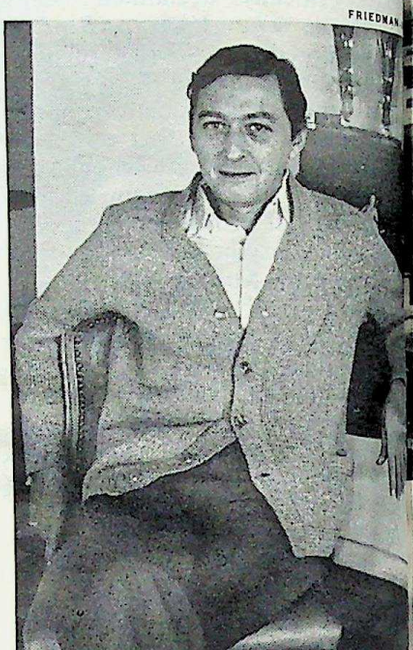
For a sailor who wants to emulate Shields, this book provides the hydrographic chart of his career and his methods. Except for a dizzyingly technical chapter on starting-line tactics, most of it is understandable to any weekend sailor. Shields takes the green landlubber by the hand and gives him stern but sage advice on everything from picking his first boat (it must be a small one) to ocean racing. And since Shields recognizes that everybody cannot be a winner, he deals well with the second most important question: how to be a good loser.

Topical but Funny

THE SIEGE OF HARLEM *by W[arren] Miller.* 166 pages. *McGraw-Hill.* $3.9[5]

Harlem has seceded and declare[d] self a nation. Barricades made of [a]doned autos, Fifth Avenue buses [Con] Edison signs ("Dig We M[ore]") have been erected on its borders. [Bor]tier guards have been posted on subway lines and the New York [Cen]tral and New Haven railroads, and

FRIEDMAN



WARREN MILLER
Uncle Remus with a difference.

are collected as the trains pass thr[ough] Harlem. The "numbers" have bee[n] tionalized. Harlem's Congressman [Adam] Huggins, the first Prime Minister [Cyril] nounces a policy of no-surrender: "[We] have surrendered absolutely to our [fear] which is freedom. We had this s[mall] space in us and now we have loca[ted] geographically and made it publi[c] all the world to see."

Too topical to be funny? In sp[ite] the current Harlem rioting, W[arren] Miller, one of the best satirists (*[Uncle Remus] for the General*) writing in the [U.S.] has brought the joke off. In this [book] about Harlem's first year as a n[ation] Miller mocks blacks, whites, an[d] whole racial fuss; yet beneath the [fu]ty is a clear warning: "Laugh a[t] peril. It could happen." Writing a seriocomic novel is a feat of ary acrobatics, but Miller does n[ot] his balance.

The story is narrated, Uncle [Re]style, 75 years later when Harlem old and established nation like [Ni]and Ghana. The narrator was a [Ha]militiaman in the days of dern[ier] but now he is full of "Well, h[e]" and "byembys." The children at h[is] are snotty little know-it-alls with can nationalist names: Jomo, [Ken]Mboya. But "Grandpa" fascinate[s] with stories of how Harlemites [re]all threats and blandishments, [how] were impervious even to Radi[o]

TIME, AUGUST [1]

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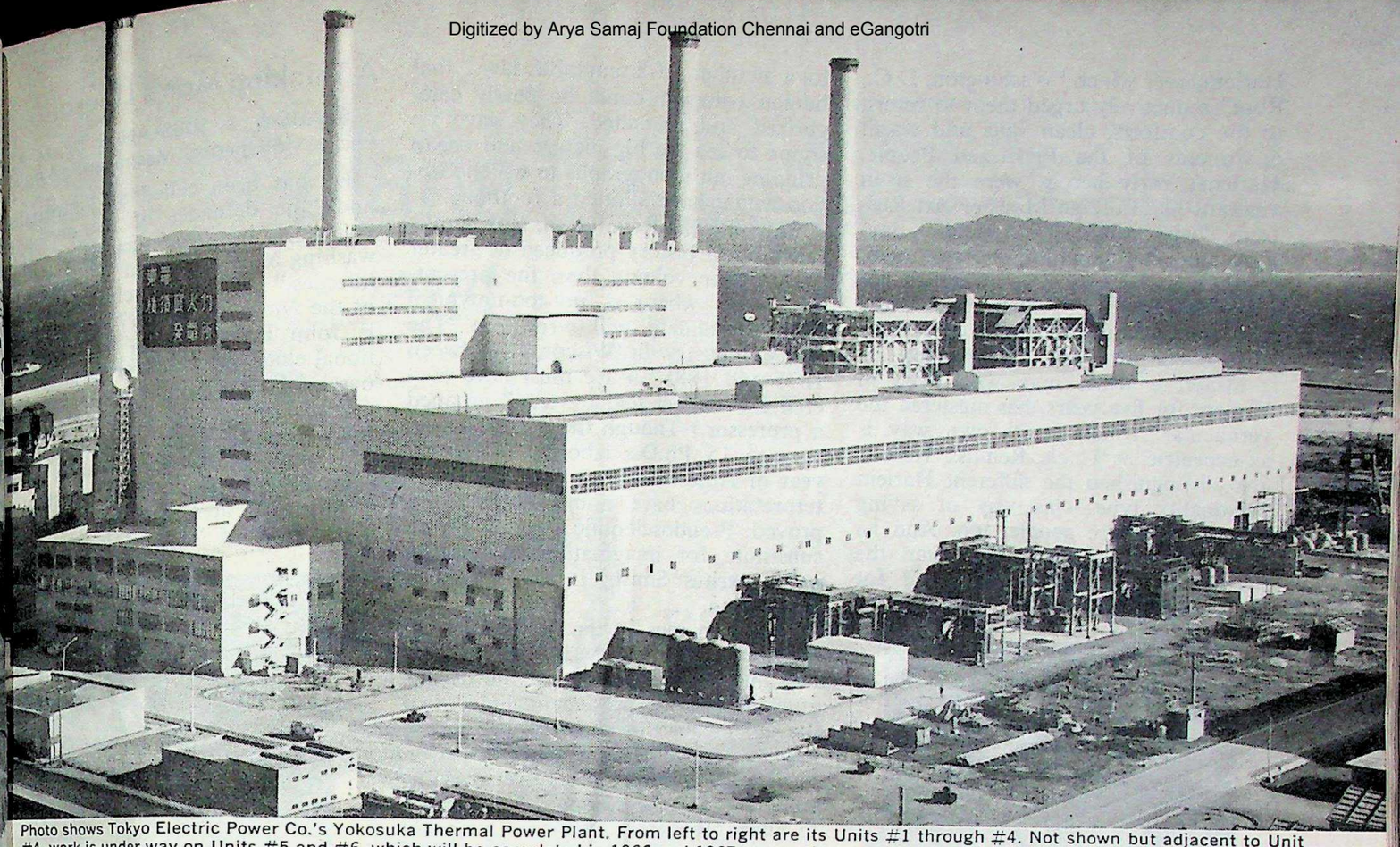

Photo shows Tokyo Electric Power Co.'s Yokosuka Thermal Power Plant. From left to right are its Units #1 through #4. Not shown but adjacent to Unit #4, work is under way on Units #5 and #6, which will be completed in 1966 and 1967, respectively.

Worthington fluid handling equipment to help Tokyo Electric Power Company triple its capacity by 1972

Tokyo Electric Power Co. (TEPCO) is one of the leading electric power companies in the world and its sale of energy as a private enterprise is the highest in the world.

TEPCO currently supplies more than one-fourth of the total energy provided by the nine electric power companies in Japan. By the end of March 1972, the company expects to almost triple its present capacity to 16,402,000 kw.

Of this future capacity, nearly 22% of thermal power generating capacity (13,202,000 kw) will be supplied by the Yokosuka Thermal Power Plant. Units #1 through #4 are already operating. Work is under way on Units #5 and #6. Unit #5 will be completed in 1966, and Unit #6 will be completed in 1967. With the exception of Units #1 and #2, the capacity of each of the units at Yokosuka is 350 mw. Worthington fluid handling equipment built in Japan and in the U.S.A. plays a key role in actively contributing to the development of this major power plant.

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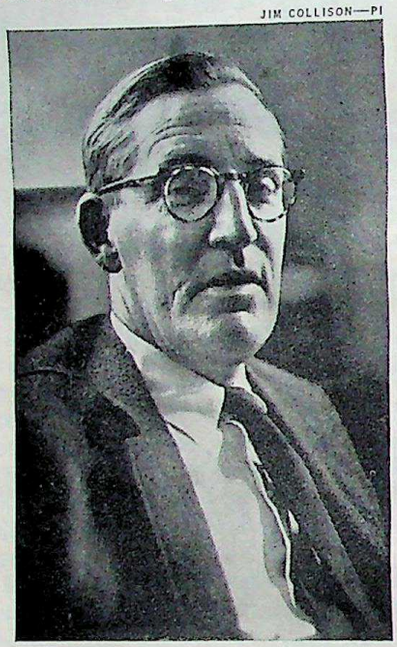
Harlem, over which "Washington, D.C., Rose" seductively urged them to return to the comforts, clean suits and warm apartments of the Privileged People. Harlem's early heroes were the sit-in veterans like Foreign Minister Art Rustram, "who could sit-in, stand-in, lay-down, and stall-in with the best of them. When it came to a non-violent charge into some governor's office, he led the way. He once out-pacified a Long Island high school principal, single-handed."

Miller, a white man who lived in Harlem for five years, has mastered the vernacular, which in its own way is as eccentric as Uncle Remus'. He has also distinguished the different Harlem personality types—his way of saying that Negroes are people, too. And he has managed to show that even the nation's No. 1 problem is good for an occasional laugh.

JIM COLLISON—PI



PAGE SMITH
Authenticity through actions.

Just Tell the Story Well

THE HISTORIAN AND HISTORY *by Page Smith.* 261 pages. *Knopf.* $4.95.

Though they have been writing history for several centuries, historians are still arguing about how it should be written. Some would like to inject more economics into history, some more sociology, others more psychology. Some would place more emphasis on free will, others on impersonal forces. Page Smith, biographer of John Adams, would settle for a little more imagination.

In a witty, incisive, appetizingly readable book, Smith tries to show where modern history has gone astray. Mesmerized by all the new sciences of the time, 19th century historians decided that history, too, could be a science. Eloquent layman historians like Gibbon, Burke and Hume went out of fashion. Academicians took over the writing of history, and they have had a hammerlock on it ever since. With enough research and "objectivity," they were sure that history could be reduced to a number of immutable laws, that human behavior could be neatly categorized and predicted. They gave up trying to see the big picture and began grinding out monographs to which Gibbon would have allotted a footnote.

Botching the Revolution. Nowhere is this kind of history produced in greater or grimmer volume than the present-day U.S., where a not-too-untypical Ph.D. candidate will write on "The Dairy Industry in Wisconsin Between 1875 and 1885." ("He must have covered the subject teat by teat," groaned a professor.) Though there are now an average 15 Ph.D.s laboring over each year of American history, historical interpretations have not noticeably improved. Pseudoscientific systems are no substitute for imagination. A case in point, writes Smith, is the American Revolution.

As Smith sees it, the best history of the Revolution was written by a participant, David Ramsay, in the decade after the war. Ramsay concluded that the chief cause of the Revolution was implicit in the Stamp Act: the British Parliament wanted more power over the colonies than the colonies were willing to allow. But later historians were not content with this sensible explanation. George Bancroft turned the war into a moral crusade for freedom and made poor old bumbling George III a sinister villain. Arthur Schlesinger Sr. saw the war as a class struggle in which colonial merchants were pitted against colonial proletariat. Then, in the 1950s, Edmund and Helen Morgan astonished the historical community by declaring that resistance to the Stamp Act was, after all, the cause of the war. Historical interpretation had come full circle.

Lives Relived. History can never be a matter of scientific exactitude, argues Smith, and historians who take pride in their objectivity on the ground that they are writing at a time remote from the event are merely imposing their own system on the past. "Individuals in history achieve authenticity through their actions," writes Smith, "and historians cannot arbitrarily deprive these lives of their meaning by judgments imposed long after the event. That we should ever have accepted any convention which held the contrary is monstrous."

The great tradition of history has been maintained by those few historians —Jakob Burckhardt in the 19th century, Oswald Spengler, Arnold Toynbee and Reinhold Niebuhr in the 20th—who have entered sympathetically and imaginatively into the lives of people of the past. These historians have understood that history is a vital part of living, that it both shapes and reflects a civilization. "The history that has commanded men's minds and hearts," writes Smith, "has always been narrative history, history with a story to tell that illuminates the truth of the human situation, that lifts spirits and projects new potentialities."

A Thinking Man's Liberal

SHADOW & SUBSTANCE by Joh... *Roche.* 468 pages. *Macmillan.* $6.95

He has been called an "imperi... and "the defender of the *ancien... gime.*" He has been accused of "w... washing McCarthy" and "throttling ... liberties." A John Bircher? An e... of the *National Review*? Not at all. ... is John P. Roche (as in coach), ... tional chairman of Americans for D... ocratic Action.

Times have changed, and so ... many liberals. While championing ... of the old, established causes to ... hilt, Roche, a respected constitu... al historian at Brandeis, belongs ... new breed of "tough-minded" lib...

JAMES CO...

JOHN P. ROCHE
No fly in amber.

who try to avoid inflexible po... and judge the issues on their ... Naturally, this does not sit well ... ideological types, who, accordi... Roche, "seem to be preserved, like ... in amber, in the militant postur... their youth." In this collection of ... Roche has written, in effect, a br... riposte to the dogmatic left.

The Right to Oppress. A sta... lament of the left is that U.S. lib... are fast dwindling under the pre... of mass, conformist society. R... who has investigated early Amer... dissents. There was a greater div... of communities in the past, he ... but within the communities no ... sity was tolerated. Wise Roman ... olics steered clear of Puritans, ... tans shunned Anglicans, and Mo... avoided everybody: "Colonial A... was an open society dotted with ... enclaves, and one could settle in w... cobelievers in safety and comfor... exercise the right of oppression."

Thanks to urbanization and ...

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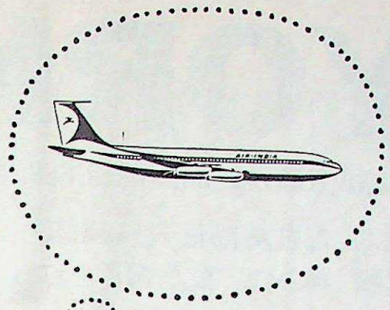
plane and fancy!



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Asia – East Africa – Australia – Middle East – Europe – U.K. – U.S.A. – U.S.S.R.

AIR-INDIA

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YORK

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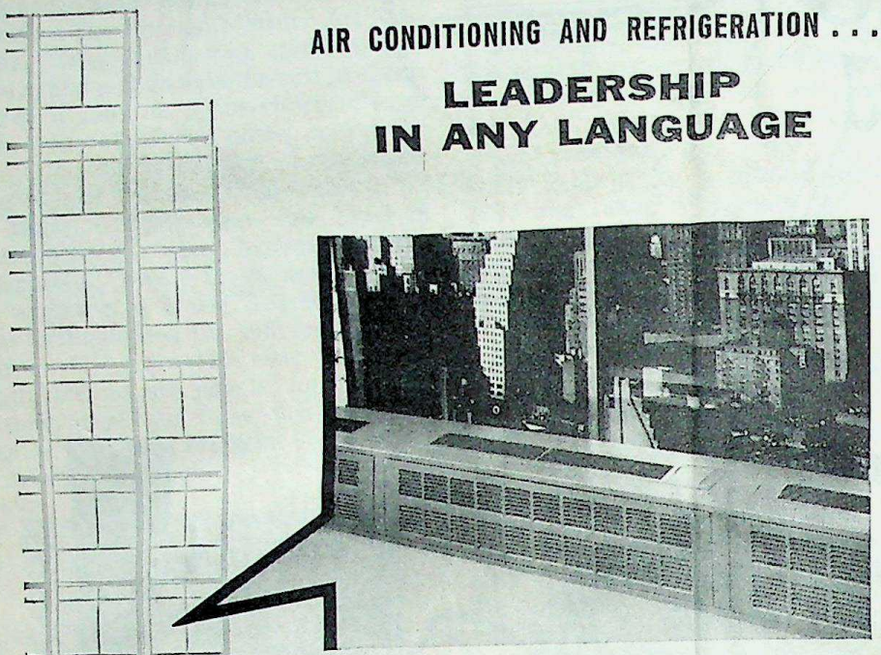
IN ANY LANGUAGE



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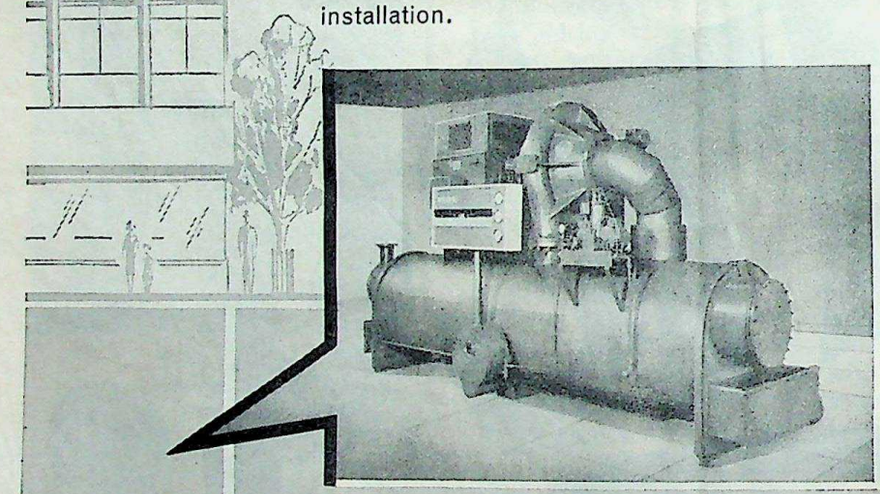

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trialization, writes Roche, Ame
have more freedom today tha
before. Modern cities tolerate a
tude of opinions and muffle dire
sonal clashes. There is more leg
tection of individual rights. "Ev
Communists today," writes Roch
ercise rights that lead the old W
Socialist, or trade-union organiz
smile condescendingly when the
Worker proclaims the existence
'reign of terror' in the United S

Priorities of Fear. Roche has
tience with liberal apologists f
talitarians of the left like Cast
have never known a man who
a gun as a symbol—instead of
strument—who was not fundam
depraved. When such an addict
mantic violence appears in
mouthing left-wing slogans, are
deny the insights of experience
nostalgia of a phrase?" Roch
advises liberals to stop worryin
writing so much about the
right. Right-wing extremists lik
late Joseph F. McCarthy and
Welch must be fought but kept
spective. After all, there has
been one or another on *the ra*
in every period of American *hi*
"While among ourselves we ma
occasion suspect that A.D.A. coul
fight its way out of a wet paper
we take the John Birch Society
own assessment as a tightly knit,
purposed conspiratorial cadre.
are a lot of things that scare
death—nuclear war, automobile
dents, lung cancer, to mentio
three—but I have only a limite
to devote to fright. I therefore
scale of priorities on which the '
from the Right' ranks 23rd—b
the fear of being eaten by pirah
the fear of college presidents."

Importance of Anachronisms.
his practicality, Roche does n
vocate real politics alone: "Thos
put their faith in Machiavelli
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book is devoted to the late
Murphy, Roosevelt's Attorney
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the starry-eyed pursuit of his
ples, Murphy occasionally forgo
the real world he was living in.
admitting that Murphy was a "ri
liberal" and a "utopian pilgrim,"
makes a convincing case that n
Justice of the high court in
times has so consistently cham
civil liberties. During World W
especially, when every other Just
got about civil liberties for the d
Murphy never wavered, and h
dissent from the decision to in
ate the California Nisei was a
of both courage and good law.
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utopians as Murphy.

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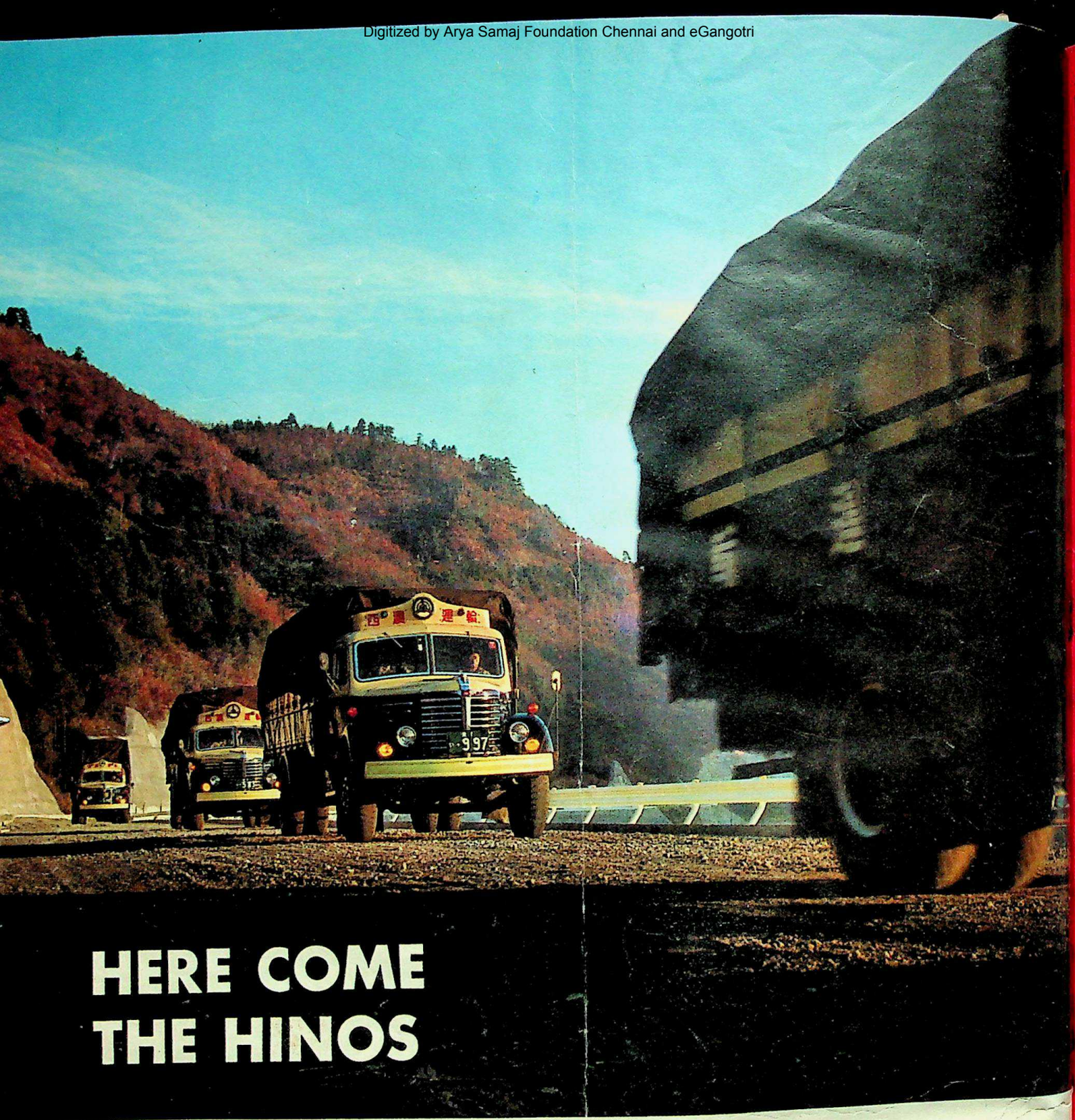

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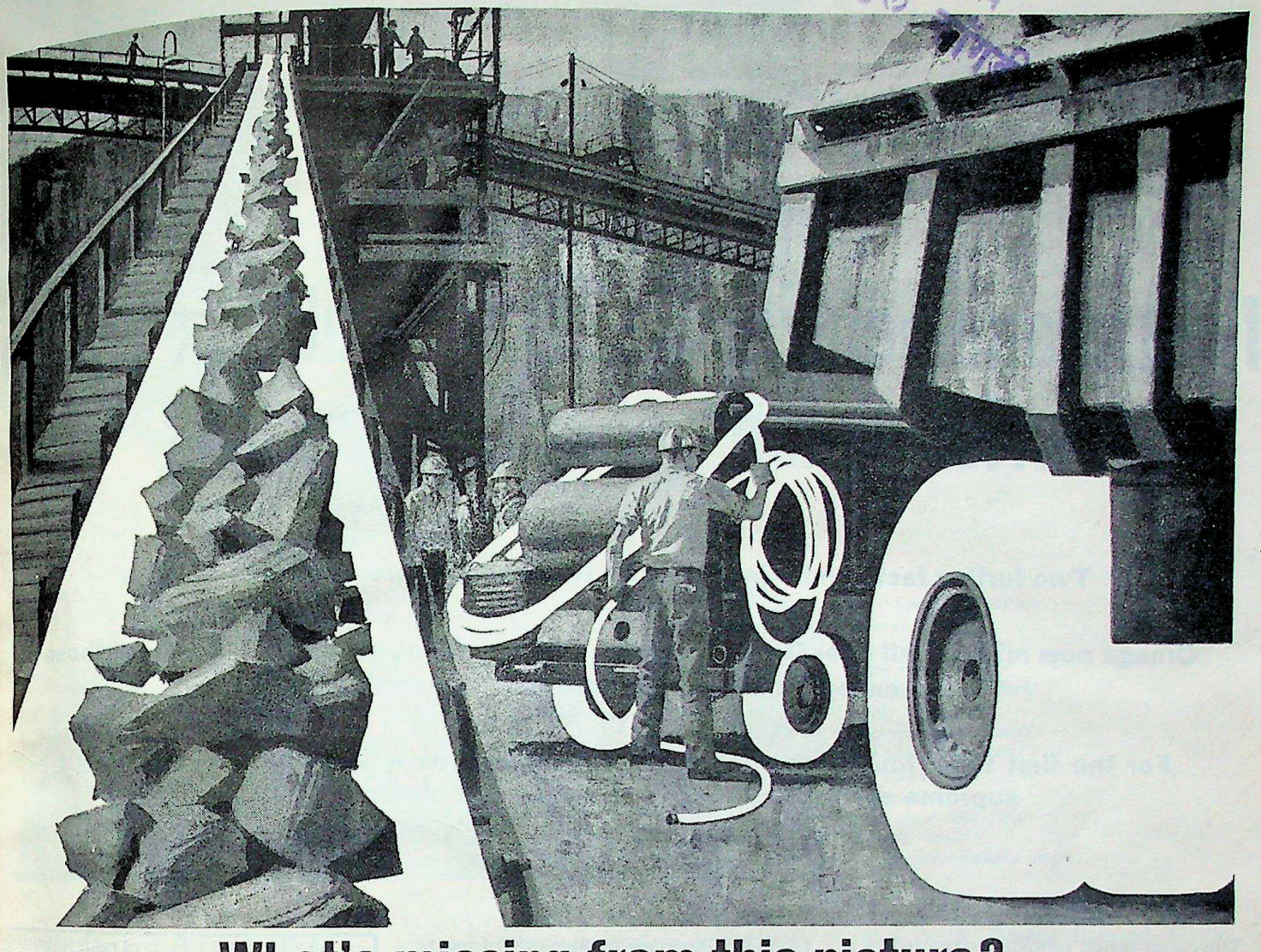

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If you are thinking of buying a watch this year, you should read this news from Switzerland.

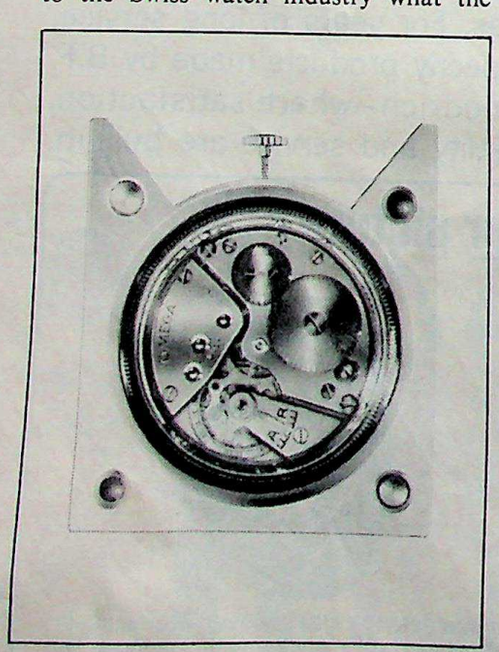
Omega becomes first manufacturer to capture all six Swiss wrist-watch accuracy records

Two further facts underline Omega's leadership in precision and beauty.

Omega now makes well over 50% of all Swiss Chronometers — "super" watches whose exceptional accuracy is officially certified.

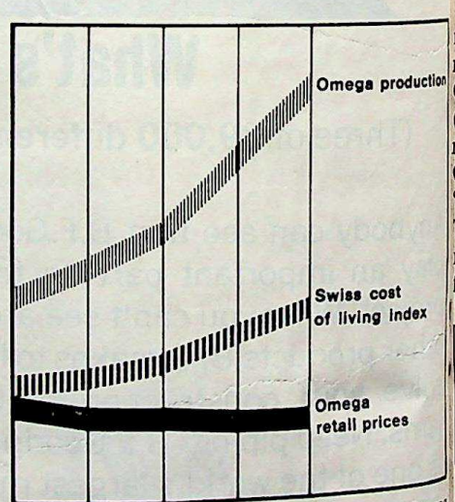
For the first time, four Diamonds International awards — the diamond industry's supreme styling prize — go to a single manufacturer: Omega.

The Swiss watch industry is headed in a new direction. The time is past when watches of extreme accuracy were made in small workshops, in small series.
Significantly, the manufacturer who now holds every single one of the six Swiss wrist-watch accuracy records is also the country's largest: Omega.
The annual accuracy contests of the Geneva and Neuchâtel observatories are to the Swiss watch industry what the Olympic Games are to the world of sports. The drama and the suspense are there, but they are subdued, discernible only to the watch specialist.
Competition movements are of the 30 millimeter variety, a type you can buy any day from your Omega Jeweler.
On-the-wrist conditions are simulated by testing in five positions, in refrigerator and oven, during 44 days.
Results are "refereed" by the observatories' quartz clocks.
Each observatory recognizes three records: for the most accurate single wrist-watch, for the most accurate group of wrist-watches and for the best performance by a watch adjusting specialist. The possibility of all six records going to one manufacturer had always been regarded as remote. Only a single watchmaker ever approached the perfect score, with three records: Omega, in 1955, 1959, 1960 and 1961.
It is therefore no coincidence that the ultimate success – six records out of six – should also have been scored by Omega.



Record setter. Omega's historic victories at the Geneva and Neuchâtel observatories were won with unglamorous competition movements like the one shown here.

Records mean extra seconds of accuracy. In some instances, Omega adjusters pored over their competition movements for more than a year. They experimented with new watch oils and new adjusting methods; they tested advanced engineering techniques. For they regard the observatory accuracy contests as the definitive testbench of watch research.



Despite costly manufacturing processes, Omega was able to hold retail prices to remarkable extent. The reason: constantly rising production.

Inevitably, the lessons learned in the latest accuracy contests will have their effect on the day-to-day production of the Omega factories. The result will be watches of even greater accuracy.

Every second Swiss Chronometer is an Omega Constellation. Last year already, Omega made more wrist Chronometers than the rest of the Swiss watch industry put together. The lead is widening daily.
In 1961, new and more exacting test procedures were adopted by the seven Swiss Institutes for Official Chronometer Tests, making the Chronometer rating more

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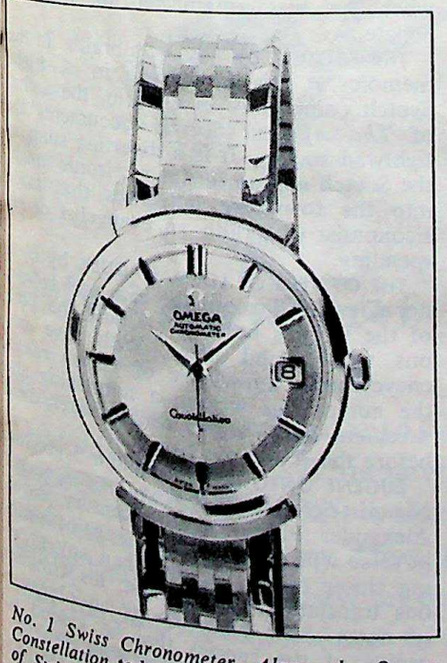
New Look of Precision. One of the four Omega designs that were recently honored in New York with Diamonds International awards – the diamond industry's top styling prize. This was the first time that four awards went to the same manufacturer.

meaningful than ever. For especially accurate watches, the Institutes reserve their Chronometer Certificate "with mention" (Especially Good Results). Omega Chronometers, which are sold under the Constellation name, invariably earn the "Especially Good Results" rating.

The test routine leading up to the Chronometer Certificate is similar to the one followed by the observatories – position testing at room temperature, in refrigerator and oven – but the duration is 15 days instead of 44.

Omega Constellation Chronometers thus frequently perform with a daily rate of two seconds or less, following "on the wrist" adjusting by a qualified watchmaker.



No. 1 Swiss Chronometer. Alone, the Omega Constellation today accounts for well over 50% of Switzerland's production of "super" watches – officially certified Chronometers.

The key to accuracy: a sizeable production. To achieve such precision, even the most highly skilled craftsman requires a whole range of ultrasensitive instruments. Yet the myth of the "handmade watch" persists.

In industry, accuracy and durability are today achieved by furnishing the craftsman with the most sophisticated tools and instruments that money can buy. A manufacturer's production must be very considerable indeed if the investment in mechanical and electronic equipment is to become economically feasible. Only then can he afford the price of precision.

Omega creations presage New Look of accuracy. Watch styling, too, has its price. Working out of the Omega Styling Center in Geneva is a highly talented team of designers. Together, they probably represent the Swiss watch industry's dominant creative force. Time and again they have created prize-winning designs. Their latest triumph came in the international styling competition organized by the diamond industry. When the winners were announced in New York, Omega emerged as the first watch manufacturer ever to receive four Diamonds International awards in one year.

Making the most accurate AND the most beautiful. Significantly, the most accurate and the most beautiful watches are made by one and the same manufacturer: Switzerland's largest.

For many people, the choice of their next watch might well have been determined by the recent events in Geneva, Neuchâtel and New York.

Ω OMEGA

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TIME LISTINGS

TELEVISION

Wednesday, August 26

DEMOCRATIC NATIONAL CONVENTION (ABC, NBC and CBS, 7:30 p.m.—conclusion).* Continued coverage of the nominating, balloting and politicking from Convention Hall in Atlantic City, N.J., where the party will nominate its presidential candidate.

Thursday, August 27

DEMOCRATIC NATIONAL CONVENTION (ABC, NBC and CBS, 7:30 p.m.—conclusion). Choice of the vice-presidential candidate; acceptance speeches.

Friday, August 28

IT'S A BIG WORLD (CBS, 9:30-10 p.m.). Actor James Garner and Comedian Pat Harrington Jr. introduce the four-day Carling World Golf Championship and interview some of the foreign competitors, including Nationalist China's Chen Ching-Po, New Zealand's Bob Charles, Brazil's Mario Gonzales.

Saturday, August 29

THE KING FAMILY (ABC, 9:30-10:30 p.m.). The six King sisters, members of Alvino Rey's Orchestra in the '40s, appear with 33 of their musically gifted children, cousins and nephews in an hour of music spanning two generations.

Sunday, August 30

SUMMER OLYMPIC TRIALS (ABC, 4-5 p.m.). Swimming competition from Astoria, N.Y.; gymnastics from the U.S. Merchant Marine Academy, Kings Point, N.Y.

CARLING WORLD GOLF TOURNAMENT (CBS, 4-6 p.m.). Final holes of the 72-hole $200,000 event, the first in the world with an international field qualified through open competition.

REVIEW OF THE DEMOCRATIC CONVENTION (ABC, 5-6 p.m.). Senators Hubert Humphrey and Sam Ervin Jr., and Historian Arthur Schlesinger Jr. discuss the expected conduct of the campaign.

THE TWENTIETH CENTURY (CBS, 6-6:30 p.m.). Report on the U.S. Navy training program for frogmen and sea-land-air teams. Repeat.

RECORDS

Jazz

CHET BAKER (Colpix), freshly returned from a dope cure in Europe, makes his first recording in five years and shows that he is coolly sure of himself and very jaunty (in *Walkin'*). He can also be as lyrical as anyone in jazz today. He says a lot in little, can sing like a flugelhorn (*Whatever Possess'd Me*) and make a flugelhorn sing (*Soultrane*).

COLTRANE'S SOUND (Atlantic) is free, airborne and intense; his tenor sax describes a flashing, looping melodic maze in his composition called *Liberia*, pokes broodingly into small, dark corners in *Equinox*, has the jitters in *Satellite*. The fine drummer Elvin Jones explodes some free-style fireworks too.

ORCHESTRA PORTRAITS (Pacific Jazz). Composer-Arranger-Bandleader Gerald Wilson conducts his zesty, Hollywood-based big band, using huge splashes of colored sound propelled by a cast-iron beat. The wide brush works best on his own pieces; *So What* by Miles and *'Round Midnight* by Thelonious lose their definition.

MARY LOU WILLIAMS (Mary) swung her way into bebop and then retired from jazz to devote herself to prayer and good works. After ten years' absence from the recording mike, she is back in good form as the pianistic pivot of several talented groups, among them the Howard Roberts Chorus, which sings her *Black Christ of the Andes*. As a hymn it is simple and moving, with cool kaleidoscopic harmonies, but its jazz superstructure seems to be an afterthought.

A NEW PERSPECTIVE (Blue Note). More jazz hymns, by Veteran Trumpeter Donald Byrd, the son of a Methodist minister. Schooled in classic composition, Byrd is writing spirituals with jazz textures and African rhythms. There are stretches of monotony, but mostly the music comes to life, catalyzed by the performance of the excellent small choir and combo. *The Black Disciple* is the most effective, with its unusual rushed rhythms.

TRUE BLUE (Atlantic). A specialist in "soul" like Ray Charles, with whom he played for five years, Alto Saxophonist Hank Crawford performs some of his own pieces (*Shake A-Plenty, Skunky Green*) with a small, well-integrated band. Nothing cosmic, just cheerful blues, short, catchy and swinging.

FOLK 'N' FLUTE (Pacific Jazz). Folk music is so popular today that blues singers call themselves folk singers and jazz combos have been known to swing *John Henry* and *We Shall Overcome*—violently. Bud Shank and the Folkswingers, featuring Shank's cool flute and Joe Pass's warm guitar, stay close to the spirit of the ballads in their gentle improvisations on songs like *This Land Is Your Land* and *Blowin' in the Wind*.

CINEMA

GIRL WITH GREEN EYES. She seemed too good to be true in *A Taste of Honey*. In her second picture, Liverpool's Rita Tushingham, 22, seems even better than that: a girl who both acts like an angel and looks like a star. Peter Finch plays her middle-aged lover and plays him well, but Rita's dazzling presence turns Finch to sparrow.

A HARD DAY'S NIGHT. A treat for the Beatle generation. The holler boys' first film is fresh, fast and funny, and it may moderate the adult notion that a Beatle is something to be greeted with DDT.

HARA-KIRI. A gory, sometimes tedious, sometimes beautiful dramatic treatise on an old Japanese custom: ritual suicide.

CARTOUCHE. French Director Philippe de Broca, the brilliant satirist who made *The Five-Day Lover*, has executed a careless but wonderfully carefree parody of a period piece in which Jean-Paul Belmondo plays the Robin Hood of 18th century Paris.

THAT MAN FROM RIO. De Broca and Belmondo are at it again, but this time they do better. *Rio* is a wild and wacky travesty of what passes for adventure in the average film thriller.

THE NIGHT OF THE IGUANA. In John Huston's version of Tennessee Williams' play, several unlikely characters (portrayed with talent by Richard Burton and with competence by Deborah Kerr and Ava Gardner) turn up in the patio of a not-very-grand hotel in Mexico and talk, talk, talk about their peculiar problems. Often they talk well.

LOS TARANTOS. With mingled dance and drama and burning Iberian intensity, Spanish Director Rovira-Beleta tells the story of a gypsy Romeo and Juliet.

ISLAND OF THE BLUE DOLPHINS. This intelligent and tasteful tale of an Indian girl (Celia Kaye) who shares an island exile with her dog is a model of what children's pictures ought to be but seldom are.

A SHOT IN THE DARK. Sellers of the Sûreté sets a new style in sleuthing: he lets the murderer get away but make sure the audience dies laughing.

SEDUCED AND ABANDONED. Young love becomes a Sicilian nightmare in a sometimes wildly farcical, sometimes deeply affecting tragicomedy by Director Pietro Germi, already famed for *Divorce—Italian Style*.

ZULU. A bloody good show based on the historical incident that occurred in 1879: the siege of a British outpost by 4,000 African tribesmen.

THE UNSINKABLE MOLLY BROWN. As a girl from the mining camps, Debbie Reynolds makes waves in Denver society and energetically keeps this big, brassy version of Meredith Willson's Broadway musical from going under.

NOTHING BUT THE BEST. A lower-crust clerk (Alan Bates) hires an upper-crust crumb to teach him the niceties of Establishment snobbery in this cheeky, stylish, often superlative British satire.

THE ORGANIZER. Director Mario Monicelli's drama about a 19th century strike in Turin has warmth, humor, stunning photography, and a superb performance by Marcello Mastroianni as a sort of Socialist Savonarola.

BOOKS

Best Reading

THE GAY PLACE, by William Bramm... Hardly noticed when it was first publishe... in 1961, this first novel by a sometim... aide to Lyndon Johnson has become ... top-selling paperback and a political co... versation piece. Deservedly, for despi... fictional camouflage, it is an adroitly wri... ten *roman à clef* about L.B.J. in the da... when he was ringmaster of the U.S. Senate.

THE SCOTCH, by John Galbraith. In th... memoir of his childhood in a frug... Scotch community in Ontario, the auth... of *The Affluent Society* documents th... tightwad society. It is a diverting study o... the Scotch and an intriguing, ironic insig... into the formative influences that ma... Economist Galbraith an evangelist of h... spending.

THE OYSTERS OF LOCMARIAQUER, by Ele... nor Clark. All about the care and feedi... of the world's best oysters, and the Bre... ons who attend them. With love a... encyclopedic knowledge of *Ostrea edu...* the author has written a nourishing a... succulent book, which can be safely re... before the *R* months begin.

EUGENE ONEGIN, by Vladimir Nabok... Novelist-Scholar Nabokov has render... Alexander Pushkin's 19th century nov... in-verse with accuracy and range of mea... ing closer to the original than any pre... ous translation. By contrast, his volum... of notes show Nabokov as an obsess... genius of the species that he kidded ... guilefully in his novel *Pale Fire*.

CORNELIUS SHIELDS ON SAILING. Cor... own philosophy for winning races is a...

* All times E.D.T.

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Touch down in Oslo. Sail into Rio. Drive into a Tokyo service station. The Esso Oval will be waiting. This is what our aviation, marine and automotive customers look for. They know they can always get quality Esso fuels, lubricants and services wherever they go—throughout the Free World. And they know that Esso can draw on decades of international petroleum production and marketing experience to solve intricate customer problems. Perhaps these are more reasons why Esso is the **World's First Choice!** Our local organization will be pleased to advise you on your petroleum product needs.

ESSO

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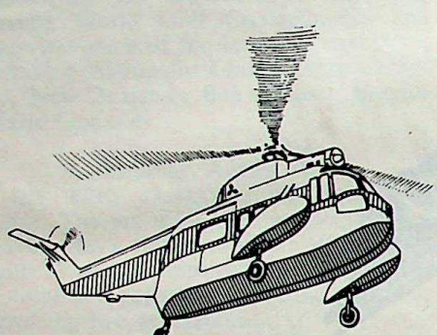
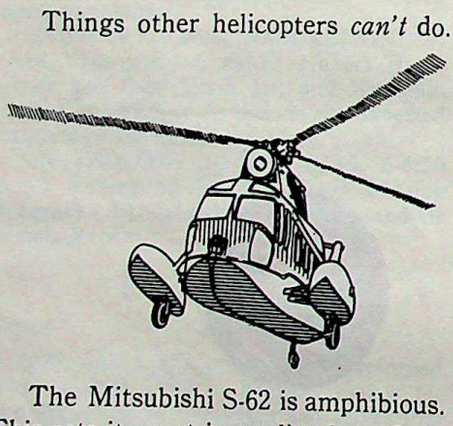
The sky's the limit



Helicopters are versatile. They go up, down, sideways, stand in mid-air, and make pinpoint landings.

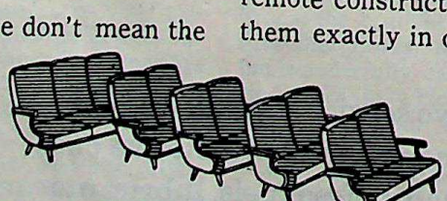
The helicopter we build does all of these, of course. And quite a bit more besides.

Things other helicopters *can't* do.



The Mitsubishi S-62 is amphibious. This sets it apart immediately. (Ours was the first turbine powered helicopter to be certified by the FAA for commercial use on water.)

By amphibious we don't mean the sole ability to land on Walden Pond. The S-62 is perfectly at home on sand, mud, snow, ice and choppy seas. Wherever there's room to set down.



Another certified first is the CT-58 turbine engine. Most helicopters are rather noisy. They tend to shake. Not the S-62. The turbine is very quiet and creates little or no vibration.

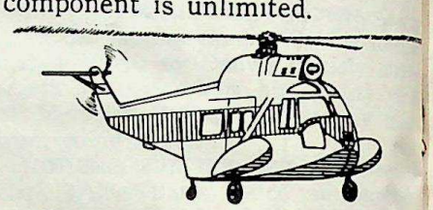
For eleven or twelve passengers taking their first ride, this fact alone is bound to sell them on helicopter travel. If it doesn't, the interior comfort that borders on downright luxury will.

The cabin itself is multi-purposed. Remove the seats and you have 440 cubic feet of cargo space. A 2,000 pound load was once taken to a base camp 14,000 feet up in the Himalayas.

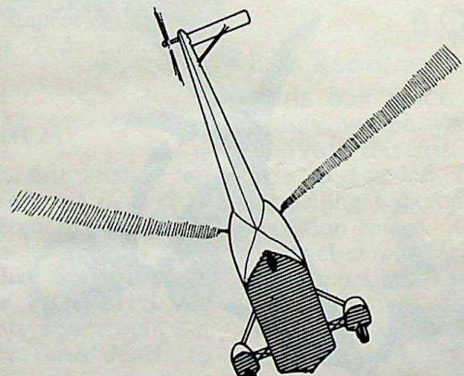
Install litters and the S-62 becomes a flying ambulance. Last year, in the dead of winter, one rescued 13 college students trapped atop Mt. Yakushi (9,597 feet).

And have you ever heard of a flying crane? The S-62 converts to just that. It can deliver work pieces to remote construction sites and position them exactly in one fell swoop.

The S-62 has a relatively short history, but no other helicopter has proven its worth more. None so easy to maintain, either. Overhaul intervals are longer and the life of at least one dynam component is unlimited.



Produced at our Nagoya Aircra Works under an agreement with Sik orsky Aircraft of the U.S., the S-6 is the latest in a series of helicopter we've been building since 1958. B aviation and Mitsubishi date bac much further.



In 1939, or of our passenge planes made hea lines by successful completing a flig around the worl

The sky was t limit then, just as is today. In as ma different industries as you would ca to name.

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a frank memoir of the man, who at 70, is the champion U.S. skipper.

THE SIEGE OF HARLEM, by Warren Miller. In this book's fantasy plot, Harlem grows tired of riots and declares itself an independent nation. Miller, who lived there for five years, proves his skill both as satirist and Harlemologist.

SHADOW AND SUBSTANCE, by John P. Roche. The A.D.A.'s national chairman says that Americans have more civil liberties than any other people in history. His refreshingly forthright list of personal fears puts nuclear war in first place. The Birchers are only Fear 23.

THE RECTOR OF JUSTIN, by Louis Auchincloss. A better chronicler of Massachusetts' elite Groton School and its wise, eccentric founder, Endicott Peabody, could hardly be hoped for. In this intricate, fascinating chronicle of "Dr. Prescott" of "Justin," Author Auchincloss finally fulfills his long-time promise of major distinction as a novelist.

TWO NOVELS, by Brigid Brophy. In these elegant and wickedly brilliant novellas about a masquerade ball and a lesbian schoolmistress, Brigid Brophy shows subtlety of both thought and style.

THE FAR FIELD, by Theodore Roethke. A posthumous selection of the poems Roethke wrote during the last seven years of his life celebrates movingly and prophetically "the last pure stretch of joy, the dire dimension of a final thing."

JULIAN, by Gore Vidal. A voluminous, fascinating historical novel, well researched, yet remaining oddly dispassionate and at one remove from the vibrant and youthful Roman emperor whose turbulent, 18-month reign marked the last conflict in the Western world between pagan Hellenism and early Christianity.

A MOVEABLE FEAST, by Ernest Hemingway. Funny, if often unkind, inside reminiscences of the literati (Gertrude Stein, Ford Madox Ford, Scott Fitzgerald) who befriended the young unknown writer in his Paris springtime before *The Sun Also Rises* thrust him into their own outer-world of fame.

Best Sellers

FICTION

1. Candy, Southern and Hoffenberg (4 last week)
2. Armageddon, Uris (3)
3. The Spy Who Came In From the Cold, Le Carré (1)
4. Julian, Vidal (2)
5. The Rector of Justin, Auchincloss (6)
6. Convention, Knebel and Bailey (5)
7. The 480, Burdick (7)
8. The Night in Lisbon, Remarque (8)
9. The Spire, Golding (9)
10. Von Ryan's Express, Westheimer

NONFICTION

1. A Moveable Feast, Hemingway (1)
2. The Invisible Government, Wise and Ross (2)
3. Harlow, Shulman (3)
4. A Tribute to John F. Kennedy, Salinger and Vanocur (4)
5. Four Days, U.P.I. and American Heritage (7)
6. The Kennedy Wit, Adler (9)
7. Crisis in Black and White, Silberman (6)
8. Diplomat Among Warriors, Murphy (5)
9. Mississippi: The Closed Society, Silver (10)
10. The Burden and the Glory, Kennedy

Shore Story

"And what," said the big, handsome wolf, "do you have there, little girl?"

"This, wolf," answered the girl, "is a Toshiba portable Model 8L-688R. It has four bands, three of them short-wave, and a fine-tuning control too. It has a ferrite core antenna built in and a five-section antenna that pops up. There's a big, 3½" PMD speaker. And the whole radio weighs only four pounds."

"You're a pretty speaker yourself," murmured the wolf. "How much do you weigh?"

"Don't interrupt," said the girl. "This radio gives 300 hours continuous service on four ordinary flashlight batteries. Won't you sit down?"

But the wolf had run off—no doubt to his Toshiba dealer to buy a Model 8L-688R.

Escorted tours of Toshiba factories in the Tokyo area Monday through Friday PM mid-September through mid-November. Refreshments. Souvenirs. For reservations, call Toshiba International Division, 501-5411.

Tokyo Shibaura Electric Co., Ltd.

For information · TOSHIBA Foreign Trade Division
Hibiya Mitsui Bldg., Yurakucho, Tokyo

Toshiba
QUALITY SINCE 1875

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TODAY IN AUSTRALIA

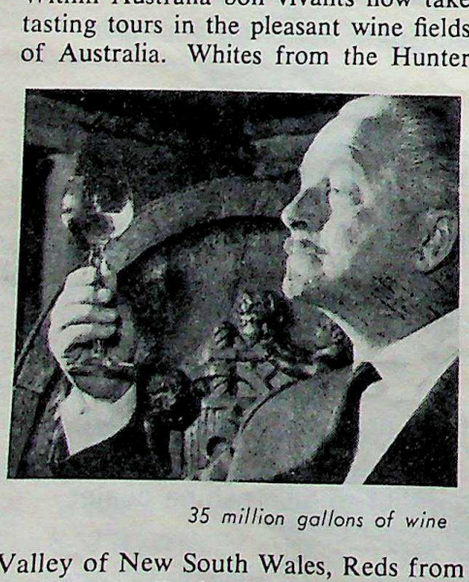
What's new in this land of rapid growth and huge potential

On the Rails

Most countries are closing railways down, but Australia is building more of them. By early next year one of the biggest railway undertakings in the country's history will be finished—the £25 million, 603 mile rail link between the giant copper mine at Mt. Isa in the interior of Australia and the Queensland coast at the city of Townsville. The railway administrations are now spending £70 million improving their 26,000 miles of rail tracks, not because passenger traffic is increasing but because freight—the bread and butter of the rail system—is booming as the economy bounds ahead.

High Spirits

Australian wine continues to win gold medals at European competitions. Within Australia bon vivants now take tasting tours in the pleasant wine fields of Australia. Whites from the Hunter



35 million gallons of wine

Valley of New South Wales, Reds from South Australia, brandies from Victoria have surprised many visitors who know a Lafitte better than a Pokolbin. About 35 million gallons of wine are made in Australia yearly, with the export trade taking a modest but significant 1½ million gallons.

Wheels of Fortune

Although Australia is already the fourth most motorised country in the world, the Australian motor manufacturing industry is now setting out on a £100 million expansion programme designed to lift production by 30 per cent over the last year's record output of 375,000 vehicles. Fifteen years ago a motoring industry hardly existed in Australia.

Good Oil

This year the first oil from Australia's first commercial oilfield ran through a 200 mile, £4½ million pipeline for refining at an Australian oil refinery. More oil is being discovered all the time as 100 drill holes a year go down into the ancient crust of the continent. By the end of last year £120 million had been spent looking for oil. The big international oil groups are not the only ones in the search; more than 60 exploration companies have been formed to try and hit the oil bonanza.

New Guinea

In the Australian-controlled eastern half of the large tropical island of New Guinea, just north of Australia, the residents recently had their first universal suffrage election for a newly formed House of Assembly. Although copra, cocoa, rubber, coffee, timber, peanuts and shellfish are the major exports of the Australian-controlled part of New Guinea, the administration is trying to establish secondary industry as fast as possible. Now a company has been formed especially to direct millions of pounds of Australian capital into the territory for this purpose.

Bifsteck in Brussels

Bifsteck in Brussels, Vitello in Venice and Hamburger anywhere in the United States might sound like a very local product. But the meat in question m[ay] have been born, bred and processed [in] Australia. This year Australian me[at] exports look like beating the record [they] set last year of £110 million. The U[S] has been Australia's major meat mar[ket]

American Hamburgers . . . Australian me[at]

in recent years. But Britain and Euro[pe] have re-emerged as major custome[rs] and Japan is also now a big buyer [of] beef, veal, lamb and mutton from Au[s]tralian producers.

Just Hours Away

Judge business opportunities in Au[s]tralia for yourself. Every few hou[rs] Qantas 707 V-Jets—fastest in rou[nd]-world service—leave from Americ[a] Europe, Asia and the Orient for Au[s]tralia. Your Travel Agent or Qan[tas] will show you how little extra it co[sts] to include Australia in your next rou[nd] world itinerary. Ask Qantas, too, abo[ut] Qantas Air Cargo, offering f[ast] frequent services to all parts of t[he] world, with renowned Qantas care. C[all] Qantas today.

AUSTRALIA'S ROUND-WORLD AIRL[INE]

QANTA[S]

43 YEARS OF DEPENDABLE SER[VICE]

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LETTERS

Cardinal for Renewal

Sir: Good luck to Cardinal Cushing and his ideas [Aug. 21]. I hope that other Catholic clergymen will join with him in modernizing the church. It's about time Catholic parishioners realized that it's not true that only Protestants go to hell.

LINDA NELSEN

Chicago

Sir: I am an ex-seminarian who studied for the priesthood for four years, and I ultimately left the seminary because of "chancery Catholicism." This sort of thing sorely hinders a priest's proper Christian ministry in the community. It also hinders the individual Catholic's relationship with God, so much so that he is more afraid of the "System" than he is of his God. The Catholic faith is not, and should not be reduced to, a legalistic system of detached abstract theology. It should be a living, dynamic, individualistic relationship with God. Conservative Catholic prelates and laymen would do well to listen to Cardinal Cushing and learn something from him.

RICHARD LOUDERMAN JR.

Hometown, Ill.

Sir: It may come as a surprise to Cardinal Cushing and others that there are many Catholic lay people who are not in sympathy with *aggiornamento* and ecumenism. As for our 20th century Zwinglis, Calvins and other self-anointed "progressives," I suggest they join one of our available crackpot sects where they may indulge their divisive, anarchistic passions without fear of papal or curial restraint.

KARL D. JURIC

Albuquerque

Sir: Your article might give the masses the impression that one person's opinion is as good as another's within the church. This is not true. As a Catholic, I know that true believers attempt to commit themselves to the authority of the church during any apparent conflict between it and their own doubts on some moral issue. The idea of authority in the church is very sublime and beautiful if properly understood. True acceptance of the church's authority should not curtail one's freedom within the church.

THOMAS F. CARLIN

Elkins Park, Pa.

Sir: As a Catholic committed to reform and renewal, I would like to say that we do not really want to "dissent from the Pope." Our devotion to truth is complete —so complete that we reject scholastic formulations that are unintelligible to the modern mind. But we accept mystery as unavoidable in any attempt to understand the workings of the infinite God. We are not asking for a more liberal church, meaning an easier church; we know that all true Christianity must be difficult, for all Christians are called to carry the Cross after our Master. We do not want to change the church so much as we want to see accretions removed that serve only to soil the purity conferred by her Founder.

JUDITH GRABSKI

Broadview, Ill.

Sir: It is unfortunate that you did not explore the opinions of those Catholic laymen who detest the false pride of men like Cushing and the Jesuits. These men are the Bing Crosby and Pat O'Brien type of priests, who use clichés and terribly bold words to express their supposed liberalism. The pseudo-progressive Jesuit colleges send forth a procession of professional security-conscious, noncreative graduates.

JOHN T. LYDEN

New Rochelle, N.Y.

Sir: It is an oversimplification to say that Cushing has been slow to eradicate anti-Negro prejudice in South Boston. The prejudice exists throughout the archdiocese, even among the clergy. The cardinal's pastorals are eloquent indeed, his views on race relations firmly stated, but his pastors and his people have let him down. Incidentally, we do have two Negro priests in Boston, both in Negro parishes.

RICHARD M. SENIER

Arlington, Mass.

Sir: Whether or not I'm "twice as intelligent and three times better educated," I turn to a priest for clarification on matters of faith and church doctrine. Anyone so foolish as to think he should be free to dissent with the Pope had better take a quick review of his earlier catechism classes.

DENIS J. ROONEY

Omaha

Sir: One would hope that these proponents of renewal in American Catholicism are also true members of the church militant, and on occasion come to the defense of their own church. Their indifference to the plight of Catholics in Iron Curtain countries is simply appalling. I think the church can do without these reformers, because one can only look with contempt on people who, while asking for more "freedom within the church," have not manifested any real concern for the freedom of their church.

E. G. BIRBICK

Trenton, N.J.

Sir: The church's next big challenge is to follow the example of virtually all Protestant denominations in making public financial statements.

DAVID E. KUCHARSKY

Arlington, Va.

Sir: The article on Cardinal Cushing is another example of too little, too late. By the time the Catholic Church approves some method of reliable birth control, I shall have reached my menopause. I wonder if I will be able to receive Communion retroactively?

MRS. RICHARD MITCHELL

Buzzards Bay, Mass.

Pacific Admiral

Sir: Your account of the recent difficulties in Viet Nam [Aug 14] will undoubtedly provoke many points of view. You may be interested in the comment of a recent refugee from Red China, who told me: "I pray daily that the Western world will not be taken in by the apparent lull and seeming inactivity in North Viet Nam. Face saving is still a very important aspect of Oriental thinking, and the red faces, both in Peking and Hanoi, will sooner or later try to avenge the insult of failure."

M. H. SELIG

Tokyo

Sir: I wonder how the Tonkin incident would look if we changed the location and the characters. Suppose that on that sunny morning a North Viet Nam destroyer were proceeding south about 30 miles east of Manhattan. Suddenly three American PT boats came tearing along toward the destroyer, and the Vietnamese sent off three warning shots. The Americans, being in what could loosely be described as their home waters, decided to press on. The North Viet Nam destroyer, thinking that it was about to be attacked, immediately fired off a five-inch shell and sank one of the motorboats. According to the view of President Johnson and that warhorse Senator Goldwater, the commander of that North Viet Nam destroyer was perfectly within his rights. As for me, I am just a bit confused!

S. HIRST

Canterbury, England

Bobby's Ambitions

Sir: If Bob Kennedy were a sincere public servant, he would not kidnap a state that has such an able Senator as Kenneth Keating. Why doesn't he run for Senator in Mississippi? There he is needed.

JOANN COLE

Waverly, Iowa

Repetitious Tragedy

Sir: Logic is logic, that's all I can say concerning your "compendium of curious coincidences" [Aug. 21]. Lincoln's nickname contains three letters, Kennedy's four. Abe's wife was Mary Todd, but not Jack's. Whereas Lincoln was shot in a theater in April by means of a pistol, Kennedy was shot in a car in November by means of a rifle. The names John Wilkes Booth and Lee Harvey Oswald have no initial letter in common. An attempt was made to impeach the Tennessee Johnson, but not the Texas Johnson, despite the fact that both were born in states whose names begin with *T* and succeeded Presidents who were shot in the

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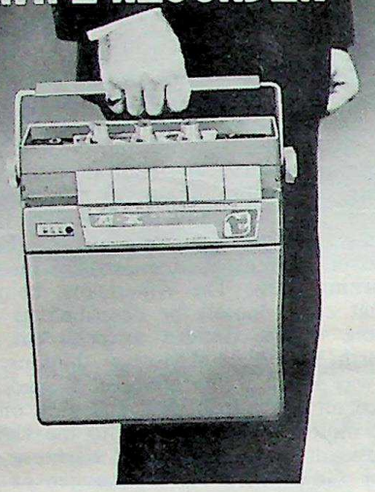

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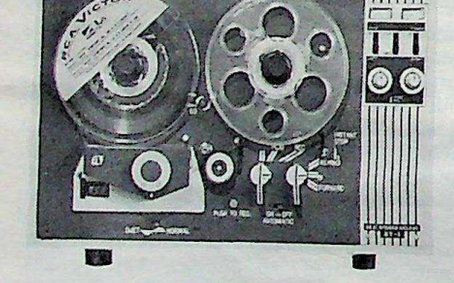

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presence of their wives. "Different cause, different effect." Therefore Goldwater will not be elected. Q.E.D.

VINCENT TOMAS

Providence

▶ *The Tennessee Johnson was actually born in North Carolina. Therefore Bobby Kennedy will not be Vice President.*—ED.

Private Wealth of Public Men

Sir: So the Goldwaters are worth $1,700,000, with more to come on the death of relatives. Who in hell cares about how much Barry has? I would be for him even if he had more than J. Paul Getty or Rockefeller. I think your story was designed to discourage little people like me from donating money to the cause.

ANNE STEWART

Chicago

High Standards, Etc.

Sir: Your article about Mods and Rockers [Aug. 14] could cause a false impression. We do not allow any unusual form of dress such as Rockers wear, and we only allow people with ties, etc. The standard of Mecca Ballrooms and standard of dress required is known to all the press, as shown by the enclosed cartoon from *Punch*.

E. MORELEY
Assistant Managing Director
Mecca Ballrooms
London

▶ *See cut.*—ED.

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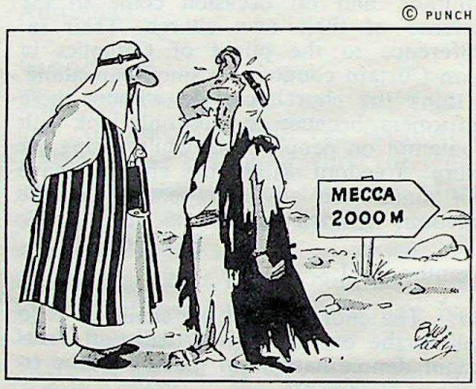

"THEY WON'T LET YOU IN IF YOU HAVEN'T GOT A TIE ON."

Mississippi Harmony

Sir: On the same day that rioting was going on in two cities of New Jersey [Aug. 21], about 200 white and Negro citizens of Bay St. Louis, Miss., gathered together at a reception to honor a Negro sculptor and painter of international renown, Richmond Barthé, who had returned to his home town for his first visit in ten years. Attendance of both races at the reception was entirely spontaneous and unorganized—so informal, in fact, that for a while it was the chief of police who poured punch at the punch bowl! It is apparently taboo these days to report anything good about Mississippi, but it did strike a happy note to see our Mississippi mayor presenting to a Negro artist the key to our city.

MRS. RENÉ DE MONTLUZIN

Bay St. Louis, Miss.

Sir: Before going to the polls in November, I hope the names of three great Americans will be remembered: Schwerner, Chaney and Goodman.

STEVE JONES

The Bronx, N.Y.

Sir: The German people pleaded that they did not know that Nazi atrocities were taking place in their country. What is our excuse, 20 years later, when similar horrors stalk our own country? Today's tale of the three slain civil rights workers terrifies me more.

MRS. ALEX J. DRAGT

Princeton, N.J.

Sir: The incredible restraint of the adult population of Mississippi in the face of the invasion by hordes of bold-faced, liberal, indoctrinated brats is most commendable. The people of America will give their answer in November, thank God!

J. STEINBACKER

Sunset Beach, Calif.

Sir: Most of us Negroes are law-abiding and we condemn the few that give us a black eye in the country at large, just as we condemn those whites for the senseless murders that occur far too often in parts of our country. Most thinking white people, I am sure, feel the same way.

HARCOURT G. HARRIS, M.D.

Detroit

Keeping 'Em Out of the Tent

Sir: TIME reported the title of my address at the American Bar Association Convention in New York as "Sex and the Single Premium" and characterized it as a "get-'em-in-the-tent" title [Aug. 21]. Actually, the full title of my scholarly lecture was "Up from the Serbonian Bog or Sex and the Single Premium," appealing only to those interested in the intricacies of Insurance Law.

WILLIAM HUGHES MULLIGAN
Dean, School of Law
Fordham University
New York City

Heroic Ten Minutes

Sir: I rise hotly to the defense of Tarzan, who is not "conventional claptrap" [Aug. 21], but one of the long line of heroes such as Hercules, d'Artagnan and John Ridd, whom most men and boys have always revered. Who but Tarzan could have remained motionless for ten minutes while a poisonous insect walked over his skin, including his bare eyeball?

F. BEDDOE

Staten Island, N.Y.

Sir: Though Edgar Rice Burroughs' social values may be archaic, they are far from extinct in contemporary times. The cult of the English gentleman is as much admired in the U.S. as over there. Perhaps we wouldn't want such conditions on our doorstep, but they suit our day-dreams. Burroughs creates a homogeneous escape world where many interesting perils are always successfully overcome by the resourceful hero. Everything is pleasant—even the unpleasantness.

LEMAIRE HOWARD

Hobart, Ind.

Dane at the Helm

Sir: There is no "German representative" involved in the management of IBM in Denmark [Aug. 21]. The operations of IBM Denmark are the responsibility of a Danish-born general manager who, with general managers for IBM in Finland, The Netherlands, Norway, Sweden and the United Kingdom, reports to an area executive in London.

J. T. CARTY
Director of Communications
IBM World Trade Corp.
New York City

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TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

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A letter from the PUBLISHER

Bernhard M. Auer

TIME's chief Lady Bird watcher is one of the ten women correspondents on our staff, Jean Franklin. A 1947 graduate of Bucknell and former editorial researcher, Reporter Franklin specializes in the Washington bureau's contribution to our back-of-the-book sections—such as EDUCATION, MEDICINE, SCIENCE, ART, MUSIC—and in covering the wife of the President.

For Jean, watching the Bird last week involved traveling more than 6,000 miles by plane, bus, aerial tramway and river raft from Washington to Wyoming's Rockies to the Canadian coastline. It brought her first encounters with fresh-caught mountain trout, buffalo à la bourguignonne ("It tasted like beef stew"), and His and Her press rooms. That was at the University of Vermont, where the male reporters were set up in the men's locker room at the gym and the women in the logical counterpart. This week, along with a large contingent of editors, writers, reporters and researchers, Jean will be in Atlantic City to keep Lady Bird in sight.

While Reporter Franklin was watching last week, Researcher Patricia Gordon was in New York digging into the lore to find out what First Ladies are made of. A Texan at heart and a cook by hobby, Pat was delighted when she came across Luci Baines Johnson's recipe for Texas cookies. They presented a particular problem, however, because they must be formed by a special cutter that makes them the shape of the state of Texas. After an unsuccessful search through Manhattan stores, Pat called her mother in Houston and had a Texas cookie cutter sent air-mail special delivery, thereby enabling her to provide what Associate Editor Jesse Birnbaum, who was in charge of the story, could not resist describing as research that really gave him something to chew on.

NOEL CLARK

LADY BIRD & JEAN FRANKLIN

The reports of Jean Franklin and Pat Gordon, along with files from White House Reporter Hugh Sidey and other correspondents around the U.S. and abroad—who analyzed the public impression of the First Lady—all went to Writer William Johnson. No kin, Johnson now feels that he knows the First Family from both sides, since he wrote our last cover story on the President (May 1). During a talk with Lady Bird at the White House, Writer Johnson asked how she felt about being the subject of a TIME cover story, and she admitted having "some trepidations" but philosophically quoted Bobby Burns: "Oh wad some power the giftie gie us/ To see oursels as others see us!"

Artist Boris Artzybasheff saw Lady Bird partly through her name and designed as a fitting background to her portrait a strong and stylish Artzybird.

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PICTURE OF A MAN ABOUT TO START AN AIRLINER

Coupling up an air-hose may seem an odd way of starting an aircraft. But then, strangely enough, the modern jetliner's appetite for air begins *before* the start. Its turbine starters must be fed warm air continuously, at a constant pressure and free from impurities. Given this, four jet engines can be started in sixty seconds.

This, however, is only part of the problem. Another is to do it simply, at a low cost per start. Surprisingly, the answer began to take shape long before the advent of the commercial jet, with a Swedish invention—the rotary screw compressor—developed for large production plants. It was only a short, if technically skilled, step for Atlas Copco to adapt this design for mobile service as the Air Partner.

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TIME
THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE
August 28, 1964 Vol. 84, No. 9

THE U.S.

DEMOCRATS

A Streetcar Named Euphoria

Q. Mr. President, can you tell us anything about your plans for next week?

A. With regard to the convention, I expect to go up later Thursday evening—I don't know what time—if I go at all.

Q. Mr. President, did I understand that you might not go to Atlantic City at all?

A. I didn't say I would or I wouldn't.

—White House press conference

Well, if he didn't, it would certainly be the biggest surprise since the St. Louis Browns won a pennant. For Lyndon Johnson this week will mark the zenith of a vigorous and ambitious career. He will be nominated as the Democratic candidate for President of the U.S. The next night, on his 56th birthday, he will deliver his acceptance speech. He wouldn't miss it for the world.

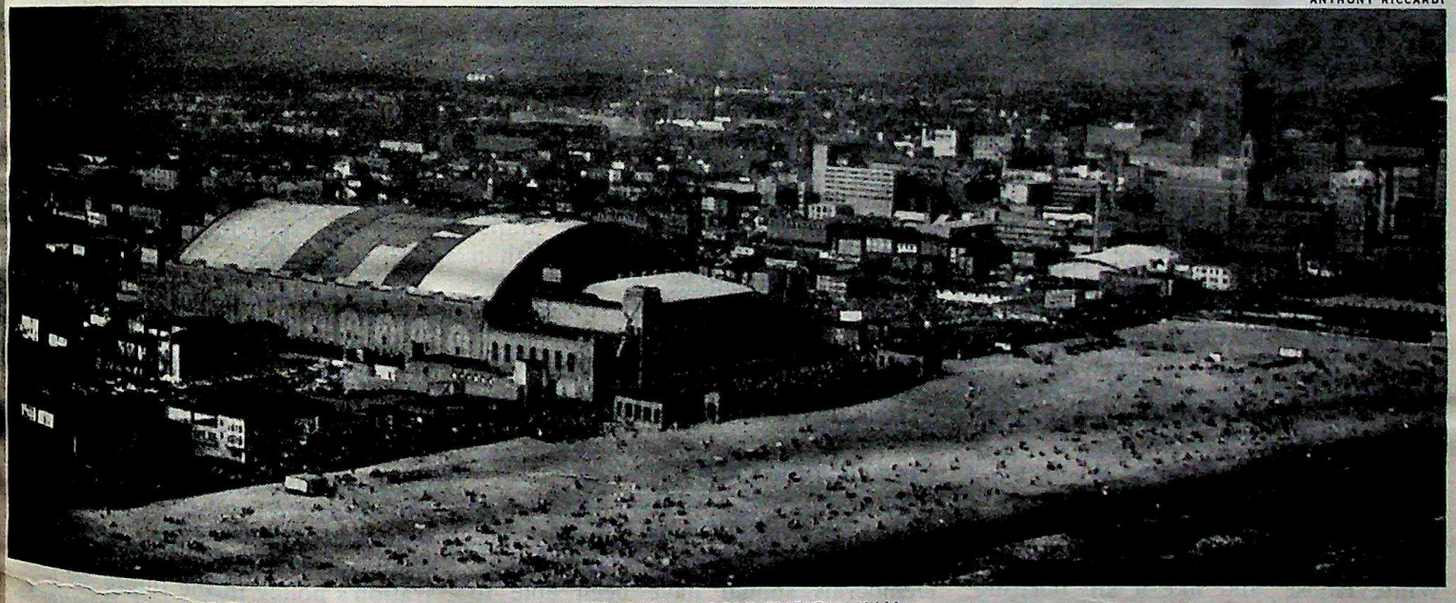
Polls & More Polls. All week long Lyndon delighted in playing cat-and-mouse with the vice-presidential nomination, but most of all he was riding along on a streetcar named euphoria. Trooping in and out of his presence have come literally scores of visitors, mostly newsmen and politicians. There were evening meetings with 50 or so Washington bureau chiefs of the major newspapers, magazines and wire services, visiting publishers, Governors, mayors and maybe even dogcatchers. Most of them reported the same thing: Lyndon lounging in a quiet study or in the Oval Room, drinking huge tumblers of a low-calorie orange drink, offering his guests heaping dishes of hors d'oeuvres—"ooves," as he calls them—and savoring marvelous visions of victory.

Those visions are all nourished out of a brown folder and a stack of papers that are always at Lyndon's elbow. The contents: polls, polls and more polls. There is George Gallup's report that Lyndon Johnson is running ahead of Barry Goldwater 65% to 29% nationwide, with 6% undecided. Elmo Roper estimates that Lyndon is running ahead 56% to 26%, with the rest undecided. Oliver Quayle, a former associate of Lou Harris, shows Lyndon running ahead of Barry by 70% to 12% in Maine. A New York poll gives him 69% of the votes, a California sampling 64%, and the John P. Harris poll, run by a Kansas outfit, has him leading Barry 52 to 28 in that state. There are soft spots throughout the South and the Rocky Mountains, but beyond that, the polls leave little more than Nebraska, South Dakota and Ohio in doubt. And while most show Lyndon losing one out of every ten Democratic voters because of the civil rights "backlash," they also show him picking up three out of every ten Republicans because of what he loves to call the anti-Goldwater "frontlash."

Props & Struts. The extraordinary propaganda gambit with the press worked very well to Lyndon's purposes and satisfaction. A similar effort to promote a favorable view of his Administration by various economic experts, however, backfired (*see* U.S. BUSINESS). Nevertheless, Lyndon came out of that with his familiar aplomb; he had more than enough props and struts to bolster a glowing confidence. The Democratic platform is a paean to his "Great Society." Peppery Rhode Island Senator John Pastore's keynote is an effusive tribute to Lyndon's "nine miracle months," and Pastore's closing words, "We need you, President Johnson," are almost certain to make strong men weep (or, as the case may be, blanch). Even Lyndon's medical reports give him cause for cheer. White House Physician Rear Admiral George Burkley, who examines President Johnson daily, says he is in "excellent" shape and is keeping his weight, always a problem, between 205 and 209 lbs.

Even Congress came in for a hearty pat on the back from the President. Just last week, the lawmakers obliged Lyndon by declining to pass legislation that would have enabled the TV networks to broadcast a Johnson-Goldwa-

ANTHONY RICCARDI



ATLANTIC CITY & CONVENTION HALL

After all those marvelous visions of victory, would he really miss the big show?

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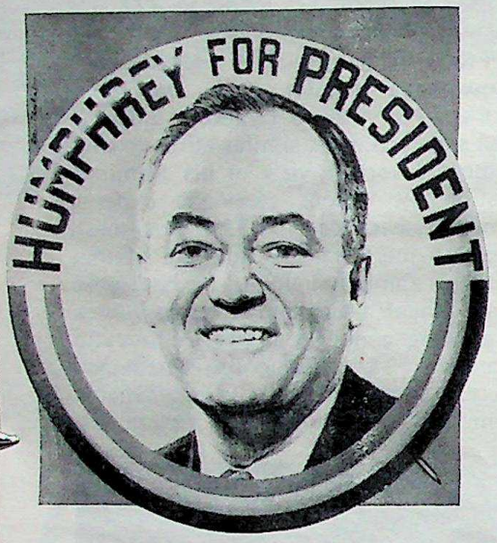
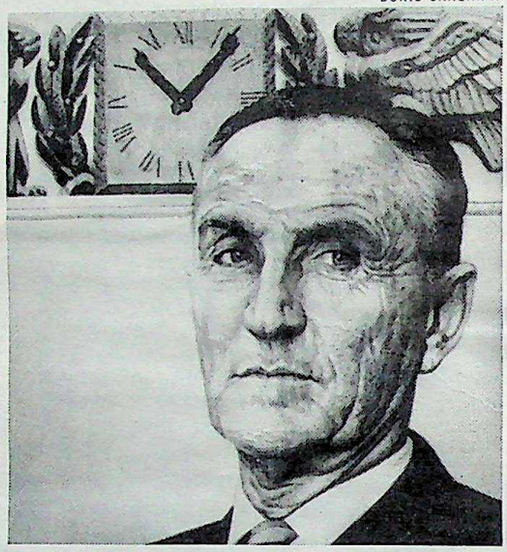
ter debate (*see* SHOW BUSINESS). To pay the 88th a "richly deserved" tribute for its work since January (tax bill, civil rights bill, anti-poverty bill, etc.), Lyndon tossed an elaborate "Salute to Congress" on the south lawn. Oft-trampled and browning patches of grass were sprayed green for the occasion, and a three-quarter moon glowed bright as 45 singers and dancers put on a light musical revue created by LIFE Magazine staffers. It was as pleasant a way as any to raise the curtain on the Atlantic City convention, a slam-bang show that surely would be billed as "A Salute to Lyndon Baines Johnson."



HUMPHREY: TIME COVER, 1960

BORIS CHALIAPIN



MANSFIELD: TIME COVER, 1964

Everyone wanted to know.

Dying to Tell

Veep, Veep, who had the Veep? Hubert Humphrey wanted to know. His Minnesota senatorial colleague, Gene McCarthy, wanted to know. Majority Leader Mike Mansfield wanted to know. Bobby Kennedy did not much care; by now he had other fry to fish. And apart from Hubert, Gene and Mike, and whatever other dark horse as yet unlit, there were roughly 190 million Americans who wanted to know too.

As of last week, the only fellow who had an inkling was the fellow in the White House, and like a kid bursting with a delicious secret, he was dying to tell—but would not. The mounting suspense over the vice-presidential choice was just the sort of emotion that Lyndon Johnson likes to provoke. It was clear that until recently, the President himself had not definitely made up his mind, but it was just as plain late last week that he had finally made his decision. He sent word round to the broadcasting people, asking them to hold three minutes of national radio-TV time right after the presidential nomination on Wednesday night. At that time, presumably, Lyndon would disclose his choice. By keeping mum until then, he will have succeeded also in keeping the spotlight on himself; he enjoys that sort of thing immensely.

Until it all comes out this week, the odds-on favorite for the presidential blessing was still Humphrey, who wanted the job badly, and who was trying to be as circumspect as possible under the circumstances. That was pretty hard to do, considering that his supporters turned the Minnesota delegation's Atlantic City headquarters into a virtual campaign command post, and considering also that somewhere, somebody must have had to get scores of signs and standards and balloons ready for the big spontaneous demonstration that might erupt on the convention floor.

So all this suspense was rather painful for Hubert. But what could he do about it? There was every likelihood that the President might pass him over and anoint someone else. An amiably placid, retiring man like Mike Mansfield might suit Lyndon much more than an extraverted bundle of action like Hubert, for example. If that happened, Humphrey, at Johnson's behest, would in all probability get as a consolation prize Mansfield's job as Democratic majority leader.

One Team, One Theme

With the economy in high gear, a sweeping civil rights bill in the bag, and an incumbent in the White House, Democrats should have been able to assemble their 1964 platform for this week's convention with a paste pot. As it emerged, the platform was a bit sticky, glued together with boasts about Democratic accomplishments and pleasing promises of more pleasantries to come. But before the promises were put to paper, the Johnson Administration, with sledge-hammer subtlety, pounded away at platform hearings with predictably partisan testimony from all the big tools in the Government.

Performing as a well-rehearsed team, the witnesses seemed not the least bit embarrassed by the repetitiveness of the refrain so romantically propounded by their leader. Said Economic Adviser Walter Heller: "Before us, then, lies no less a challenge than to devote our Great Prosperity to the building of the Great Society." Said Health, Education and Welfare Secretary Anthony C... brezze: "I am confident that we n... as in the past, will pledge our efforts ... make that Great Society a reality." ... clared Housing Administrator Rob... Weaver: "The Great Society can ... and will be ours."

"The Right Track." Some offici... tried to place the issues above partis... ship. Secretary of State Dean Rusk ... that he was testifying on "the fore... policy of the American people"; yet ... conceded that he was a "lifelong Dem... crat" who had served under "four gr... Democratic Presidents," and that "... der President Lyndon B. Johnson ... are on the right track."

Defense Secretary Robert Mc... mara seemed intent on demonstrat... that Barry Goldwater's status as a m... jor general in the Air Force Rese... does not qualify him as a final autho... on military matters. McNamara rep... ed that he had inherited a chaotic sit... tion at the Pentagon in 1961. "Ea... military service made its own indepen... ent plans," he said. The Army reli... "on airlift, which the Air Force was u... able to provide," stockpiled for a two... year war while the Air Force was s... for only a few days of combat. "Fu... were allocated not on the basis of m... tary requirements, but according to t... dictates of an arbitrary fiscal polic... But in "our years in office," boast... McNamara, the U.S. has developed "... greatest military power in human h... tory—with a capability to respond ... every level of aggression across the e... tire spectrum of conflict."

Tax Cuts. Treasury Secretary Do... las Dillon provided the tastiest vo... getting testimony of all: a hint of t... cuts to come, provided, of course, yo... know-who is returned to office. T... U.S., said Dillon, was enjoying "... best period of peacetime prosperity ... our entire modern history," and he su... gested that cuts in excise taxes should ... possible by next year. It turned out th... the Administration was now convinc... that more tax reductions, and the co... sequent continuation of budget defic... would constitute the Johnson Admin... tration's policy in the future.

Most partisan of all was Interior Se... retary Stewart Udall, who charged th... Barry Goldwater "is indifferent to co... servation legislation, for the reason th... he exalts private rights above pub... needs, and gives no thought at all ... the needs of present and future gener... tions of Americans." And Commer... Secretary Luther Hodges contended th... Democrats took office in "the thi... Republican recession in eight years ... and now "this Democratic Administ... tion is the first peacetime administ... tion in a century without a recessi... or depression."

It was all, in short, a fine perfor... ance by Lyndon Johnson's associat... in praise of Lyndon Johnson's Admin... tration and Lyndon Johnson's platfor... It could not have suited Lyndon Jo... son better. But then he wrote the scri...

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POLITICS

Three-Way Race?

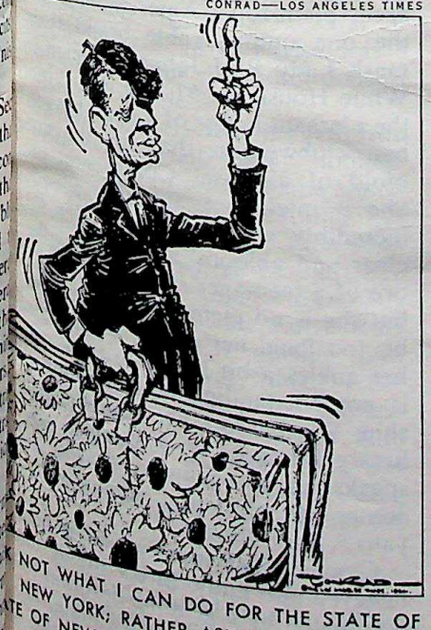
New York's Republican Senator Kenneth Keating, his white hair freshly trimmed, his face newly tanned, waved to the cameras in the Overseas Press Club in Manhattan. "Well, ladies and gentlemen," he began, "we all know what we're here for. And I want to announce at the outset that I will not be a candidate for the United States Senate . . ." Newsmen froze. ". . . from Massachusetts." Keating grinned. His audience laughed.

After the quip, Keating announced seriously what everyone had expected him to announce: he would indeed be a candidate for re-election in New York. And he made it clear that he was not looking in the least in his continued refusal to back Senator Barry Goldwater for President. Explained Keating: "I cannot in good conscience conceal my convictions behind a façade of conformity disguised as unity. I seriously doubt that any voter in New York could be impressed by any lip service I might give Senator Goldwater."

Keating's stand demonstrated anew that New York Republicans are deeply divided in this election year.

But the Democrats were squabbling too—and at the moment, over that same Keating Senate seat. Bobby Kennedy, despite charges of carpetbagging, continued to blitz the party in his drive to secure a new base of political power by running against Keating. New York City's old-style Democratic bosses had been first to pick up his cause. Somewhat reluctantly, the Liberal Party leaders endorsed him. Then, under a barrage of pressure from Bobby's friends, regular Democratic district leaders throughout the state surrendered in rapid succession. Finally, only one major bulwark still stood against the blitz: the state's most powerful Democrat, New York City's Mayor Robert Wagner.

CONRAD—LOS ANGELES TIMES



NOT WHAT I CAN DO FOR THE STATE OF NEW YORK; RATHER ASK WHAT THE STATE OF NEW YORK CAN DO FOR ME . . .!"

TIME, AUGUST 28, 1964

"Dazzling Magic." Last week the walls came tumbling down—and there stood Bob Wagner. There can be no question of Bob Kennedy's "personal eminence," said the mayor, nor "of the appealing nature of his great public achievements, nor of the dazzling magic of his name. The vision, imagination, courage and initiative he has shown in regard to the supreme moral issue of our time—civil rights—and his practical initiative in advancing this cause are of heroic proportions."

Wagner dismissed the matter of Bobby's nonresidence in New York with the lame observation that "New York State has taken to its bosom millions from abroad and from other parts of the country, giving our state constant infusions of new blood and renewals of vitality. All Americans are at home in New York." He indicated that what really bothered him was that Kennedy seemed too close to the bosses with whom Wagner and Reform Democrats have been fighting. But the mayor blandly accepted Bobby's pledge that he will work "with me and with all others who have dedicated themselves to the revitalization and democratization of our party organization."

Actually, there was little else that Wagner could do but endorse Bobby. In many respects, it all made good sense to the Democrats. They have not elected a Democratic U.S. Senator since Herbert Lehman—another candidate with a big name—turned the trick in 1950. Wagner realized that there is no really big-name Democrat in the state with the ability to give Ken Keating a tough fight. Bobby Kennedy may have plenty of opposition among New York Democrats, but he is undeniably a big name.

"Still Hopeful." There is no assurance yet that the coming campaign will deal only with a Kennedy-Keating race, for it may well be that a third candidate will join the battle. Former Congresswoman Clare Boothe Luce announced last week that she would accept the New York State Conservative Party's invitation to run for the Senate on its ticket. So doing, she added: "I am still hopeful, as is the Conservative Party state leadership, that unity will be achieved behind the Goldwater-Miller ticket in New York."

One way to achieve that unity would be for Governor Nelson Rockefeller to make it possible for voters to cast a ballot for Barry Goldwater on the Conservative ticket. The only way to do this is for the two parties to share the same electors. Mrs. Luce's chief aim is to achieve the maximum votes for Goldwater in New York this fall. Said she: "Senator Keating has a vote for President, which he is going to throw away. Mr. Kennedy has no vote. I am the only senatorial candidate who has a vote and who is certainly going to use it—for Senator Goldwater."

The burgeoning Conservative Party, which is running its own candidates for state offices, might be disposed to support Keating in return for the strength it would gain by having regular Republican electors on its ticket.

AP

KEATING ANNOUNCES
"I will not be a candidate—from Massachusetts."

How that sticky problem will be resolved, no New Yorker yet pretended to know. But however the G.O.P. settled its internal dilemma, there was no question that the Senate race this fall would be the zestiest the state has seen in years.

THE PRESIDENCY

A Modest Sum

His own trustee pegged the figure at $4,160,000. The Washington Star made it $9,000,000. LIFE Magazine, by a "conservative calculation of present market values," reckoned it at $14 million. Finally, in the face of increasing speculation about the size and nature of his personal fortune, President Johnson last week ordered *Haskins & Sells*, one of the biggest accounting firms in the U.S., to release an audit of his family's net worth. The figure: $3,484,098.

"Incredibly Low." If Lyndon thought that this would be the last word on the subject, he was badly mistaken. "Incredibly low," snapped G.O.P. National Chairman Dean Burch when he saw the estimate. "Grossly understated," said the Wall Street Journal. Haskins & Sells arrived at the modest figure by following a generally accepted accounting technique by which the original cost is used instead of current market value. In this instance, cracked Burch, the effect is "like listing the value of Manhattan Island at $24."

Burch had a point. Haskins & Sells, for example, estimated that the Johnsons' 85% interest in the Texas Broadcasting Corporation is worth $2,543,838. But some knowledgeable broadcasting brokers claim that the property would bring close to $9,000,000 on the open market today. The accountants also placed the total worth of some 8,500 Johnson acres in Texas, Alabama

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and Missouri in the neighborhood of half a million dollars; according to other estimates, it is a much fancier neighborhood than that—something on the order of $3,600,000. Further, the public audit fails to list several specific assets, such as bank stocks held by Johnson-controlled funds and foundations. These, according to LIFE, add another $600,000 to the money pile.

Political Capital. The audit offers some interesting glimpses into the President's capital progress since 1954, when his family's worth was listed as $737,730, scarcely a fourth of what it is today, even by the conservative Haskins & Sells evaluation. During the decade, Lady Bird handily outearned her husband by drawing $570,856 as "compensation for services" from Texas Broadcasting, while Lyndon made $409,730 in salary and expenses as Senator, Vice President and President. In the same period, the Johnsons shelled out $587,515 for "living, office, travel, entertainment and sundry expenses," $365,955 for federal income taxes, and $178,578 for charitable donations.

Whatever method is used to reckon the size of Lyndon's fortune, the point is that he has accumulated considerable capital during his years in elective office—and that the G.O.P. is inevitably going to try to convert this into political capital. At a Long Island rally for 3,000 Republicans, Vice-Presidential Candidate William Miller last week said that Lyndon's fortune raises "some question of integrity," and will be a campaign issue. Dean Burch, referring to the President's broadcasting interests, called it "peculiar that the bulk of his fortune was made in areas subject to federal control." In fact, added Burch sardonically, Lyndon Johnson must be "the greatest free-enterpriser in the world" to have amassed so much money while on the public payroll.

Perhaps the most telling comment on the ambiguousness of the presidential balance sheet came from Kansas G.O.P. Congressman Bob Dole, who suggested that the Republican Party "offer to buy his holdings for the price he now places on them." Said Dole: "I am sure that we could sell these same properties at a very good price and use the profit to finance the campaign of Barry Goldwater."

THE WHITE HOUSE

The First Lady Bird

(See Cover)

The impact of First Ladies on U.S. history has never been particularly resounding, but all have contributed fascinating footnotes.

There was John Adams' wife Abigail, for example. She hung laundry in the East Room of the White House; yet she insisted on receiving visitors in a chair built like an empress' throne. Zachary Taylor's wife Margaret never wanted him to be President. She felt that it would deprive her "of his society and shorten his life," so she secluded herself in a wing of the White House, where she puffed away sulkily on a corncob pipe for the duration of his Administration. Mrs. U. S. Grant put so many tassels and hunks of ornate furniture in the East Room that people said it looked like a steamboat saloon; yet she was idolized as a model of high style. Despite the fact that she was cross-eyed, she refused to undergo a corrective operation because her husband liked her that way.

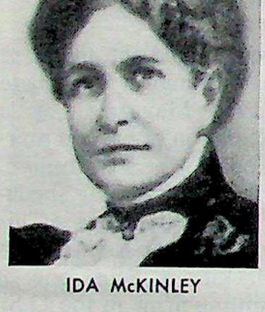
Fainting & Needlework. Ida McKinley, on the other hand, was given to fainting spells, and she whiled away nearly all of her husband's term doing needlework. William Howard Taft's wife Helen attended every Cabinet meeting with him, and when the press accused her of influencing policy, she insisted that she went along only to keep him awake. Woodrow Wilson's second wife Edith was called "the Acting President" because only she and a doctor could visit—and presumably influence—her husband during the months that he lay ill after a stroke.

Eleanor Roosevelt, of course, all but made the role of First Lady an official national office. Harry Truman called Bess "the boss"—and in many ways she was, though she never pretended to be more than a displaced housewife. Once Truman found her burning some of the letters he had written to her. "Bess, you oughtn't to do that," protested Harry. "Why not? I've read them several times," said Bess. "But think of history!" pleaded the President. "I have," murmured Bess as she tossed the last bundle into the fire. Mamie Eisenhower, always the general's lady, presided dutifully over social occ... when it was required, oth... shunned the public gaze almost as ... as Bess Truman. Not so her suc...

"Les Sentiments." When her hu... died, Jacqueline Kennedy was a... recognized as the most dazzling ... Lady in U.S. lore. It was inev... that anyone following her would ... by comparison. Such was the ... Claudia Alta Taylor Johnson, ... of perhaps the most unfortunate ... nickname in years. But what ki... name has Lady Bird made for he... Reaction to her so far has bee... litely cool. Says Maggie Daly, c... nist for Chicago's American: "She ... like every well-dressed woma... means. She does not have any s... flair." Observes Françoise Giro... editor of Paris' L'Express: "Lady ... is the sort of person *qui ne pro... pas les sentiments*—she does not ... feelings. Who cares about a grey ... bird?" And in London, a BBC e... tive snorted, "She's so *beige*!"

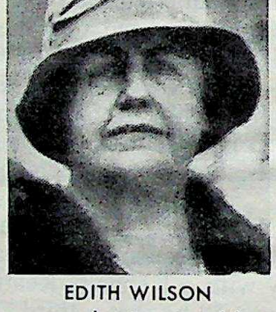
But Yolande Gwin, society edi... the Atlanta Journal, put it more ... tively. "She's just plain old down-... Lady Bird," says she. "I think she ... much better symbol of the Ame... woman and mother than Jacq... Kennedy."

Indeed, that special quality of h...

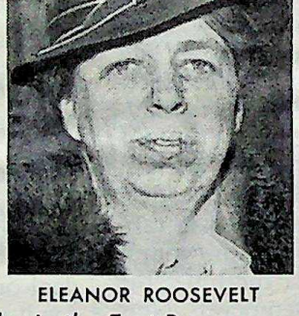


IDA McKINLEY

HELEN TAFT



EDITH WILSON



ELEANOR ROOSEVELT

BESS TRUMAN

Also crossed eyes, a corncob pipe, and laundry in the East Room.

bred, plain-folks Americanness ma... the one unmistakable brand that ... mark Lady Bird Johnson's reign ... White House. At 51, she is cast m... the pleasant image of a neat, busy ... ban clubwoman than in the q... mold of a jet-set Continental b... She is intelligent, superbly poised ... incredibly self-disciplined. Her sk... clear and abloom, and she has th... ure of a teen-ager (5 ft. 4 in., 114 ... but she is no glamor girl. Her nos... bit too long, her mouth a bit too ... her ankles a bit less than trim, a... is not outstanding at clotheshorse ... ship. She has a voice something ... brassy low note on a trumpet, a... speaks in a twanging drawl: *f...* comes out "frayans," *affairs* are ... yahs," *hogs* "hoags."

Cynical sophisticates find it h... believe, but Lady Bird's life is ... dominated by a genuine devotion ... role as Lyndon Johnson's mate. ... the traditional countrywoman, th...

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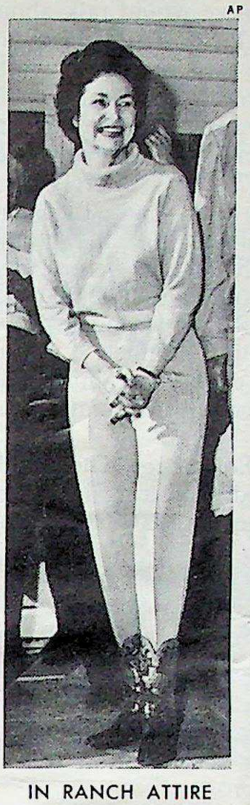
AP



IN RANCH ATTIRE

IN FORMAL GOWN

WALTER BENNETT

IN WORKADAY SUIT

Intelligence, superb poise, and lots of frayans.

...o by her very nature tunes all her ...or and all her love to harmonize ...h the ambitions of her husband. In ... tradition of Southern plantation pa... archies, Lyndon Johnson is head of ... family—period. And as he himself ...mits, "I'm not the easiest man to live ...th." He strongly influences her tastes ...in clothes, coiffure and makeup. He ... been known to swat Lady Bird so ...rd on the behind that her feet nearly ...ve the floor. Sometimes, when after... ...ner drinks have flowed for a while, ... launches into a few bawdy stories, ...es out cuss words like buckshot. But ...dy Bird sits by serenely, smiling faint... ...or gazing out a window.

...Still, theirs is a marriage bulwarked ... genuine, if sometimes uncomfortably ...owy affection. Lyndon keeps Lady ...rd well-informed of his plans and de... ...sions. At times, he will burst into a ...date White House tea, plant a kiss ...uarely on Lady Bird's forehead and ...udly announce, "I love you." On a ...arm Washington evening, the two may ...unter out of the White House, head ... the grassy darkness beneath a giant ...ee. There Lady Bird may lie down ...th her arms stretched over her head. ...ndon may sprawl beside her, propped ... on his elbow so that he can look ...o her face, and they talk quietly.

Dealer in Everything. Lady Bird* was ...rn in a lonely antebellum brick house ...ar Karnack, Texas, on Dec. 22, 1912. ...r mother, Minnie Lee Patillo Taylor, ...tall, eccentric woman from an old ...d aristocratic Alabama family, liked ...wear long white dresses and heavy ...ls. She fussed over food fads, played ...and opera endlessly on the phono... ...ph, loved to read the classics aloud to ... Lady Bird. She scandalized people ... miles around by entertaining Ne... ...es in her home, and once even start... ...to write a book about Negro religious ...actices, called *Bio Baptism*. Naturally, ...st folks thought Minnie weird and ...ndoffish. Says a longtime friend of ...dy Bird's, Mrs. Eugenia Lassater of ...nderson, Texas: "Mrs. Taylor was a ...tured woman. But she didn't consort ...th Karnack people."

Lady Bird's father, Thomas Jefferson ...ylor II, was a tall, bulky, money... ...ded man, son of an Alabama share... ...pper. He had married Minnie Lee ...ainst her family's wishes, then took ... to East Texas, where he started a ...ofit-making career that eventually ...de him a rich man. He ran a truly ...neral store; the sign outside pro... ...imed, "Dealer in Everything." Later ... dabbled in real estate and money... ...ding at 10% interest, rented land ...d shacks to Negro tenants. Each day ...rose at 4 a.m. to open his store, then ...turned home at sundown to spend the ... When she was two, her Negro nurse land... ...ked, "Lawd, she's purty as a ladybird," and ... name stuck. A ladybird, as it is called in ... Southwest, is not a bird at all, but a black... ...ted little beetle, otherwise known as a ...dybug.

long night hours poring over his accounts and IOUs, checking and rechecking to see that his debtors were up to snuff on their payments. "Cap" Taylor did not share his wife's liberal views concerning Negroes. Says Mrs. Lassater: "The Negroes were kept in peonage by Mr. Taylor. He would furnish them with supplies and let them have land to work, then take their land if they didn't pay. When I first saw how he operated, I thought the days of slavery weren't over yet." Recalls Lady Bird's brother, Anthony Taylor, now the owner of a curio shop in Santa Fe: "He looked on Negroes pretty much as hewers of wood and drawers of water."

Aunt Effie. For nearly six years of her life, Lady Bird lived in the cross-currents between the occult but enlightened aristocracy of her mother and the shrewd dollar-sign language of her father; her two brothers, Tony and Tom III (the latter died in 1959), were both much older and were away at school. Then in 1918 Minnie Lee Taylor fell down the length of the circular staircase in the old brick house and died—and Lady Bird was left with Cap Taylor.

Never one to neglect business, Cap took the little girl to his store every day for a while, sometimes let her sleep at night on a cot in his second-floor storeroom near what she recalls as "a row of peculiar long boxes." Her father told her they were "dry goods," but Lady Bird later learned they were coffins.

Soon Cap decided he couldn't both make money and raise a daughter all by himself. So Lady Bird's upbringing fell to her mother's sister, Aunt Effie, who moved from Alabama to Texas. Under Effie's strict discipline, Lady Bird read prodigiously, plowed through *Ben-Hur* when she was eight, memorized poems that she can still recite today. But the dainty spinster aunt could never really fill a mother's role. Says Lady Bird now: "She opened my spirit to beauty, but she neglected to give me any insight into the practical matters a girl should know about, such as how to dress or choose one's friends or learning to dance." In her early teen years, Lady Bird was a wallflower.

Mrs. Naomi Bell of Marshall, a schoolmate of Lady Bird's, says, "Bird wasn't accepted into our clique. There were 18 of us girls, and we couldn't get Claudia to cooperate on anything. She didn't date at all. To get her to go to the high school graduation banquet, my fiancé took Bird as his date and I went with another boy. She didn't like to be called Lady Bird, so we'd call her Bird to get her little temper going. My mother would call her Cat. She'd say, 'All right, pull your claws in, Cat.' And when the rest of the gang was in the house, Bird would sneak in the back door and talk to my mother. She was a chatterbox. But she was timid. When she'd get in a crowd, she'd clam up."

Boys v. a Man. At the University of Texas in Austin, Lady Bird had a Neiman-Marcus charge account and unlimited use of Cap Taylor's checking account. But, as Eugenia Lassater recalls, she was "stingy." She still wore Aunt Effie's old coat around campus. But her social life picked up a little. She learned to dance the Louisiana Stomp and acquired at least a sipping acquaintance with bootleg cherry wine. When she graduated in 1934, she had degrees in liberal arts and journalism.

It was at about this time that she met gangling, raw-boned Lyndon Johnson, 26, who was down from his Washington

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job as secretary to Texas Democratic Congressman Richard Kleberg, a member of the famous King Ranch family. For a first date, Lyndon and Lady Bird breakfasted at the Driskill Hotel. Lyndon was a fast worker. Says Lady Bird: "He told me all sorts of things that I thought were extraordinarily direct for a first conversation—his salary as secretary to a Congressman, how much insurance he had, his ambitions, about all the members of his family."

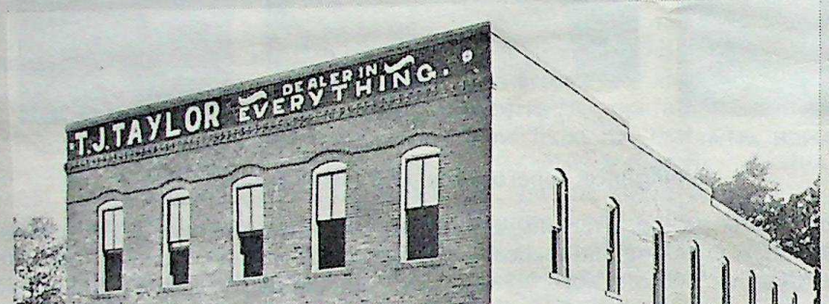
He also proposed. Lady Bird invited him to Karnack to meet her father. Cap Taylor was impressed: "Lady, you've brought home a lot of boys. This time you've brought a man." But Lyndon scarcely seemed the man of Lady Bird's dreams. Eugenia Lassater recalls that "when we would talk about getting married, Bird would just say she wanted a nice man and a big white house with a fence around it and a big collie dog. She wanted a nice nine-to-five man. A John Citizen." Nevertheless, on Nov. 17, 1934, barely two months after they met, Lady Bird and Lyndon were married in San Antonio by a pastor they had never before met, with a hurriedly purchased $2.50 wedding band from Sears, Roebuck. Next morning Lady Bird stunned Eugenia Lassater with an exuberant phone call: "Lyndon and I committed matrimony last night!"

Howdy at the Barbecues. The couple lived on a frazzled shoestring in Washington on Lyndon's $3,204 secretarial salary. In 1937, when Johnson w to run for Texas' Tenth Congress District seat, it was Lady Bird who it possible. She got a $10,000 i tance advance from her father and for the victorious campaign. The sons soon jumped to a relatively fortable $10,000 Congressman's s but Lady Bird did not yet get the of buying the right clothes. "She still tacky," says Eugenia Lassater I told her to turn herself over to partment store and let them dress Bird has credited me with teachin how to dress. But it was the s (Even today she is no fashion Washington society writers have c her wearing the same beige turba months now, and some archly ref Bird's familiar white chiffon eve dress as her "Vanity Fair nightgow Says Lady Bird: "I like clothes. I them pretty. But I want them to s me, not for me to serve them—to an important, but not a consuming in my life."

Once in Congress, Lyndon was whirlwind rise, and Lady Bird rocke along beside him. In 1948, when he for the Senate, Lady Bird swallowed shyness, forced herself to travel all Texas, if only to say howdy at ba cues. On the night before the elec the car in which she was riding care off the road, flipped over twice in mud. "All I could think of as we turning over was that I sure wished voted absentee," recalls Lady Bird. she hopped out unhurt, hitched a borrowed a dress, and the same shook hands with 200 women reception.

Her 27 years with Lyndon as C gressman, Senator, Senate ma leader, Vice President and Presi have been rugged, sometimes lones always at a hell-bent pace. Lady suffered through four miscarriages faithfully nursed Lyndon back to and robust health after a near- heart attack in 1955. She has effici managed the family finances over years, and proved that she had mu old Cap Taylor's business savvy she bought and, with Lyndon's nurtured a floundering Austin radio tion into a multimillion-dollar corp tion. "She can read a balance she well as a truck driver can read a map," says a former associate. As of that, there are now public Joh balance sheets that depict Lady B sizable financial holdings—even sizable than her husband's.

Sing Along with U Thant. In the ital, where a woman of such ex station rarely escapes the scratch well-aimed shiv, Lady Bird has off remarkably unscathed. Some p wonder if she is a sort of self-cr Galatea, playing the role of a P cian's perfect wife, the possessor flawless mediocrity that generates admiration but no scorching Brother Tony says that "Lady Bird



CAP TAYLOR'S STORE IN KARNACK

HONEYMOONING (1934)

IN L.B.J.'S RANCH ROADSTER (1959)

WITH CAP (RIGHT) & BROTHERS (1953)

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een in public life and in the public eye
r so long that she has learned to be
ircumspect, even when she's in a situa-
on where she can let her hair down."
thers find her barefoot-folksy talk a
ttle too much, as when she drawls,
He's noisier than a mule in a tin barn,"
"I'm busier than a man with one hoe
nd two rattlesnakes." But the over-
helming majority of the people who
now her give Lady Bird exceedingly
gh marks for personal charm and at-
ractiveness. "I've never talked to any-
he who didn't like her," says Blanche
alleck, wife of the House Republican
eader. Lindy Boggs, wife of Louisiana
emocratic Congressman Hale Boggs,
nd a longtime Lady Bird chum, is hard
ut to make her friend's virtues seem
eal. "I make her sound like a combi-
ation of Elsie Dinsmore and the Little
olonel," says Mrs. Boggs, "but this is
he problem with Bird. When you talk
bout her, you make her sound too
ood to be true."

Lady Bird's accession to the White House did precipitate some clatter of ismay, however. "I suppose," cooed icole Alphand, wife of the French mbassador to the U.S., "that now we ill all have to learn to do zee bar-bee-ue." That has not yet become a prob-em, but Lady Bird has done her bit for *ee folk* music. Already a guitar-whack-g bunch of folk singers called the ew Christy Minstrels have entertained t a state dinner for Italy's President egni, and Lady Bird recently capped banquet for United Nations Secre-ary-General U Thant with a lusty au-ience sing-along of *Puff, the Magic ragon.*

When German Chancellor Ludwig rhard visited in June, Lady Bird laid n a sumptuous state dinner beneath e stars in the Rose Garden and ought in Ballerina Maria Tallchief nd the National Symphony Orchestra r entertainment. She has dispensed ith white tie and tails in favor of the ss imposing black tie. She mixes her uest lists with a style that would make arnak's eyes pop. At a rooftop dance r Costa Rican President Francisco rlich, for example, guests included vangelist Billy Graham, Comedian mmy Durante, Composer Richard dgers, Chase Manhattan Bank Presi-ent David Rockefeller and Author John os Passos—while Lady Bird's daughter uci danced the frug to the music of ester Lanin's orchestra.

Even the most forbidding challenge eems like fun to Lady Bird; for exam-le, the time last Christmas when the resident popped into Lady Bird's room he morning. "Bird," said he, "let's ask ongress over this afternoon." So they ad Congress over that afternoon—in act, several hundred members dipping eir cups into giant bowls of eggnog.

One of the Bills. Although daughters uci Baines, 17, and Lynda Bird, 20, re almost adults, Lady Bird still gushes er them, possibly to make up for the any lonely nights they spent in the

WALTER BENNETT

LADY BIRD (SECOND FROM LEFT) ON THE SNAKE RIVER

Lipstick for the photographers and something nice for every Democrat.

years when she and Lyndon campaigned or politicked with congressional cronies. "That has been one of the costs," Lady Bird says. "It is one of the bills you have to pay for the job your husband has." Yet the rapport between mother and daughters is natural, giggly and girlish. Still, she has to be mindful of the special security precautions that plague the family's every move. Instead of reminding Luci to take her sweater, as an average mother would, Lady Bird often chides her daughter, "Now Luci, don't forget to take your agent along."

The President's wife thrives on the whiplash excitement around her husband. Says Lindy Boggs: "Bird would be only half alive if she divorced herself from politics." There is not a chance that she will. Last week, when a reporter asked the President if Lady Bird would be campaigning for him this fall, Lyndon replied with relish: "She is—and will be." And she has been—and will be—able and invaluable. In 1960 she traveled 35,000 miles in 71 days for Lyndon, mostly in the South. Says Bobby Kennedy chivalrously: "Lady Bird carried Texas for us."

She already has a healthy head start this year. In direct relation to Lyndon's pet projects, she went 1) to Huntsville, Ala., in March and talked about Lyndon's space program, 2) to Cleveland's Riverview Golden Age Center in April and discussed Lyndon's federal health and housing plans, 3) to hard-scrabbling Appalachia in May and spoke about Lyndon's poverty war, and 4) to Atlanta's Communicable Disease Center in May. And last week, on a trip billed by Lady Bird as a "land and people tour," she charged into Montana, Utah and Wyoming with Interior Secretary Stewart Udall for four days that averaged more than 18 hours each—ostensibly to create interest in tourism and conservation and to dedicate the $81.2 million Flaming Gorge Dam in Utah. But she never missed a chance to clutch hands and to praise needy candidates. In Montana she described Senate Majority Leader Mike Mansfield as one of Lyndon's "oldest and most trusted friends." In Utah she told the folks that Senator Frank Moss is "always watching out for Utah." In Wyoming she spoke of Senator Gale McGee: "Everybody knows Senator McGee—he's your home folks." And in Idaho she said: "We in Washington have heard much about Idaho from Senator Frank Church and his wife Bethine and Congressman Ralph Harding and his wife Willa."

"Look, Y'All!" Only once, during a relaxed and silent voyage in a 27-foot rubber raft down the twisting Snake River, was Lady Bird able to push away all reminders of wheelhorse politics and White House pressures. Wyoming's magnificent Teton Mountains loomed over the river, and when she caught her first glimpse of the peaks, Lady Bird cried: "Look, y'all, just look!" Idling along at 7 m.p.h., she spotted a formation of Canadian geese. "Hey! Say, what are they?" she exclaimed. "Aren't they gorgeous, strung out across the sky?" Then she dipped a paper cup in the water, drained it, and took out a little notebook to jot down some notes for her diary.

Suddenly Lady Bird spotted photographers on another raft waiting downstream to shoot more pictures. "O.K.," she sighed. "Pass me my lipstick." Now she was Lyndon Johnson's wife again. The First Lady Bird put on a chipper smile, and the cameras went *click*.

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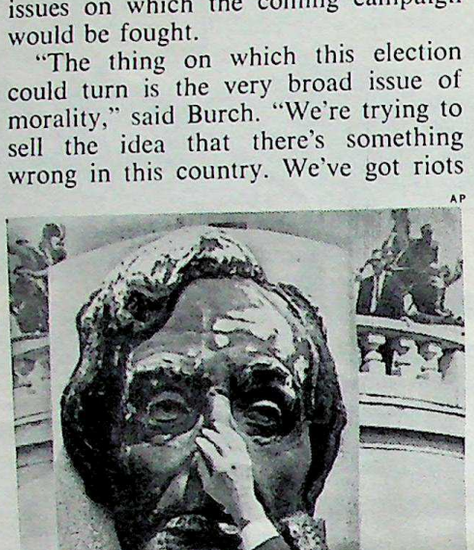
REPUBLICANS

The "Something's Wrong" Theme

In his Washington office one afternoon last week G.O.P. National Chairman Dean Burch was talking about the issues on which the coming campaign would be fought.

"The thing on which this election could turn is the very broad issue of morality," said Burch. "We're trying to sell the idea that there's something wrong in this country. We've got riots in our cities. Our kids aren't turning out worth a darn—every other one's a delinquent. Congress shuts off inquiries of misconduct in high places. Out of this we try to sell the idea: 'Let's try another guy. More of the same isn't going to solve anything.'"

AP



GOLDWATER IN ILLINOIS*
Down with the code of the off-color novel.

Meaningful Mood. The "other guy" was on the road last week for his first major stump speech since the nomination, and he seemed to be pursuing the something's-wrong theme with some success. Barry Goldwater's forum was a bunting-draped platform at the Illinois State Fair in Springfield, where a shirt-sleeved crowd of 12,000 turned out for "Republican Day." For 32 minutes, Goldwater spoke under a broiling sun. But he was cooled repeatedly by applause and chants of "Yea, Barry!"

He renewed his claim that the U.S. is planning to reduce its deliverable nuclear capacity by 90% in the next decade (though the Pentagon quickly replied that its plans through 1972 call for "a bomber-deliverable megatonnage, which is highly classified but substantially greater than the Senator's statement implies"). He repeated his charge that "one good American life was lost" and another "delivered into Communist captivity" because President Johnson needlessly tipped off the enemy when he announced on television that U.S. planes were en route to targets during the Tonkin Gulf crisis. (The Administration argued that the President was deliberately warning Red China against intervening and that the first U.S. planes were already within enemy radar range.) Retorted Barry: "The Administration has shown little skill when negotiating with the Communists. Now it appears they have as little skill when fighting with the Communists."

The main thrust of Barry's speech, however, was to link Lyndon Johnson's Administration with the issues of law, order and morality. Alluding to Negro rioting, he drew wild applause by declaring: "I would not as President support or incite any American to seek redress of his grievances through lawlessness, violence, and hurt to his fellow men." There is, said Goldwater, "a feeling in America today which may be as meaningful in the long run as any other factor" in this election year. This mood was a reaction to "the doctrine of the fast buck and the code of the off-color novel," a protest against "easy morals and uneasy ethics."

What Every Woman Knows. Just how does Lyndon figure in all of this? Well, said Barry, "a Federal Administration has no higher responsibility than to set examples of decent, honest and moral conduct." Yet "scandal haunts the federal structure," and Barry cited Billie Sol Estes, Bobby Baker, and the $6 billion flap over "the Texas-built TFX" as examples. Such use of "public power to feed private greed sets the stage for lawlessness of other sorts." Then he added darkly: "I don't have to quote statistics for you to understand what I mean. You know. Every wife and mother—yes, every woman and girl—knows what I mean."

In case the Administration doesn't know, Barry promised to do more explaining once his campaign is formally launched with a Sept. 3 speech in Prescott, Ariz. Said he: "No greater domestic issue will be decided in this election than the very climate, the very mood of Government, the very manners of public servants and public service."

* At Lincoln's tomb in Springfield, where visitors like to rub Abe's nose for good luck.

ADMINISTRATION

The Politics of Poverty

The phone rang aboard the presidential jet as it swept west toward Texas. It was White House Staffer Larry O'Brien with the news that the House had just passed Lyndon Johnson's anti-poverty bill. When Lyndon heard that, he turned to an aide and grinned broadly. "As far as I'm concerned," he said, "I have everything I want."

Part of that everything, obviously, was a political plus that would no doubt be impressed on the electorate this November. The impression, in fact, began one morning last week when the President, conducting the appropriate ceremonies in the Rose Garden, signed the $947.5 million program into law with 72 give-away pens. "The days of the dole in our country are numbered," he promised fervently. "We are not content to accept the endless growth of relief rolls or welfare rolls. We want to offer the forgotten fifth of our people opportunity and not doles."*

What It Does. It would be unfortunate if anybody accepted Lyndon's prophecy at face value, however. Democrats as devoutly as he and other Americans hoped that one day poverty would be banished, the cruel truth is that the three-year program as now constituted—or more precisely, jerry-built—has little chance of eradicating any substantial portion of poverty. Democrats and Republicans alike hold that opinion, though naturally the Republicans are more vocal in their criticism. Says New Jersey's liberal Republican Congressman Peter Frelinghuysen: "This act is designed to undermine the programs we already have operating. Overlap and duplication are almost inevitable."

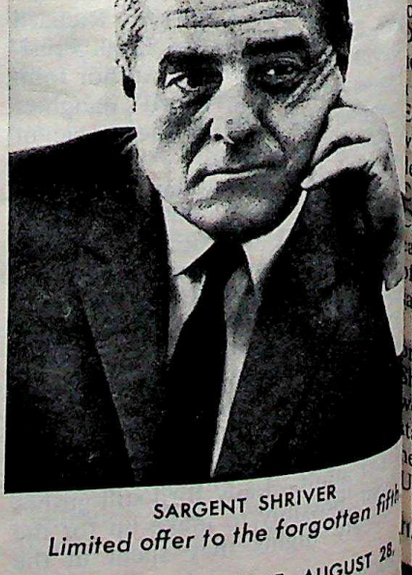
The bill's key provisions (including first-year appropriations):

• YOUTH PROGRAMS. Total cost: $412 million. Provides for three separate youth projects: 1) a Job Corps ($190 million) for 40,000 school dropouts aged 16 to 21, who, with the O.K. of host-state Governors, will live in rural conservation camps or urban training centers, get a basic education, job skills and $50 a month; 2) work-training programs ($150 million) for 200,000 boys and girls aged 16 to 21, who will be paid for part-time work while attending school—or, if they have already dropped out of school, fulltime work with counseling for job placement afterward; 3) a work-study program ($72.963 million) for 140,000 indigent college students who will be paid for part-time work on or off campus while they continue their studies.

• URBAN AND RURAL COMMUNITY ACTION PROGRAMS. Total cost: $315 million.

* But the doles keep growing. New York City's Welfare Commission reported last week that 483,573 New Yorkers were on relief in June—a 12.4% increase over June 1963.

JOHN DOMINIS



SARGENT SHRIVER
Limited offer to the forgotten fifth

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o get local communities cracking on eir own poverty wars, federal funds o to 90% of cost will be pumped to public or private nonprofit agency rograms when requested, but again nly if state Governors do not object. lso included are adult education proj- cts to teach people 18 and older to ead and write.

RURAL AREAS. Cost: $50 million. To rovide 15-year loans (maximum: 2,500) to low-income farm families, e money to be used to improve farms farm operations.

EMPLOYMENT AND INVESTMENT INCEN- VES. Cost: $25 million. To offer 15- ear loans (maximum: $25,000) to mall businesses for hiring the chron- ally unemployed.

WORK EXPERIENCE PROGRAM. Cost: 150 million. To open job and training pportunities for heads of families now n relief, or those ineligible for relief.

ADMINISTRATION AND COORDINATION. Cost: $10 million. To provide for a di- ector, Peace Corps Boss Sargent Shriv- r, a deputy director and three assistant eputies, all appointed by the President; Washington staff of 250; a profession- field staff of 65; and 5,000 field vol- nteers who, as Volunteers in Service to merica (VISTA), will receive $50 a onth.

The Overlap Gap. Of all the criti- isms of the plan, the most relevant one that it duplicates already-existing fed- ral anti-poverty efforts. In each case, dvocates reply, there is a slight but onetheless important difference. The 963 Vocational Education Act pro- ides for residential training centers for oor youngsters, just as the Job Corps rogram does, but the VEA is restricted school-attending students, while the ob Corps welcomes unskilled dropouts. imilarly, the National Defense Educa- on Act aids needy college students, st as the new work-study program oes. Big difference: NDEA makes tui- on loans to students with some finan- al resources, while the work-study an helps create part-time jobs for stu- nts with no resources whatsoever.

Delicate Balance. Apart from these nd other equally reasonable point-by- oint complaints, there was plenty of partisan uneasiness about what might appen once the massive program gets olling. One indication was that the emocrat-led House Committee on Ed- cation and Labor plans not only to put liaison man in the program's Office of conomic Opportunity, but to set up a atchdog subcommittee as well. In- eed, even Committee Chairman Adam layton Powell, Harlem's Democratic ongressman, has reservations. "This an become one of the greatest pieces f legislation in the history of the U.S.," ays Powell, "or it can be a total flop." That delicate balance seems to hinge n how well Poverty Director Sarge hriver does his job. Shriver has his ork plainly cut out for him. As it tands, the program involves literally early every important agency in the U.S. Government, including the De- partments of Defense, Labor, Agriculture, Commerce, Justice, Interior, and Health, Education and Welfare. "I feel sorry for Sargent Shriver," says Illinois' Democratic Congressman Roman C. Pucinski, who helped lead the fight for the bill in the House. "This will be successful only if it's carefully policed all along the way." Otherwise, added Pucinski in an admirably polite understatement, "this will become just another bureaucratic problem." But not until after November.

UPI

DIXMOOR RIOT SCENE

Shattering a long, amicable history with a bottle of gin.

CIVIL RIGHTS

"They Got Too Mad"

All summer long, Chicago, with its 1,040,000 Negroes, half of whom are jammed into the city's seamy South Side, held its municipal breath while racial violence flared in the ghettos of half a dozen Eastern cities. Surprisingly, Chicago did not explode. Then last week, in the unlikely setting of a pleasant ranch-house-dotted suburb called Dixmoor, Chicago got its nights of racial terror.

Roughed Up. They began when a Negro woman who was arrested for trying to steal a pint of gin charged that she had been roughed up by Dixmoor Liquor Store Owner Michael ("Big Mike") LaPota, 52, a 265-lb. ex-con. Soon the story spread through Dixmoor and into the neighboring town of Harvey. A crowd of Negroes gathered in a parking lot across the street from LaPota's shop, chanting to the accompaniment of bongos, "Big Mike must go!" For hours, Negro rabble-rousers harangued the mob with inflammatory speeches. Someone threw a rock through the closed liquor store's window, and the mob followed, snatching up bottles. Dixmoor's ten-man police force called for help.

By the time state police, sheriff's officers and cops from neighboring communities arrived, the mob had swelled to 1,000 and the riot was in full swing. Negroes swarmed into a main street, smashing windows and headlights of passing cars. A white man, Clarence Stermer, 59, suffered a heart attack when his car was bombarded with rocks. For four hours lawmen used tear gas and high-pressure fire hoses to sweep back the mob. Next night Molotov cocktails arced out of the darkness onto the roof of La-Pota's store, setting it afire—and the riot erupted again. This time it ran for 3½ hours. In all, 50 people were hurt, and the police arrested 71 Negroes and whites. What was worse was the realization that Dixmoor's long history of amicable race relations had been left as shattered as the windshields.

Across the Line. Dixmoor, just south of Chicago's city limits, had hardly seemed ripe for racial trouble. The average family income there is $5,000 to $7,000. Some 60% of Dixmoor's 3,100 residents are Negroes, many of whom are white-collar workers living in $10,000-to-$15,000 single-family homes or in attractive new apartment buildings. Three of Dixmoor's six governing trustees are Negroes, as are half of its part-time police force. But for all that, civil rights leaders in the Dixmoor-Harvey area charge that Negroes are discriminated against in jobs, housing and schools. And when the trouble began in Dixmoor, Harvey Negroes had only to walk across the village line to be in the thick of it.

Said Eugene Callahan, director of Chicago's Conference on Religion and Race: "There's unemployment because the mills and factories in the Harvey area aren't doing well right now. Hardly any local businesses in Harvey hire Negroes. And I understand Negroes can't get liquor licenses. Naturally they resent the fact that right across the street is a white man running a big liquor store, and he's got a prison record, and he's a big brute besides." Added Callahan: "CORE has complained about these things for months. The Negroes didn't get mad enough; then, the trouble was, they got too mad."

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SOUTH VIET NAM

A Dictatorial Regime

The proceedings started off with a Bang—a lieutenant named Bang passed out the voting slips. In La Maison Blanche, a forlorn, peeling stucco villa overlooking Cap St. Jacques on the South China Sea, 58 officers of South Viet Nam's Military Revolutionary Council sat on hard, schoolroom-style chairs and scribbled their votes on the ballots. A colonel chalked up the results on a blackboard: Khanh, 50; Defense Minister General Tran Thien Khiem, 5; General Duong Van ("Big") Minh, 1; General Do Cao Tri, 1; blank ballot, 1.

Thus last week General Nguyen Khanh promoted himself from Premier to President and took over virtually absolute power—at least in theory. He promulgated a new constitution abolishing his previous post of Premier as well as that of figurehead Chief of State, which had been occupied by Khanh's predecessor, General Big Minh, the man who had fronted the original coup against Ngo Dinh Diem's regime. To avoid embarrassing comparisons, Khanh ordered his new title rendered in Vietnamese as *Chu Tich* (Chairman) rather than *Tong Thong* (President), the title used by Diem.

Khanh plainly made his move because things had seemed headed for another coup by the nation's ever dissident generals and perennially scheming politicians.

Pregnant Procession. Khanh's action enabled him to get rid of Big Minh, whom Buddhists and leaders of the nationalist Dai Viet Party had wanted to maneuver back into authority, hoping to use him as their puppet. At the same time, Khanh won over one of his most important and dangerous rivals, Defense Minister General Khiem, who got a fourth star and decided to throw in his lot with the Chairman—for the time being at least. Asked whether he was now a dictator, Khanh replied quizzically: "For six months I have been head of a totalitarian regime without being totalitarian. I can head a dictatorial regime without being a dictator." But it would take more than subtle semantics to make Khanh's new powers stick.

The Buddhists, annoyed by Big Minh's surprising ouster, again threatened major trouble. The occasion: the first anniversary of Diem's now infamous police raids on the pagodas during last year's Buddhist uproar. Addressing 4,000 faithful in Saigon, Thich (Venerable) Tam Chau vowed that "Buddhists will rise against the government if it begins to resemble the former Diem regime."* The Buddhists proceeded to make a series of difficult if not impossible demands, including elimination from the government of all former Diem officials and the final release of four generals whom Khanh deposed when he took power and kept under surveillance in the pleasure resort city of Dalat.

In Hué, where last year's Buddhist troubles began, thousands staged torchlight parades, while young militants painted anti-Khanh slogans on walls. Schoolgirls dressed in white passed out mimeographed denunciations of "dictatorship," without specifically mentioning Khanh. The Buddhists also renewed their eternal complaints of "persecution" by Roman Catholic officials, a charge based on only a handful of incidents for which Khanh has invariably made amends. At Tuyhoa in central Viet Nam, an angry crowd of 4,000, led by children and pregnant women, blocked an armored army personnel carrier by throwing themselves in front of its oncoming tracks. According to the government, most were Viet Cong sympathizers.

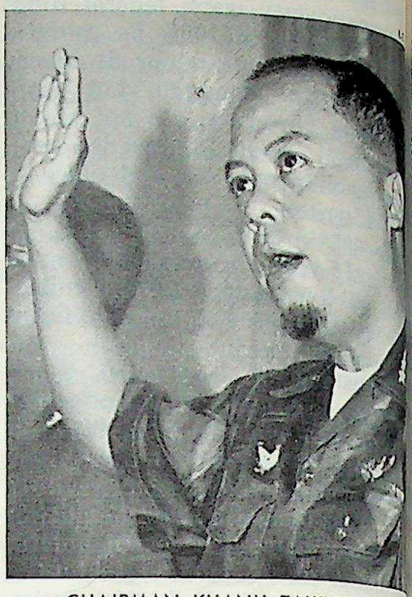
Missing Monument. No one could be sure whether the Buddhists were deliberately trying to bring down the Khanh regime or whether they were only pressuring him to grant them and their political allies more power. At any rate, through it all Khanh's regime managed to preserve a kid-gloves approach, ordering police to avoid any display of violence. At the same time, the government attempted to placate the Catholics. One night 20 workers quietly removed a 1,000-lb. monument to President Kennedy that had been installed across the street from Saigon Cathedral against the wishes of the city's Catholics, many of whom blame Kennedy for Catholic Diem's downfall and subsequent death.

In the war, meanwhile, it was one of the government's worst weeks. In Khien Hoa province, southwest of Saigon, two Viet Cong battalions ambushed one 350-man government battalion and killed 81 Vietnamese soldiers and four American advisers, wounding 54. Said a sympathetic U.S. adviser of the Vietnamese troops: "They

* In a village northwest of Saigon, there was even a kind of re-enactment of last year's notorious Buddhist self-immolations, though it had nothing to do with politics but was carried out by a jilted girl. As her former lover prepared to marry another, the girl crashed the wedding in a gasoline-soaked gown, set fire to her skirts, then chased the bridegroom with the evident intention of setting him on fire too. Guests intervened, and the would-be martyress was hospitalized.

AP

BUDDHIST RALLY IN SAIGON
Four generals in Dalat.



CHAIRMAN KHANH TAKING OATH
Four stars for the rival.

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so tired they don't mind getting killed any more."

Still, the greatest present threat was not to be found in the guerrilla-ridden jungle but in Saigon, still uneasy under a state of urgency and an 11 p.m. curfew. As if they had never heard of the war, 2,000 students rallied in Saigon, calling for civilian rule. Several demonstrating students admitted that they were in the pay of discontented politicians. Fact is that the army is the only halfway stable element in the situation; the squabbling civilian politicians, plus their supporters among the intellectuals, would undoubtedly ruin what little there is left of South Viet Nam in short order, leading to neutralism. Government censors have lately tried to encourage the press to print "constructive" fiction and cut down on the interminable, vastly popular ghost stories. The prospect of more disorders in Saigon and another coup is the most haunting ghost story of all.

More Flags

While pouring some $2,000,000 a day into Saigon, Washington pressed on with a campaign to get South Viet Nam more economic and technical aid from U.S. allies. Former U.S. Ambassador to Saigon Henry Cabot Lodge toured Europe on behalf of President Johnson's appeal for "other flags" in Viet Nam, reported that possibly half a dozen NATO nations are expected to chip in. The Dutch are considering establishing scholarships for South Vietnamese students and sending medical supplies; Belgium may dispatch physicians and food. Earlier, twelve other countries had responded with promises of new or increased help, ranging from a West German slaughterhouse to a squad of Korean karate instructors.

THE CONGO

Across the River & into the Mess

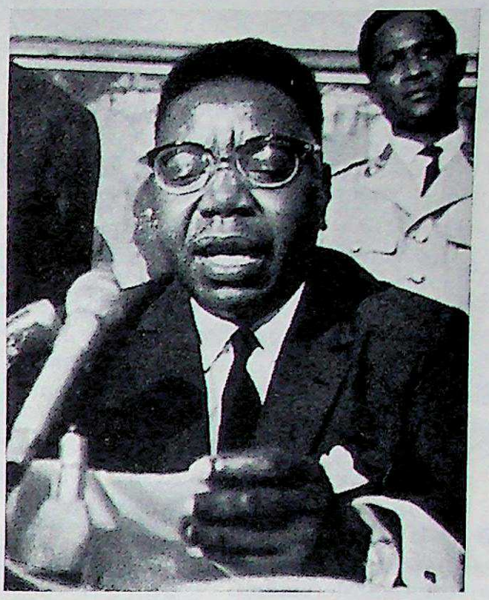
After six weeks as Premier of the Congo, Moise Tshombe was hanging on by the skin of his big white teeth.

Only the U.S. seemed interested in helping him hang on. It gave him a few renovated B-26s to help him against the advancing Congolese rebels. Assistant Secretary of State G. Mennen Williams spent five days with Tshombe in Leopoldville, left only after the Premier agreed to swallow his pride and ask five selected African nations to send troops. Whether they will remains doubtful.

Last Warning. Meanwhile, Tshombe hurled himself into a little cold war with leftist President Alphonse Massamba-Débat of the Brazzaville (ex-French) Congo across the river. The opening volleys came when each Congo charged that the other was plotting a coup. Issuing a "last warning," Tshombe put his press aide on the air with the message: "If Moise Tshombe wants to take Brazzaville, it would only be a question of two hours." From across the river came a shriek of rage addressed to "The Hitler of Africa."

Whereupon Tshombe announced that unless Massamba-Débat immediately stopped supporting the Congolese rebels, some 50,000 Brazzaville citizens who live in Leopoldville would be deported. Tshombe's object: to overload Brazzaville's shaky economy, fan enough discontent to overthrow Massamba-Débat's already strife-torn government.

It was a harsh and clumsy plan,* and Tshombe knew it. "It will be said," he remarked, "that I am punishing innocent people. Nonetheless, I have no choice." Half of Tshombe's Cabinet and his secret-police chief, plus the U.S. and French ambassadors urged him to give up the plan, to no avail. The exodus began. Thousands of weeping Brazzavillians—many of whom had lived in Leopoldville all their lives—were shoved in groups of 150 aboard chartered ferries and shuttled across the two miles of muddy brown river to Brazzaville. With them were all the possessions they could carry or drag.



PREMIER TSHOMBE
300 dead in the streets.

Bukavu Battle. Tshombe's action all but obscured the Congolese army's finest hour since he came to power. On the hilly shore of Lake Kivu, a truck-borne column of rebels, well armed and reportedly loaded with dope, crashed through the defenses of the European resort city of Bukavu, the government's last major toehold in the eastern Congo. Promptly the rebels set up headquarters in the Hotel Royal Residence, took over the post office, and began rampaging through the center of town. Always before in such circumstances, the government defenders had fled in panic and confusion. This time, bolstered by 150 of Tshombe's tough ex-gendarmes from Katanga, they stood and fought. After three days of battles, it was the rebels who broke and ran. Behind them, 300 dead of both sides lay in the streets.

* Although African nations have been shunting one another's citizens about for years. Recent examples: Gabon expelled 2,000 Brazzavillians after a 1962 soccer riot; Niger deported 16,000 Dahoman civil servants last year.

PRIYA RAMRAKHA—PIX

BRAZZAVILLE CONGOLESE LEAVING LEOPOLDVILLE
150 for the ferry.

KENYA

The One-Party Way

In the eight short years since independence began to explode throughout Africa, 30 former European colonial territories have become sovereign —and supposedly democratic—states. But hardly any of them are really democratic. Forced to live as nations although their loyalties and organizations are tribal, torn by all the monstrous problems of backwardness and ignorance, Africa's new countries have found democracy far too difficult to live

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with. So far, at least 18 of them have effectively eliminated the opposition and inaugurated one-party rule. Few of the rest seem at all convinced that Western democracy has meaning in Africa. Last week, after eight months of independence, Kenya also set its course for the one-party way.

Jovial Host. After playing host to all members of Parliament at his home in Nairobi, Prime Minister Jomo Kenyatta jovially announced that he will ask Parliament for constitutional amendments that will make Kenya a one-party republic. If Parliament refused, he added, he would call a national referendum in November. Since his Kenya African National Union party (KANU) represents the nation's two largest tribal groups, there is little chance he would lose the referendum.

The announcement only hastened the inevitable. Kenyatta has never favored the present British-inspired constitution, which gives what he considers too much power to Kenya's seven regional governments—three of which are now in the hands of the opposition Kenya African Democratic Union party (KADU). He has long believed that Kenya needs a strong central government to hold its 50 tribes together.

Clamor v. Cry. As far as Kenyatta is concerned, his own KANU supplies about all the opposition he needs, balanced as it is between his own Kikuyus and the Luo tribe of his powerful, Communist-backed Home Minister Oginga Odinga. In a tribal society, Kenyatta argues, the two-party system is unnatural. "We don't subscribe to the notion of the government and the governed in opposition to one another, one clamoring for duties and the other crying for rights."

Will one-party government mean repression? For all his terrorist past, Prime Minister Kenyatta, 73, has so far gone out of his way to protect the rights of the minorities—black or white—who opposed him. He says he will not alter any constitutional rights, including individual freedom of expression and assembly. As he outlines it, the new regime will be a sort of a representative dictatorship, with the President chosen from and responsible to Parliament, which in turn would be subject to periodic national elections.

CYPRUS

Breather

Heeding a piercing and highly public appeal for help from Archbishop Makarios, Nikita Khrushchev duly pledged Russian aid should anyone (read Turkey) invade Cyprus. But Khrushchev also called for moderation and warned Makarios to lift his economic blockade of the Turkish Cypriots. Still, even the remote prospect of direct Russian intervention seemed a little chilling to all sides.

President Johnson fired off messages to Athens and Ankara, once again urging Premiers George Papandreou and Ismet Inönü to settle the Cyprus problem and unite before the common Red enemy. Implicit, at least, seemed to be a threat that the U.S. cannot maintain aid to supposed NATO allies if they use U.S.-supplied arms against each other.

Tempers calmed slightly in Athens and Ankara. Turkey made the gesture of returning to NATO control the U.S.-built planes it had used to bomb and strafe Cyprus. Greece, which had also withdrawn units from NATO, followed suit. Cyprus itself had a breather. Though still calling down curses on Turkey for its recent air strikes, Makarios relaxed somewhat the blockade thrown around the Turkish Cypriot communities. For the first time in two weeks, running water was restored to the huddled refugees in Ktima, and badly needed fuel was delivered to Turkish Cypriot bakeries in Nicosia.

The U.N. peace-keeping force took a few aggressive steps. U.N. posts, manned by Swedish troops, were set up between the lines of the Turkish Cypriot defenders of Kokkina and the Greek Cypriot besiegers on the mountainside. Canadian, Finnish and Danish U.N. troops, moving forward with the bayonet, dismantled Turkish Cypriot gun positions that menaced a U.N. headquarters near Nicosia.

Even though the U.N. mediator, Finland's Sakari Tuomioja, suffered a stroke, negotiations in Geneva continued. Greek and Turkish representatives in Geneva pored over a plan, proposed by U.S. Special Envoy Dean Acheson, which apparently envisaged a union of Cyprus with Greece (*enosis*), with special guarantees for the Turkish Cypriots and a permanent Turkish base on the island. Given such able face-saving devices, Turkey and Greece might accept. The same old stumbling block is still Makarios, who was once a loud advocate of *enosis* but now seems to enjoy being head of a sovereign state.

"WHAT A TEAM! YOU PRAISING THE LORD AND ME PASSING THE AMMUNITION."

LEBANON

The Sweet Era

When Lebanon tried to hold a presidential election in 1958, the tiny country exploded in civil war. More than a thousand Lebanese were slain, the Soviet Union rattled its rockets, and 14,000 U.S. marines landed to ward off a threatened Communist or Nasserite takeover. Yet last week, when the Lebanese tried another election, the event was as quiet and disciplined as a New England town meeting. After a vote in parliament, President Fuad Chehab peacefully surrendered his office to President-elect Charles Helou. Since Helou means "sweet" in Arabic, newspapers headlined that his inauguration would begin "a sweet era" for Lebanon.

The recent past has been remarkably sweet too. During Chehab's six-year term, Lebanon became one of the few nations untroubled by the continuous turmoil of the Middle East.

Contradictory Glories. The 1958 civil war began when Moslems staged an uprising against the unconstitutional attempt of the then President, Camille Chamoun, a Christian, to serve a second term. At the time, General Chehab commanded the 9,000-man Lebanese army but refused to lead it against the rebels, because he was convinced that if he did, the Moslem members of the armed forces would mutiny. This decision won him great popularity with the Moslems. The Christians, who make up half of Lebanon's 1,700,000 population, were at first outraged, but gradually recognized the wisdom of the Christian commander. As a result, Chamoun stepped down, Chehab was named President by parliament, and when he reluctantly accepted, the U.S. marines withdrew.

Chehab ruled by doing nothing, at home or abroad. Despising politicians whom he calls *fromagistes* (cheesemakers), Chehab would rather let Lebanon boom or bust than go in for planning. In this, he again proved how well he understood his countrymen, for the typical Lebanese is both capitalist and anarchist, and glories in contradiction. The Lebanese way of life is reflected

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HARRY KOUNDAKJIAN

CHEHAB & HELOU

in Beirut, which is the noisiest, dirtiest, liveliest and loveliest capital in the Middle East. Surging traffic bewilders a stranger, with tramcars plunging the wrong way down one-way streets, pedestrians and pushcarts jaywalking heedlessly. Garbage lies uncollected around stunning glass-walled apartment buildings, and any car parked below is certain to be littered by melon rinds and pistachio shells tossed from the balconies and windows. As fast as the police write out traffic tickets, motorists throw them away, and cars are double- and triple-parked all over town.

Needs Understood. The noise begins at dawn with the loudspeaker chants of muezzins from minarets, followed by the clangor of bells from Christian churches. Auto horns, the plaintive cries of peddlers, and the bray of donkeys blend with the screech of jet planes. With evening comes the sound of 64 nightclubs, the throb of motorboats carrying gamblers up the coast to the Casino de Liban, and the shrill cries of prostitutes in the block-long Bourg Central Square in the heart of town.

Beirut is also beautiful, with cool groves of umbrella pines and great clusters of purple bougainvillaea. It is rich, not from oil but from oil revenues of more than $3 billion a year, poured in by sheiks from Kuwait and Saudi Arabia; they flock to Beirut to play among people who speak their language and understand their needs. Moreover, 92 banks flourish on deposits from Arabs who are distrustful of their own governments and appreciate the Swiss-like secrecy enforced by law. Recently, Intra Bank of Lebanon bought the 28-story Canada House on Manhattan's Fifth Avenue for its U.S. branch.

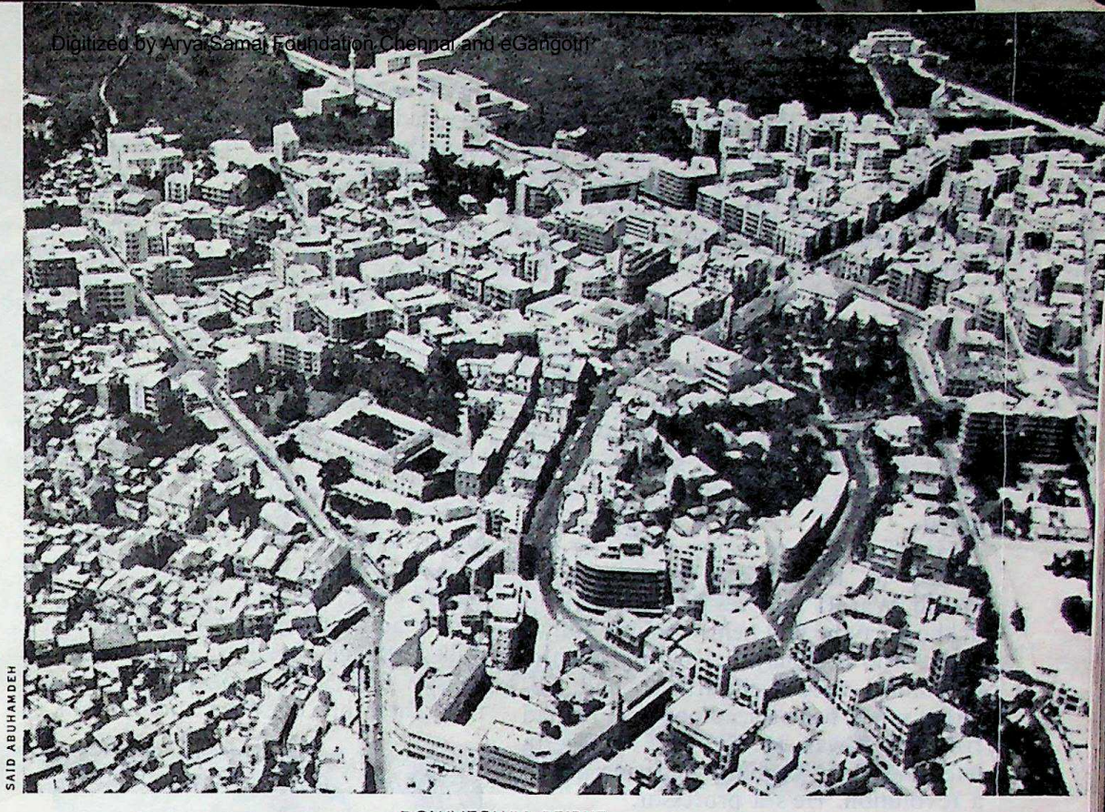
Airfreighted Oysters. Tourists are drawn to a land where ski resorts are only two hours from Mediterranean beaches, and by such antique monuments as Byblos and the massive stone platforms and columns of Roman Baalbek. Hotels are so jammed that the new Phoenicia Hotel, opened in 1962, is already building a 250-room annex. Restaurants serve airfreighted French oysters, Scotch salmon, Danish ham and English beef.

Beirut has four universities, and publishes more books and magazines than even Cairo. Next to tiny, oil-rich Kuwait, it has the highest per-capita income in the Arab world ($500 annually); yet public and social services are woefully inadequate. Every rainstorm knocks out the power and phone systems, and virtually no one pays income taxes except benighted foreign residents. The public schools are regarded as hopelessly inferior. Yet Lebanon also has the highest literacy rate in the Arab world, and parents starve themselves to send their children to private schools.

Lambs on the Doorstep. Charles Helou, 50, the new man in charge of this chaotic but thriving country, is likely to follow his predecessor in letting things alone. A fleshily handsome man, the son of a Maronite Christian druggist, he was graduated from the French-oriented College of St. Joseph and became editor of the French-language daily Le Jour, which has since folded. Helou became Lebanon's representative at the Vatican, later served in parliament and the Cabinet, most recently as Minister of Education. During the 1958 civil war, he joined a "third force" that was neutral in the conflict, and therefore, like retiring President Fuad Chehab, he is acceptable to both sides.

In the parliamentary voting last week, Helou got all but seven of the 99 secret ballots cast.* At the news, Lebanon celebrated with fireworks and bonfires of old rubber tires. In the mountain summer resort at Aley, peasants warmly welcomed Helou's return from the city by killing lambs on the doorstep of his villa. Happiest of all was Chehab, who told Helou: "I am delighted at your election because it gives me a warrant of release."

* Some of the ballots read, "His Excellency Charles Helou," or "Charles Bey Helou," and so on. The writing on such ballots is in fact a code. If a Deputy promises his vote to a candidate for office but there is some doubt as to whether in the actual voting he will really come through, he is instructed to phrase the ballot in a certain way, known only to the candidate and himself. When the ballot is read aloud, it thus reveals the Deputy's identity. In this typically Lebanese manner, it is possible to maintain the convention of a secret vote and still ensure that a politician who has made a deal will actually deliver.



SAID ABUHAMDEH

DOWNTOWN BEIRUT

Coded ballots and bonfires of old rubber tires.

GREAT BRITAIN

Tories Coming Up

Six months ago, most pollsters, bookmakers and other experts took it for granted that the next British elections would return the first Labor government in 13 years. Last week that outcome looked far less certain. Constitutionally, the elections must be held before Nov. 5 (likeliest dates: Oct. 15 or Oct. 22), and with only weeks to go, the polls show a drift away from Labor. One of them, the Daily Mail's National Opinion Poll, even reported Labor's lead down to a mere .6%, which in an election would actually result in a slim Conservative majority of 20 to 30 seats in the House of Commons.

Despite scandals and blunders, the Tory Cabinet still looks like an eager, able team. Although Britain's foreign-trade deficit is alarming, while industrial production is not rising, most Britons still enjoy unprecedented prosperity, and the Tories make the most of the slogan, "Don't let Labor ruin it."

Most surprising of all has been the performance of Prime Minister Sir Alec Douglas-Home, who was widely dismissed as an amiable nonentity when he took office less than a year ago. Home has developed parliamentary agility. He has made the right tactical decisions, notably to risk several by-elections that he could have avoided; in sum they did not turn out badly for the Tories. He has been stumping the country, giving

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rather tepid speeches and telling stories from the family joke book compiled by his wife. But his quiet jauntiness and aristocratic charm have gone over splendidly, while Laborite Harold Wilson's mixture of midnight oil and acid is unexciting.

ITALY

Doing What Is Possible

Palmiro Togliatti will be remembered as the Communist leader who came closer than any other to seizing power for the Reds in Western Europe—and failed.

His first chance came when he returned to Italy from Moscow after World War II and resumed leadership of the party he had helped found. Italy's Reds, who had played a big part in the resistance, were well armed, and Togliatti might have seized power if he had risked civil war. He did not, and Stalin later sneered, "Togliatti will never make a revolution. He's a professor."

His next chance came when he tried to win at the polls in the 1948 election. The Communists polled 30% of the popular vote, and were turned back by the strong leadership of Alcide de Gasperi, Italy's great Christian Democratic Premier, who was backed by the forceful anti-Communist intervention of Pope Pius XII.

Thereafter *"Il Migliore"* (The Best), as his comrades called Togliatti, presided over a movement that gradually lost members, though it continued to win over a great many of Italy's intellectuals and artists, who make it a point of honor to be at least café Communists—and sometimes more than that. Without ever coming really close to power again, the Italian Communist Party exerted a continuing influence—sometimes merely a veto—in Italian politics.

Embattled Shopkeepers. Writhing, maneuvering and often split, the party tried to adjust to the new Communist world that was born with Stalin's death. Though he had been an ardent follower of Stalin—and had even at Stalin's orders betrayed the Italian Socialists to the Fascist police—Togliatti now enthusiastically embraced "polycentrism" —that is, the right of each national Communist Party to follow its own course. When criticized from the outside, Togliatti would merely give a vastly expressive shrug: *"Siamo italiani* [We are Italians]."

Freed from the damaging image of the Oriental despot in the Kremlin, Togliatti tried harder than ever to make Communism look as respectable as his own blue serge suits and as jovial as his sweaters. Long before Khrushchev invented goulash Communism, Togliatti invented spaghetti Communism. He no longer concentrated the Red appeal only on the masses, but turned to shopkeepers battling supermarket competition, housewives trying to balance the family budget, and small businessmen in need of tax relief.

After the Russians brutally crushed the Hungarian uprising, Togliatti was deserted by his longtime allies, Pietro Nenni's left-wing Socialists. When Nenni last year joined the ruling Christian Democrats in the unstable center-left coalition government, the move in effect isolated the Communists. But Togliatti kept predicting that the coalition would fail to solve Italy's economic problems, that the Communists would benefit in the end.

The son of a poor government clerk, Togliatti now was building himself a villa among the rich near fashionable Porto Santo Stefano, and—politically—continued his do-gooder tactics. If filling-station attendants were underpaid, if a bridge fell down, if water was cut off from Rome, it was the Communists who led the protest. Faced with a milk shortage, Togliatti could be heard to say earnestly: "For a whole week now, there has not been enough milk in the cafés to make a *cappuccino*. That is terrible." He kept insisting that he had no intention of imposing Communism on Italy, that he only wanted benevolent socialism. "This means improving agriculture, raising the level of the masses and so on," he would say reassuringly. "In Italy, to nationalize everything would be madness." This soothing line brought about a resurgence of sorts at the polls. In Italy's last national election in 1963, the Reds won 7,700,000 votes, fully 25% of the total.

GENERAL PRESS

COMMUNIST TOGLIATTI
Everything was possible but power.

Undrummed China. In the Sino-Soviet schism, Togliatti strongly supported Khrushchev, and he had to deal with some pro-Peking splinters in his own party. But he believed it would be a tactical mistake to try to drum China out of the Communist bloc. That was perhaps what he hoped to talk about to Nikita Khrushchev when he started on a Black Sea vacation early this month. Near Yalta, two weeks ago, he suffered a stroke while visiting a Communist youth camp. Soviet doctors said he was too ill to be moved from [illegible] camp infirmary, and there last week, 71, Togliatti died after explorat[illegible] brain surgery.

As an Ilyushin-18 plane brought [illegible] body home to Italy, amid national h[illegible] ors and prayers from the Pope, th[illegible] was no doubt that Italian Commun[illegible] had been weakened. His successor, tough, ex-Partisan Luigi Longo, 6[illegible] fighter much less suave or plausi[illegible] Longo will probably be supplanted [illegible] younger "innovators," who in the p[illegible] criticized Togliatti for being too s[illegible] servient to Moscow, or too old-fashio[illegible] in his methods, but now have no v[illegible] clearly defined policy beyond the [illegible] that they want power.

The Italian Communist Party rema[illegible] formidable, but it is not likely t[illegible] Togliatti's heirs will succeed where [illegible] failed. To the end, he insisted that [illegible] was a democrat and a parliamentari[illegible] and over a glass of wine he seemed co[illegible] vincing. But what he truly was Italia[illegible] call *"possibilista"*—one who does wh[illegible] ever is possible. And no matter ho[illegible] hard he had tried, the seizure of pow[illegible] in Italy had not been possible to Pa[illegible] miro Togliatti.

RUSSIA

Far-Out *Dzhaz*

Soviet Russia blows hot and cold [illegible] the subject of jazz—but never cool. I[illegible] sisting that jazz came up the river fr[illegible] Odessa long before it made its Miss[illegible] sippi passage, Soviet authorities th[illegible] years ago began relaxing the b[illegible] against Dixieland and swing. As a r[illegible] sult, such dated numbers as *When t[illegible] Saints Go Marchin' In* and *Sixteen To[illegible]* are now popular in Russia. Yet t[illegible] Soviet music masters could not br[illegible] themselves to permit Russian musici[illegible] to play *kholodny* or cool *dzhaz*—[illegible] progressive sound of Thelonious Mo[illegible] and Stan Getz, much admired by m[illegible] Russians who hear it on the Voice [illegible] America or on smuggled records.

Two rebels against this artistic [illegible] pression sat last week in a U.S. refu[illegible] camp in West Germany—Bassist Je[illegible] Berechtis, 31, and Saxophonist Bo[illegible] Midny, 26. As they told it, the [illegible] decided to defect after sitting in on [illegible] 1962 after-hours jam session with me[illegible] bers of Benny Goodman's touring ba[illegible]

After that, whenever they had wa[illegible] ed to play far-out in Moscow, they h[illegible] to do it secretly in someone's apa[illegible] ment. Said Midny: "Our individual[illegible] was crushed." Looking for a way out [illegible] the country, they joined the non-p[illegible] orchestra of the Bolshoi Variety tro[illegible] last month just before it left for a t[illegible] of Japan. Once in Tokyo, the two [illegible] slipped away to the U.S. embassy. T[illegible] U.S. flew them to West Germany [illegible] avoid getting the Japanese in trou[illegible] with the Russians, and the two c[illegible] probably will reach the U.S. soon. A[illegible] all, as one U.S. official in Washing[illegible] explained: "These guys aren't politic[illegible] All they want is to latch onto so[illegible] combo in New York."

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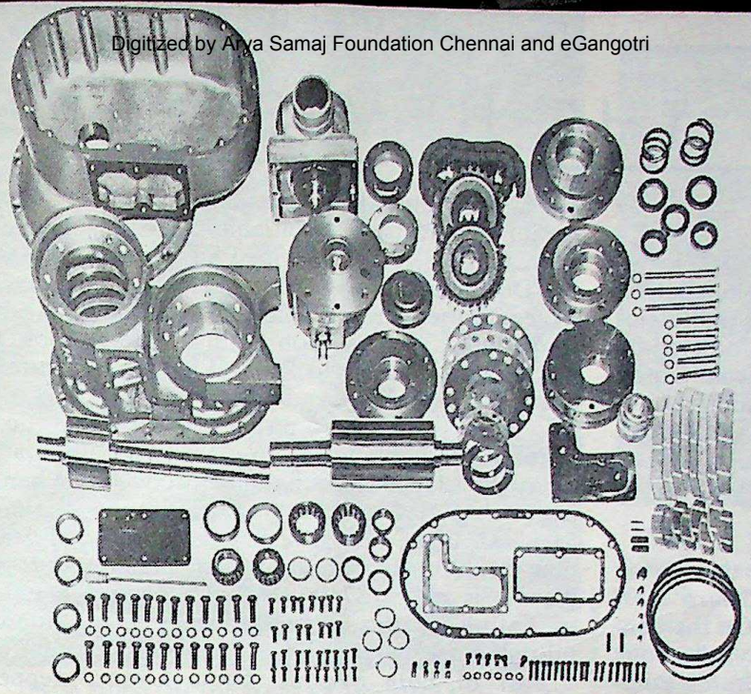
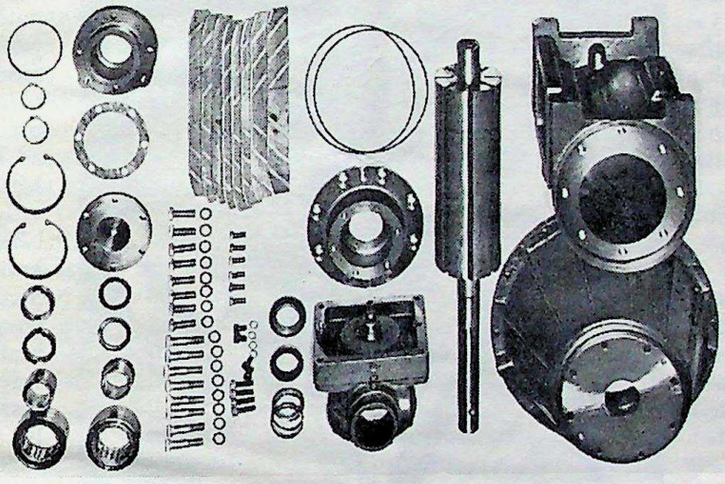


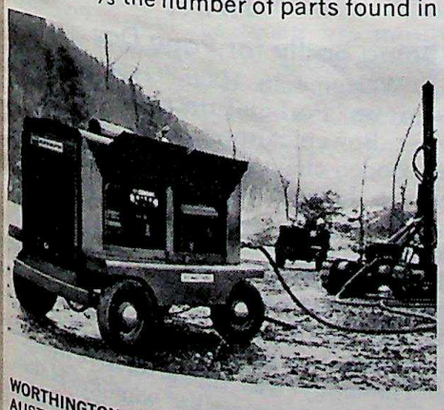
Why buy a portable compressor with 213 parts



29/8/64

...when one with 79 parts does a better job?

The new Worthington Mono-Rotor Blue Brute compressor has only one cylinder, one rotor, two bearings, no gears and no oil pump. In fact, the Mono-Rotor has only 79 parts—⅓ the number of parts found in two-stage and screw-type compressors.



Because of this simple design, maintenance is cut to a minimum, operating costs are reduced, compressor life is greatly extended, and your profit margin increased.

What makes the revolutionary design of the new Worthington Mono-Rotor possible? It is the development, by Worthington, of a new effective rotor-to-cylinder sealing. Previously, only two-stage construction permitted good rotor-to-cylinder sealing. Now, with newly developed methods of oil distribution within the cylinder, an efficient, dependable air supply is available in the single-stage Mono-Rotor compressor.

The new Mono-Rotor compressor offers other important benefits too. It is 20% lighter in weight, designed for improved towing and tracking, and has a third wheel as standard equipment for easier handling.

The Mono-Rotor Blue Brute compressor is available in 85′, 125′, 250′, 365′, and 600′ sizes.

For further information, please contact the regional office nearest you.

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BOLIVIA

And Then There Were Two

Following Chile's example, Bolivia last week broke all economic and diplomatic relations with Cuba as ordered by the Organization of American States. That left only two OAS nations, Uruguay and Mexico, still talking to Castro.

PUERTO RICO

"Permit Me to Leave"

The chant echoed like a thundering pulse beat: *"Cuatro más! Cuatro más!* —Four more! Four more!" On the banner-draped platform in Mayagüez one day last week, the top leaders of Puerto Rico's Popular Democratic Party watched tensely as the bearlike man at the microphone motioned for quiet. Then came the news: "I want to return to what created the Popular Democratic Party 25 years ago, to what liberated the energy that constructed the Puerto Rico of today. I want to return to the school, to the farmyard, to the hearts of the people so that all together we can forge the Puerto Rico of the next 25 years. Permit me to leave office to serve the democracy of Puerto Rico."

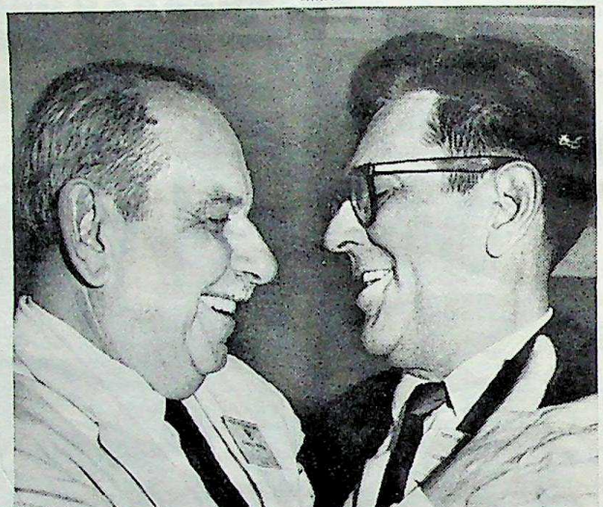
Luis Muñoz Marín, 66, Governor of Puerto Rico, architect of the island's life-giving Operation Bootstrap and its unique commonwealth status, was stepping aside after four terms (16 years) in office. He would not, he insisted, be his party's gubernatorial candidate in the Nov. 3 elections. He would accept nomination for the senate, whence he came, but nothing more. "You must have confidence in yourselves," he pleaded. "You have honored me as a leader and as a teacher, and now the teacher says: 'It is time to return to the class.' " No sooner had Muñoz finished than the chants erupted again—louder and fiercer. He grabbed the microphone. "You cannot make me violate my own conscience!" he roared above the din—and that was that.

Essence & Energy. To Puerto Ricans, the Muñoz announcement meant much more than the leave-taking of an able administrator and brilliant politician. For more than a generation Muñoz has been the island's one and only leader—vigorous, charismatic, the essence and energy of an economic and social revolution that has touched the lives of every Puerto Rican.

The son of a venerated Puerto Rican statesman, Muñoz studied law at Washington's Georgetown University, returned to Puerto Rico in 1926, and has been fighting the island's cause ever since. At that time, Puerto Rico was little more than a sugar barony controlled by a few large U.S. companies; per capita income was a pitiable $120 a year. In 1938, Muñoz formed his Popular Democratic Party, four years later as senate president organized Operation Bootstrap, and was soon luring mainland industry to Puerto Rico. With generous tax incentives and cheap, plentiful labor, company after company found it profitable to set up plants until today the island's gross national product is growing 11% a year, wages average $1.11 an hour, new investment is running $1,000,000 a day, and per capita income is up to $740—second highest in Latin America, surpassed only by oil-rich Venezuela.

Best of Both Worlds. Some Latin Americans sneer at the success, accuse Muñoz of running a sugar-coated *Yanqui* labor colony, swapping independence for U.S. dollars. Puerto Ricans know better. They are fiercely proud of their "Spanishness" and regard their unique commonwealth status in "free association" with the U.S. as the best of both worlds. Under the 1951 compact with Congress, Puerto Rico lies somewhere between a territory and a full-fledged state. The U.S. protects the island, and Puerto Ricans are U.S. citizens—though they pay no federal taxes. They have no vote in Congress and cannot vote for President, but their local government is completely independent—Congress cannot overrule island legislation. A few rabid *Independentistas* make trouble now and then, and a small but a growing group agitates for statehood. Yet in every election since 1952, Muñoz and his Popular Democrats have walked off with between 58% and 65% of the vote.

MARVIN W. SCHWARTZ—SAN JUAN STAR



MUÑOZ & SÁNCHEZ
A tune for self-confidence.

When he won his fourth term in 1960, Muñoz started preparing for the day when others would take over the reins. He transferred the party chairmanship to a seven-man committee, took fewer stands on major legislative matters, started lecturing his party on the need for becoming "more democratic," and urged senators and representatives to become more independent. When Muñoz was away from his desk, the man he left in charge was Secretary of State (Vice Governor) Roberto Sánchez Vilella, 51, a U.S.-educated (Ohio State) civil engineer who has been Muñoz' able and dedicated top lieutenant for 16 years. If and when Muñoz stepped down, Sánchez Vilella was his choice for Governor.

"It Was Awful." A few days before last week's convention, Muñoz called in Sánchez Vilella, told him that he would be nominated for the governorship. Muñoz would still keep a hand in things from his senate seat. But Sánchez Vilella would be in command. "My presence in the senate will be as unobtrusive as possible," said Muñoz.

In Puerto Rico no one can really succeed Luis Muñoz Marín—and no one knows it better than Sánchez Vilella. He is extremely shy, has none of the klieg-light blaze and charm of Muñoz. Last week, while Muñoz fought through his farewell speech, Sánchez Vilella stood nervously mopping his face with a handkerchief balled tightly around an ice cube. "I was paralyzed," he said later. "It was awful. There was one moment when the crowd was almost hysterical, shouting 'No, no,' and I was shouting it too. Inside." But Puerto Ricans know him as a first-rate administrator, smart, experienced and quite capable of carrying on from the big, broad base Muñoz laid. "We are on our own now," says Sánchez Vilella, "and we cannot be afraid."

HAITI

Going Badly for Papa Doc

"Welcome to Haiti," read the huge sign on Port-au-Prince's Main Street near Bowen Airport. Near by, tied to a wooden chair in a police pickup truck, was a bloated yellow corpse, covered with flies. The display, on view for 24 hours and set up just 15 days after Haiti kicked off a major tourist campaign, was one more warning from Dictator François Duvalier to his fellow Haitians: stay tame, or else.

The body was the grisliest evidence yet that the guerrilla war in Haiti's backlands is not going well for Duvalier. According to reports filtering out of Haiti, three separate bands of rebels

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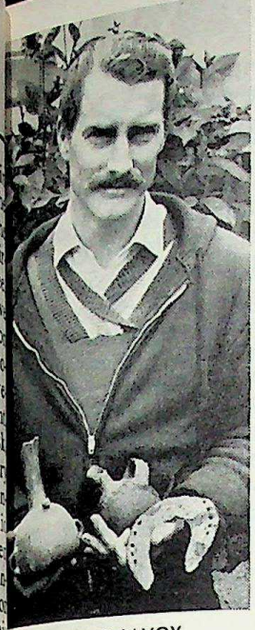
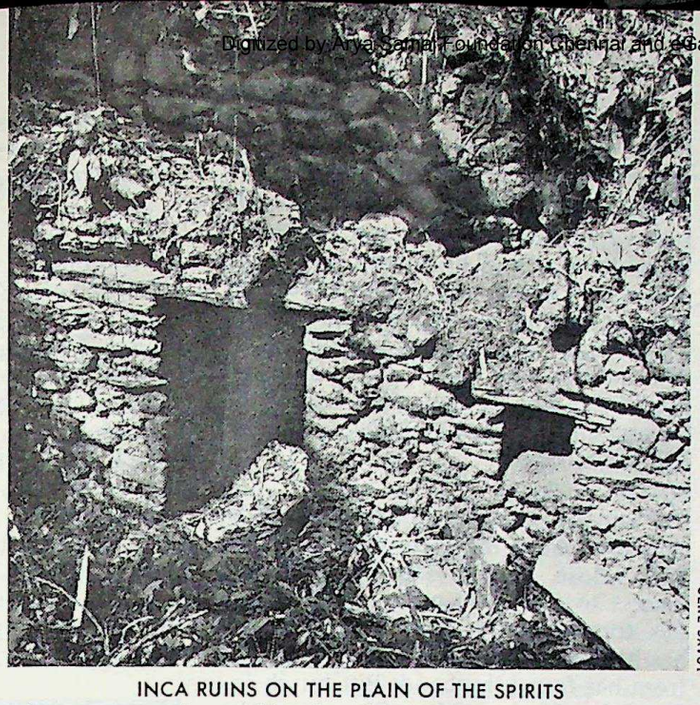


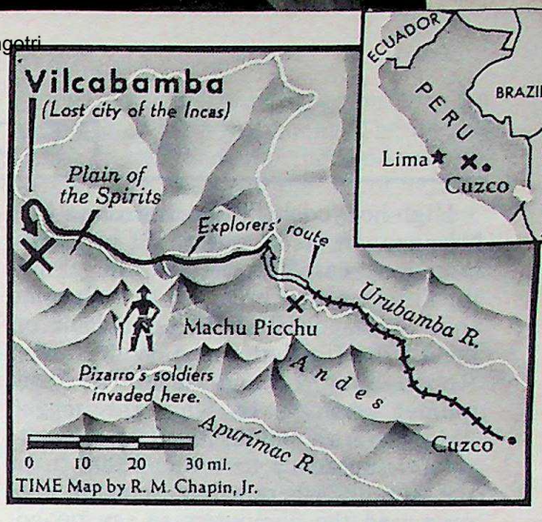
FRED KAPLAN

EXPLORER SAVOY



GENE SAVOY

INCA RUINS ON THE PLAIN OF THE SPIRITS



From history to myth—and back to history.

are fighting in southern and western Haiti—two groups, with about 80 men, calling themselves the "Haitian Revolutionary Armed Forces" and another independent band of 100. Since the first skirmishes eight weeks ago, the rebels have killed at least 80 Duvalier militiamen, have shot one of Duvalier's three AT-6 patrol planes out of the sky, and have blown up roads, bridges and trucks. One night, they reportedly raided and looted an armory 38 miles southeast of Port-au-Prince, then two days later sacked another military post 20 miles away. Haitians crossing over into the neighboring Dominican Republic say that the rebels effectively control half a dozen villages in the rugged Massif de la Selle.

Whether the guerrillas pose a serious threat to Papa Doc's dictatorship remains to be seen. But his nerves are starting to show. His internal military radio in Port-au-Prince has been heard exhorting militiamen in the field to capture "just one—just one prisoner." The militia commander replied that he could not even get a clear view of the guerrillas, much less catch one. Duvalier claims that the rebels are Communists from Cuba, has asked the U.S. to run reconnaissance flights over the Windward Passage. The U.S. found no evidence of any Cuban invasion effort. The fact is that the rebels are mostly the sons of middle-class Haitians driven into exile by Duvalier, and could come from anywhere around the Caribbean.

PERU

The Lost City

Something hidden. Go and find it. Go and look behind the ranges—something lost behind the ranges. Lost and waiting for you. Go!

—Rudyard Kipling, *The Explorer*

For archaeologists in Peru, that hidden something has always been the lost city of Vilcabamba, the last great capital of the Incas. As described in the 16th century chronicles, Vilcabamba was believed located somewhere in the southern Peruvian Andes. There, for nearly four decades, some 4,000 Indians lived, waged sporadic war on the Spaniards, and built great palaces and temples. Then in 1572, after the Spanish killed the last Inca ruler, the Indians apparently deserted their capital, and Vilcabamba disappeared beneath the jungle.

In 1911 famed Archaeologist and Yale Scholar Hiram Bingham first thought he had found Vilcabamba when he discovered the spectacular ruins at Machu Picchu. But most people agreed that Vilcabamba was still out there. Now, another exploration party thinks that it has finally found the lost city behind the ranges. Until the area is excavated and the preliminary findings confirmed, no one can be certain. But throughout the U.S. and Latin America last week, archaeologists were eagerly watching—and hoping.

Strangers Beware. The expedition leader was Gene Savoy, a 37-year-old explorer from Portland, Ore. For five years, Savoy has been tramping the Peruvian Andes, turning up everything from three pre-Inca cities to a 100-ft.-wide pre-Inca highway. In 1963 he joined forces with Peruvian Explorer Antonio Santander Cascelli, 62, and together they started hunting for Vilcabamba. Old records seemed to point to a forbidding area northwest of Machu Picchu, called the Plain of the Spirits.

Six weeks ago, Savoy and Santander reached the Plain of the Spirits by mule team and made contact with some local Indians. At first, the Indians refused to guide them. Tribal legend said that anyone who escorted strangers into the plain would soon die. But after some powerful persuasion, the Indians agreed to join the expedition. They led Savoy and Santander on a three-day march through the jungle to the first moss-covered ruins of what may be Vilcabamba. "We couldn't believe our eyes," says Savoy. "Each day, it became more fantastic."

Tiles & Horseshoe. The ruins, says Savoy, cover some 6 to 10 sq. mi. and stretch across three succeeding plateaus. The first plateau—roughly four times the size of Machu Picchu—begins at about 4,500 ft.; the second is at 5,500 ft., and the last, poking eerily up through a misty halo of clouds, may reach as high as 12,000 or 13,000 ft.

On the first plateau, Savoy and Santander found a luxurious palace and at least 16 separate communities—built mostly of granite and limestone, and complete with fountains, gardens, courtyards, large terraced dwellings apparently used by Inca nobles, and 100 or so squat circular huts that probably housed lower-class Indians. True to archaeological expectations, a strong Spanish influence was evident—the result, old records suggest, of seven Spanish turncoats who came to live in the Inca capital. In the palace were two rooms with a Spanish-style connecting doorway rather than the single courtyard entryway that typifies pure Incan architecture. Savoy also found several Spanish-type tiles and a Spanish horseshoe.

Time to Leave. Savoy and Santander spent two weeks exploring the first plateau, made a quick survey of the second. Then their increasingly frightened Indian helpers started deserting. "Normally, they would be friendly and smiling," says Savoy. "But when we got them into those woods, they changed." On the 15th day, Savoy hurt his leg dodging a falling tree cut by one of the Indians. He decided to pull out. "We thought it was better to come back with pictures and maps than not get back at all."

In Lima, Savoy's find created the greatest stir among archaeologists since the discovery of Machu Picchu. "Although we have yet to explore the ruins carefully," said Dr. Luis E. Valcárcel, director of the National Museum of History, "I am almost certain this is Vilcabamba." Peru's President Fernando Belaúnde Terry, himself an ardent amateur archaeologist, chatted with Savoy about possible government help for a full-scale return expedition. "The city has been rumored to exist for so long that it had almost passed from history to myth," said Savoy. "Now we have turned it back to history."

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PEOPLE

High ho, yodeled **Robert Strange McNamara**, 48, as he dusted off his trusty crampons, eased himself into his climbing knickers, and prepared to melt some solid Pentagon flesh in an assault on the 14,701-ft. Matterhorn. With his son Robert Craig, 14, and a dauntless Yank quintet whom Swiss whiz kids tagged "McNamara's Band," the Defense Secretary slogged up to within 2,000 ft. of the summit, where a 2-ft. snowfall programmed the computers to say no go. Back to base camp, men.

. . .

At the Red Cross charity gala in Monte Carlo, such celebrities as the Begum Aga Khan and Cinemactor David Niven were nicely sprinkled amidst 1,000 unknowns who paid $75 to dance and watch the Bluebell Girls of Paris prance. To the sprinkle, *hélas*, was added a spatter and then a downpour. The Prince looked a trifle Rainier than usual, but **Princess Grace**, 34, remained smilingly in place to the end of the show. Noblesse was scarcely obliged to make so gracious a gesture—what with a third addition to the royal family due in Monaco next February.

UPI

GRACE & PRINCE
A little Rainier.

. . .

His Manhattan apartment on East 66th Street is being renovated, and as **Bernard Baruch** held court for reporters on his 94th birthday, it seemed like a sound investment. He quit shooting quail two years ago ("I couldn't keep up with the dogs, the birds or the people"), but he still looks hale and hearty, swims two or three times a week, and recently ankled out to inspect the World's Fair. Mighty quick on the uptake, too. When a young newsman asked the crony of Presidents and Prime Ministers whom he considered the greatest man of his age, Baruch barked: "The fellow who does his job every day. The mother who has children and gets breakfast. The fellow who keeps the streets clean. The Unknown Soldier. Millions of men."

. . .

From her summer home in the Adirondacks, **Mrs. Marjorie Merriweather Post Close Hutton Davies May**, 77, heiress to the $100 million Post Toasties fortune, let it be known that she has been separated for "several months" from her fourth husband, Pittsburgh Industrialist Herbert May, 72, whom she married in 1958.

. . .

After **Happy Rockefeller**, 38, won an Idaho divorce last year from her first husband, **Dr. James S. Murphy**, 41, both refused to say who had won custody of their children: James, 13, Margaretta, 11, Carol, 8, and Malinda, 4. Governor Rockefeller's lawyers implied that some sort of joint custody had been worked out, but shortly after the Republican Convention, Mrs. Rockefeller brought the truth into the open by filing suit to get the children back. Her petition stated that Murphy had custody originally—and now she has won the first round in her battle to reverse the award. A White Plains, N.Y., judge overruled Murphy's plea to dismiss the case, instead scheduled it for trial—in chambers—on Sept. 2.

. . .

In Washington, paying a rare honor to a foreign figure, Mrs. Thomas C. Mann, wife of the Assistant Secretary of State for Inter-American Affairs, christened the U.S.'s newest polaris sub U.S.S. **Simon Bolívar**, after South America's great 19th century liberator.

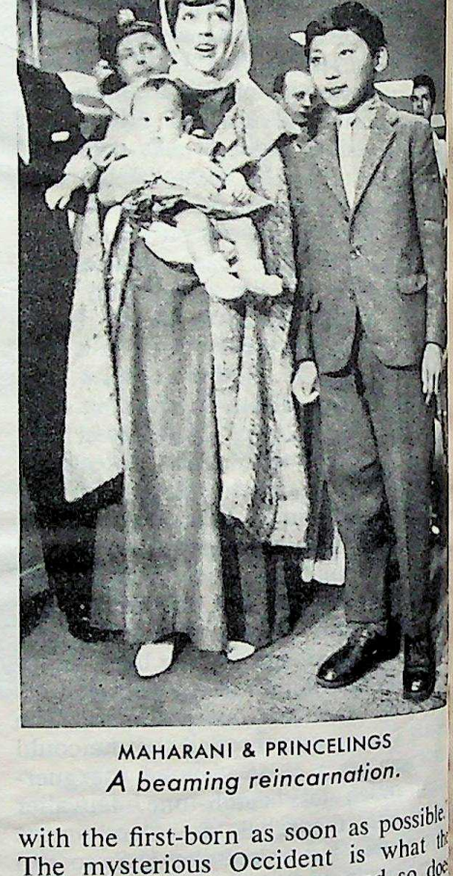
. . .

Now is the time for all gentlewomen to be of aid with a party. So **Charlotte Ford**, 22, Henry's girl, sacrificed the lawn of her mother's 22-room Long Island manse, Fordune, to a barbedue for some 2,000 "Young Citizens for Johnson," such as Lynda Bird, 20, Cinemactor Paul Newman, 39, Playwright Truman Capote, 39, A. & Peer Huntington Hartford, 53, Novelist John Steinbeck, 62, plus gaggles of her own Southampton playmates, goggles of interlopers from Manhattan, and gargoyles of Pucci-clad locals who drifted in from the beach to avoid the $15 tab. Not to be fordone by Fordune, **Mrs. Winston** ("Ceezee") **Guest**, 44, volunteered her 150-acre North Shore estate, Templeton, for a rally for Republican Candidate William Miller. Nothing stronger than iced tea was served to the 3,000 neighbors who dropped by, but Ceezee did her bit to improve G.O.P. relations with newsmen. "*Pour la presse, Jean,*" she told her bartender. "*Pas pour les autres.*"

. . .

They travel in separate planes "for precautionary reasons," even though former New York Deb **Hope Cooke**, 23, is now Queen for a deity, Sikkim's **Palden Thondup Namgyal**, 40, who is revered by his 162,000 Himalayan subjects as the reincarnation of a lama. The Maharani, in native gown and raw silk cloak, was first to land in New York last week with her six-month-old son Prince Palden, and Crown Prince Tenzing, 12, child of an earlier marriage of the Maharajah. She was taking her boy to see her American aunt, she said, in keeping with an old Sikkimese custom of "visiting the wife's relations

BEN MARTIN



MAHARANI & PRINCELINGS
A beaming reincarnation.

with the first-born as soon as possible." The mysterious Occident is what the Maharajah digs, however, and so does his other son, Prince Topgyal Wangchuk, 11. One of the boy's dearest possessions, beamed Pa when they touched down next day, is a Wild West-style gun and holster.

. . .

Saying "We fled for our god-damned lives," Baltimore Atheist **Madalyn Murray**, 45, jumped bail with her family in June, and flew to Hawaii in the wake of a Pier 6 brawl with the cops after her son married a 17-year-old over the protests of the girl's parents. At the time, Maryland seemed only too glad to be rid of her, but now it has changed its mind, and a Honolulu judge has ordered her extradited back to Baltimore. Mrs. Murray says she will fight extradition all the way up to the U.S. Supreme Court. God knows she means it.

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BIOCHEMISTRY

Acid Indigestion: Myth & Mysteries

Among the commonest ills of man, ranking close to constipation and headaches, is the wide range of supposed digestive upsets mistakenly described as "acid indigestion." Every day, millions of Americans complain of "heartburn" or "sour stomach." TV commercials spiel endlessly about "acid upset." Some sufferers try to dignify their complaints with such technical terms as hyperacidity and acidosis. By whatever name, the problem is a high-up bellyache, and those who suffer from it in the U.S. lay out $90 million each year for antacids and alkalizers.

Haunting Danger. Medically both heartburn and acid indigestion are vague terms, as hard to define precisely as to treat effectively. Heartburn ("pyrosis" in medical jargon) is a burning sensation felt somewhere behind the breastbone. In the vast majority of cases, the pain means only that the victim cannot digest food properly because he is emotionally upset, and he may have the pain without food. But there is always the haunting danger that what feels like heartburn may be nature's warning that the coronary arteries are shutting down. Many a man has died of a heart attack soon after asking for a glass of sodium bicarbonate.

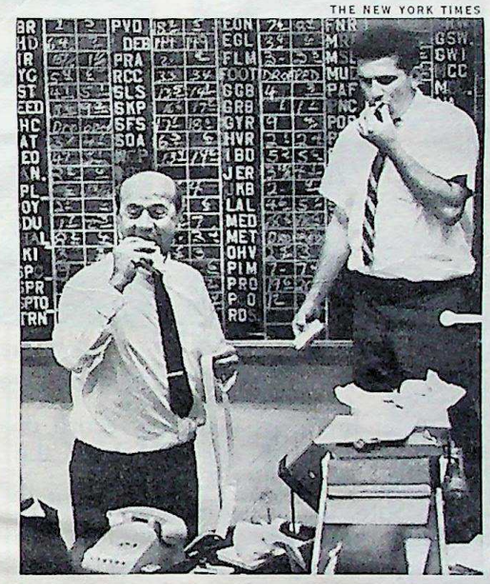
Another serious condition that can be mistaken for simple heartburn is a hiatus hernia—a defect in the diaphragm where the gullet (esophagus) passes through, just above the stomach. This permits part of the stomach to poke upward into the chest cavity and spill digestive juices into the gullet. Pope Pius XII suffered from a hiatus hernia for a long time before it was correctly diagnosed and treated, and the condition is by no means rare.

Often, however, heartburn comes with a backflow of partly digested food from the stomach into the esophagus. The victim may then belch up a little of this undigested food or its juices, and be concerned by the sharp taste of his "sour stomach." In most cases, this is a minor matter, and the result of gulping food while under emotional tension. A classic case is that of Wall Street brokers, who eat on their feet during midday trading. The cure is to stop eating, which is easy, and to calm down, which is not. Antacids may speed relief.

Flowing Juices. What seems to be acid indigestion, usually with nausea and belching, has the same causes as heartburn. An antacid tablet may help. The catch is that the layman usually cannot tell the difference between this and a medically significant form of indigestion. This inflammation of the stomach (gastritis) is part of the pattern of peptic ulcer. Then the trouble is not a simple backup of the evening's Scotch, steak and potato but a too-free flow of hydrochloric acid and other digestive juices from the stomach walls into the stomach itself and the duodenum. The excess juices find a vulnerable spot in the stomach wall or duodenum and, in effect, digest that. The result is an ulcer.

Whether caused by an ulcer or by the occasional food upheaval, indigestion has led to a variety of diet fads and home remedies. The faddists include finicky types who do not eat certain foods, especially fruits, "because they're too acid." Or they do eat mildly acid citrus fruits because they have convinced themselves that orange juice, for example, produces an alkaline reaction in the stomach. Some drinkers avoid highballs with a soda mix, claiming that the carbon dioxide that turns the stuff

THE NEW YORK TIMES



LUNCHTIME ON WALL STREET
A little at a time and often.

fizzy also turns their stomachs acid. Contrariwise, others take a glass of plain soda to settle their acid stomachs. Many sufferers gulp black coffee, which actually stimulates an empty stomach to produce more acid, and may be irritating; coffee with cream is "buffered."

As people get older, their ability to digest certain components of everyday foods seems to change (there may be a decrease in certain enzymes, but no one is sure). So some make a fetish of avoiding chocolate, or uncooked cucumbers, or all cucumbers, or uncooked cabbage, or all cabbage. Then there is the fellow who loudly proclaims, "I can eat anything"—and then slips off to the bathroom for a dollop of soda bicarb.

Faltering Kidneys. Sodium bicarbonate is at once the commonest, cheapest, most misused and most dangerous of antacids. In normal people, an occasional half-teaspoon in half a glass of water will probably do no harm. But a teaspoonful of bicarb in half a glass of water is enough to neutralize highly acid stomach contents, with some bicarb left over. The leftover can be dangerous, particularly to a person with an unsuspected kidney ailment. The excess bicarb is absorbed into the bloodstream through the walls of the small bowel, causing excessive alkalinity in the blood. It is the kidneys' job to remove this excess, but diseased kidneys may not be up to it, introducing the danger of death from alkalosis.

Though most laymen have never heard of alkalosis, it may be more dangerous than acidity, because doctors are not on the alert for it. And even when they suspect it, it is hard to diagnose. Its symptoms are the same as those for which the patient was taking antacids—nausea, vomiting, abdominal pain. In its later stages, alkalosis may bring on muscle spasms, fever, coma, and finally death.

Helping Steak. Nearly all physicians now avoid sodium bicarbonate. The most up-to-date thinkers among them are coming to the conclusion that the best neutralizer for excess stomach acid is nature's neutralizer—food. They prescribe small meals about every three hours. It matters little, they say, what the ulcer patient eats—he may have steak and French fries with catchup and a cucumber salad with vinegar dressing—provided only that he eats a little at a time and often. The tide has turned against the insipid Sippy diet of milk and light cream: doctors are beginning to find that for some ulcer patients this "cure" is worse than the disease—like bicarb it throws them far enough over on the alkaline side that they can develop alkalosis.

Since many ulcer and recurrent indigestion patients refuse to eat often enough, or do not get complete relief even when they do, doctors still prescribe antacids. But nowadays these are nearly all of the nonsystemic kind—unlike bicarb, they are never absorbed into the bloodstream and are far safer. The body processes them more slowly, so they do not give such quick relief. The most familiar, in the form of milk of magnesia, is magnesium hydroxide, and this is the main ingredient in many brand-name preparations. Since it has laxative properties, some manufacturers combine it with aluminum hydroxide, which is also antacid but, taken alone, is slightly constipating. Several proprietary preparations contain magnesium trisilicate, which neutralizes acid by both chemical and physical reactions and forms a gelatinous lining in the stomach and duodenum that may protect the crater of an ulcer.

Between the devil of alkalosis and the deep blue sea of uncertain acidity, the average man should prescribe nothing for himself except to eat and drink moderately, and should try to do neither when he is too angry or too anxious to enjoy his food. If he feels he must have antacids, he should take them only on a doctor's advice—and be sure the doctor checks to see whether the "acid stomach" is covering up a more serious condition.

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THE PRESS

NEWSPAPERS

Winds of Change

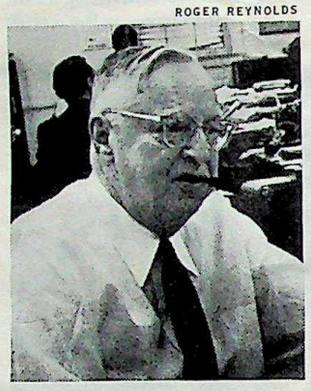
"With greater or lesser enthusiasm," read the editorial in the 142-year-old Binghamton Sun-Bulletin, a New York State daily of 30,000 circulation, "we have endorsed every Republican nominee for President since the party was founded in 1856." But confronted with the Republican Party's 1964 presidential choice, the Sun-Bulletin ran out of enthusiasm altogether: "We cannot accept the ideas, the philosophy or the purposes of Senator Barry M. Goldwater." The Sun-Bulletin's editorial went on to label Goldwater "a reckless and irresponsible man temperamentally unfitted for the presidency." With that, the paper broke its 108-year record of party loyalty by lining up behind the candidacy of Lyndon Johnson.

No Sale. By itself, the Sun-Bulletin's defection was hardly enough to rattle the Republican high command. But it showed the way the early campaign breezes were blowing through the press and gave an early sign of things to come. Even before the G.O.P. Convention in July, the sturdily Republican Wisconsin State Journal in Madison, which in more than 100 years has never supported a Democrat for President, announced that it "could not and would not" support Goldwater. In Vermont, the jointly owned Barre-Montpelier Times-Argus and the Rutland Herald declared last week for Johnson, despite an unblemished allegiance to Republican presidential nominees that goes back to Abraham Lincoln.

Behind the breezes, more powerful winds of change are building up on bigger papers that until 1964, at least, were considered safely Republican. In Kansas City it was no secret that Board Chairman Roy A. Roberts planned to lead the Star into the Democratic camp —although the Star has not supported a Democrat for President since Grover Cleveland. "No decision has been made," said an executive of the Chicago Daily News, which has regularly endorsed Republican presidential candidates in living memory. "However, there is no question about the paper's position with respect to Goldwater t date. We just don't buy the guy."

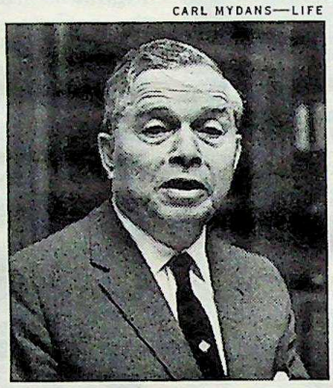
Unchained. Goldwater could not eve count, it seemed, on the support of th major Republican-leaning newspape chains. The ten Hearst papers, whic endorsed Nixon in 1960, are expecte to favor Johnson this year—a predic tion confirmed by a Hearstman wh sits in the chain's policymaking coun cils. Scripps-Howard's 17 papers, whic also backed Nixon last time, haven yet had their say. But in conversa tion last week President Jack R. How ard dropped a broad hint. "We en dorsed Johnson as the Democrati nominee in 1960," he said, "becaus many of the things he stood for wer the things that we stand for. You ca certainly evaluate that as a factor i our decision this year."

ROGER REYNOLDS



ROY ROBERTS

CARL MYDANS—LIFE



SAM NEWHOUSE

JACK HOWARD

The chains were weakening.

Switches were also in the making along the politically varied length o Samuel I. Newhouse's 19-newspape chain, whose proprietor grants his pa pers full editorial autonomy. Said New house last week: "If I dictated the editorial policy of my papers, which I do not, all of them would endorse John son for President. Even so, some of my Republican papers have told me that they cannot in good conscience endors this year's Republican candidate."

REPORTERS

50,000-Word Leak

To Paul Schoenstein, managing edi tor of Hearst's New York Journal American, the manuscript submitted b Columnist Dorothy Kilgallen was "a true blockbuster." By newspaper stand ards, to be sure, it was bulky. But last week, with a blast of trumpets, all 50, 000 words landed on the pages of the Journal-American.

"Do You Follow?" "What you ar about to read," began the copyrighte prologue, "is the transcript of the testi mony given by Jack Ruby to Chief Justice Earl Warren and other member of the Warren Commission investigat ing the assassination of President Ken nedy. The Warren Commission will no make public its findings until some time next month. But through sources close

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to the Warren Commission in Washington, I obtained a copy of the original transcript of Ruby's highly important testimony."

For three days, the Hearst papers rambled through Jack Ruby's troubled and often incoherent mind. "I want to say this to you," said Ruby at one juncture. "The Jewish people are being exterminated at this moment. Consequently, a whole new form of government is going to take over our country, and I know I won't live to see you another time. Do I sound sort of screwy in telling you these things?" Repeatedly, he demanded a lie-detector test—later granted—and begged Justice Warren to take him to Washington, on the grounds that his life was not safe in Dallas. He seemed uncertain of his audience: "Am I boring you?" he inquired, and again: "Do you follow the story as I tell it?"

Ruby also had trouble mentioning the name of the man he had killed: "Very rarely do I use the name Oswald. I don't know why." But once past this obstacle, he could be clear in his insistence that the deed was solely his own: "I was never malicious toward this person. No one else requested me to do anything. I never spoke to anyone about attempting to do anything. No subversive organization gave me any idea. No underworld person made any effort to contact me . . . The last thing I read was that Mrs. Kennedy may have to come back to Dallas for the trial, and I don't know what bug got hold of me . . . Suddenly the feeling, the emotional feeling, came within me that someone owed this debt to our beloved President to save her the ordeal of coming back."

As exclusives go, however, the leaked transcript fell somewhat short of perfection. It presented few, if any, surprises: much the same ground had been covered during Ruby's lengthy trial in Dallas. Moreover, most of its thunder had been stolen by the Dallas Morning News, which, only three weeks after the Warren Commission's June session with Ruby, front-paged a copyrighted paraphrase of the same testimony. Like Miss Kilgallen, the News declined to reveal its source. Another leak furnished Dallas' Times Herald, with the full transcript of Ruby's lie-detector test.

Leaky Pipeline. Indeed, Hearst's serial paid less tribute to the enterprise of journalism than to the astonishing porosity of the supposedly secret Warren Commission's report. In the wake of publication, the commission's chief counsel, J. Lee Rankin, expressed his distress, not that the confidential transcript had been leaked, but that anyone might think a commission member had leaked it. "There were other people who had access to the testimony, lawyers for the defense and the prosecution during Ruby's trial," he said. Going somewhat above and beyond the call of duty, the commission then called upon the FBI—for the third time—to investigate a leak in the commission record.

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I HAVE THAT UPSIDE DOWN FEELING

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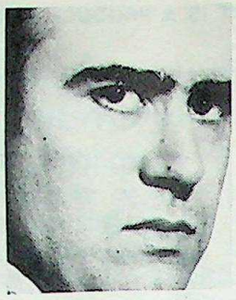
BEN MARTIN

TÀPIES



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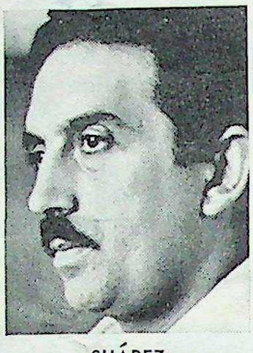

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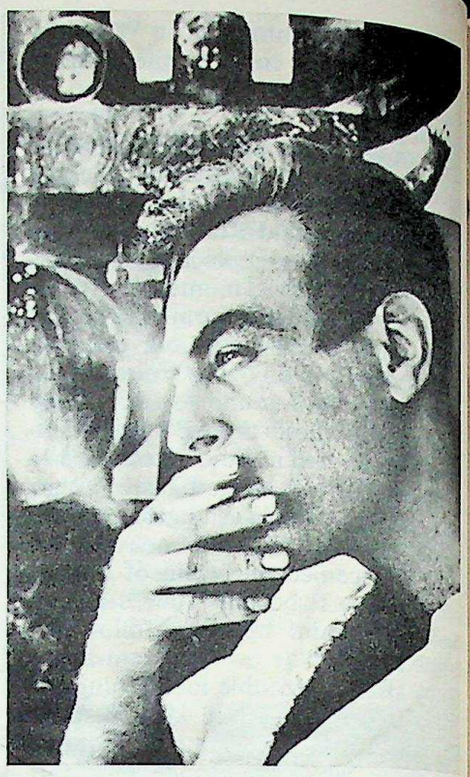

SANSEGUNDO

Slashed, splattered, stitched, bandaged—with homage to Goya's black nightmares.

ART

STYLES

Iberian Resurgence

Art in Spain inexorably involves a set of attitudes to and by the government. The Civil War, cutting off a rich flowering of painting and sculpture, turned Picasso into a rebellious exile in France, Dali into a Franco sympathizer, Miró into a resister who stood his ground on Spanish soil. Until 1958, art and the government fought a wary underground war, and the world wondered whether the Spanish art had ended in 1937 with Picasso's *Guernica*.

Then came a wry event. Abstract paintings by a fiery Catalonian named Antoni Tàpies won a prize for Spain at the Venice Biennale, followed by first prize at the Carnegie International. It dawned on Madrid that themeless abstractions have no power to topple a government but could serve to speak to the world of a more modern, talented and open Spain.

Embarrassing Support. Tàpies, now 40, and many others have since lived with a government that likes them more than they wish to be liked. They prosper in embarrassment; the freedom that they insisted upon is suddenly an asset to Franco. This uneasy partnership makes for strange ironies. When the government four months ago sent a striking show of new painting to the Spanish pavilion at the World's Fair, Tàpies and one of his top followers, Modest Cuixart, would not let their work be included—even though Picasso, out of a growing nostalgia for Spain, sent three new paintings.

Instead, Tàpies and others contributed to a rump show of modern Spanish work now on at Rimini, in Italy. And the master Picasso, just to prove that he cannot be brought into camp, specifically chose for the Rimini show a 1937 surrealist condemnation of Spanish fascism called *Dreams and Lies of Franco*.

Head Start. From his great house on a mountain promontory northeast of Barcelona, Tàpies remains the leader of the Spanish moderns—by virtue of a head start. In 1949, in Barcelona, he put on a show of abstractions which, though dismissed by the Spanish press and ignored by the public, caught the eye of other struggling painters.

Tàpies had been going to law school while painting in emulation of Miró; he gave up school to help found a group called *Dau al Set* to experiment in the arts. More technicians than theoreticians, the group hoped to grapple with matter, not imagery, and Tàpies still feels the need, as he says, to "throw in sand, stone, dust—something that would give me the immediateness of a crumbling wall, the feel of its crevices and its worn surfaces."

To the sophisticated French pursuit of paint as paint—*tachisme, art brut,* or *art informel*—Spaniards such as Tàpies brought robust energy. They not only painted the wall; they made walls. They slashed and splattered their canvases, then stitched and bandaged them up. Their palettes were a tinker's delight, making Jackson Pollock's drip technique seem like polite pottering. And out of that impulse grew the whole movement (*see color pages*). Some of the comers:

▶ Modest Cuixart, 39, cousin of Antoni Tàpies, paints in a richly detailed impasto that he calls "the new baroque." Once a member of *Dau al Set*, he left to dabble in textile designs, returned to share the crown of Catalan craftsmanship with Tàpies. Cuixart says that "a renewal is taking place among those young artists who are distinguished by their absolute independence."

▶ Joaquín Vaquero Turcios, 31, son of an established Madrid landscapist, is a bold muralist whose works form walls in churches, hospitals and universities across Spain, even an 8,611-sq.-ft. bulwark in an electrical plant in Grandas de Salime. His murals are close to "official" art, full of public consciousness, but when he won first prize at the 1963 Paris biennial, it was awarded for his feverish blend of abstraction and figuration. Vaquero Turcios fears gimmickry in the Spanish preoccupation with paint as material rather than illusion. But he himself uses a latex and plastic mixture on pressed wood, or even plaster, as in the sails of his *Homage to Rodrigo de Triana*, the sailor on Columbus' *Pinta* who first saw the New World.

▶ Carlos Sansegundo, 34, is an expatriate who recently married an American and hopes to become a U.S. citizen. He is a Basque, a former sculptor who now paints romantic embroidery to pop art. "Spanish art is dead," says Sansegundo. "The Spanish are too proud. They will not accept what other countries are doing. I think it has killed art." He is quite happy, however, to show his work in the World's Fair pavilion.

▶ Antonio Suárez, 41, shares the Spanish concern with raw materials. Says he: "We've got to get our hands on it. the Spanish sensuality. We're sculptors in a way." When he feels that he is sketching too precisely, Suárez works with his left hand just to make it rougher. His work brutally flattens tortsos and landscapes in a grotesque Guyagony that invites the eye to probe.

▶ Antonio Saura, 34, is a slender Castilian who abandoned surrealism for the

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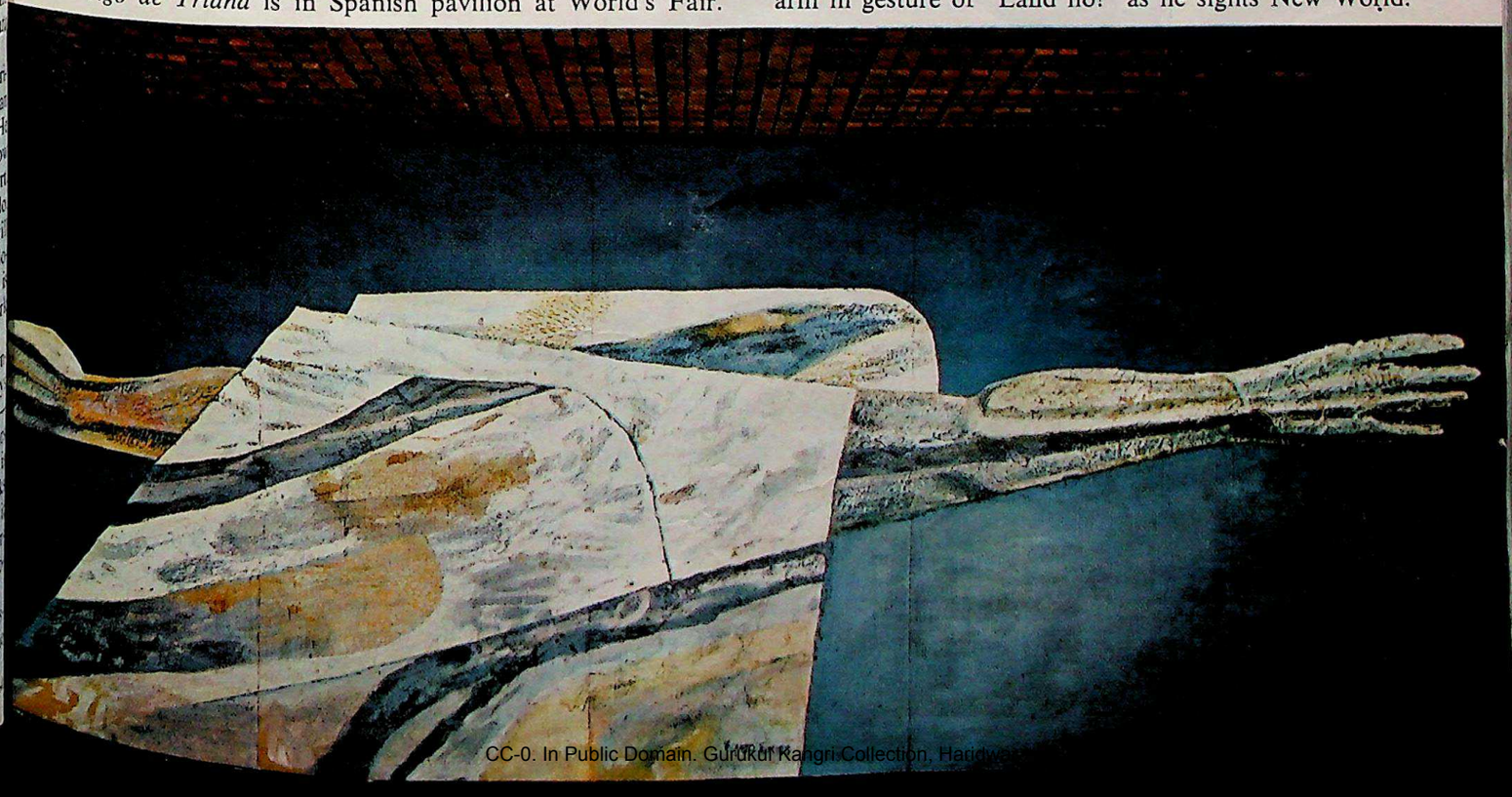
SPANISH PAINTING TODAY

GALERIA BONINO

MODEST CUIXART'S *Night Adulation* contrasts glimpse of predawn sensuality with richly worked lower half in style he calls "new baroque."

JOAQUÍN VAQUERO TURCIOS' *Homage to Rodrigo de Triana* is in Spanish pavilion at World's Fair. Sailor clutches imaginary mast of Columbus' ship, flings arm in gesture of "Land ho!" as he sights New World.



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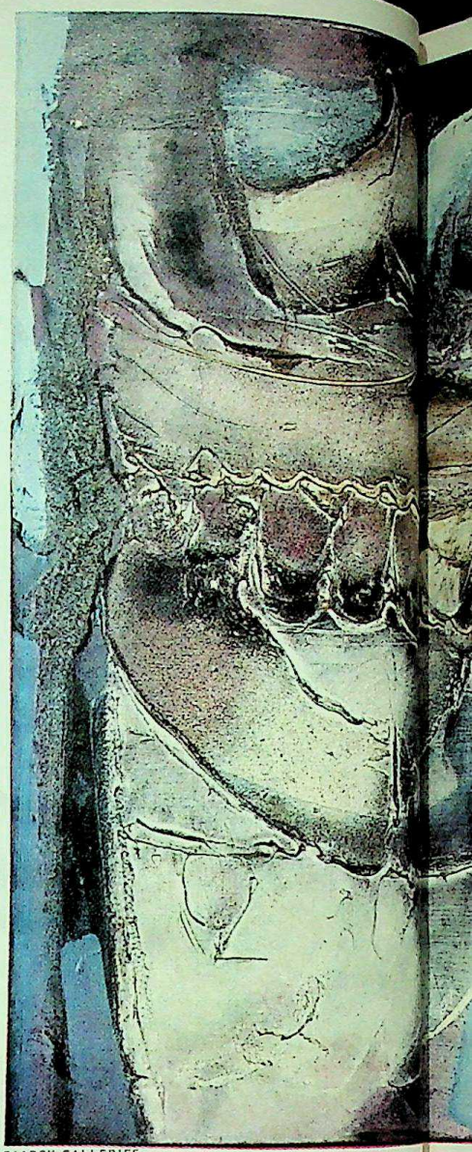
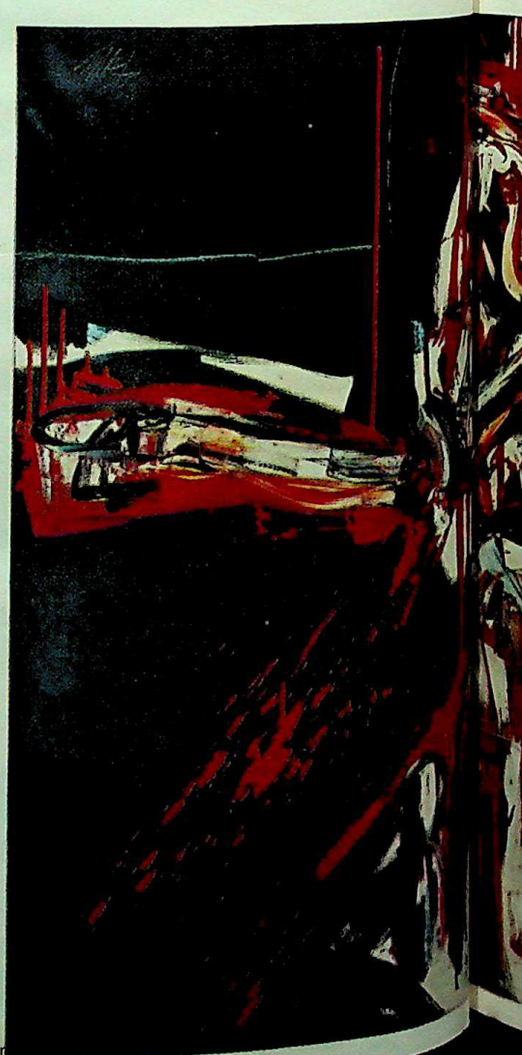
MARTHA JACKSON GALLERY

"MOTION OVER BLACK," by leading painter, Antoni Tàpies, shows austere colors and rich texture typical of recent Spanish art.



D'ARCY GALLERIES

"YOU GIVE ME LUCK" is by young iconoclast, Carlos Sansegundo, who hit upon pop-like style "because I was fed up with black."



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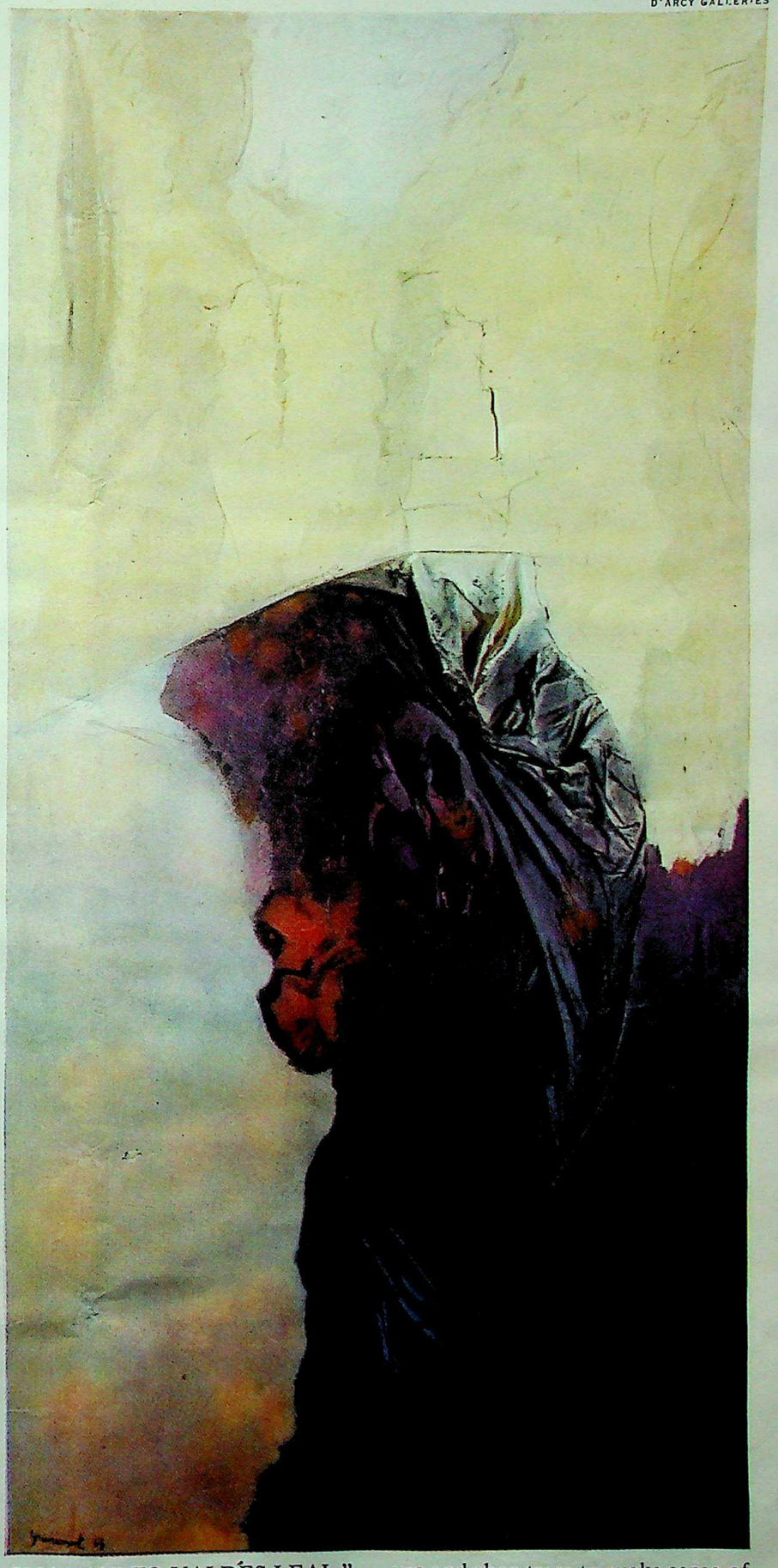
"TORSO," Antonio Suárez' lush oil, shares flavor of Spanish past and present. Motto of young Spaniards, says a critic, is not "Make it new" but "Make it over."

D'ARCY GALLERIES



"HOMAGE TO VALDÉS LEAL," by José Guinovart, uses ripped canvas and shoe trees to evoke sense of death that obsessed artist it honors.

PIERRE MATISSE GALLERY

"CRUCIFIXION" is Antonio Saura's symbol not of Christ but, he says, of individual.

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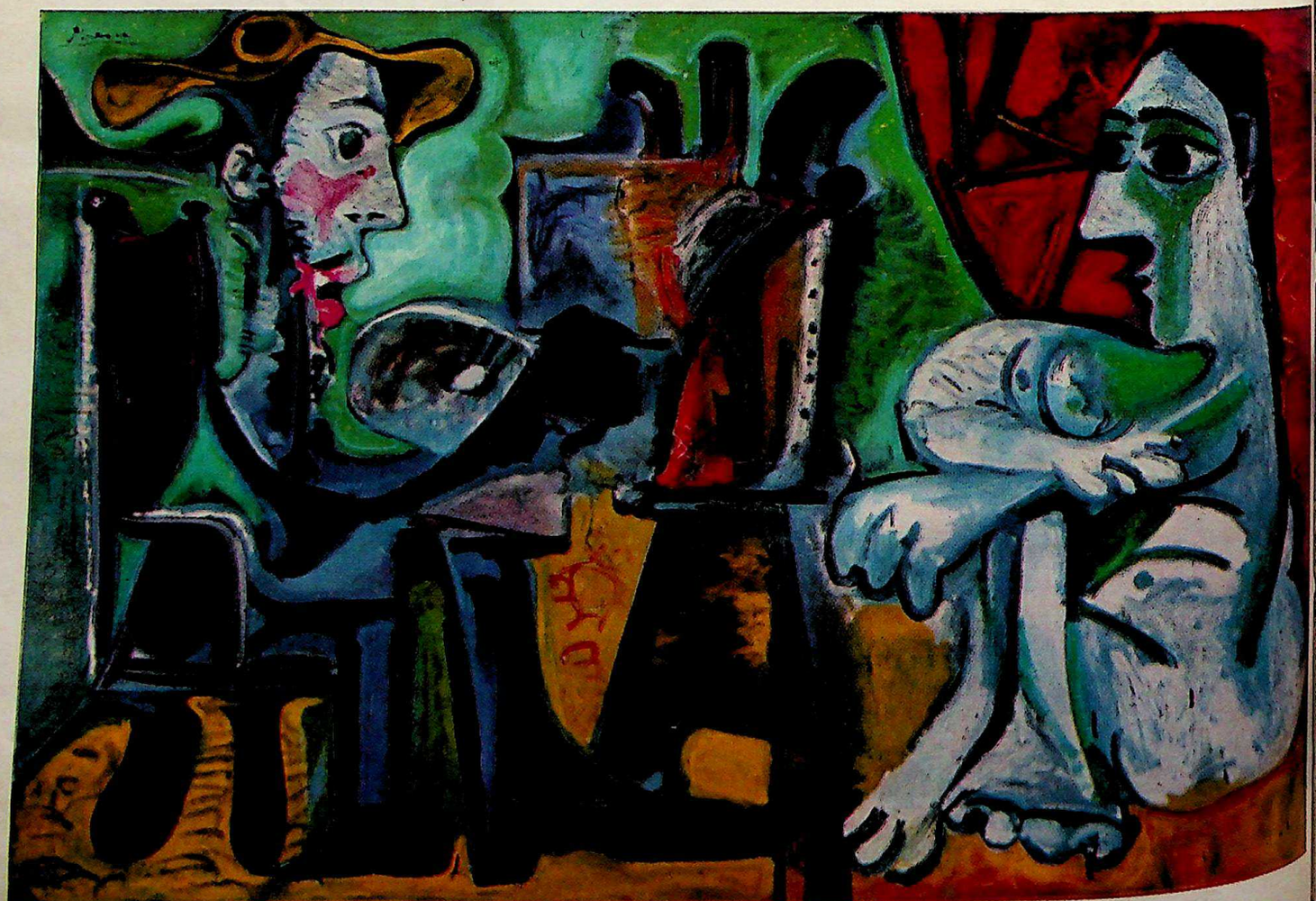
PIERRE MATISSE GALLERY

SPANISH GREATS are aging but still unmatched in brilliance. Joan Miró, 71, lives in Majorca, painted this work in 1953.

PICASSO, 82, was pleased when Spanish government bought three bright, witty works from 1963 *Painter and His Model* series for pavilion.



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most tortured expressionism seen in present-day Spanish art. He sprays cynicism as he sprays his oils: "A renaissance of the arts in Spain today?" says he. "Oh come now. It is an art of protest against officialdom. The present cultural level is pretty grim. The artist must sell abroad if he is to survive."

José Guinovart, 37, is a Barcelona favorite who started with social realism, then did stage décor for García Lorca plays. The stocky artist turned to collages, attaching everyday apparel to his somber canvases. His *Homage to Valdés Leal* attempts to express the tremendous force of a 17th century artist in a volcanic surface that belches up actual objects.

Despite their modern idiom, contemporary Spaniards like Guinovart still live in homage to their ancestral art. None is all that distant from Goya's black nightmare paintings. Their colors are gloomy or veiled. They rarely use oils pure from the tube but rather blend them with earths to make their impastos. They seem, like the flamenco dancer striding his head high while his feet stomp in the dust, trapped in a tragic, often elegant, dilemma between formality and earthiness.

ARTISTS

The Volcanic Volcanist

No painter could ever claim a more fiery passion than Mexico's Gerardo Murillo. He loved volcanoes. He lived four months on the slopes of Mount Etna, spent six months inside Popocatepetl's crater, and bought Paricutín volcano for $78 when it was a baby in 1943. He so mistreated his body that his teeth fell out from sulphur fumes and a leg was amputated because of bad circulation. He called himself "Dr. Atl" (Aztec for water), and signed that name to more than 11,000 drawings and 1,000 paintings, mostly volcanic landscapes.

LAWRENCE H. CHERNEY

DR. ATL
Some friends caught fire.

At the turn of the century, storming the European art scene, Dr. Atl talked anarchism in Barcelona cafés, argued with Lenin in Lausanne, published an anticlerical newspaper with a young socialist named Benito Mussolini. When the fire of Mexico's revolution was lit in 1911, Dr. Atl returned home to kindle his country's intellectuals. Diego Rivera, José Clemente Orozco and David Alfaro Siqueiros caught the blaze from him. Dr. Atl became Mexico's Fine Arts Minister, promptly shut down the Fine Arts Academy as too traditional. The plutonic painter, more than anyone, pointed Mexican art toward its folklore, its social fervor and its peppery expressionism.

Later, Dr. Atl became dismayed at the leftist tack that the artists he had encouraged were taking. As for himself, he preferred fascism, publishing almost daily newspaper articles during World War II in praise of it. Politics finally palled, and the old man returned to his volcanoes. Last week Dr. Atl's fire finally went out at the age of 89. President Lopez Mateos ordered his burial in Mexico's pantheon of famous men.

SCULPTURE

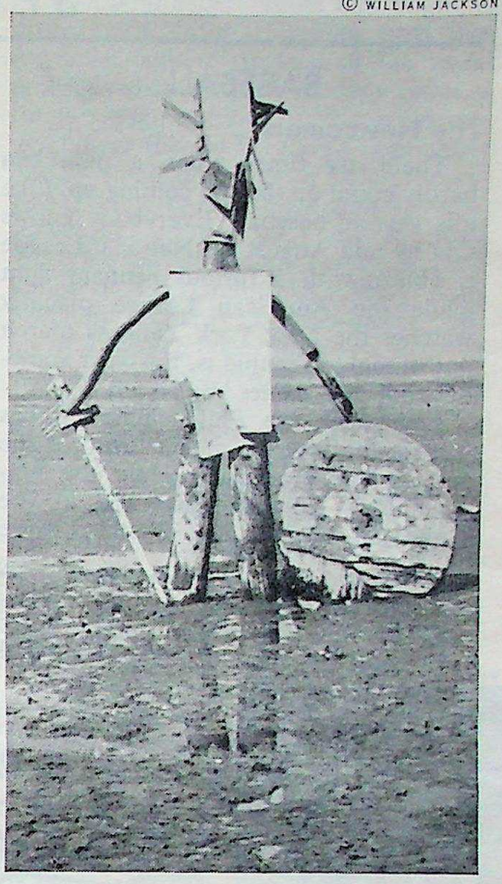
Mud-Flat Museum

To the 2,700 citizens of Emeryville, Calif., Art is mostly just a convenient and genial way of addressing men named Arthur. The town, a square mile of land wedged between Oakland and Berkeley on San Francisco Bay, is chiefly noted for its cut-rate property taxes, which have drawn so much industry that during working hours the population rises to 40,000. Yet in the last few months, culture-shy Emeryville has become the nation's center of "derelict sculpture."

A branch of "found art," derelict sculptures are built on Emeryville's bayside mud flats from driftwood, discarded tires, broken toys, beer cans, jugs and other rubbish—treasures of pop art, and readily come by because a high proportion of bay debris washes up there. The artists are amateurs, art students or real pros. Singly or in expeditions, they come clad in jeans and bikinis and armed with tools, nails and beer, to squish out across the oozing, odorous, umber mud and whack away at the driftwood. They use only what they find, in deference to the DUMP NO RUBBISH sign and its $1,000 fine.

Most of the derelict sculptures wash away with the tide. But some are such masterpieces that they regularly cause crack-ups by gawking drivers on the

© WILLIAM JACKSON



VIKING ON EMERYVILLE FLATS
Some waste has taste.

nearby freeway. One is a 12-ft. gallows with the 13 steps and a hanging effigy, its neck snapped at a medically correct angle. Another is a dinosaur and pterodactyl combination well planted in the muck. Last week a 17-year-old high-schooler named Wayne Saxton finished his fifth dereliction—a mammoth Viking warrior standing almost 20 ft. high. "I like Vikings," said he, as if that explained everything.

There is—or has been—a Christ on a cross, a battered old bus, a man in a rocking chair, a huge hand, a praying mantis. Social significance marks some of the sculptures: one has the broad arrow of the British "Ban the Bomb" movement. Many derelict sculptures are abstract, weather-worn totems that look curiously free against the steel-and-stone panorama of San Francisco across the bay. Another piece forms the word love, the *o* supplied by a treadless tire.

But, as the old question goes, is it art? James A. McCray, chairman of the art department at the University of California in Berkeley, describes derelict sculpture as "unusual—but legitimate in every sense of the word." Says one local artist, John McCracken, 29: "I'm amazed at the quantity of works that has arisen out of the nothingness that was there before." Most amazing is that they are there at all, unpretentious products of a leisurely society, which prove that some waste has taste. The mayor of Emeryville did not even know the sculptures were there until a few days ago. But he liked them. "They give this town some class," he said.

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BASEBALL

The Newcomers

There are times when a man can hardly count on the sun coming up. Like this year in baseball. Everybody knows that by mid-August the National League is ablaze with a furious pennant fight while the American League placidly watches the New York Yankees march out of sight. Trouble is, this year someone got the names mixed up.

Last week the Philadelphia Phillies were a full seven games in front of the rest of the Nationals, while the National-style pennant race was in the American League. The Yankees were disappearing all right—in third place, six games behind. All the kicking and gouging was going on between Chicago and Baltimore, two teams the experts figured to get their World Series loot courtesy of the commissioner's office. But Hank Bauer's surprisingly muscular Orioles had been giving the league fits all season. Now surprise again. Halfway through the week, Al Lopez' White Sox were in first place—one-half game ahead going into an eight-game home-and-home series with the Orioles.

One Unknown for Another. At 56, Lopez rates as one of the most popular men in baseball, and not a little of his acclaim stems from the fact that he is the only American League manager in 16 years to take a pennant away from the Yankees. He did it with Cleveland in 1954, with the White Sox in 1959. But this year, he does not have the same daredevil go-go Sox who whomped the league five years ago. Now he wins by platooning. He substitutes one unknown player for another.

No White Sox made this year's All-Star team. They are sixth in the league in batting (.248), ninth in home runs (86). Lopez has taught them that weak hitters should be choosy swingers—and so they lead the league in walks. The Sox are also opportunists: 39 of their 75 victories have been decided by two runs or less. "We steal a run, we cheat a run, we beg or borrow a run," says Lopez.

What they do have, thanks to Lopez, is the best pitching in either league. "All we need is a few lucky hits," says Lopez. "Pitching puts us where we are." His staff, consisting largely of hurlers let go by other teams, has compiled an earned-run average of 2.76, easily tops in the majors. Lopez got Juan Pizarro (16-6) from Milwaukee, John Buzhardt (10-6) from Philadelphia, and Ray Herbert (6-4) from Kansas City. Gary Peters (13-7) and Joe Horlen (9-8) came up from Sox farms. In the bullpen, ex-Oriole Hoyt Wilhelm at 41 has brought his dancing knuckle ball into no fewer than 56 games this year. He has 17 official saves and an E.R.A. of 2.27. And then there is Eddie Fisher (ex-Giant), another knuckler, who has not lost a game in his last 17 appearances.

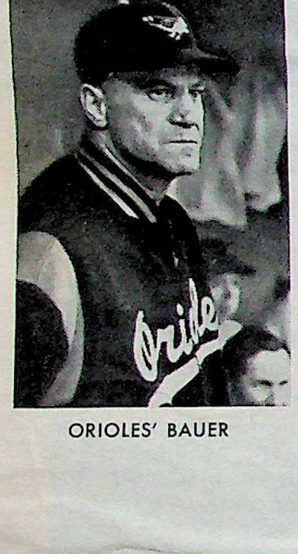
Catching the Averages. The one team the White Sox seemed unable to beat was the Yankees. The Sox lost twelve of their first 14 games against the Yanks. But Lopez merely shrugged. "The law of averages has got to catch up," he said, and so it did—last week. In a four-game series in Chicago, his Sox only got two extra base hits. But they scored 15 runs, while holding the Yanks to a measly six, and won all four games.

They won the first game 2-1 and the third game 4-2 on a combination of Yankee errors and Reliefer Wilhelm's knuckle ball, walked off with the fourth game 5-0 on a seven-hitter by John Buzhardt. But the second game was th one Lopez savored. With the score tie 3-3 in the tenth inning, Chicago got tw men on with two out. Up stepped Righ fielder Mike Hershberger, a .233 hitter "I'm gonna hit a home run," he vowe Fat chance. But his sharp single right won the game, and Señor Al L pez catapulted off the bench to shak his hand. "It was the first time I done that in two years," said Lope "I did it a lot in 1959."

Yogi the Bear. On the bus carryi the bewildered Yanks out to the airpo after the last game, poor Yogi Ber was so frustrated that he crawled over Pinch Hitter Phil Linz for tootli a few bars on his harmonica. "Put th thing away," screamed Berra. "Yo think we just won four straight." Ne day Linz was fined $200, and Gener Manager Ralph Houk declared the i cident closed.

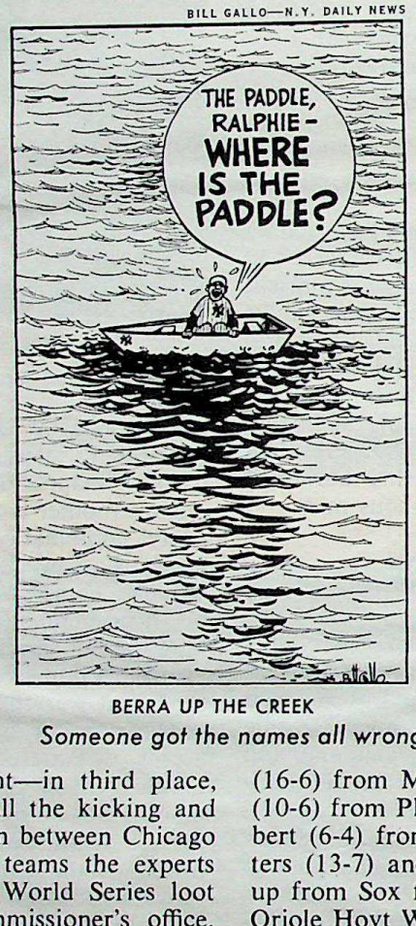
As for Lopez, he prepared to gre Hank Bauer's barnstorming Orioles. B timore compounded the confusion b winning two games in less than 24 hour both on home runs by Third Basema Brooks Robinson. Lopez remained h unflappable self. After all, he point out, there were still 38 games to pl

NEIL LEIFER—SPORTS ILLUSTRATED



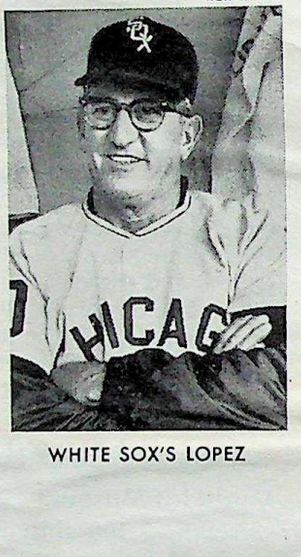
ORIOLES' BAUER

BILL GALLO—N.Y. DAILY NEWS



BERRA UP THE CREEK

KEN REGAN



WHITE SOX'S LOPEZ

Someone got the names all wrong.

SAILING

Plucking at the *Eagle*

The final trials to pick a U.S. meter for next month's America's C defense were hardly under way bef half the contenders were gone. In first four days off Newport, R.I., week, those two hopeful veterans, *lumbia* and *Nefertiti*, each absorb three more scrubbings from *Americ Eagle* and *Constellation*, the new g in town. Officials of the New Y Yacht Club Selection Committee cided to waste no more time. Hopp into a launch after the third defeat, th motored out to extend their thanks a regrets to *Columbia's* Skipper Walt Podolak and *Nefertiti's* Ted Hood. Th cleared the decks for the long-awaite head-to-head duel between *Eagle* a *Constellation*.

Earlier this summer, yachtsmen h little doubt that *Eagle* and her brilli skipper Bill Cox, 52, would fly aw with the prize. In two sets of preli nary trials during June and July, *Ea* won twelve straight races, includi three from *Constellation*, whose cr could not seem to do anything rig But then in the final race of the p liminary series, *Constellation's* helm man Eric Ridder was replaced at t wheel by Bob Bavier, 46, advertis manager for *Yachting* Magazine a long known as one of the East Coas hottest sailors. All of a sudden the cr seemed to come together, and the white boat started to move. *Constel tion* had a 100-yd. lead on *Eagle* bef fog rolled in to cancel the race. Ba was back at the helm when the slow met again in the New York Yacht C cruise races, which do not count tow

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MORRIS ROSENFELD

"CONSTELLATION'S" BAVIER
Some seconds on every tack.

selection but can have considerable effect on crew morale. In six races *Constellation* sailed home ahead four times—and now *Eagle's* feathers were beginning to look a little frayed around the edges.

Newport jangled with rumors of arguments among *Eagle's* crew. Skipper Cox, swallowing earlier statements about "the best crew any 12-meter ever had," bounced veteran Deck Boss John Nichols and one alternate. Concerned about the boat's sluggishness in light air, *Eagle* Designer Bill Luders narrowed the forward edge of her keel, replaced the lost weight with inside ballast, and reduced the rudder area.

Two More for Connie. The fixes had little effect—at least last week. In their first meeting in the finals, *Constellation* handed *Eagle* the worst beating in the history of 12-meter cup competition, winning by a full mile and 11 min. 42 sec. in light winds. A good bit of the margin, moreover, was due to a costly goof by *Eagle's* reshuffled deck crew; when the jib halyard parted, a new jib was clipped on the wrong way, and it took four minutes to get things straight. By then *Constellation* was long gone. Two days later they were at it again, and this time *Eagle* made it exciting. As usual, Cox won the start for *Eagle*, defended masterfully through a series of furious tacking duels, and led Barker's *Constellation* around all five marks of the 24.3-mile Olympic course. Turning the final buoy for the 4½-mile downwind beat to the finish, Cox had a 32-sec. lead. Then Bavier set a new jib on *Constellation* and launched an exhausting short-tacking drive; 17 times in 15 minutes he put about, gaining a precious second or two on each tack. At last, on the 17th try, Bavier cleared *Constellation* from *Eagle's* cover, drove through to leeward and carried into clear air to win by 1 min. 8 sec. On the committee boat, Yacht Club officials watched it all in traditional tomblike silence. Other yachtsmen thought that *Constellation* under Bavier was clearly emerging as the better boat in light to medium air. But the two boats had not yet been tested against each other in the kind of heavy 15-25-m.p.h. winds that often blow across Rhode Island Sound in September.

PARACHUTING

Dive for the Bull's-Eye

Parachutists get a boot out of telling the story about the plane with seven people in the cabin—one terrified chutist and six bruisers to push him out. But all that is ancient history these days. With better chutes and techniques, so many people are hurling themselves out of airplanes for the fun of it that Geronimo has gone back to the Indians, and the birds are taking collision insurance. Last week at Leutkirch, West Germany, 175 of the best jumpers from 31 countries turned up for the seventh biennial world parachuting championships. When they had finished leaping into the wild blue 2,104 times, the U.S. team wound up with three of the four titles, exactly duplicating their 1962 victory.

Hanging on a Yo-Yo. Points are awarded in parachuting for style jumps, in which sky divers execute a prescribed series of spins, somersaults, twists and turns during a 120-m.p.h. free fall lasting 25 to 32 sec. But the biggest emphasis is on accuracy jumps, trying to zero in on a target from 1,000 meters and 1,500 meters. Down comes the jumper at a speed of 20 ft. per sec., twisting and turning, pulling on the control lines as he tries to maneuver the chute through the wind to the bull's-eye. In 1962, using standard chutes, there were times when the jumpers looked like they were hanging on the end of a Yo-Yo.

This year the U.S. team turned up with a secret weapon: a radical new "Para-Commander" chute that ought to do for parachuting what fiber glass does for pole vaulters. Instead of the usual umbrella-shaped 28-ft. canopy with a single wedge cut out of it for maneuverability, the 24-ft. Para-Commander has 34 small openings or holes for exhaust vents, comes down almost 50% slower (13 ft. per sec.) and is much more maneuverable. In eight accuracy jumps at Leutkirch, U.S. Army Staff Sergeant Richard T. Fortenberry, 26, hit dead center three times.

Close Shave. Even then he went into his last jump needing to come within 2 meters of the center to beat out Czechoslovakia's Vaclav Klima, 32, who put on an incredible show with an old-style chute. Not a sound could be heard from the 10,000 spectators as Fortenberry drifted down in his red, white and blue chute. Then a roar went up when the P.A. system announced his distance: 1.43 meters, for a whisker-thin victory.

Fortenberry is an old pro at the game. He has 1,450 jumps to his credit, missed the title by scant centimeters in 1960, placed third in 1962 when he competed with a broken collarbone. But the real crowd pleaser was the women's world champion, pert, brown-haired Dallas Secretary Tee Taylor, 22. Three years ago, Tee didn't know a parachute from an umbrella. But then someone invited her to try it and she was skyhooked. She had only 455 jumps when she showed up at Leutkirch, but she won the style event—and averaged a bare 1.44 meters off dead center on her series of two official jumps from 1,000 meters, more than enough to win over the second-place Russian. "Like coming down in an elevator," grinned Tee.

CARL E. ROSEN

CHAMPIONS FORTENBERRY & TAYLOR

STARS & STRIPES

FORTENBERRY IN NEW CHUTE

Thrilling the crowd with a red, white and blue secret weapon.

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N.Y. DAILY NEWS

G.O.P. CANDIDATE AT SAN FRANCISCO'S GRACE CHURCH
"Smile, think right, believe in God, family and country."

RELIGION

WORSHIP

Goldwater's Faith

When Republican Vice Presidential Candidate William Miller recently described Barry Goldwater as "half Jewish," the American Council for Judaism shot back that it regarded him as wholly Christian. As far as Goldwater's religious beliefs go, the council is right.

Goldwater's father, Baron, was once a member of Congregation Sherith Israel in San Francisco, but moving to Arizona in 1882 brought him into an area of little Jewish life. It was in an Episcopal church, in 1907, that he married Josephine Williams, a Presbyterian who became an Episcopalian after moving to Phoenix from Chicago. Far from trying to convert him, "Jo" Goldwater encouraged her husband to study and amplify his Jewish faith. One of the most visible demonstrations of his religious belief consisted of closing the Goldwater stores on Jewish holidays. He was buried from an Episcopal church.

In Trees, a Cathedral. Mrs. Goldwater brought up her children, Barry, Bob and Carolyn, as Episcopalians. Barry went to Sunday school, served as an acolyte, received instruction, was confirmed. He married Peggy Johnson in Grace Episcopal Church in Muncie, Ind., and they in turn raised their four children as Episcopalians.

Barry belongs to Trinity Cathedral in Phoenix, but doesn't go to church often. "With the kind of life I have, Peggy and I just usually don't get around to it," he explained last week. "If a man acts in a religious way, an ethical way, then he's really a religious man—and it doesn't have a lot to do with how often he gets inside a church." As for his religious feelings, he mused: "With me it is like old Senator Henry Ashurst of Arizona used to say: 'The saddle is my church, and the trees are my cathedral.' I get a lot of the same feeling from going up the canyons or walking in the desert."

Goldwater regards retired Bishops William Scarlett and Walter Mitchell, both of whom once ministered in Phoenix, as having influenced his life. Both clergymen are in disagreement with his stand on civil rights, the anti-poverty program and foreign policy, and Bishop Scarlett adds that he cannot "support Goldwater's presidential aspirations." Said Goldwater last week: "They're both very liberal and can't understand how I could be conservative." Once, years ago, Barry borrowed a prayer book from Scarlett, underlined all the passages conservatives would agree with, and returned the book to the bishop.

Golden Rule. In political speeches, Goldwater generally forgoes organ-tone wind-ups appealing to Providence. But he almost always stresses the religious underpinnings of his political philosophy. Said he in his San Francisco acceptance speech: "Those who seek to take your liberty, those who elevate the state and downgrade the citizen, must see ultimately a world in which earthly power can be substituted for Divine Will. And this nation was founded upon the acceptance of God as the author of freedom."

An intimate expression of Barry's Christianity—simple, non-theological, conceived as the daily practice of the golden rule—is recorded in advice and encouragement he wrote to his children. To Joanne, his eldest, he wrote when she was twelve: "Smile, think right, believe in God, your family and country." To Son Barry at 19 he wrote: "There is no foundation like the rock of honesty and fairness, and when you begin to build your life on that rock with the cement of the faith in God that you have, then, brother, you have a real start."

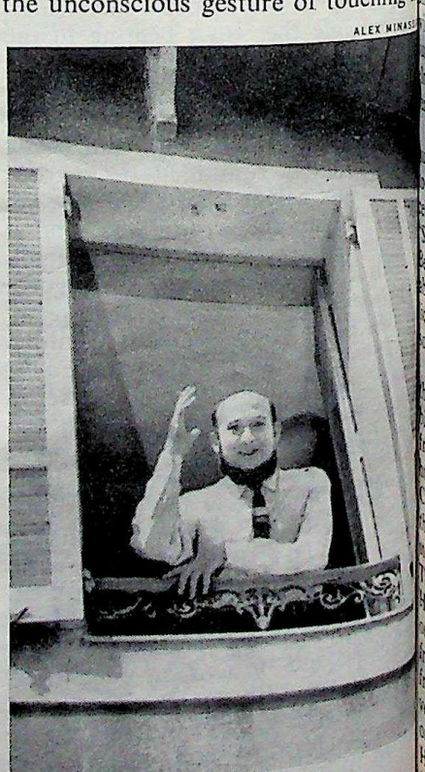
ROMAN CATHOLICS

The Case Against Celibacy

During a private audience with Pope John XXIII one December afternoon in 1960, the French Catholic philosopher Etienne Gilson touched on the subject of priestly celibacy. "The Pope's face became gloomy, darkened by a rising inner cloud," Gilson later reported. "Then the Pope added in a violent tone almost a cry: 'For some of them it is martyrdom. Yes, a sort of martyrdom. It seems to me that sometimes I hear a sort of moan, as if many voices were asking the church for liberation from the burden. What can I do? Ecclesiastical celibacy is not a dogma. It is not imposed in the Scriptures. How simple it would be: we take up a pen, sign an act and priests who so desire can marry tomorrow. But this is impossible. Celibacy is a sacrifice which the church has imposed upon herself—freely, generously and heroically.' "

A soft-spoken former French Dominican, Pierre Hermand, 44, thinks that priests should have the choice of being celibate or marrying, if they wish to do so. Last year he left the Dominican order and in defiance of the church authorities published his arguments in a book called *The Priestly State—Marriage or Celibacy?* Recalling the early days of solitude in Aix-en-Provence, after having torn himself from the only life that was his since boyhood, he said: "I walked the windswept streets making the unconscious gesture of touching my

ALEX MINASSIAN



HERMAND IN AIX
"For some, a sort of martyrdom."

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new suit, feeling for the robe that was no longer there."

It Can Be Done. The thesis of Hermand's book was too revolutionary even for the left-wing Catholic weekly Témoignage Chrétien (Christian Witness), which bitterly assailed it. Yet Paris' Le Monde gave the book extensive coverage, while Combat and other papers came openly to Hermand's defense. Vatican influence banished the book from Catholic bookshops in Rome. In Portugal the government ordered the Portuguese edition of 3,000 copies seized after it went on sale, but the cops managed to round up only 200 volumes.

"Celibacy is possible; no serious psychologist pretends otherwise," states Hermand. Having himself entered the seminary at 13, Hermand makes the point that many candidates for the priesthood take the vow of chastity while their manhood is still dormant. The heart of his thesis is that celibacy deprives the priest of man's essential humanity and separates him from the world in which he is supposed to minister. Hermand also argues that celibacy makes the recruitment of priests difficult and, as a corollary, gives rise to sexual transgressions on the part of priests. In France there are about 4,000 former priests and in Italy 15,000, and the fact that most are married testifies to their rejection of the celibate state.

Praise from Country Priests. Since leaving the Dominican order, Hermand has worked part-time as an accountant while studying for a degree in psychology. A TIME correspondent found him living in a small, stark, rented room that resembles a monk's cell. A few books lay on an oak table; there was an iron bed, a worn pair of slippers tucked underneath. A tall, narrow, curtainless window looked out on a garden where a summer rain pelted the leaves of a great elm. Rubbing his bald head, Hermand reminisced.

He had shown the manuscript to a number of fellow priests before deciding to publish it. "Pass it around; it is excellent," they had said after reading it. "Show it in private, but don't publish it. Be reasonable." While eager to talk about the book, they kept silent in public. "My ideas seemed to provoke a sort of fear."

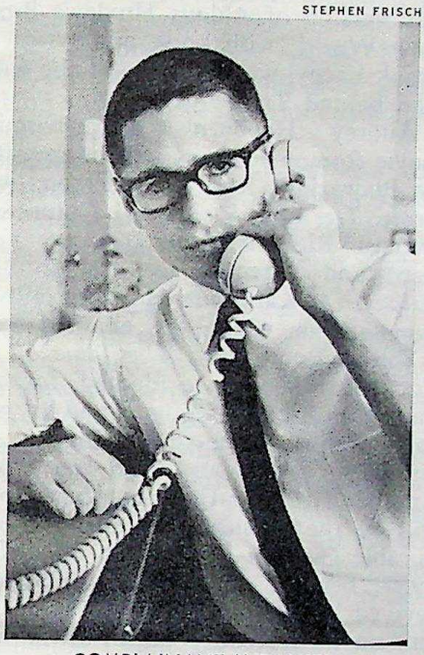
Soon after the book went on sale, the publisher began sending Hermand big brown envelopes containing letters from readers. "At the peak, I received a hundred in one week. Who wrote most? Country priests—those men who live the loneliest of lonely lives. They understood my book; they encouraged me." Then, with an almost apologetic smile, Hermand opened a briefcase and took out a piece of paper, his official release from holy vows. "I am completely free," said Hermand, "except from the vow of chastity." On Catholicism's theory of once-a-priest—always-a-priest, Hermand must even now remain celibate or suffer excommunication.

COMPLAINTS

Asterisks, Anyone?

As if he were not busy enough trying to pass this week's California bar exams, Morey W. McDaniel (Stanford Law, '64) has confronted the state public utilities commission with a 50-page complaint that may rouse debate across the U.S. "Telephone solicitors assault our homes, invade our privacy and insult our intelligence," says McDaniel, 24. "They interrupt us and waste our time. They force legions from the phone

STEPHEN FRISCH



COMPLAINANT McDANIEL
Debatable receivership.

book. And their ranks multiply. For home dwellers who want peace and quiet, something must be done."

At a recent commission hearing, McDaniel and his wife Susan testified that phone hucksters ring their Palo Alto number three or four times a week with pitches for everything from insurance to home repairs. "Insults are useless," argued McDaniel. So, too, are unlisted numbers (now used by 20% of private subscribers in Los Angeles), he said, because they inconvenience friends, often cost more ($6 a year in New York) and still leave pitchmen able to get the number by renting a "reverse" (street) directory from the phone company. Such a directory, classified by streets, includes every telephone number, listed or unlisted.

Calling all this "an invasion of my privacy," McDaniel offered a solution: "An asterisk beside my number in the phone book with a footnote explaining that I do not want to be bothered by commercial solicitations." Example: Thoreau Henry D 1 Walden Pond . . . *765-4321.

Pacific Telephone & Telegraph Co. was appalled. If only 25% of its 4,500,000 subscribers asked for asterisks, argued its lawyers, Pacific would have to spend $4,300,000 to convert its directories. Granting McDaniel's petition, they added, would hamper charity drives and put phone solicitors (one market surveyor has 10,000 of them) out of work. Moreover, the state legislature would have to enact new laws making it a misdemeanor to ignore asterisks.

The utilities commission reserved decision, but McDaniel has grounds for hope. One is a commission promise to investigate the matter further. Another is the Supreme Court's 1951 decision (*Breard* v. *Alexandria*) upholding local laws against door-to-door peddling without the homeowner's consent. Said the court: "Opportunists for private gain cannot be permitted to arm themselves with an acceptable principle, such as that of a right to work, a privilege to engage in interstate commerce, or a free press, and proceed to use it as an iron standard to smooth their path by crushing the living rights of others to privacy and repose."

CRIMINAL JUSTICE

Law-Abiding Mississippi

Mississippi's proudest boast these days is that no other state has a lower crime rate. It is based on the FBI's recently published *Crime in the United States*, which shows that in 1963 Mississippi had only 393.2 major crimes per 100,000 people, far below the 472.9 of similarly rural North Dakota, the second-best state, and the 2,990.1 of Nevada, the state with the nation's worst statistical crime rate.

The FBI report, however, is based entirely on figures supplied by local police. Last year's Mississippi police reports covered only 66.6% of the state's metropolitan population (towns of more than 25,000 people), only 71% of its small-town population (towns of less than 25,000), and only 28.2% of its countryside population—in a state with well over half its 2,290,000 people living in rural areas.

A less obvious but no less certain omission stems from the old Mississippi custom of largely ignoring crimes among Negroes, who comprise 45% of the population. Many whites could not care less about what violence one Negro commits against another. As for white crimes against Negroes, Justice Department officials suggest that in a land of white-elected white sheriffs not many of the crimes are going to get into the record books. By informal department accounting, virtually no charges have been brought against anyone in civil rights crimes in Mississippi. The department knows of at least 19 church burnings, numerous floggings, 100 incidents involving violence, and at least eleven killings of Negroes this year that appear to be racial killings. If there have been arrests, the department is not aware of them.

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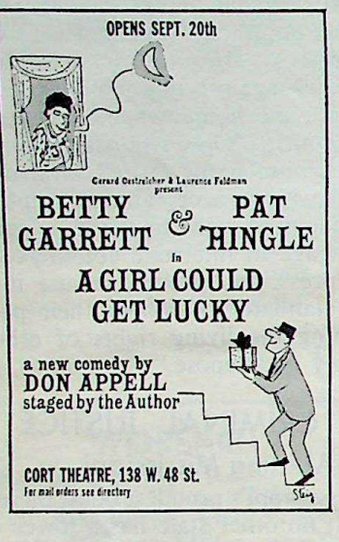
BROADWAY

The Line-Up

If only turnabout made fair plays, the coming Broadway season would be a sizable cut above its predecessors. Reversing the East-West brain drain in a migration unprecedented since movies broke the sound barrier, Hollywood writers and composers have turned out so many plays and musicals this year



that they threaten to outnumber old Broadway hands in the coming 1964-65 playbills.

For all the new names on the marquees, however, more productions than ever will feature old ones. The prevalence of adaptations reflects the theater's stagnation, and there is a deep reluctance to grapple with controversial, contemporary issues. And the new season's crop of sniggering bedroom comedies argues that Broadway cannot even deal maturely with sex.

MUSICALS

As **Ben Franklin in Paris**, Robert Preston outfoxes French diplomats only to be bowled over by their women, notably one played by the lovely Swedish import Ulla Sallert. Book and lyrics are by prolific Sidney Michaels, who adapted *Tchin-Tchin*. Sherlock Holmes would hardly have approved, but he and Watson become song-and-dance men in the long-postponed **Baker Street**, now Broadway-bound with Fritz Weaver under the deerstalker. **Fiddler on the Roof** is nominally based on Sholom Aleichem's moralistic tales of Jewish life in pre-revolutionary Russia, with irrepressible Zero Mostel in the leading role. The season's most technically ambitious adaptation will be a Broadway version of Aldous Huxley's **Brave New World**, with book and lyrics by Frank Lacey, who was one of the word men behind *The Music Man*.

Audrey Hepburn's Oscar-winning movie **Roman Holiday** will be revisited by Playwright Robert Anderson, who wrote *Tea and Sympathy*, Composer-Lyricist Richard Adler (*Damn Yankees*) and Director Joe Layton (*No Strings*). A Katharine Hepburn movie, **Summertime**, which was adapted from a Shirley Booth play, *The Time of the Cuckoo*, is being re-adapted for the theater by Richard Rodgers and his new collaborator, Stephen Sondheim, the lyricist for *Gypsy* and *West Side Story*. Another Tinker-to-Evers-to-Chance play will be the musical of Clifford Odets' durable **Golden Boy**, which opened in 1937, became a movie in 1939, was revived on Broadway in 1952, and is still on its feet after out-of-town troubles with direction and script. Sammy Davis—he has dropped the Jr.—plays the violinist who quits the fiddle for the fight racket.

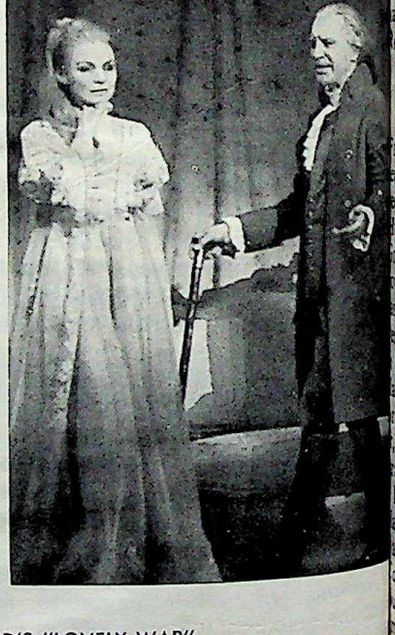
Only two scheduled shows are not based on anybody's biography, novel, play, magazine piece, film or war. In **I Had a Ball**, Buddy Hackett will play a Freudian fortune teller on Coney Island. Clairvoyance looms large in the other original, the long-awaited Alan Jay Lerner-Burton Lane collaboration, **On a Clear Day You Can See Forever**. Barbara Harris, who was the sensation of *Oh Dad, Poor Dad . . .*, plays a girl with extrasensory perception.

Chita Rivera plays another 20/20 visionary in **Bajour**, which has been woven from Joseph Mitchell's *New Yorker* look at the city's swindling gypsies. The season's only imported musical will be **Oh What a Lovely War**, a savage but moving World War I satire directed by London's Joan Littlewood.

COMEDIES

Most at least are original scripts even if the dominant theme—sex played for laughs—is hardly novel. **The Wayward Stork** gets its fun from artificial insemination, stars Hal March as a husband who is cuckolded by a test tube. Leslie Stevens, who wrote *The Champagne Complex*, plays the Oedipus complex for yucks in **The Mother Image**. The Iris Murdoch-J. B. Priestley farce **A Severed Head**, is a game of fast sex tennis from London; the players will include Joan Fontaine, Lee Grant and Jessica Walter. Divorce, American style, is viewed from the male standpoint in **The Odd Couple**, by Neil Simon, who scored heavily with last se-

SALLERT & PRESTON IN "FRANKLIN"



FRIEDMAN-ABELES

SAMMY DAVIS & CO. IN "GOLDEN BOY"

LITTLEWOOD'S "LOVELY WAR"

A singing Sherlock and sex by test tube.

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...n's *Barefoot in the Park;* Mike Nichols ...ill direct.

In Samuel Taylor's **Beekman Place,** ...rench Actor Fernand Gravet plays a ...olin virtuoso with a string of wom... (Madeleine Carroll, Arlene Fran... ...s. Melinda Dillon). Britain's Terence ...ump comes to Broadway as **Alfie,** ...Jack-of-all-trades with Jill troubles. ...ietime Moppet Margaret O'Brien will ...ar in **One in a Row,** about an author ...ho writes a bestseller and decides to ...uit while he is ahead. Jean Kerr, who ...as been far ahead since *Mary, Mary,* ...as completed **Poor Richard,** a play ...bout a visiting British poet which was ...riginally due last year.

Novelist Saul Bellow's first play, **The ...st Analysis,** is about a top come... ...an (Sam Levene) who is slipping past ...me time. Ruth Gordon has written **...Very Rich Woman** for herself to star ...and Husband Garson Kanin to direct. ...r is about what it sounds, and stars ...ne Jackson, Eli Wallach and Alan ...kin. A typist and a taxi driver, played Betty Garrett and Pat Hingle, have ...ectic courtship in Don Appell's **A Girl ...uld Get Lucky. The Owl and the ...arycat** marks a milestone of sorts by ...aring Negro Actress Diana Sands in a ...t that has nothing to do with race. ...ie Harris, 38, who portrayed 15-year-...d June Havoc in *Marathon '33,* will ...ve another rejuvenating role in ...eady When You Are, C.B.

DRAMAS

The Physicists, an excellent play by ...iedrich Duerrenmatt (*The Visit*), is ...t in a lunatic asylum. Peter Brook di... ...on the "black comedy," which stars ...me Cronyn, Jessica Tandy, Martyn ...een, Robert Shaw and George Vos... ...ec. **The Diamond Orchid** spans the ...t 37 months in the life of an Eva ...on. Lorraine Hansberry's **The Sign ...Sidney Brustein's Window,** her first ...y since *Raisin in the Sun,* is about a ...eenwich Village newspaper publish... ...played by Mort Sahl in his first ...ight Broadway role.

France's Jean Anouilh will have two ...ys on Broadway. **Poor Bitos,** which ...s a hit in London, stars Donald (*The ...eaker*) Pleasence. **Traveller With... ...Luggage** is a tragicomedy about an ...nesia victim. **The Plaster Bambino,** ...bert Michaels' second entry (with ...n Franklin), is one of the season's ...re intriguing dramas. The script, ...ut a con man's production of the ...ition Play, combines vaudeville, bur... ...sque, music and a speaking chorus. Most bizarre entry to date is Writer-...irector Dore Schary's **One by One,** ...e love story of two paraplegics. **All ...onorable Men** is a drama about Alex... ...der Hamilton and Aaron Burr by ...itzer Prizewinner Joseph Kramm ...The Shrike*), with George Grizzard as ...Hamilton. Edwin O'Connor has drama... ...ized his new novel, **I Was Dancing,** ...about an ex-vaudeville hoofer.

New York's Lincoln Center Reper... ...ory Theater enters its second season ...ME, AUGUST 28, 1964

without Leading Light Jason Robards Jr. But it has scheduled another Arthur Miller play: **Incident at Vichy.** Set in a French police station, it has an all-male cast and nary a line about Marilyn.

TELEVISION

Equal Sequel

In election season, Lar Daly of Chicago puts on his Uncle Sam suit and runs for office on the America First ticket—any office, from the presidency on down. In 1959, when Firster Daly was a candidate in Chicago's mayoralty race, he learned that CBS had televised the other Daley, Mayor Richard, as he greeted a Latin American diplomat at the airport. Invoking Section 315 (a) of the Communications Act of 1934, Lar Daly demanded—and got—equal time on television to promote his home-canned candidacy.

Sudden Switch. In 1959, with the Daly-Daley precedent in mind, Congress amended 315 (a), but the FCC's strict letter-of-the-law enforcement kept broadcasters grumbling. In 1960, Congress passed a joint resolution suspending the equal-time requirements for that year's presidential candidates. The networks were thus able to screen the memorable Nixon-Kennedy debates, as well as many other informative political programs. But the waiver was for 1960 only; two years later, after CBS and NBC covered a luncheon held for Nixon and Pat Brown during the California gubernatorial race, the networks were forced by the FCC to give Prohibition Candidate Robert Wyckoff equal time.

Fortnight ago, Congress was close to passing a new resolution suspending the cumbersome rules for presidential campaigners. Then, last week, Senate Democrats suddenly went into reverse and shelved the bill. The Senators' switch was obviously aimed at helping out Lyndon Johnson, who 1) does not want to debate with Barry Goldwater on TV, and 2) does not want to decline publicly. Thus the Democrats have denied the public the freewheeling campaign coverage it enjoyed in 1960.

Back to Back. This time the networks cried foul. And the Republicans cried chicken. CBS Chief Frank Stanton called it a "disturbing step backward in the progressive effort toward a better-informed public." NBC's Robert Sarnoff invited Johnson and Goldwater to appear back to back, or even face to face, on *Meet the Press,* which is exempt from the equal-time provision since it is a regularly scheduled interview show. Goldwater accepted. At week's end Johnson had yet to reply.

Johnson's maneuver may boomerang. As soon as he officially becomes a candidate, kill-joy Section 315 (a) may well preclude any more presidential press conferences on television until after the election. Unless, of course, Lyndon wants to invite Barry—and Lar—to share the White House spotlight.

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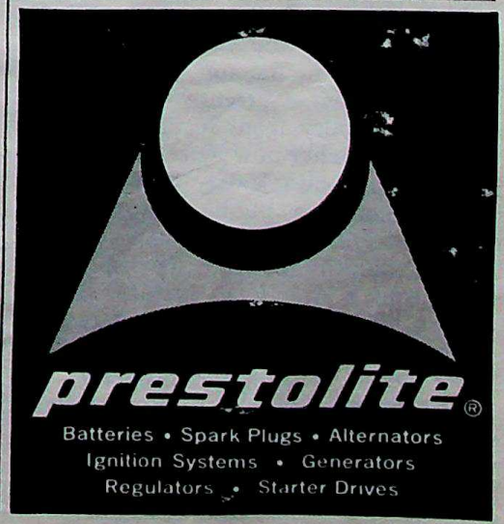

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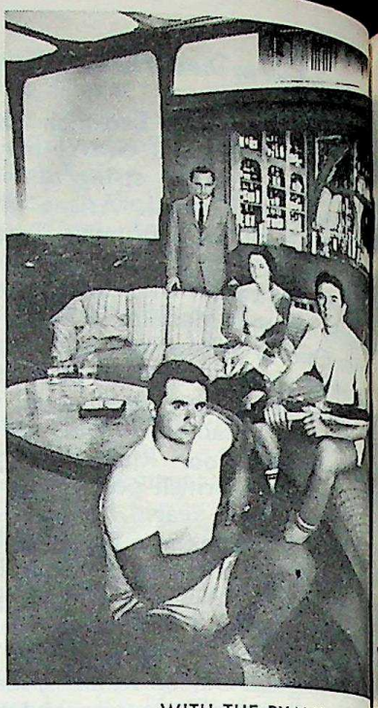
EDUCATION

AT THE POOL

JIM COLLISON—PIX

CROWDED DRIVEWAY

If you don't like music, dial the waterfall.



WITH THE RYANS

COLLEGES

What a Way to Go

For most money-shy college students, the height of gracious living consists of an off-campus pad furnished in Salvation Army modern. For a select group of Los Angeles-area students who are working their way through school, gracious living is a Tudor-styled mansion with 13 bathrooms, tennis courts, grotto, swimming pool, and five acres of grounds landscaped with large and small waterfalls and a lagoon.

The spread belongs to Engineer Jack Ryan, 37, design consultant for Mattel, Inc., Los Angeles toy manufacturers, who lives with his wife and two daughters in a house he cannot afford to maintain. It is Actor Warner Baxter's old estate on a hilltop in Bel Air. For keeping the place in running order, between eight and twelve are privileged to call it home.

Ryan picks his staff with the care of a college admissions officer. Applicants submit a thesis on what skills they can contribute and take an aptitude test (two out of three fail). In exchange for sharing half of a three-room suite, each student puts in twelve hours a week on such jobs as washing windows, making minor repairs, and tuning up Ryan's fleet of five cars and a truck. Estate employees rank in the top 10% of their academic class. Currently they include Mounir Khoury from Jordan, a former professional chef now a pre-med student at San Fernando Valley State College; Allen Shores, a public administration major at U.C.L.A. who plans five parties a month for the Ryans; Roger Bengtson, a U.C.L.A. history student whose hobby is landscape architecture. A botany student once catalogued the trees and plants on the property.

Biggest job belongs to Robert Baldwin, a Whittier College physics major, who looks after Owner Ryan's private network of 77 telephone stations, modeled after the internal exchange on a Navy ship. Combinations of 220 phone numbers will light up the pools, tennis courts, caves, fountains and trees; they will open and close doors, start up the waterfalls, greet a guest with a recorded message or serenade a caller with music to wait by. On a thickly wooded trail, the phone sounds with natural bird calls instead of the usual noisy ring.

The estate manager is Nick Gutsue, a sales administration student at Woodbury College who was among the first group of Ryan's undergraduates more than two years ago. Gutsue may get his degree next June, but having grown accustomed to the style of life as a happy hired hand, he intends to stay on permanently.

ADULT EDUCATION

Industrial Universities

Half the knowledge of today's engineering graduate will be obsolete in a decade, and half of what he will need to know then has not yet been discovered. "If you're not studying all the time," says J. M. Shelton, production foreman at aerospace-minded Ling-Temco-Vought in Dallas, "you're going to wake up without a job." Matching the pace of onrushing technology is a matter of business survival—and the reason that company-financed schooling is the fastest-growing form of adult education in the U.S.

Last week in Flint, Mich., General Motors Institute, an accredited five-year engineering school, announced a long-range expansion program that will get started with a new men's dorm and a combination student union–conference hall for G.M.I.'s fulltime faculty of 200 and 2,400 rigorously chosen undergraduates. In G.M.'s plan, students work their way through college by alternating six weeks in class with six weeks in a plant. Similarly, the Bell System offers a four-week work-study cycle and contracts with six leading engineering schools to give courses for the company's technical staff.*

G.E.'s 35,000 Students. Farsighted giants like IBM urge their professional workers to average one graduate-level course a year as long as they work for the corporation. General Electric spends $45 million a year, more than Wellesley's total endowment, to support a curriculum of thousands of courses at dozens of plants across the country, with a student body of 35,000.

The boom in continuing education is biggest in the aerospace industry, where landing a Government contract requires a bidder to design the thingumbob in the first place. "We want to do our thinking before we start bending metal," says Defense Secretary Robert McNamara. At North American Aviation, where formal educational enrollment has almost doubled to 10,000 in five years, employees can get fulltime graduate fellowships, part-time work-study fellowships, or join one of hundreds of in-plant classes that range from hypersonic boundary layer theory to environmental control systems for the Apollo moon rocket. Since 80% of North American's business depends on the new technology of missiles, electronics, rocket engines and atomics, the company considers the money—$4,500,000 last year—extremely well spent.

Honor System. One of the newest programs is Sperry Gyroscope's SPACE, an acronym for Sperry Program for Advancing Careers through Education. Though taught on a graduate level,

* Traffic is also beginning to move in the opposite direction. The Ford Foundation has set aside $300,000 to give 60 professors of engineering up to 15 months of academic leave to work in industry. And Stanford University's School of Engineering last week announced plans to expand a three-year pilot program originally undertaken with Westinghouse, which lets graduate students at its Institute in Engineering–Economic Systems alternate their studies with working for a company.

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B-414—With the largest cubic capacity engine in its class (154 cu. in.), the popular 4-cylinder 40 hp. British-built B-414 diesel tractor has a 10-speed transmission, *Vary Touch* hydraulics and *five* choices of p.t.o. power!

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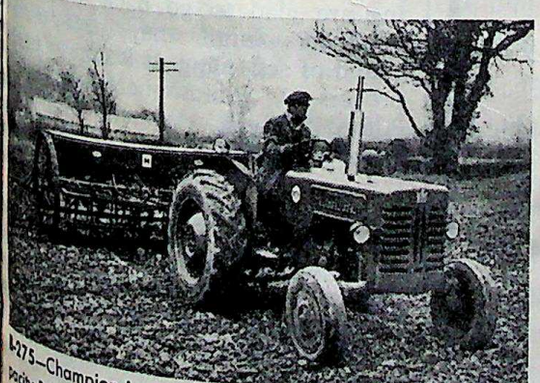

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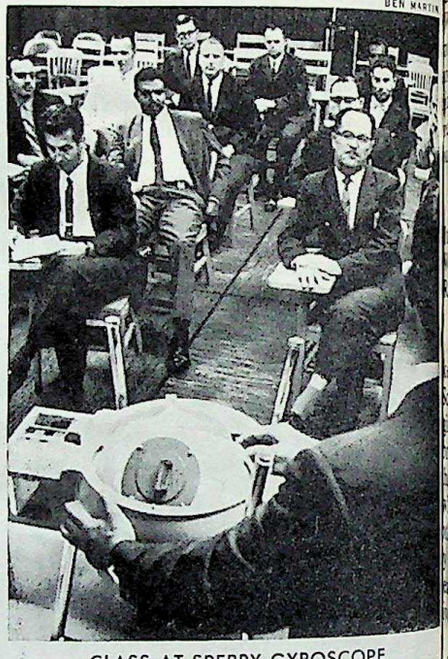
CATHAY PACIFIC

USA-144

does not offer college accreditation. "But where else," asks Director Tom Hirschberg, "can students find that today's breakthroughs in the research laboratory are tonight's lessons in the classroom?" "Far-Out U.," as students call it, enrolls half of Sperry's engineering and science staff in 34 advanced courses. For blue-collar workers eager to escape possible technological unemployment, the company designed 14 courses (Basic Electronics, for example) and several textbooks.

Though most major U.S. corporations back the need for continuing education, resentment flares over high-priced experts who get company-paid degrees and then promptly switch jobs. "This is known as the honor system," says Grumman's Charles E. Mack ruefully. "The company has the honor and the student has the system." But disloyalty is not common, and most engineers hand-picked for advanced training are glad to go back to their old employers—until they need another round of schooling. It is a never-ending process. As Philosopher-Mathematician Alfred North Whitehead put it: "Knowledge keeps no better than fish."



BEN MARTIN

CLASS AT SPERRY GYROSCOPE
Think before bending.

INTEGRATION

How Long Till the Last First?

In Jackson, Miss., 43 Negro first-graders peacefully registered at eight tightly guarded, previously all-white schools—a first for Mississippi, the last holdout against even token school integration. It came after hundreds of earlier Southern integration "firsts," and ahead of hundreds more yet to come (first across-the-board integration, first statewide, first high school football team, etc.); for in the Deep South only 1% of the Negro pupils yet sit in classrooms with whites. A long time will elapse between the first first a decade ago and the last first years ahead.

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MILESTONES

Married. Philip Crosby, 30, one of the four Let's-Sing-Like-Bing brothers; and Mary Joyce Gabbard, 24, California airline stewardess; both for the second time; in Las Vegas.

Married. Edie Adams, 35, kittenish nightclub comedienne and cinemactress, widow of the late cigar-chomping Ernie Kovacs; and Marty Mills, 37, Manhattan music publisher; she for the second time; in Beverly Hills, Calif.

Divorced. By Dinah Shore, 47, TV's old-fashioned girl: Maurice Smith, 43, Palm Springs contractor; after one year of marriage, no children; in Indio, Calif.

Died. Vic Oliver, 66, British comedian and former husband (1936-45) of Winston Churchill's daughter Sarah, a music hall star who doubled up U.S. and British audiences with his hilarious piano and violin spoofs of long-haired recitals; of a heart attack; in Johannesburg, South Africa.

Died. Palmiro Togliatti, 71, boss of Italy's Communist Party since World War II; following a stroke; near Yalta, Russia (*see* THE WORLD).

Died. Oscar ("Happy") Felsch, 73, key figure in the 1919 Chicago "Black Sox" baseball scandal, the team's slugging center fielder who unwittingly broke open the mess, admitted helping throw the World Series to Cincinnati when he fell for a reporter's "all-the-others-have-confessed" ruse and angrily blurted: "Why those wise guys! At least I already have my $5,000"; of a liver ailment; in Milwaukee.

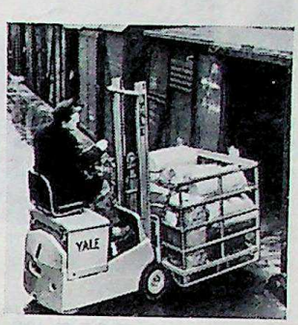
Died. Major General David Grant, 73, first surgeon general of the Air Force (1941-46), who, in an age of unpressurized cabins, managed to sell skeptical War Department on airborne hospital planes, by the end of World War II had organized an air shuttle of 4,000 casualties a month across the Atlantic and brought the first litter-carrying helicopters to the front; of cancer; in Winter Park, Fla.

Died. William Keck, 84, oil tycoon, crusty California wildcatter who hit it big near Los Angeles in 1922, went on to make his family-controlled company, Superior Oil, one of the world's biggest independent producers and to amass a $250 million fortune, the small change from which he used to support such causes as those of the late Senator Joseph McCarthy; in Los Angeles.

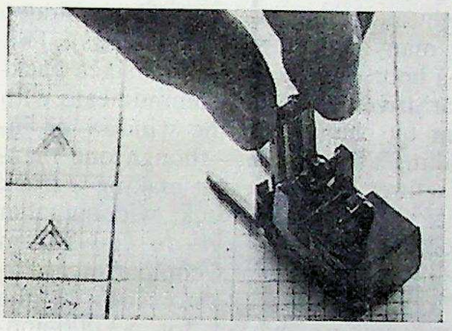
Died. Gerardo Murillo (assumed name: Dr. Atl), 89, pioneer Mexican landscape and folk artist, who kindled the artistic fires in Rivera, Orozco and Siqueiros; of a heart attack; in Mexico City (*see* ART).

It takes 2 to speed handling in small spaces

1. the right equipment



2. efficient application



What makes fork lift trucks in the Yale VE series so special? Their amazing ability to work in tight spaces. Take the VE-1224. This compact electric rider has an extremely short, 41½-inch turning radius to assure maximum maneuverability in narrow aisles and boxcars. It is light in weight, yet ruggedly built to provide safe lifting and smooth lowering.

However, it takes more than the right equipment to handle loads efficiently when your working space is limited. It also takes the right use of that equipment. That's where your Yale representative comes in. He's a materials handling expert.

He'll check your entire handling operation and help you select the truck best suited to your needs. (VE trucks come in 1,200-lb. to 3,000-lb. models.)

He'll then make sure that your truck is properly installed, and show your people how it can best be employed. By doing all this he protects your investment. He also provides complete maintenance service.

Remember, it takes a team to cut handling time and costs—a Yale truck and your Yale representative, who stays on the job after the sale.

For additional information, write: Dept. D34, Yale & Towne International, Inc., Box 30, Maxwell Road Post Office, Singapore.

YALE & TOWNE

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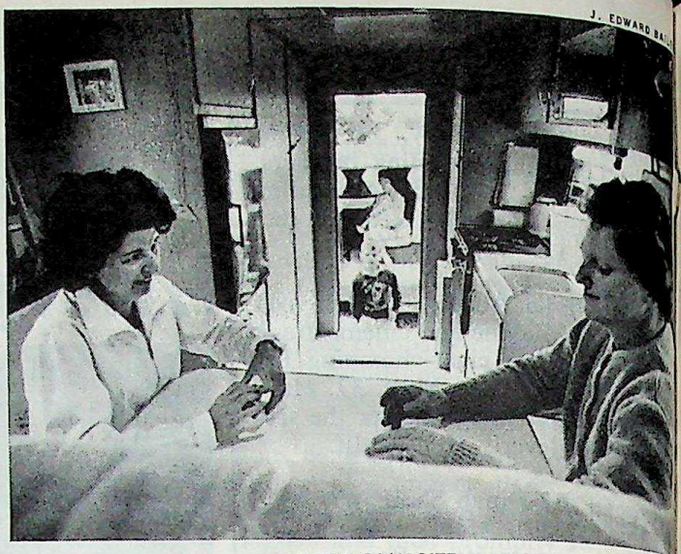
ON THE ROAD



AT THE CAMPSITE

A roll-down window for crawlers.

MODERN LIVING

RECREATION

The In Way to Camp Out

Many would-be campers are deterred by the hazards of picking a site, finding drinkable water, sleeping on rib-gouging ground—not to mention the horrors of pitching a tent in a wind. Nowadays, however, the compleat camper can drive right up to the lakeside or forest glade where he plans to spend the night and immediately cook supper, take a shower and bunk down, regardless of the terrain or weather.

This may not be the ruggedest way to answer the call of the wild, but its appeal accounts for one of the most notable trends in the automotive industry: a boom in light trucks, which can now be conveniently fitted with "pickup campers," that permit indoor comfort outdoors. Manufactured by nearly 1,000 different companies, they consist of self-contained housing units designed to fit into a truck bed. They have sleeping accommodations for as many as six, plus stove and water tank.

Nature Plus TV. The simplest models cost about $500, but a variety of optional extras can bring the cost of the housing unit alone to $5,500. Among them: enclosed toilet ($90), shower ($210), hot-water heater ($140), storm windows ($45), refrigerator (about $170), air conditioner (about $250). One model even has a roof that slides out and canvas panels that come down to provide additional shelter.

Most de luxe nature-lovers mount the installation in a three-quarter ton truck, which costs about $2,200, and may also include the extra conveniences of a special axle for fast highway travel, heavy duty springs and a 110-volt, engine-operated generator powerful enough to run a TV set. Units may be removed from the truck, though the more elaborate ones are permanent fixtures. Automakers expect to sell 75,000 trucks for this purpose in 1964, predict that there will be 500,000 on the road by 1970.

No Backseat Drivers. The biggest advantage of pickup campers over trailers, aside from their greater maneuverability, is that passengers may loll comfortably in back while tooling along the highway (riding in a trailer is forbidden by many states as too dangerous). This is a boon for the driver too, since backseat drivers can only communicate with him by banging on the window or installing an intercom—though one manufacturer is considering making a truck with a roll-down back window that would allow passengers to crawl from living room to pilot's compartment.

The automakers, astonished at the mushrooming market for $3,000-and-up vacation vehicles, surveyed the field and found that most camper trucks are used all year round. Many owners find them ideal for football games: they play cards and drink on the way to the stadium, fix a hot lunch in the parking lot, snooze on the way home. Others use them to eliminate hotel bills on skiing trips; and they make a useful base for a day at the beach with the kids. Non-owners also benefit from camper trucks: today's thoughtful house guest can bring his own house.

COLLECTORS

Bonanza on the Bottom

Finned and face-masked, they hardly look like prospectors. Yet hundreds of scuba divers on Florida beaches these days are out for treasure, not pleasure. Some have already struck it rich. In the past six weeks alone, more than $1,000,000 in lost gold and silver has been fished from the ocean bottom off Florida's east coast. With every reported haul, more and more Sunday divers take to the water, propelled by bubble-bright dreams of gleaming doubloons and pieces of eight, of jeweled swords and brassbound chests of bullion nestled in the coral.

In fact, the chances of finding gold are far better for Gulf Stream divers than they were for Yukon diggers. Of an estimated $8 billion in gold extracted from the New World by the Spanish according to one expert, at least $5[illegible] —$400 million worth—was lost in ship wrecks on the way home. The actual value of all the lost loot is infinitely higher, since some 17th century coins and jewelry fetch huge prices; a single Spanish escudo can bring as much as $1,200 on the rare-coin market.

Real Eight. A few strikes have been made by casual skindivers, but the real payoff generally goes to companies that can afford elaborate treasure-hunting equipment such as electronic metal detection gear, air compressors, sand pumps and power boats. Real Eight Inc., a group of Vero Beach-based underwater operators that has so far sunk an estimated $150,000 in the Atlantic, recently made its first major strike: the wreck of what was probably one of a group of Spanish ships that foundered in a hurricane in 1715.

The waters are wide open. With a license from Florida's Internal Improvement Board, a salvage contractor gets exclusive rights to work a specific area for $100 a year, in exchange for a turn over one-fourth of any loot to the state. As treasure fever mounts, Florida officials have become increasingly worried that the state is not getting its proper share. Last week the Internal Improvement Board chairman, who is happily named William Kidd (no kin to the pirate captain), admitted that the state does not post any inspectors aboard salvage ships.

Treasure-Trove. The divvying-up process is also based on the honor system. When Real Eight's estimated $1,000,000 in coins was divided last month, the company officials and the experts sat across the table from a highway patrolman and a couple of auditors for the state, none of whom professed to have any idea what the booty, largely consisting of pieces of eight, doubloons and other gold and silver coins, might be worth. Still undivided is an estimated $500,000 in artifacts, such as gold and silver belt buckles, brooches and tie clasps, whose value has not yet been determined. According to the Internal Revenue Service, any find of go[illegible]

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or silver is taxable under personal income. By ancient law, it is considered "treasure-trove," and the finder is taxed to the extent of its current value.

Plainly, the state's offhand attitude invites the kind of freebooting enterprise for which Board Chairman Kidd's namesake was notorious. Salvage operators have already reported the appearance of well-equipped—and armed—claim jumpers, as well as thousands of lone-wolf divers who spend their weekends swarming hopefully around the wrecks that others have located. They know where to look: anybody can buy U.S. Coast and Geodetic Survey maps that pinpoint the site and depth of hundreds of known wrecks. All that the charts do not tell the treasure hunter is whether the ship that went down was hauling pig iron or a golden argosy.

THE HIGHWAY

Somebody in There Cares

Almost every modern motorist has experienced waves of desperation and dreams of violence while struggling bumper to bumper in a Sargasso Sea of fuming metal. Nobody can help him, nobody seems to care. No longer so on New Jersey's Garden State Parkway. Last week, at traffic-jammed toll booths on the 173-mile turnpike, toll collectors handed drivers cheerful little green and yellow cards certifying that "BLANK is a member in good standing of the Garden State Parkway Traffic Club and is hereby cited for his patience, understanding and stop-and-go driving skill." The cards, explained Executive Director D. Louis Tonti of the New Jersey Highway Authority, are intended to convey to the harried motorist that "his presence is known, his frustration is shared, and his patience is appreciated."

THE MARKETPLACE

Not with a Bang But a Sssss

The American Way of Life is fast becoming one big sssssssssss. The ubiquitous hiss comes from the vast, ever-expanding array of aerosol cans that has brought the pushbutton age to everyday living. There are already more than 300 products available in aerosol cans, and their uses range from the routine to the recondite; they perfume rooms, freshen mattresses, renew golf balls, stiffen petticoats, bandage wounds, de-ice windshields, inflate flat tires, wax furniture, varnish oil paintings, scare off snakes and ward off pregnancies.

The gently hissing cans have not only revolutionized the packaging of many traditional products; they have also created entirely new ones. The Post Office, for example, has bought 120,000 bottles of animal repellent for mailmen to clip onto their belts. American males have used 79,995,404 aerosol cans of shaving lather, while their women prettied up with 253,052,659 cans of hair spray.

The aerosol age began during World War II, when the Department of Agriculture developed the pressurized can as the ideal method of packaging insecticide for the armed services. From a postwar standing start, the aerosol industry by last year had produced more than 1.2 billion units.

The can that goes sssssss can be a big nuisance. Aerosol paint containers are an irresistible temptation to mischief makers (TIME, July 3). The aerosol foghorn, a boon for boating buffs, proved a nerve-shattering bore at political conventions this year.

On the other hand, an important breakthrough is at hand in the aerosol packaging of medicine and food. In these fields, aerosol cans have the special advantage of exposing to the air only whatever quantity of a product is actually used. There are various propellants (the pressurized gases that push the product out of the can) that are safe for most foods or drugs. However, the industry has had trouble developing different ways of combining container, valve and propellant at a reasonable cost. There will soon be radioactive inhalants for lung cancer patients, inhalant vaccines, allergens, and aerosol insulin to replace injections.

For the hale and hearty, there will be pushbutton meals. How about chicken liver *pâté*, followed by salmon mousse, whipped potatoes and a vegetable purée with hollandaise sauce? For dessert: a zabaglione worthy of the finest chef. Seconds, anyone? sssss . . .

FOOD & DRINK

Canned Candidate

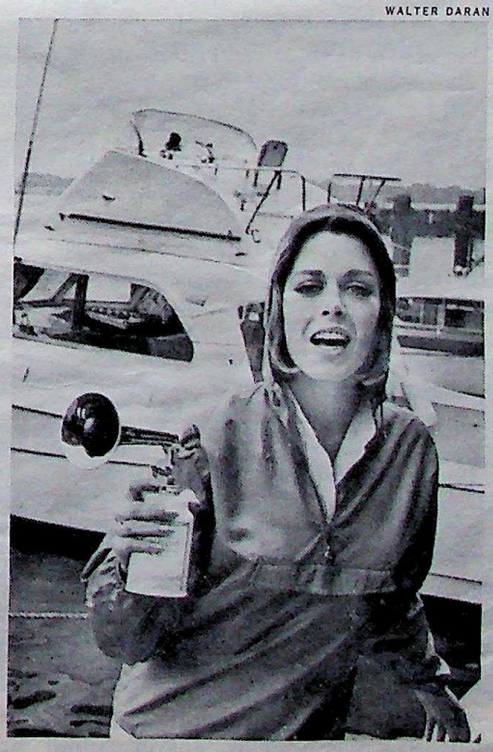
As the presidential campaign heats up, Republicans will be able to cool off with a new made-to-GOPrescription soft drink. Manufactured by Royal Crown Cola Co., which has already sold 230,000 cases in 42 states, the new coast-to-coast toast has a lemon-and-lime flavor and comes in cans. Its name, naturally, is Goldwater.

WHIPPED CREAM

HAIR SPRAY

TIRE INFLATER

WALTER DARAN



BOAT HORN

A boon for mailmen but an irresistible temptation to mischief makers.

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ENGINEERING

To Get to the Other Side

The golden age of bridges is now. Never before in the history of the world has man had such a wealth of means in money, materials and technology to fulfill his inborn desire to get to the other side. By using strong new steels and ingeniously strengthened concrete, he has made it possible to move himself and his goods over barriers his forebears thought uncrossable.

Not only is man building his bridges longer and stronger than ever before, he is also erecting more of them than at any other time in history. In the past six years, the U.S.'s interstate-highway program has spent $5.6 billion building almost 20,000 new bridges, will spend another $8 billion to $9 billion in the next eight years on bridge construction. In Europe, bridge building is becoming almost as commonplace as house building. Britain has built 120 new bridges in the past five years as parts of its new highways, and figures that by the 1970s it will have built 280 more. Germany now completes 1,000 new bridges every year, at this moment has under construction nine spans more than 3,000 ft. long.

The result is not only new efficiency and new speed in getting from place to place; almost inevitably, when a great new bridge goes up, the result is also breath-taking beauty. The very nature of the barriers that man seeks to cross makes them some of the loveliest spots on the globe—gorges, bays, broad rivers, mountain valleys, the approaches to towering cities. By necessity, bridges are the purest sort of expression of the architectural concept of form following function. A steel-arch bridge over a deep canyon cannot help completing the frame of a picture of classic beauty: rushing waters below, soaring steel above, and all framing the natural art of rock shaped by wind and water.

What has allowed man to create these great structures is a new mastery over matter and mind.

▶ Steel has played the dominant role in modern bridges. A bridge built with today's steels is lighter, yet nearly twice as strong as a span of equal length built just 25 years ago. Today's bridge builders use as many as 18 different types of steel in the same bridge.

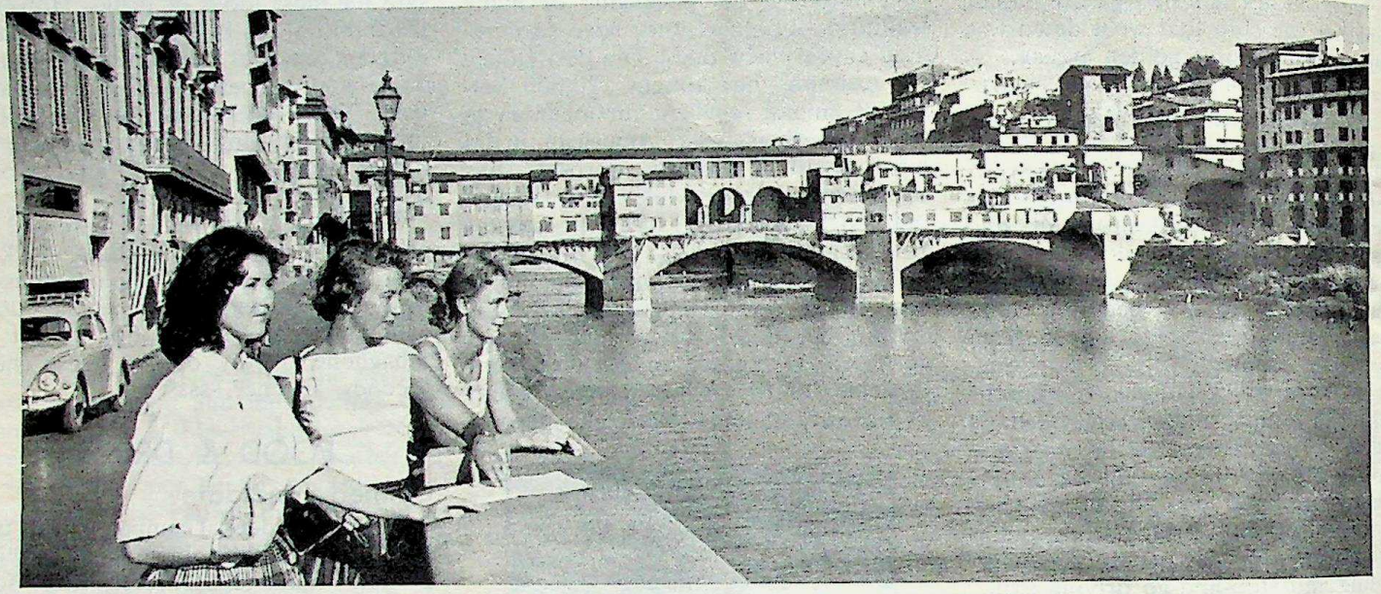
▶ Concrete mixers of today are producing wonders. Reinforced with steel wire and prestressed for still more strength, whole slabs of concrete now form single spans up to almost 700 ft. in length.

▶ Technology has taken dramatic strides over the past two decades. Bridge designers are well-grounded in modern physics and aerodynamics before formulating their designs, then run them through computers that have already been fed data on snow and rain conditions, wind velocities, low and high temperatures, traffic loads and substrata strength.

The results, say today's bridge builders, are awesome. Using their new tools and talents, builders think suspension bridges can be built twice as long as they are now. "I don't think a suspension bridge of 10,000 ft. is impossible," says Raymond Boynton of the Manhattan engineering firm of Steinman, Boynton, Gronquist & London. Bridge strength will also increase. "I tell people we put up bridges that will last 1,000 years," says American Bridge Engineer William K. McGrath. "But I'm not sure they couldn't last forever."

Stone. The world's first bridges lasted only as long as nature permitted, since they themselves were natural accidents —vines or wind-fallen trees blown by chance across some primeval stream. For eons, men did little but imitate nature with ropes or planks. The first real bridge engineers were the conquerors who shaped the Roman Empire more than 2,000 years ago. They built bridges in such numbers that their far-flung realm could be journeyed from the northern heaths of Britain all the way to Rome without once having to ford a stream—except, of course, the English Channel, still to be bridged. Masters of the stone arch, the Romans were the first to use cement to bind their arches, solved the ticklish engineering problems of how to rest their massive spans on underwater piers and how to protect the piers from floods and the ravages of time. Today, soaring Roman arches still stand in Italy, Spain and France as monuments to their genius.

FRANK HORCH



TADDEO GADDI'S PONTE VECCHIO OVER RIVER ARNO AT FLORENCE
Blending beauty of nature and functional form.

When Rome fell, the world had to wait for Renaissance Italy to revive the art of bridge building. In the 14th century, Taddeo Gaddi spanned the River Arno in Florence with the immortal Ponte Vecchio in flat, segmented arches instead of the narrow semicircles favored by the Romans, thus making the roadway level enough for easy wagon passage. Andrea Palladio became the first to discard the arch in favor of a truss—the triangular support that is the basic method of making big bridges rigid today. By the late 16th century, Architect Antonio da Ponte was driving foundation piles with a mechanical hammer, then went on to build Venice's haunting Bridge of Sighs.

Iron. An art medium during the Renaissance, bridge building became a more exact engineering science in the 18th century. French Engineer Jean-Rodolphe Perronet was building a bridge across the Seine at Mantes in 1763 when he discovered that the first pier of the bridge sagged slightly toward the river until the second pier was in place. Then the first one straightened itself out.

Perronet reasoned what nobody before him dreamed: that the horizontal

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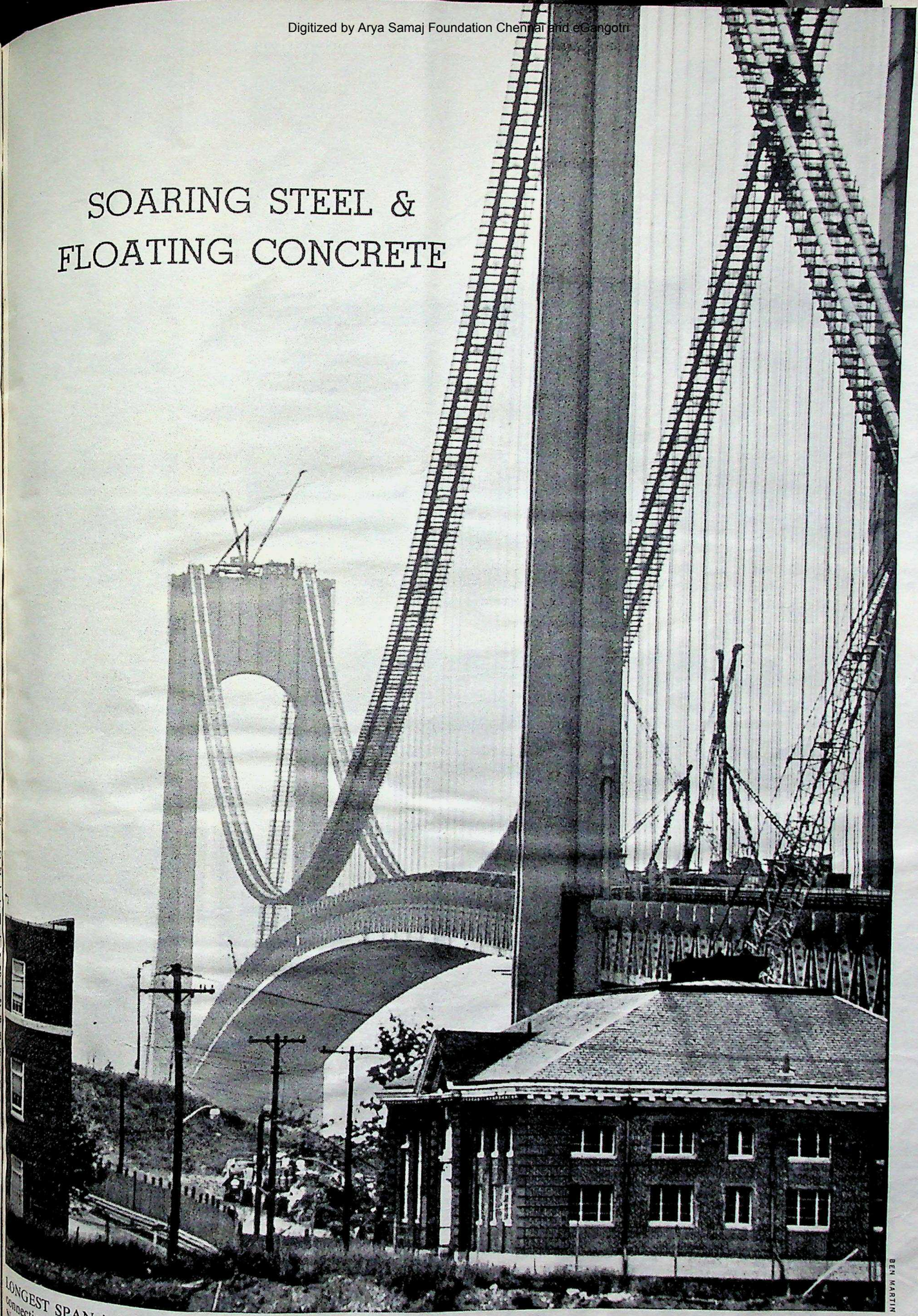
SOARING STEEL & FLOATING CONCRETE



BEN MARTIN

LONGEST SPAN is Verrazano-Narrows suspension bridge connecting Brooklyn and Staten Island across ship-filled Narrows of New York Harbor. Main span of 4,260 ft. beats San Francisco's Golden Gate Bridge by 60 ft. Scheduled to be completed in November, Verrazano-Narrows Bridge used 160,000 tons of structural steel, will cost $325 million.

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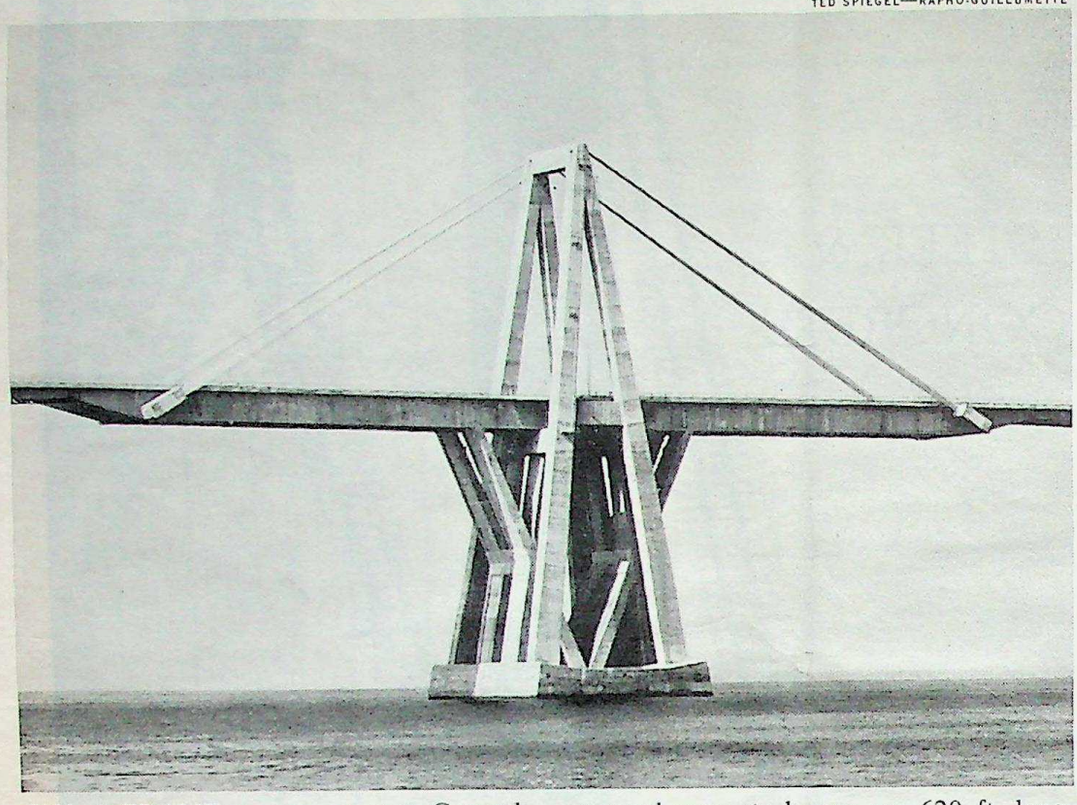
TED SPIEGEL—RAPHO-GUILLUMETTE



SIX A-FRAME towers support General Rafael Urdaneta Bridge across Venezuela's Lake Maracaibo. Some of its prestressed concrete beams are 620 ft. long. Last April oil tanker hit 5½-mile bridge and carried away 700 ft. of its roadway.

JOE MUNROE

JOERN GERDTS

SINGLE A-FRAME of the Severin Bridge across Rhine at Cologne was planned to echo towers of famed Cologne Cathedral. Named after St. Severin, 4th century Bishop of Cologne, bridge is asymmetrical, with its long span stretching out to left in picture

DOUBLE PONTOONS of floating bridge over Hood Canal, arm of Puget Sound, are retractable to let ships pass. Floating section is 7,131 ft. long, rests on 23 concrete pontoons anchored with 16 miles of 1¾-in. steel cable.

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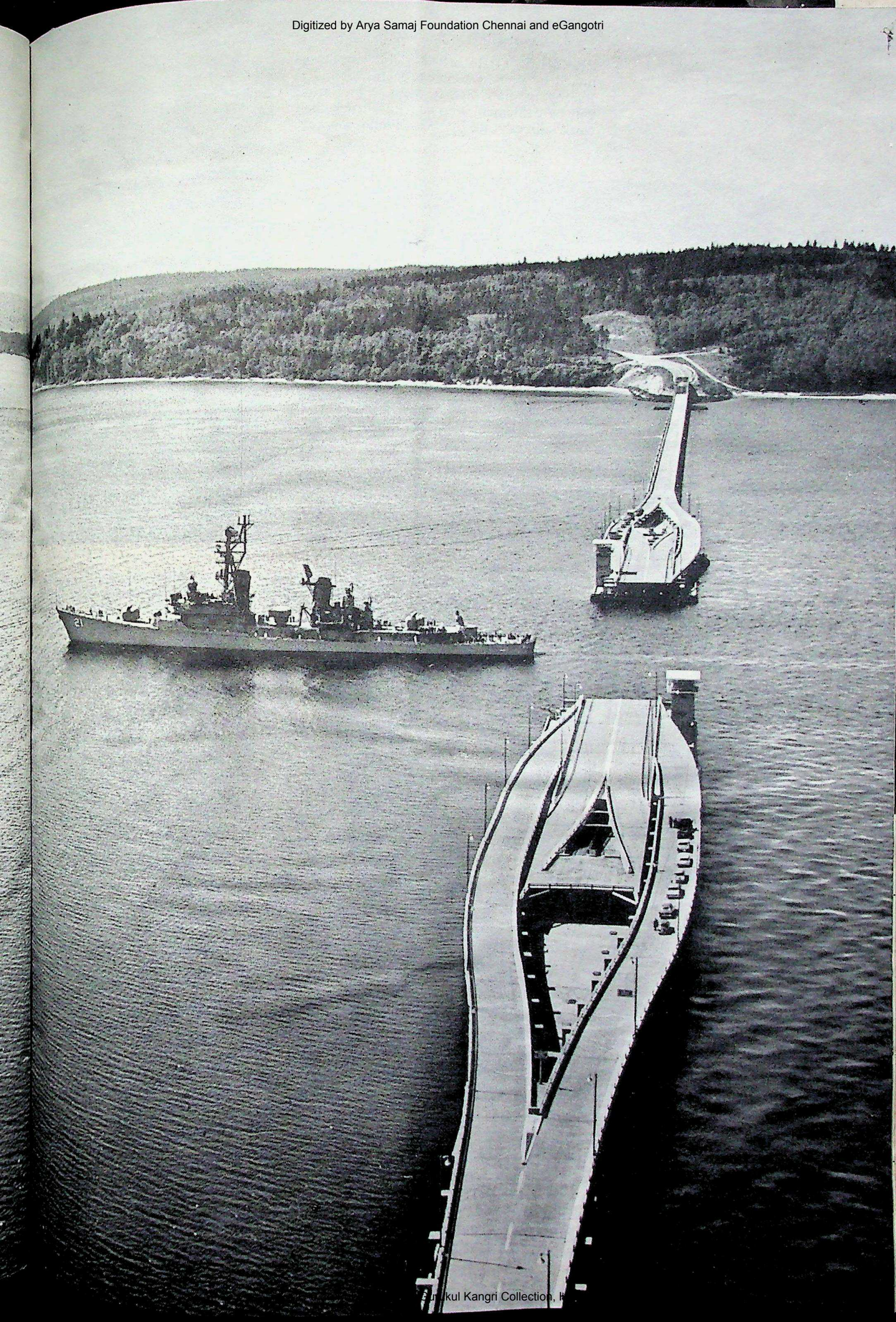

Gurukul Kangri Collection, H

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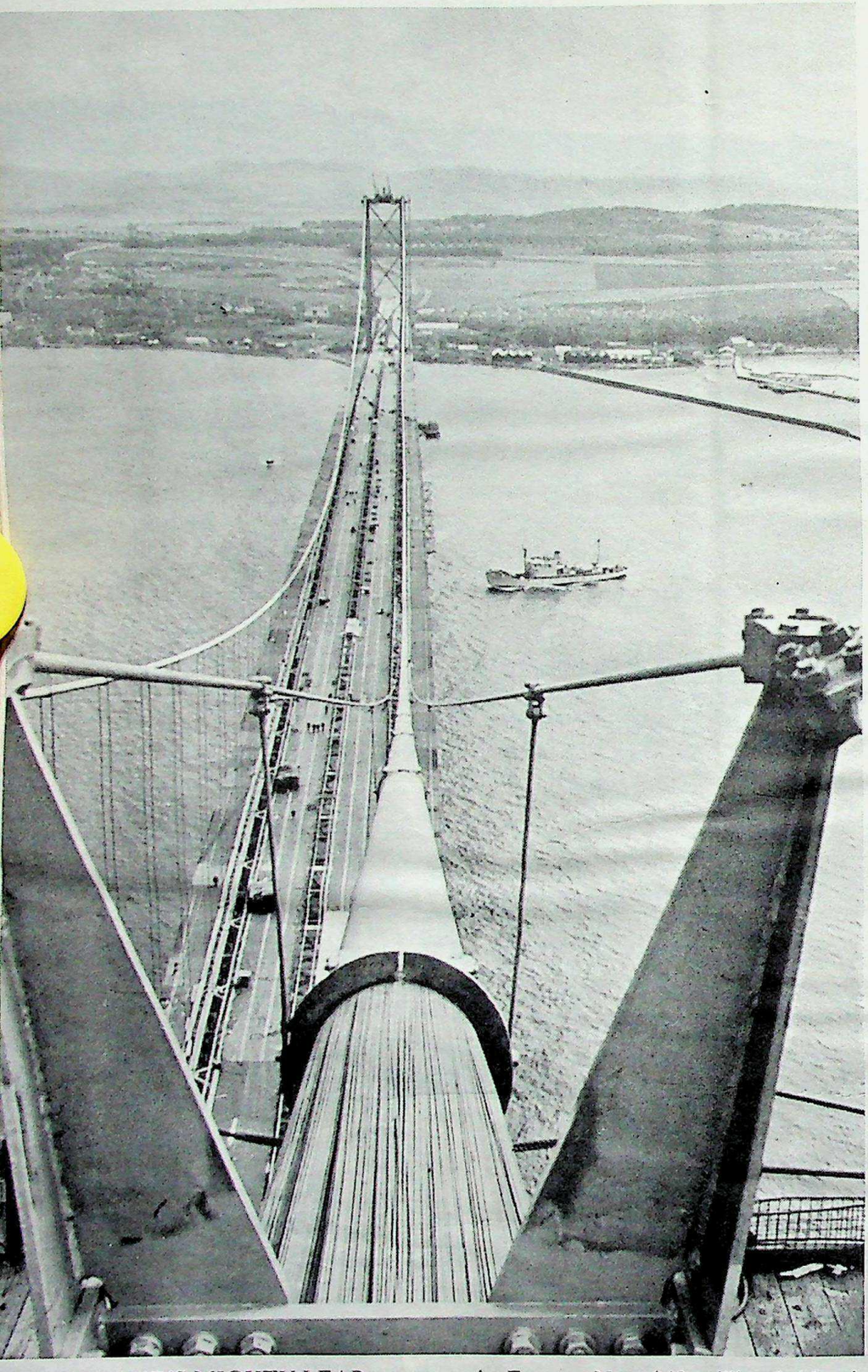
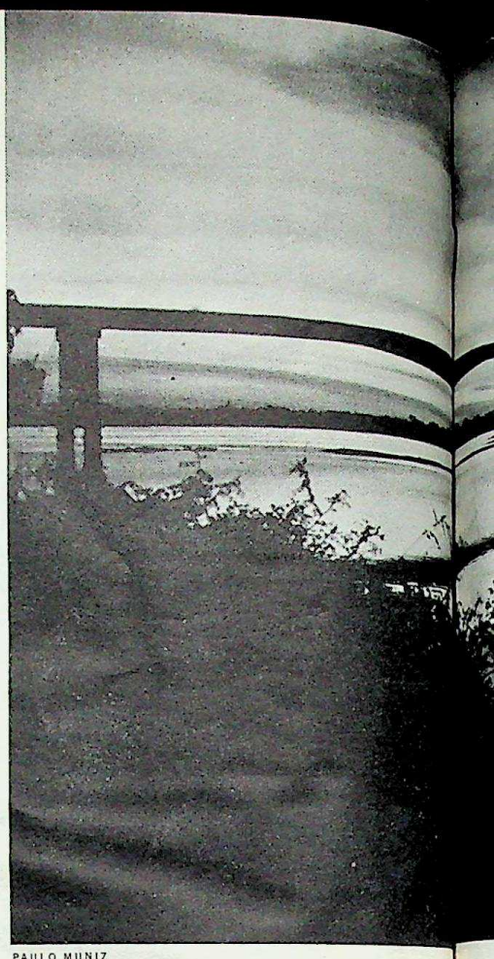
BRAZIL'S THIN SPANS of cantilevers linked by precast concrete beams cross Rio Paraná in giant 368-ft. steps. Chief users will be cattlemen, who can now truck their cattle directly to big São Paulo markets.

TERENCE SPENCER



SCOTLAND'S MIGHTY LEAP across the Firth of Forth near Edinburgh required suspension of 3,300 ft., longest in Europe. New $43 million bridge is scheduled to be completed in September, will be opened by Queen Elizabeth.



PAULO MUNIZ

GLEN CANYON'S LONELY ARCH 700 ft. above Colorado River is 1,271 ft. across. Built in remote Arizona, it made possible building of the just-completed dam. The bridge now takes road to Page (pop. 3,100).

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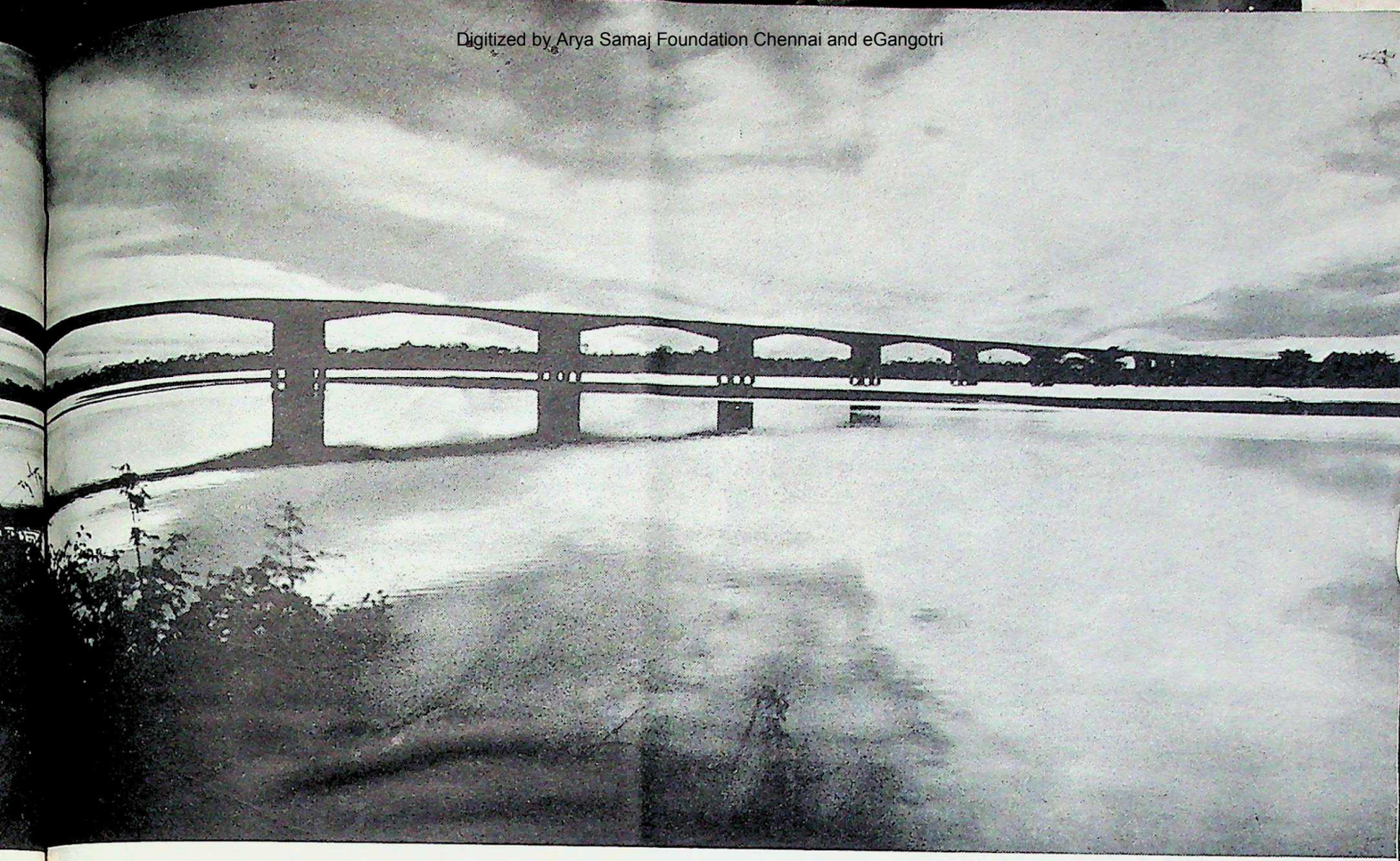
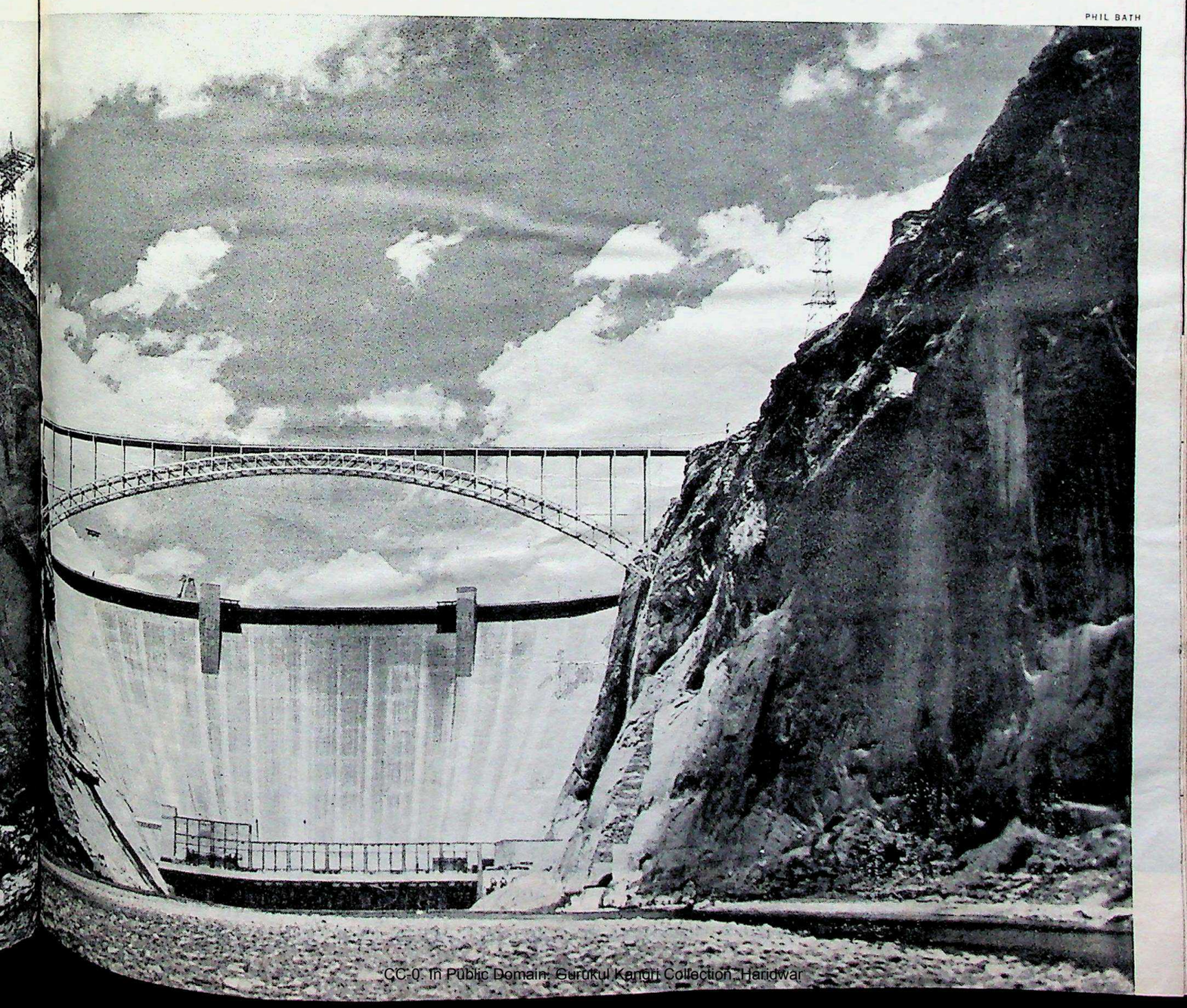


PHIL BATH



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PIONEERING BRIDGE-TUNNEL across mouth of Chesapeake Bay carries U.S. Route 13 over 17½ miles of water and through two one-mile tunnels dug between eight-acre artificial islands. Deep ship channels pass over tunnels and beneath steel bridge near northern terminal. Cost of project: $200 million. Toll: car and driver, $4. Passenger, 85¢.

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thrust of each arch carried along the length of the entire bridge. He reasoned that there was thus little need for the massive pier-and-arch bridge. At Neuilly, he tested his theory by building a bridge using piers 13 ft. thick to support arches 120 ft. long. The bridge not only stood, but its construction used far less stone than any bridge of similar dimensions before it. Most important, Perronet greatly increased the useful waterway underneath. Roughly a decade later, when the first cast-iron bridge was thrown across the Severn River in Britain, men started on their first real bridge-building spree since the Romans.

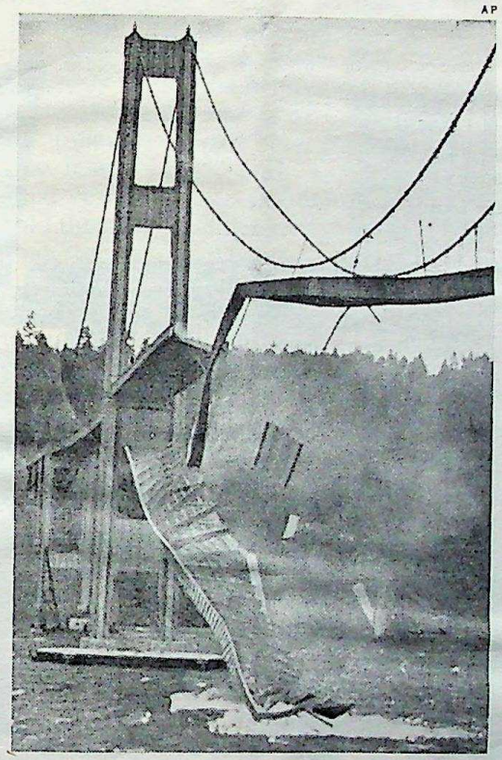
Steel. The spree soon ran into a storm. Engineers were building bridges of iron, but they were crossing the bridges with iron too—the iron horses of the first railroads. Their weight and vibration were too much. During the 1870s and 1880s, no fewer than 25 railroad bridges fell each year in the U.S. A train's weight collapsed the Ashtabula Creek Bridge in Ohio in 1876, killing 80 persons. The most dramatized disaster of the times was the Firth of Tay tragedy in Scotland in 1879. During a December storm, 13 of the spans of the two-year-old iron bridge fell into the raging waters—taking with them a trainload of some 100 passengers into the black abyss.

James B. Eads led the way back out of the abyss. A self-taught engineer who built ironclads for the Union Navy, Eads's experience with iron taught him the defects of the metal. When he began after the war to push his scheme for bridging the Mississippi at St. Louis, he conceived the notion of a great triple arch of steel. In those days, steel was an untried structural metal that cost three times what it does today. But Eads knew it also had twice the strength of wrought iron and could be worked in a way that iron never could. It took Eads more than seven years and $7,000,000, but what he built was a magnificent, 1,524-ft. bridge that was to be one of the world's first important steel constructions of any kind. *Scientific American* was so impressed that it proposed Eads for President.

Cable. While Eads was working with cast steel, other innovators were developing the concept of the suspension bridge—a primitive invention never much fancied by later bridge builders because of its nasty tendency to dump its riders or blow down. But with the invention of steel cables, the principle of bearing the load from above took on new fascination. As it turned out, suspension bridges were found to be the only reasonable way of bridging long spans, since only suspension bridges can economically support dead weight beyond 1,600 ft.

Early experiments were shaky; in 1850 a regiment of French soldiers fell to their death from a suspension bridge at Angers. But a year later, German-born John Roebling began assembling a suspension bridge—over, of all places, the Niagara gorge and to carry, of all things, a railroad.

Wind. It took Roebling four years to build the 821-ft. Niagara bridge, but beginning in March of 1855, trains began regular crossings over a span held up by wire cables for the first time in history. Twelve years later he began planning his greatest work, the Brooklyn Bridge. Surveying the East River for the location of the main piers, he had his foot crushed. The injury gave him tetanus, and he died three weeks later. The man who took over the job was another Roebling—his son, Washington, who saw the bridge to completion in 1883. At a cost of $15 million and 20 lives, the Brooklyn Bridge set a record length of 1,595 ft. and set builders striving for even greater spans. In 1931, Builder Othmar Ammann spun the George Washington Bridge 3,500


AP

GALLOPING GERTIE COLLAPSING (1940)
And back they went to school.

ft. across the Hudson River; in 1937, Cincinnati Engineer Joseph Strauss carried the Golden Gate 4,200 ft. across the entrance to San Francisco Bay.

The long inverted arch of the suspension bridges was not only economic, it possessed inspiring beauty. But that very beauty blinded some builders, who wanted to create an even slimmer bridge by cutting down on the depth of the stiffening girders. Such a bridge was the Tacoma Narrows Bridge, built out over Puget Sound in 1940. Motorists crossing the bridge often noticed that the car in front appeared to sink into the roadway or even vanish for an instant. Nobody was alarmed at first, and engineers and drivers alike enjoyed explaining the advantages of "Galloping Gertie's" flexible suspension design. Then, four months after the bridge was opened, Gertie galloped herself to pieces in a high wind. Gertie's extremely narrow, slender and flexible design was strong enough to withstand foreseeable forces. But the wind that killed the bridge came at more than 40 m.p.h. across and under the bridge, and started the span on a vertical oscillation, which so fed itself that the deck was whipped clear of its supporting cables. The bridge, ruled the experts, was "aerodynamically unstable."

Concrete. Gertie's final gallop convinced bridge builders that they did not know everything about bridge building. Back to school they went to learn more about aerodynamics, stresses and strains. The new technology produces far more than just better suspension bridges. One of the most ingenious uses of prestressed concrete is in the $21 million floating bridge across the Hood Canal in Washington's Puget Sound. Carried on 23 concrete pontoons, the bridge has retractable center sections that slide into the main body of the bridge, allowing waterborne traffic to pass through instead of under. The greatest use of prestressed concrete is in the 5½-mile bridge over Venezuela's Lake Maracaibo—the longest prestressed concrete bridge in the world.

By necessity, since nearly all of their big bridges were destroyed in World War II, some of the busiest users of the new technology are the Germans. They are also some of the most inventive. Nearly all the steel bridges built in Germany today use a German-developed steel plate called orthotropic. On a conventional bridge, the concrete roadway is supported on steel stringers. Not on an orthotropic bridge, which has instead of a concrete slab a half-as-heavy steel deck serving both as roadway and stress-carrying component of the bridge spans.

Bridge building is almost as frenzied in other parts of the world. Britain's new bridges include the majestic Firth of Forth suspension span (3,300 ft., longest in Europe), soon to be completed. Already under construction in Portugal is the even longer (3,323 ft.) Tagus River span, scheduled for completion in 1967.

Biggest. But nowhere on earth is there such a surge of bridge building as in the U.S., which already has 500,000 bridges. So far the most spectacular new span is the masterwork of George Washington Builder Othmar Ammann (now 85)—the Verrazano-Narrows Bridge across the main entrance to New York Harbor. Nearly everything about the bridge is the biggest: it cost $325 million, it outspans Golden Gate by 60 ft., it hangs from 145,000 miles of cable wire. Its twelve traffic lanes will carry 48 million cars a year between Brooklyn and Staten Island.

What next? Bridge builders are now talking about suspensions almost two miles long in a single span, and such talk is likely to lead to startling results. Prospects, perhaps sooner than later: bridges vaulting Italy's Messina strait, Turkey's Bosporus and New York's Long Island Sound.

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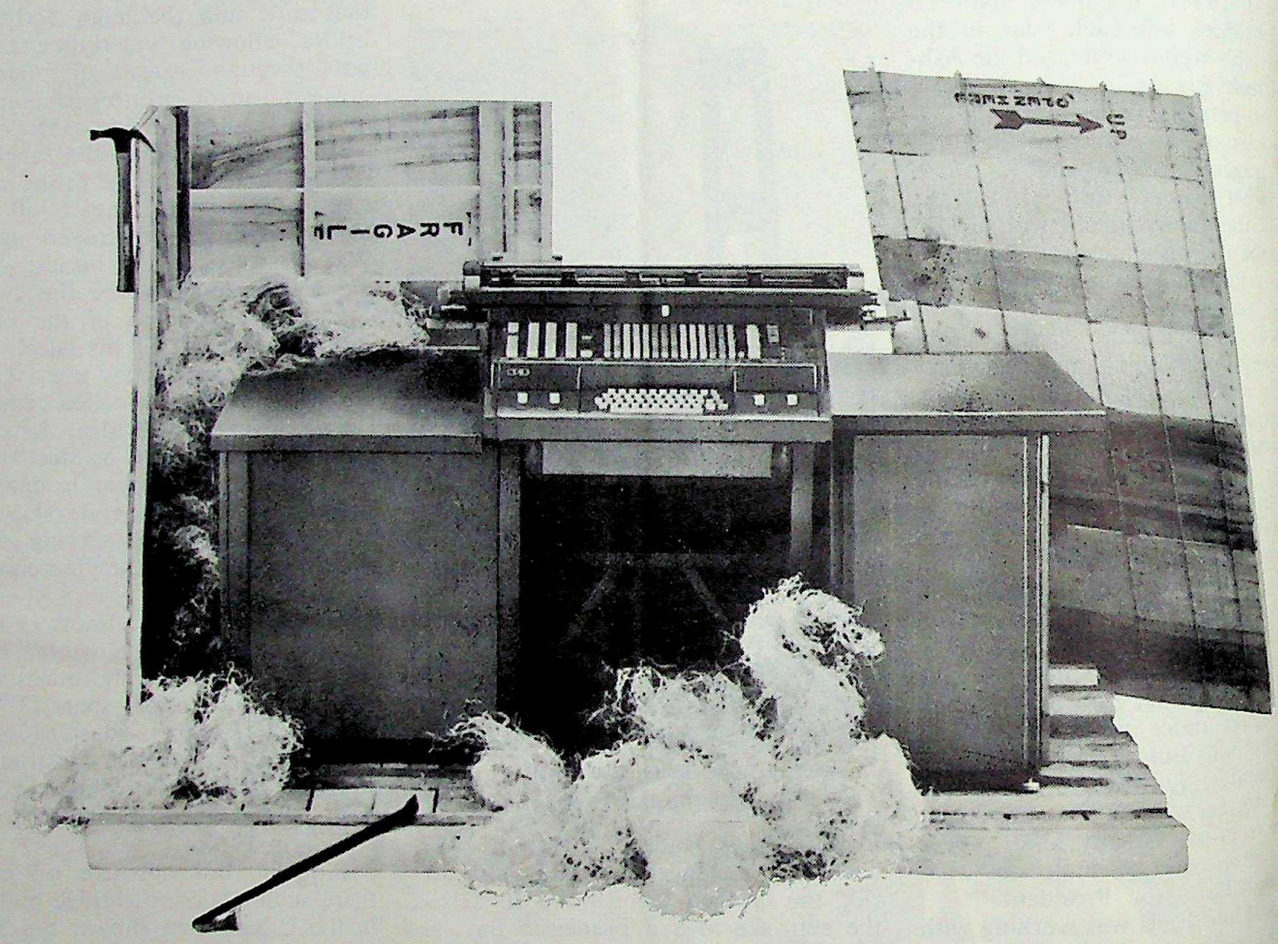

NCR

BE SURE TO VISIT THE NCR PAVILION AT THE NEW YORK WORLD'S FAIR

THE NATIONAL CASH REGISTER COMPANY

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U.S. BUSINESS

GOVERNMENT

ouble After the Party

It was nearly as risky as inviting Hed- Hopper, Sheilah Graham, Lolly Par- s and Dorothy Kilgallen to tea to- ther, but Chief Economic Adviser ller Heller thought he could pull it . For months he worked to arrange unprecedented meeting of four past airmen of the Council of Econom- Advisers with President Johnson. ough economists are a notably proud d prickly lot, Heller felt that the eeting would indicate that the former airmen generally support the major tics of the Administration's economic licy, and he hoped that acrimonious bate could be avoided. Last week esident Johnson joined Heller and conomic Advisers John Lewis and rdner Ackley in the Oval Room to come the four past chairmen: Re- blicans Arthur Burns and Raymond lnier, who were Dwight Eisenhow- 's men, and Democrats Leon Keyser- g and Edwin Nourse, who worked der Harry Truman.

More Desirable. Everything went oothly at first. Sitting in his rocker, feet on a footstool, Lyndon Johnson s at his best. He deftly mentioned at he had looked at a recent speech Burns, prominently displayed a copy Keyserling's latest economic tract monetary policy, and at one point lled to an expression of optimism Saulnier by saying: "Mr. Saulnier, u're making this nomination seem re desirable all the time." Basking this euphoria, the visitors generally reed that the economy's short-term spects did indeed look good.

The meeting lasted 45 minutes, and trouble began as it ended. To the prise of Republican Burns, who had sumed that the session would be un- blicized, Johnson proposed that the ess be briefed immediately. As if on signal, reporters and cameramen rushed in. Burns refused Heller's request to join him in the briefing, and Heller went on to say that the main note of the meeting had been "a general feeling of broad consensus." Since this seemed to imply a general consensus in support of the Administration's economic policies, Burns and Saulnier felt that they had been used for electioneering purposes. Snapped Burns later: "Mr. Heller spoke of a consensus where none existed. The reporting of this meeting violated every professional code—and when that happens to me, I'm independent enough to get damn mad."

Not on the Bandwagon. In fact, although Burns had agreed that present fiscal policy is "sound," he warned the President that he was tampering with the free market in ways that "could seriously injure the economy," also suggested some tightening of credit to head off inflation. "Steve" Saulnier believed that it was far too early to measure the final results of the tax cut—but Heller told the press that the visitors had agreed that the cut has been a success so far. Later, Saulnier said: "I don't think any of us are being served very well by continually being told that everything is hunky-dory and that we're all on the same bandwagon." The Johnson wagon may be moving smoothly, but not all the economists have hopped aboard.

AP

BURNS, KEYSERLING, SAULNIER & NOURSE WITH HELLER & JOHNSON
Risking a storm.

LABOR

Profits, Polemics & Politics

After a long and lazy summer of labor-management discussions, the Big Three auto companies offered the United Auto Workers a proposal only two weeks before the Aug. 31 expiration of the contract. It was a wage and benefit package that amounted to 41¢ over the next three years, accepted the union's premise that better retirement and pension benefits are imperative this year, but ignored the U.A.W.'s persistent demands for longer coffee breaks.

UPI

U.A.W.'S REUTHER
Delaying the target.

Christ & Churchill. As it is expected to in the script, the union turned down the offer, but it did so with such heat and haste as to banish any hope of a smooth settlement. Walter Reuther rather proudly paraphrased Winston Churchill to declare that "never have so few with so much offered so little to so many." Later Reuther managed to bring Christ to the bargaining table by asserting that He "would have given the most militant trade-union argument you ever heard." At week's end Reuther decided to increase pressure on the auto companies by delaying until this week the selection of a "target company"—the one that the U.A.W. will strike first if no settlement is reached.

There could well be a strike. Though the Big Three's offer might have been considered generous in other years, 1964 is the year of the greatest auto profits and production in history—and the U.A.W. fully intends to take advantage of that fact. It argues that productivity in the auto industry is increasing by 4.9% annually and that its workers deserve nothing less than a 4.9% wage hike. The industry's offer amounts to about 3.5%, higher than the 3.2% guideline laid down by the Administration to stave off inflationary wage raises. Walter Reuther does not care much for guidelines, snapped that "no economics professor is going to write our contract." The final settlement will be somewhere between 3.5% and 4.9%, and thus assuredly well above the Government standard.

Itching for the Hustings. Deadlines are as important as guidelines as a factor in whether there will be a strike. Even if both sides agree to a contract extension beyond Aug. 31—as it now seems almost certain they will have to—chances are good that U.A.W. locals with their own grievances (26,700 in all) may start wildcat strikes that could

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shut down one or more automakers. Any strikes would, however, probably be short-lived. The auto companies are anxious to launch their 1965 models, Walter Reuther is itching to get on the hustings against Barry Goldwater, and the U.A.W. (together with some auto-industry bosses) would like to avoid embarrassing Lyndon Johnson, who kicks off his campaign with a Sept. 7 Labor Day speech in Detroit.

BANKING

A Bold Breed

In a near-empty lot in downtown Hamden, Conn. (pop. 46,000), three 28-year-old entrepreneurs telephoned busily and dispatched letters last week from a modest and makeshift trailer. Their aim: to market a $3,000,000 stock issue that they will use to open a bank. The men, all trained in junior executive positions at the Chase Manhattan Bank (two have left), are typical of a bold new breed who are making new banks bloom all over the U.S. after a 40-year decline in total numbers.

BEN MARTIN

YOUNG HAMDEN ENTREPRENEURS*
Lower charges, longer hours, aggressive ways.

This year more than 300 banks will get started, almost three times more than in 1961. For the first time in a generation, new national banks have opened or soon will open in downtown Boston, Washington, Newark, San Francisco and countless small towns. The expansion is so rapid that Congress is now debating whether to demand closer federal screening of the people who bankroll the banks, and some authorities are worried about the possibility of "overbanking."

How to Start. One reason for the boom is the stimulus of the U.S. economy's upswing, which has greatly increased bank earnings. In addition, the sprawl of the suburbs and the westward population drift have created a need for expanded lending and checking-account services that cannot be met by established banks, which state laws often bar from branching. Partly to skip around those archaic laws, U.S. Controller of the Currency James J. Saxon has been eagerly chartering new national banks. He hopes that they will introduce fresh methods, hone competition to the consumer's benefit, and revitalize a business that has been steadily losing ground to the savings and loan associations and the credit unions. Compared with the richer, older banks, many of the lean and aggressive newcomers stay open longer hours, charge less for loans and checking accounts, and adopt more aggressive ways of attracting money.

Almost any group of entrepreneurs with sound character and solid financing can get a bank charter. All they have to do is find a suitable location, convince state or federal examiners that the area could support a new bank, then raise the money for it. Businessmen often collect enough by passing the hat among themselves, and sometimes they can get started on a small stake by putting up their shares in the bank as collateral for low-interest loans from bigger banks. Less affluent organizers sell stock to the public. Often investors are let in only after they pledge to deposit $500 or $1,000 in the bank for every $100 worth of stock they buy.

High Yield, Low Risk. Most stock issues are oversubscribed two or three times. Reason: banks are highly profitable, earning a yearly average of 9% of their capital, and many of the new ones break into the black within a year. Says Phoenix Millionarie David Murdock: "Bank stocks are among the best you can get. Very few banks ever fail, and that's more than you can say for most businesses."

The long queue of banking investors includes some interesting personalities. Among the initial stockholders in the new District of Columbia Nati... Bank are Bobby Baker, half a do... Congressmen and several financial ... porters. Baseball Hero Jackie Robin... is the chairman and a major organ... of Harlem's soon-to-open Freedom ... tional Bank, which is one of five ... cently chartered in big cities to ap... to the Negro community. And, ... course, investments in several T... banks, including at least one new ... have helped to swell the fortunes ... Lyndon and Lady Bird Johnson.

* From left: John D. Kelley, Alan R. Damsky, Douglas S. Lasher.

WALL STREET

New Reason to List

The rush to get listed on the s... exchanges has been going on for ... months, partly because U.S. comp... are increasingly aware of the ad... tages of listing: added prestige, bro... ownership of shares, more active ... ing in the stock. Last week they go... added reason for listing that is sur... speed up the trend. President John... signed a bill that gives the Governm... broad new authority to regulate ... traded both on and off the exchange...

Under the "full disclosure law," c... panies with at least 750 stockhol... and assets of $1,000,000 will be ... quired to file detailed financial re... to the Securities and Exchange C... mission. Thus firms whose stock is ... ed over the counter will now be su... to the same rules as listed comp... in such matters as issuing proxy s... ments, making regular reports to s... holders and providing informatio... trading in the stock by corporation... cials and principal shareholders. ... will be much of the treasured pr... of the some 3,000 companies tha... under the new law—and gone, too ... be the chief reason that most of ... had for not listing.

At least 800 of these companies ... eligible to be listed on the Ame... Stock Exchange, but only 125 of ... meet the tougher requirements of ... New York Stock Exchange, ... raised its standards again in ... Most companies can make the de... about listing in their own boardro... but the nation's banks have had to ... for authorization from their regu... agencies. Last week Federal Re... member banks got the initial go-... to list, and Chase Manhattan was ... first to announce that it had appl... the New York Exchange.

So far this year, the New Yor... change has listed 47 new comp... compared with 59 in all of 1963. ... week two more names—Rayette ... First Western Financial—go on th... Board, and on Sept. 8 Communic... Satellite Corp. will make its debut ... the tape initials CQ, the ham radio ... for "if you hear me, come in." ... American Exchange is picking up ... listings even faster: 57 this year ... in a comparable period last year. ... there is still a lot more to come: ... nation's 1,200,000 corporations, ... 2,600 are listed on any exchange.

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TRANSPORTATION

ck on the Rails

s more and more people cram into e big cities, the problem of moving om from place to place becomes in- asingly acute. More autos are not e answer: in some big cities, cars en have to move at the pace of a ow walk. Desperate for a way to re- ce the growing crush, cities are seek- g to improve their mass transit with w ideas, new systems and new equip- nt. Last week American Machine Foundry announced that 18 U.S. cit- s are considering elevated monorail stems. Pittsburgh is building a one- ile experimental "skybus" expressway er which remote-control trains of ber-tired buses will be guided by an shaped center rail. And the President raight ago ordered the Commerce partment to study plans for a high- eed (about 150 m.p.h.) rail service ong the 380-mile "megalopolis" be- een Boston and Washington. It would rail time from 8½ hours to four.

Comfort & Speed. All this activity—d a surge in orders for more conven- nal equipment—has transformed the tion's transit-car makers from a sick dustry only five years ago into a althy one today. The three major builders this year expect to ship 700 rs v. an average of 425 cars per year ce 1956. Last week the New York y Transit Authority tested twelve ly delivered stainless-steel subway s made by Philadelphia's Budd Co., e first of 600 cars—at $114,700 each hat will be the largest subway order history. The St. Louis Car division of eneral Steel Industries is busy building air-conditioned aluminum cars for New York Port Authority's Hudson e line to New Jersey, this month mpleted the last of 430 picture- lowed World's Fair cars for the York subway. Pullman-Standard building 180 air-conditioned, 65- p.h. cars for the Chicago Transit thority.

Up to now, the boomlet has come ly from the five big U.S. cities that have rapid rail transit: New York, icago, Boston, Cleveland and Phila- lphia. But Atlanta and Washington, are planning new systems, Phila- lphia is already engineering one, and Los Angeles is toying with the San Francisco, having broken und for a three-county, $925 million stem—the nation's biggest in more an half a century—is testing four rms of computer-controlled train ration proposed by General Elec- Westinghouse Electric, Westing- se Air Brake and General Signal. h all this going on, industry experts ect that annual sales of all types of it equipment will soar from today's million to $660 million by 1980.

Buying at Home. The newest spur to it building comes from the Admin- ration, which has asked Congress for 225 million appropriation to get the 1964 Mass Transit Act rolling. The law is expected to stimulate $600 million worth of transit-car purchases over a decade, also mean an additional $400 million in sales for such busbuilders as General Motors and the Flxible Co. of Dayton. Whatever the total, U.S. equipment makers will get all of it. Congress tacked a little-noticed "Buy American" proviso into the law.

SERVICES

Attracting the Unwashed

Americans not only buy more cars than anyone, but spend far more time and money keeping them clean. This year they will spend $257 million to have their autos washed professionally, and countless millions of hours washing cars in their own driveways. While some 5,000 car-wash outfits are putting U.S. autos through 175 million washes this year, the car-wash industry is growing at the rate of 15 million wash jobs a year. Still, fewer than 20% of the nation's 84 million cars are cleaned regularly by car washes, and the industry wants nothing more than to attract some of those unwashed millions. Its latest lure is the low-cost, coin-operated car wash, which is activated by quarters and operated by the motorist himself.

Final Polish. Despite overcrowding and high mortality in the industry, several hundred entrepreneurs have already opened coin-op car washes across the U.S. During the next year, the industry expects another 1,000 coin-ops to open, in addition to 250 more of the traditional conveyer-line or "tunnel" outfits. Johnson's Wax is putting the final polish on a plan to establish a nationwide chain of 300 car washes that will do everything—including applying a coat of wax—automatically. Continental Oil Co. (Conoco) has begun to test coin-ops in its Denver gas stations, could eventually attach them to stations in major cities all over the U.S. Humble, Shell and Gulf dealers have been installing British-made coin-ops. No fewer than 79 U.S. companies are now turning out the devices.

A few types use washing and drying tunnels through which a customer drives slowly after inserting three quarters, but the most common by far are the stalls into which a customer drives and stops his car. By inserting a quarter, he gets a five-minute jet stream of water and detergent through a high-pressure hose that he uses to spray the car. Another dime gets him a packet of lintless paper towels with which to dry the car, and yet another dime turns on a vacuum cleaner for the interior. Though quick and experienced washers can get away with one quarter, most find that it takes two or three to complete the job properly, also find that they need a bit of agility to keep their clothes dry. But whatever the system, it is cheaper than the average $1.50 to $2 cost of the tunnel washes: even with three quarters, the do-it-yourself washer pays only 95¢.

CARL IWASAKI

DO-IT-YOURSELF CAR LAUNDRY IN DENVER
Agility also helps.

Setting Up Vibrations. The coin-ops are aimed at attracting young people, lower-income groups, and longtime driveway polishers who have become sufficiently prosperous that they no longer want their neighbors to see them doing the job—yet not so prosperous that they want to spend $2 to clean up the car. The do-it-yourself outfits are so far concentrated in the Southwest, often appear in small towns, where their cost (average: $20,000) makes them far more practical than the high-volume tunnel washers (average cost: $200,000). New and better coin-ops are bound to come: next year a Florida company will begin producing a washer that directs a stream of pulsating water at a car. By setting up vibrations in the metal, it loosens the dirt and ensures that it all comes out in the wash.

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BRAZIL

The High Cost of Coffee

There is still an awful lot of coffee in Brazil, but there seem to be fewer and fewer customers for it. Since the 1920s, when Brazil supplied 80% of the world's coffee, the country's share of the market has steadily declined. While warehouses are bulging with beans, stevedores in Santos and other big coffee ports nowadays lounge about playing cards. This year Brazil will probably not be able to find buyers for its allotted export quota of 18 million bags, or 37% of the world market. The main problem: an inflexible policy of too-high coffee prices and official bungling and corruption. Last week Brazil announced new policy goals designed to stabilize prices and to put coffee exports on a more businesslike basis.

MANCHETE

BRAZILIAN COFFEE BEING SPREAD FOR DRYING
Mixed with a bit of bungling.

Juan's Challenge. Among world commodities, coffee ranks second only to petroleum in export value, and in Brazil it is the No. 1 cash crop. Part of Brazil's crisis, of course, may be only temporary: drought and forest fires caused considerable scare-buying and stockpiling abroad, followed by a sharp drop in demand. But by charging as high as $62.37 a bag (132 lbs.), Brazil is asking more than the world market will bear. Aggressive African and Central American producers are busy underselling it, and Colombia has benefited from a successful U.S. ad campaign that features a winning Colombian coffee grower named Juan Valdez, thus helping to erode Brazil's longtime image as the world's coffee king.

Exporters blame the trouble on the government's Brazilian Coffee Institute (I.B.C.), a complex clearinghouse that handles Brazil's coffee dealings. A recent official investigation uncovered a string of "irregularities" in I.B.C.'s hiring practices, promotional spending and coffee purchasing. The new president, appointed when the revolutionary government took over, is Leonidas Lopes Borio, 41, a civil engineer who is unfamiliar with coffee marketing.

At a meeting of the International Coffee Organization in London this month, Borio argued for considerably lower coffee quotas—the amount of coffee that producers are allowed to export—to help keep prices up by reducing the supply. Opposed by the U.S., the world's biggest coffee consumer, he wound up agreeing to a new world quota of 48 million bags—a scant 300,000 lower than the old quota. Angry at this failure, Brazilian producers also criticized Borio for selling 180,000 bags of low-grade coffee to Algeria and Lebanon at cut-rate prices.

Quotas in Question. Thanks to rising Brazilian prices, the U.S. housewife is now paying about 89¢ a lb. for coffee, compared with 69¢ last year. Europeans, burdened also with high import duties on coffee, must pay even more—about $1.30 a lb. in London, $2 in Rome, $2.50 in Paris. Last week the U.S. Congress, never too happy with the system of quotas on world coffee, reacted in the consumer's behalf: by a narrow 194-to-183 vote, the House rejected legislation that would allow the U.S. to join in the new quota agreement. Though Administration leaders count on eventual approval, the action jolted Brazilians into asking President Humberto Castello Branco to convene an emergency meeting of all world coffee producers. The new quotas, argued Brazilian congressmen, are meaningless without U.S. participation.

ASIA

The Hard Struggle

In a great crescent stretching 10,0 miles from Iran to Japan live m than a fourth of the world's 3.1 bil people. This is non-Communist A whose vast size and vaster human r ervoir make its bitter struggle fo better life of particular concern to nations. Last week a new report fr the United Nations showed just h hard that struggle is—and how far m of the 22 Asian nations in the sur must go before reaching even the m preliminary goals.

The Asian-born, Western-trained ec omists who directed the survey are w ried most about the crisis fac Asia's agriculture and mining. Eig percent of the area's export inco comes from such primary commodi as rubber, minerals, tea and jute—t commodity prices fluctuate sharply, a industrial nations are turning incre ingly to man-made substitutes. Beca of soft prices and shaky politics, inflow of foreign capital is declin Asia's foreign exchange reserves are lower and its trade deficits three ti higher than a decade ago.

Food & Factories. Even more ala ing to the economists is the fact population is growing five times as as food production in Asia. The ou of food is actually dropping in Pakistan, Afghanistan, South Ko Iran and Nepal. The average Asian little more than he did in 1939, hunger is a constant gnawing comp ion of about one in four. At pres rates, food output in the area will only 5% during the next decade, the U.N. figures that it must incre about 60% if Asians are to eat enou

To earn money to buy food, m of Asia's non-Communist governme hope to raise export income by pushi industrialization. But, warned the U report, "industrialization is not the p acea, nor is it a simple and easy pr ess." Though the area's manufactur has been growing at a brisk 8% annu in recent years, its share of world dustrial output is still only 7%, of which is consumed within the itself. The products of Asia's f factories are still too costly for foreign buyers, and widespread tion aggravates the problem, nota in Indonesia, South Korea and Lao India, a car costs 38% more tha Britain, a small refrigerator 50% m than in the U.S.

Map for Progress. The U.N. g has some fairly obvious suggestions narrowing the gaps: abandonment ancient farming methods, more use fertilizer, more irrigation. As for ind trialization, it said, "what is needed entrepreneurship, research, and sk and disciplined labor." In varying grees, this has been achieved in Ja

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Hong Kong and Malaysia, which the U.N. economists held up as luminous examples for others to follow. Said the report, in a boost for free enterprise: "The significant fact is that industrial growth has taken place without protective measures or other devices that have now come to be accepted by many countries as necessary."

French Violets

President de Gaulle may seek to make his current interest in Southeast Asia a near Olympian, but the interest that many Frenchmen have in the area is down to earth—and economic. Though forced to leave the area as a major power a decade ago, France still holds at least a $375 million investment in her former Indo-Chinese empire, more than any other nation. The total may not seem great in the industrialized West, but in a backward region it constitutes a substantial influence.

Even in little Laos, two-thirds controlled by Communists, French investment still stands at $4,000,000. French interests in neighboring, neutralist Cambodia total $50 million, chiefly in rubber plantations that provide jobs for 50,000 and bring in $15 million a year in foreign currency. But it is in fertile, war-torn South Viet Nam that France has its strongest hold and greatest stake: about $320 million in investments.

Jets & Jute. Until this year, French firms repatriated $12 million annually from their investments in Viet Nam. In February, angry over De Gaulle's diplomatic recognition of Red China and his proposals that Viet Nam be neutralized, the Saigon government blocked repatriation and embargoed virtually all French imports. Last week came the first major sign of a softening in this attitude. Air Viet Nam took delivery of a $2,100,000 French Caravelle jet. One reason for the choice: Air Viet Nam is 20% owned by Air France.

HARRY REDL—BLACK STAR

OXYGEN PLANT IN SAIGON
Paris' interests are down to earth.

Other French enterprises in South Viet Nam range from cigarette factories to oxygen plants, from Asia's third-largest brewery to the Societé Vietnamienne du Jute, which turns out 3,000,000 sacks a year for holding the rice crop. Three French banks handle 39% of the country's banking, and 100 or so French firms control its insurance, hotels, cinemas, printing and shipping. French companies also hold part interest in many Vietnamese firms.

Walking Softly. Ninety per cent of South Viet Nam's rubber plantations are French owned, and their output of 70,000 tons a year (France buys more than half) constitutes 70% of the country's exports. The plantations often pay "taxes" to the Viet Cong guerrillas lest they damage property and kidnap foremen. Today, the 5,000 Metropolitan Frenchmen in South Viet Nam walk softly. "We feel that we should bloom quietly, like violets," says one. Ironically, the French violets are being protected by the chief target of De Gaulle's criticism, the U.S., as it struggles to save the country from Communism.

BRITAIN

A Gain for Rayne

When it was built on Manhattan's Fifth Avenue and 58th Street in 1927, the $18 million Savoy Plaza became one of the world's most luxurious hotels. A favorite of aristocrats, diplomats and cinema stars, it has been host to the likes of the King of Nepal, Adlai Stevenson, William Scranton, Prince Bernhard of The Netherlands and Groucho Marx. The Savoy also captured the fancy of a darkly handsome British real estate tycoon named Max Rayne. Two years ago he bought one-third of the hotel from William Zeckendorf, later bought the whole thing when Zeckendorf became even harder pressed for cash. Last week representatives of Rayne's London Merchant Securities Ltd. concluded an agreement for a huge and shrewd real estate deal involving the Savoy Plaza.

Down will come the 33-story hotel, and in its place will rise a 40-story office skyscraper that will house the New York and overseas headquarters of General Motors. G.M. is eager to trade up from its shabby, 37-year-old offices at Broadway and 57th Street. Rayne is more than happy to accommodate G.M. by razing the Savoy Plaza; he believes that the New York hotel market is overbuilt and will be in trouble after the World's Fair closes. Says he: "What's good for General Motors is good for London Merchant Securities Ltd."

Money from the Church. A swift-rising millionaire who has not yet made the British *Who's Who*, Rayne, now

HENRY GROSSMAN

MANHATTAN'S SAVOY PLAZA
London's bridges are building up.

46, fell into real estate by lucky accident. Just after he was demobbed from the wartime R.A.F., he and his father leased a London building for $2,000, but found it unsuitable for their women's-dress business. He sublet the place, was surprised to find that he could earn $15,000 a year on the transaction. With that he stripped off the textiles, went fulltime into Britain's booming property market. His reputation for impeccable manners, soft talk and smart business sense soon gained him entree to the most munificent lenders, including Church Estates Development and Investments Co. Ltd., owned by the Church of England.

Six years ago, Rayne bought control of London Merchant Securities, a then moribund company. Under Rayne's guidance, the firm from 1960 to 1963 raised its after-tax profits from $75,000 to $1,000,000 and its assets to $50 million.

Help from the Lords. In one typically remarkable deal, Rayne bought a 5,000-acre plot in Scotland for $2,000,000, then sold off 82 acres of it for $1,500,000. Recently he bought the controlling shares in Britain's Hazell Sun printing company from Press Lords Cecil King and Roy Thomson, promptly merged with a competitor to produce Britain's biggest printing firm and a $5,600,000 profit for himself.

Now his properties, held through an intricate maze of subsidiaries, span from the world's largest Scotch distillery, at Invergordon, to major holdings in downtown Toronto. Rayne, who has every intention of expanding his U.S. beachhead, figures that the planned G.M. building may well cost about as much as Manhattan's Pan Am building. That structure, which was 45% financed by a consortium of other British real estate men, ran to $100 million.

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Up the Irish

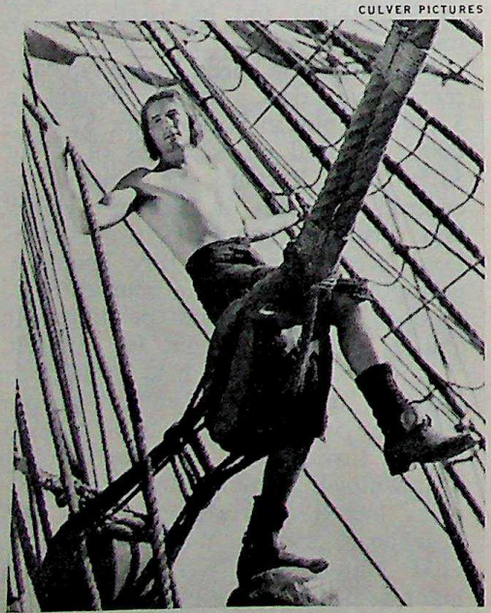
The Son of Captain Blood. "What would your father say," cries the mother of the hero of this picture, "if he knew that his son had got mixed up with such scum?" Silly woman. Father would certainly say: "Up the Irish!" For the name of the hero of this picture is Sean Flynn, and his father was the late Errol Flynn, an actor never notably fastidious about the cinema scumpany he kept.

Way back in 1935 Flynn senior cast some lead upon the waters, a super-colossal sinker called *Captain Blood*, and he would certainly cheer to hear that it had come home, covered all over with green stuff, to a lad of 23 who seems willing and able to follow in his father's bootsteps.

Unhappily, this seaquel is even sillier than the original mocean picture—and *Blood*, as somebody remarked at the time, was thinner than water. But *Son* never lacks excitement. In rapid succession Sean 1) takes passage in a tall ship sailing from Port Royal, Jamaica, 2) falls in love with the beauteous Abigail (Alessandra Panaro), 3) runs afoul of Captain De Malagon, a nasty pirate who hated Captain Blood and is happy to loose his fury on the son and his lust on Abigail, 4) seizes the nasty pirate's ship, 5) storms a citadel, 6) frees all the slaves, 7) can't think of anything more to do. But sit tight. In movies like this, Mother Nature is always ready to cover for a fellow. Along comes a Technicolor earthquake to wind up the picture with a great big bang.

So don't see it. Tammy Teen will, and she will squeal over Sean just as loud as mother eeeeeked for Errol. The boy looks like his old man—he has the same empty, eager eyes and the same silly, lopsided smile. And the young pup acts like the old dog too—he is already known in the trade as Flynn-Tin-Tin. But Sean has something going for him besides his moniker. He has an All-American body and a wild Irish charm. He seems born to be a Hollywood buccaneer and climb upon the rigging like his daddy used to do.

CULVER PICTURES



ERROL AS BLOOD

SEAN AS SON OF BLOOD

Climbing upon the rigging like his daddy used to do.

Psycho-ceramic?

The Patsy. When he gets a shoeshine, the bootblack lays on a nice thick coat of mushy black polish before happening to notice that the customer is barefoot. When he wants to look well dressed, he pulls his socks down over his sneakers. When somebody shouts in his face, his eyebrows grow six inches in six seconds. When somebody calls him a psycho-ceramic, he figures they mean a crackpot.

Crackpot is hardly the word for Jerry Lewis, a shrewd showbusinessman who would do almost anything to make a dollar. Ever since he went Hollywood he has systematically loused up a considerable comic talent, and in the process his pictures have made millions. *Patsy* will make several more, no doubt about that. It's essentially a re-run of the same movie Jerry has been making over and over for the past eight years: the story of a poor twerp who becomes a rich twerp. This time he has added the insurance of a strong supporting cast of senior comics: Keenan Wynn, Ed Wynn, Phil Harris, Everett Sloane and the late Peter Lorre. They manage now and then to do something funny, but the rest of the time they look like men struggling in an avalanche of pablum.

Long Wait Between Spains

Behold a Pale Horse. The bigger they come the harder they pall. This picture, for instance, is very long and very expensive. It was constructed by an important moviemaker (Fred Zinnemann, who also directed *From Here to Eternity* and *High Noon*), and it contains an important cast (Gregory Peck, Anthony Quinn, Omar Sharif). But size,

PECK IN "PALE HORSE"

Smaller than it seems.

as the cannibal said while he mu... the midget, isn't everything. Zinnem... direction is occasional, his char... are trumpery and his actors obv... know it. Worst of all, though, ... picture's plot: something about a ... ish Loyalist guerrilla (Peck) wh... in the French Pyrenees and pass... time nursing his nerves instead of ... ing Franco. In fact, he spends ... tenths of this picture postponing ... that doesn't amount to much wh... finally comes off, and Zinnemann ... able to make drama of delay. *Pale H...* is a white elephant.

A Pill

The New Interns. Is there a d... in the house? These days there u... is, and usually he's on the screen. ... moviemakers, struck by the pop... of TV programs about physician... by the international success of ... British medicomedies, all too often ... in a pill pusher to remedy the m... megrims. And the remedy often w... In 1962 *The Interns*, a patent pre... tion that cost less than $2,000,0... manufacture, was one of Colu... major moneymakers.

The New Interns is a second ... the same cheap stuff, and it's a ... deal harder to swallow than the ... The director of the hospital is a ... surgeon (Telly Savalas) with a t... like a scalpel, a man whose idea ... ministration is to scream insults ... terns in the presence of patients. ... interns, of course, give him ample ... for complaint. One of them (M... Callan) spends most of his time ... an extra-curricular course in ad... from a student nurse (Barbara ... Another (George Segal) keeps ... dering out of the hospital in pur... the punk who raped his best girl ... Stevens). Still another (Dean ... finds out he is sterile and drow... sorrows in drink.

There is, however, some sug... the pill. The action is feverish ... interns sometimes leave the cu... in stitches. But for the most pa... picture is an exploratory operati... ducted, alas, without anesthesia.

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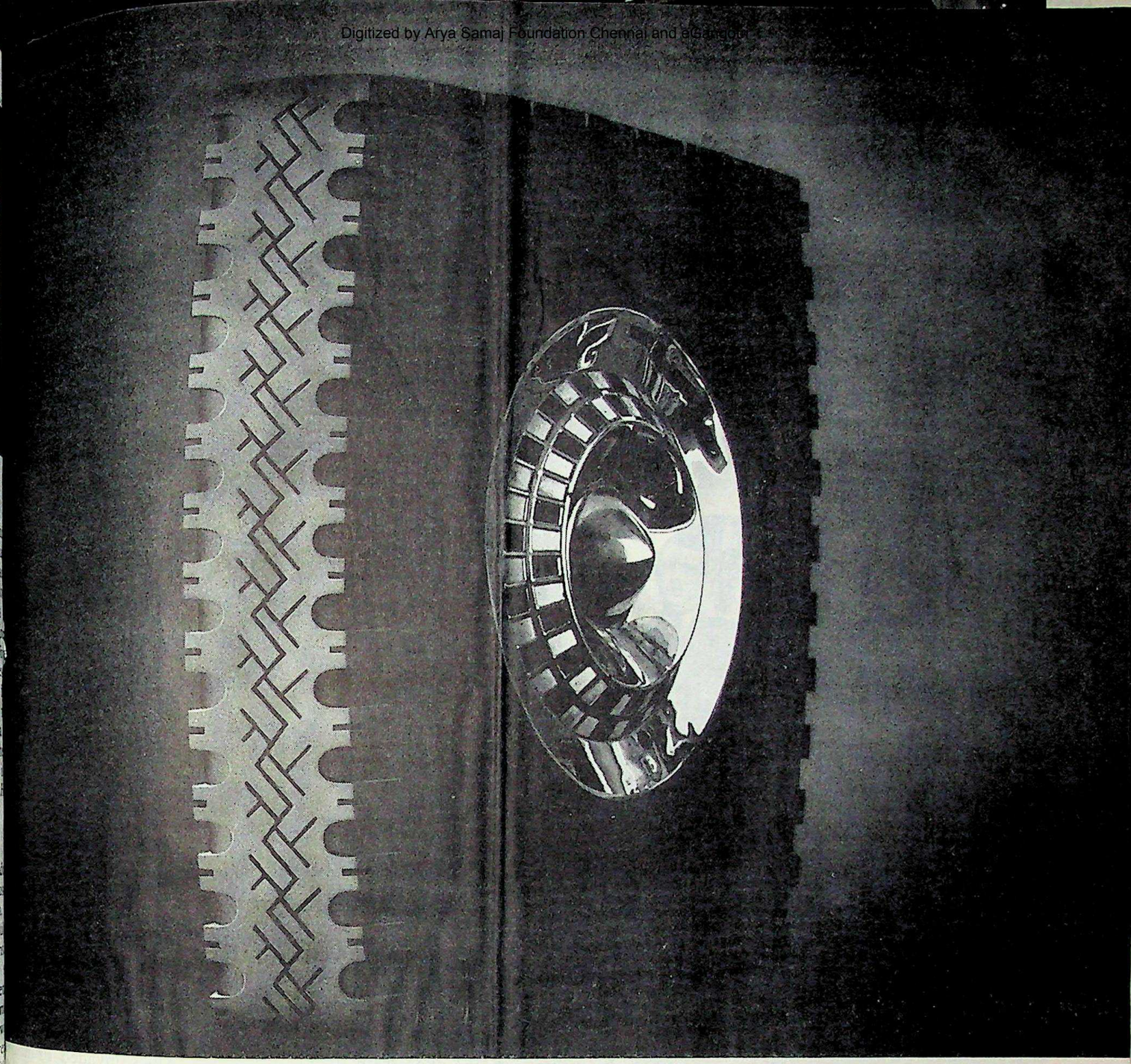

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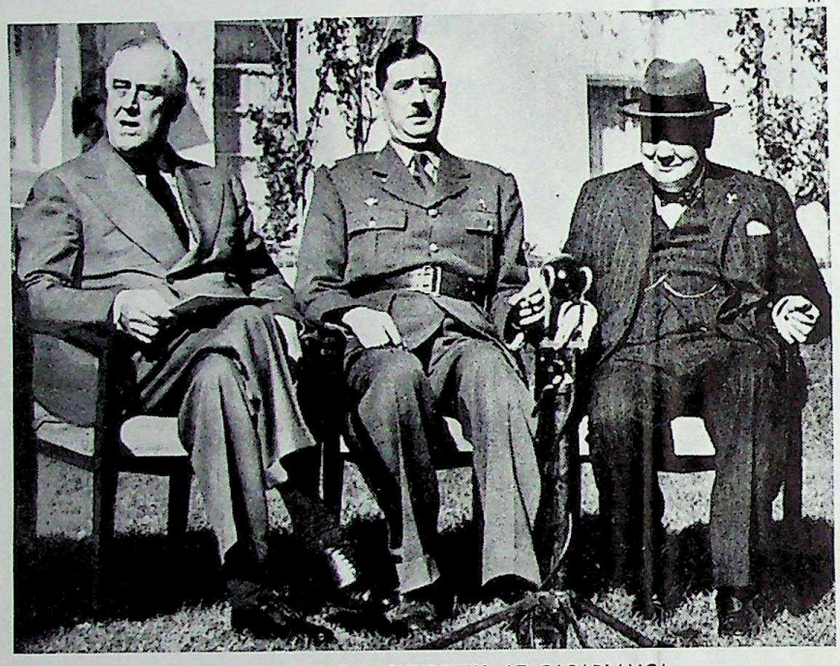
Too Poor to Bow

THE COMPLETE WAR MEMOIRS OF CHARLES DE GAULLE (1940-1946). 1,048 pages. *Simon & Schuster.* $12.50.

When Charles de Gaulle fled his prostrate country in 1940, he was all that the Free French had—and he had nothing: "Not the shadow of a force or of an organization at my side. In France, no following and no reputation. Abroad, neither credit nor standing." Four years later, the obscure and penniless general had helped liberate France, become its first postwar President, and taken his place among world statesmen of the first rank. History records no more telling example of the will to power.

De Gaulle's three volumes of wartime memoirs, published for the first time in their entirety, are a rung-by-rung account of that ascent. There were no mysteries about it, and De Gaulle makes none. He has been accused of melodrama, egocentricity and arrogance, but his memoirs are written in an eloquently understated, supremely lucid style. As to the familiar gibe about his Joan of Arc complex, *le grand Charles* has never believed that he or his beloved France had any special claim to divine protection. True, he was superbly, even illogically confident. But above all else, De Gaulle has always been a realist. In his serene, eminently aristocratic view of human affairs, man is an infinitely corruptible, infrequently brilliant creature. It was the task of Charles de Gaulle, as he saw it, to make the children of darkness see the light. But in the years of France's humiliation it took all the patience, compassion and perseverance of which he was capable.

"Limitless Fury." A soldier's son, De Gaulle grew up in Paris with an all-consuming love of country. "France," he decided in early youth, "cannot be France without greatness." As an army colonel in the 1930s, he was keenly aware of his country's disavowal of that destiny. Petty partisan squabbling and interminable changes of government kept France's defenses in a shambles. While Hitler armed to the teeth, the French staked all on their *grande illusion,* the Maginot Line. Risking his career, De Gaulle badgered his superiors to create a mechanized army capable of swift, massive attack. Only Hitler took his advice. France's capitulation, he writes, was the expression of a "profound national renunciation."



AP

F.D.R., DE GAULLE & CHURCHILL AT CASABLANCA
War's verdict reversed, a nation's stain washed clean.

De Gaulle's reaction was "limitless fury." He vowed: "If I live, I will fight, wherever I must, as long as I must, until the enemy is defeated and the national stain washed clean." De Gaulle tried to persuade the Vichy government to carry on the war from French North Africa, but no one of any eminence followed him into exile. "At this moment, the worst in her history," De Gaulle realized, "it was for me to assume the burden of France."

For six years he shouldered that burden without a day of rest. To many it seemed preposterous that a middle-echelon army officer should presume to reverse the verdict of war. But De Gaulle effectively enforced his claim with impassioned broadcasts, with tireless journeying to all parts of the French Empire, with his insistence in Allied councils that French sovereignty be everywhere respected. The U.S. protested the Gaullist seizure of Vichy-ruled islands off Newfoundland, even threatened to send in cruisers; De Gaulle replied that he would open fire on them. When a British general ha down the Tricolor at a French ou in Syria, De Gaulle dispatched a co of French troops to raise it again

Icy England. Roosevelt and Ch ill were frequently exasperated by difficult ally. Cool and lofty, a m of the calculated insult, the general nothing to allay their anger. De G was accused of sabotaging the wa fort, of planning to set himself u dictator of France. The leader of ain's Labor Party, among others, his misgivings about the general Gaulle recalls: "I can still see Attlee coming softly into my o asking for the reassurance neede relieve his conscience as a demo and then, after he had heard me, drawing with a smile on his face."

In one of those conversations seem to sum up the men and the e Churchill urged De Gaulle not to intransigent with the U.S. Said Prime Minister: "Look at the w yield and rise up again, turn and about." Replied De Gaulle: "Yo because you are seated on a solid an assembled nation, a united em large armies. But I! Where are m sources? And yet I, as you know responsible for the interests and de of France. It is too heavy a burden I am too poor to be able to b

Take & Hold. Without ever co ing De Gaulle, F.D.R. tried to brin Vichy forces in North Africa ov the Allied side, undercut his auth by setting up General Henri G in Algiers as the Free French mander-in-chief. But De Gaulle neyed to Algiers, "swallowed up raud, in Churchill's phrase, and re undisputed command of the ever-g ing Free French movement. Grad grudgingly, the Allies recognized Gaulle as his nation's *de facto* le When the Allies invaded France, were astounded at the fervor which he was regarded by most Fre men. Moreover, his wartime policy triumphantly vindicated when he aged to restore order to the ravaged nation and prevent the po ful Communists from seizing contr a single city.

Actually, as the rest of the world to learn, Charles de Gaulle ha shrewd understanding of the po world. Contemptuous of F.D.R.'s idealism, horrified by the surrend Poland to Stalin at the Yalta Co ence, De Gaulle expressed his p phy with customary bite: "In affairs, logic and sentiment do weigh heavily in comparison wi realities of power; what matters is one takes and what one can hold

"Bitter Serenity." It was his dream to preside as a powerful tive over a united France. He foiled by France, the "most me and intractable nation in the w The "parties of yesteryear," as dubbed them later, returned to old, irresponsible ways. Rather th

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embroiled in their machinations, De Gaulle resigned as President of France only two months after his election in 1946 and, retiring in "bitter serenity" to his country home outside Paris, wrote these memoirs.

"Every Frenchman, whatever his tendencies," De Gaulle concludes, "had the troubling suspicion that with the general vanished something primordial, permanent and necessary which he incarnated in history and which the regime of parties could not represent. But they knew it could be invoked by common consent as soon as a new laceration threatened the nation." Like so many of the general's grand pronouncements, it turned out to be a simple statement of fact. In 1958, on the brink of civil war, France did indeed turn again to the primordial force that is Charles de Gaulle.

You Were There

THE BLACK SHIP SCROLL *by Oliver Statler.* 80 pages. *Tuttle.* $5.

When Commodore Matthew Perry's U.S. flotilla pried open the door of hermetic Japan in 1854, the world gasped delightedly at the treasures within. The quaintness of Japanese life and the beauty of its art affected interior decoration from New York to Paris, influenced the course of modern painting, launched a flood of books and operas. What, while the West marveled, did the Japanese make of it all?

The question is partially answered by this slim, elegant volume that has been assembled by Nipponologist Oliver Statler, author of *Japanese Inn* (but no kin to the U.S. innkeeping clan). Half of the book, and its heart, consists of 40 color plates taken from two Japanese scrolls of the time. Such scrolls, which unrolled horizontally up to 40 ft., served as the picture books and newsreels of feudal Japan. To document Perry's arrival, and satisfy their feudal masters' incorrigible curiosity, Japanese artists swarmed aboard Perry's six black ships, sketching virtually everything in sight with swift brush strokes on mulberry-bark paper. Their captions are often as eerily strange as their pictures, which confirmed the Japanese notion that all Westerners had enormous noses and were covered with hair. Clean-shaven Commodore Perry is shown as a slant-eyed demon, heavily mustached and bearded, with eyebrows as thick as bagels.

In you-were-there fashion, the scrolls faithfully capture the Americans in every conceivable pursuit: tippling, hunting, surveying Shimoda harbor, laundering their clothes at the beach. They also suggest that U.S. sailors have not changed very much. One picture depicts a tipsy seaman dallying in an inn with five tarts, and the dialogue is suitably arch: "Oh, come a little closer to me!" "I say, I say, it seems you've had too much and can't stand up!"

Japanese casualness about sex convinced Perry that they were "a lewd people." When the shogun's commissioners complained that a U.S. naval officer had left some religious books in one of the temples, Perry responded by protesting against "the obscene books which the Japanese had given the sailors." But after a desperate effort on both sides to understand each other, this first encounter between two great nations of the Pacific ended amicably. As Perry prepared to sail for home, the Japanese came out to his flagship with the last of their presents, three small spaniels for President Millard Fillmore. "They now thrive in Washington," he reported later, not unlike Lyndon Johnson's Him and Her.

COMMODORE PERRY
All Westerners are hairy.

The Honey Trap

RUPERT BROOKE *by Christopher Hassall.* 557 pages. *Harcourt, Brace & World.* $8.75.

"Why," he wondered as a boy, "do we always know someone everywhere?" The answer was simple. Rupert Brooke grew up among Top People in an era when no other kind counted in England. As a kid he built sandcastles with Virginia Woolf. Other adoring contemporaries included Darwin's granddaughters, Keyneses, Stracheys and most of the other young Britons who were to leave their mark on the times. As the late Christopher Hassall makes clear in this massive, kindly biography, Rupert Brooke had everything: charm, grace, Grecian good looks, precocious brilliance. That was his tragedy. For Rupert, everything from schoolboy success to a celebrated death came too quickly, too easily.

Everything, that is, but emotional maturity. Mother was part of his problem. The wife of a housemaster at Rugby, she was a proper, pre-Freudian Victorian to the last glove button. Young Rupert, who arrived after his mother had lost a daughter in infancy, was often told that she had terribly hoped he would be a girl.

After King's College, Cambridge (Uncle Alan was Dean), the o golden lads and lasses fell in love, r ried, got jobs. Not Rupert. Daw on at Grantchester, a sleepy village Cambridge ("Yet stands the ch clock at ten to three? And is there ho still for tea?"), he floundered thro one infatuation after another. But the only girl who really wanted a ous relationship, Rupert backed filled, made himself sick and finally to the South Seas. He admitted, Hassall, that "he was, most regrett a Victorian at heart." At 27, on few months before his death, he fessed in a letter to Cathleen Nes then a struggling young actress, he was "a cripple, incomplete. seemed to have missed everything

It was in World War I, of co that Brooke found completion in e sense, and he seemingly anticipate fate years ahead of time. It was heroic death. The war poet, as he membered, was a victim of blood soning aboard a ship in the Aegea grave on the island of Skyros attra most as many tourists as Shelley' in the English Protestant Cemete Rome. In Brooke's memory, G chester's clock for many years stopped at ten to three.

The 95 poems that comprise Bro collected works still sell, in a when there is hardly any corner foreign field that calls itself Engli Rupert Brooke had survived, or h even been exposed to the soul-shre savagery of trench warfare that di the bitter poetry of Wilfred Owe Siegfried Sassoon, he might hav come a different, and possibly b writer. As it was, he became an logical Immortal, trapped forev the honey of post-adolescent nost

Musical Chairs

THE VALLEY OF BONES *by A Powell.* 242 pages. *Little, Brown.* $

To pick up one of Anthony P novels at random is as bewilder experience as walking into a halfway through *Henry IV*, P Who is Hugo Warminster? Wh Dicky Unfraville despise Buster What ever became of Eleanor W Wilson and her Lesbian roomma

Powell's cool, elegantly witty in fact are not so much self-con novels as chapters in a pro twelve-part series that he calls *T sic of Time*. So numerous are t and diverting characters who and out of his pages that a list their names and relationships bled by London's *Time and T* novels back, occupied four full of type. Yet every one of the distinctively striated and plum life as a mountain trout, and t ciety they inhabit is as compellin and elaborate as Proust's Paris.

Twitching Thread. In *The V Bones*, No. 7 in his series, picks up the life of Nicholas

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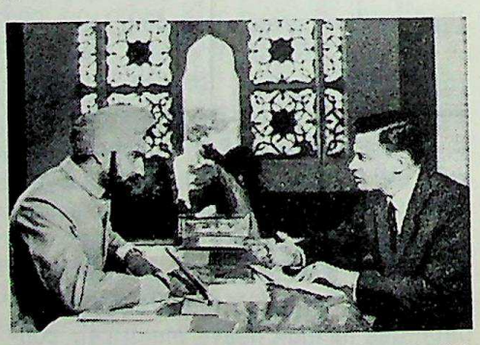

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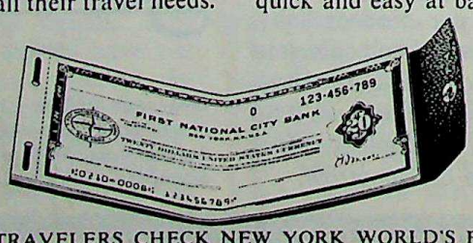
Joe Gore, of Florissant, Mo. bought more Citibank Travelers Checks right here. It's quick and easy at banks everywhere.



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his all-seeing narrator, shortly after outbreak of World War II; it ends a year later after the fall of Dun At 35, Old Etonian Nick is a some overage second lieutenant assigne backwater posts in Ireland and W where he passes his time studying gas warfare and reading Thacke *Henry Esmond*. The shooting which largely flows past him, imp Powell less than its effects on the s eaten aristocrats and upper-middle English men and women who in his fictional world. Not a great happens. Nick's brother-in-law, ert Tolland, is killed while servi France with the Field Security ice. "Would he have made a l money in his export house trading the Far East? Might he have m Flavia Wisebite? As in musical c the piano stops suddenly, some left without a seat, petrified fo time in their attitude of that pe lar moment."

Nick encounters all manner o types in the army. He is linked t all by the warp of a social fabric Powell understands as well as any er now working, and by the loo of coincidence, which Powell u more shamelessly than any n since Dickens. When a charac *The Valley of Bones* moves, a character inevitably twitches at th of a fictional thread that may r all the way back to *A Question bringing*, the first in his series. Ni a casual conversation with a fell ficer, and a memory floats Joy to the surface: "I was struck thought as to where I might hav Pennistone before. Was it at Mr driadis' party in Hill Street twelve years ago? His identity w vealed. He was the young ma the orchid in his buttonhole."

Patterned Spectacle. An offi ting with his back to Nick sud swivels in his chair—and turns be Widmerpool, that inspired who appears in all his novels a ell's satiric image of England's man." Some characters will pres never reappear. Others, notably Odo Stevens, who falls in love w other of Nick's sisters-in-law, w viously glide into view again i chapters of the saga.

Powell's vision of society, as plained at the outset of his se one of "human beings moving hand in intricate measure: s slowly, methodically, sometimes awkwardly, in evolutions that ca ognizable shape: or breaking into ingly meaningless gyrations, whi ners disappear only to reappear once more giving pattern to th tacle: unable to control the s unable, perhaps, to control the the dance." Powell himself ul mately controls the melody, reader who joins his dance, it that he is unfolding one of comic sagas in English fiction.

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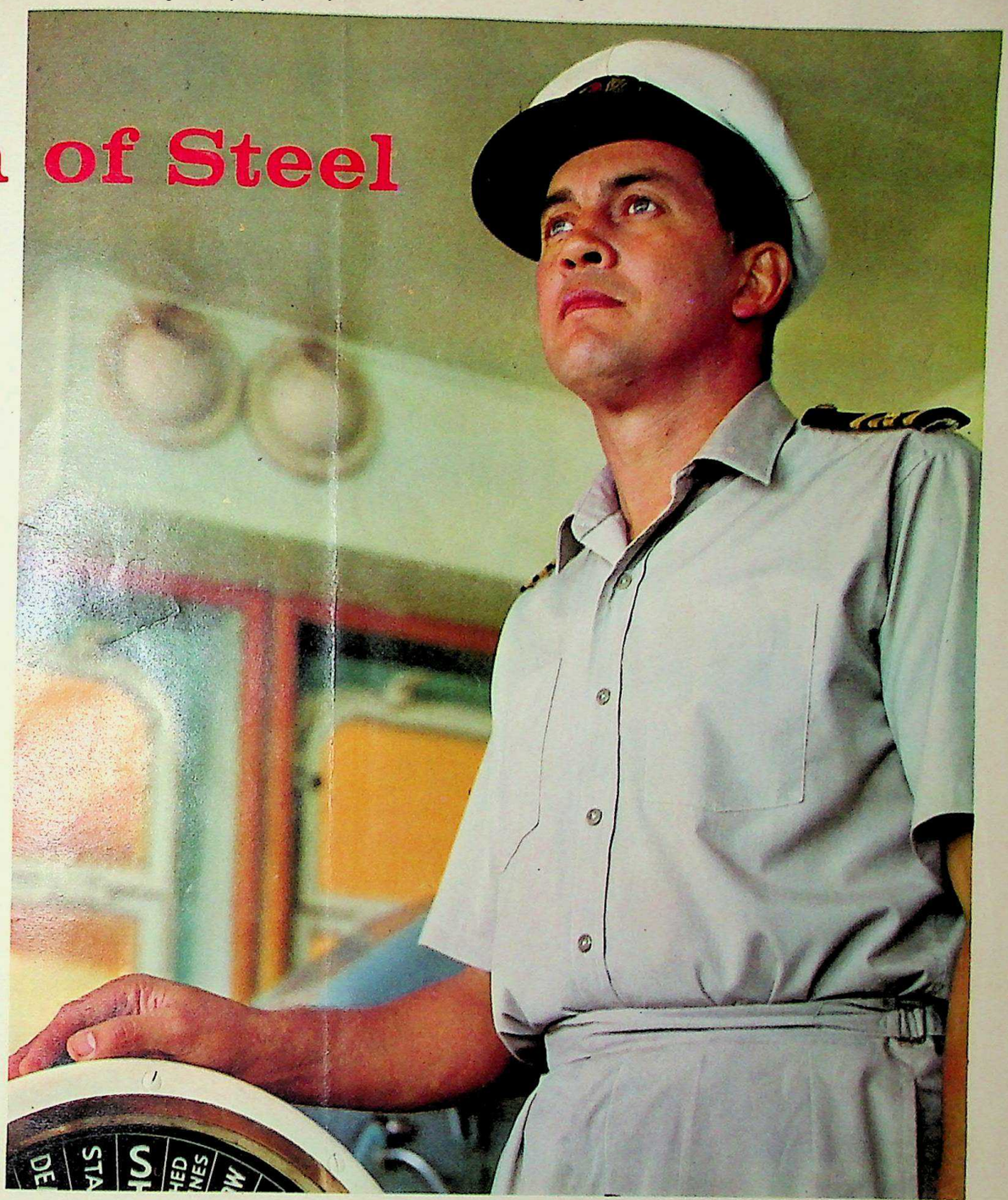
Men of Steel



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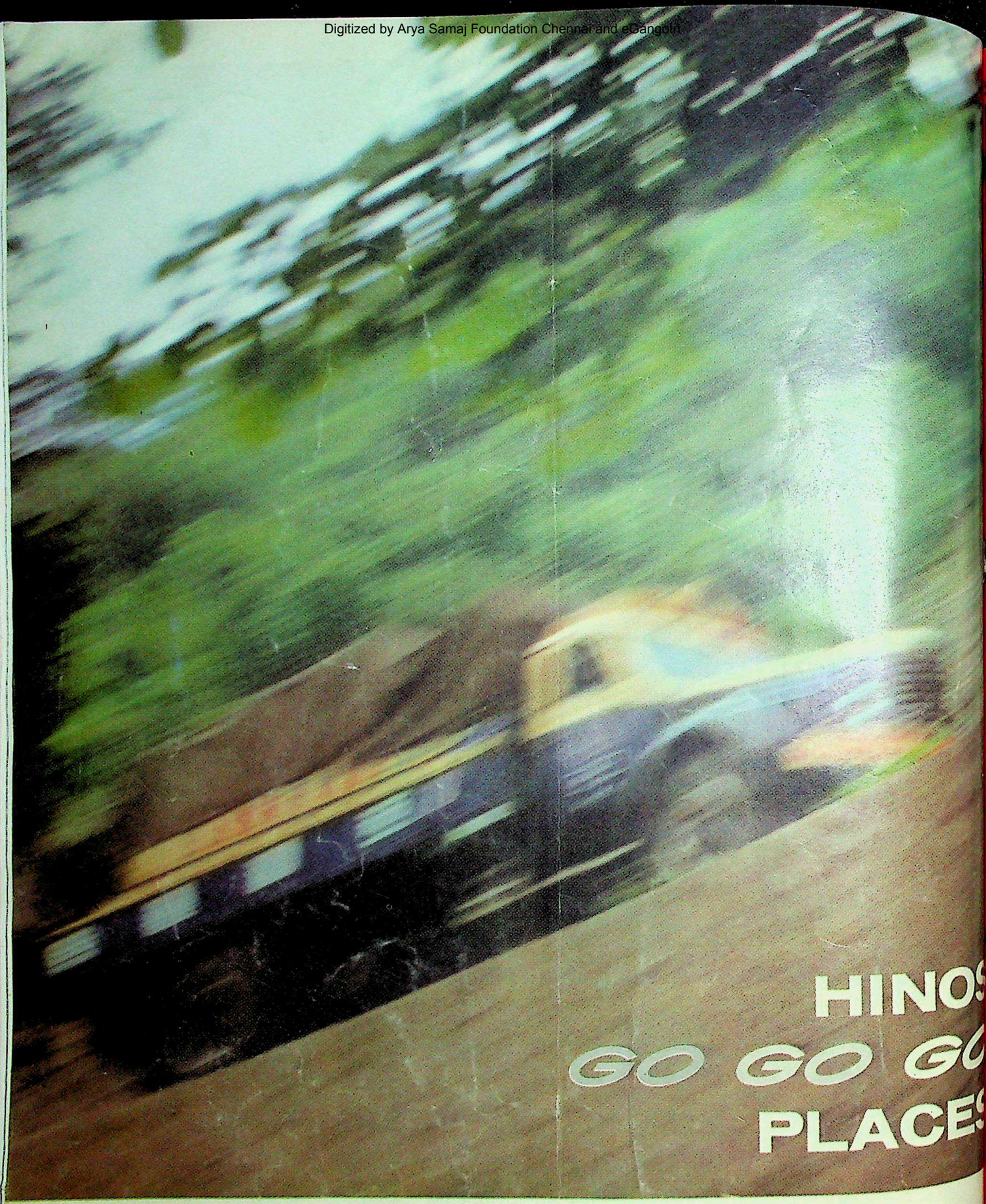

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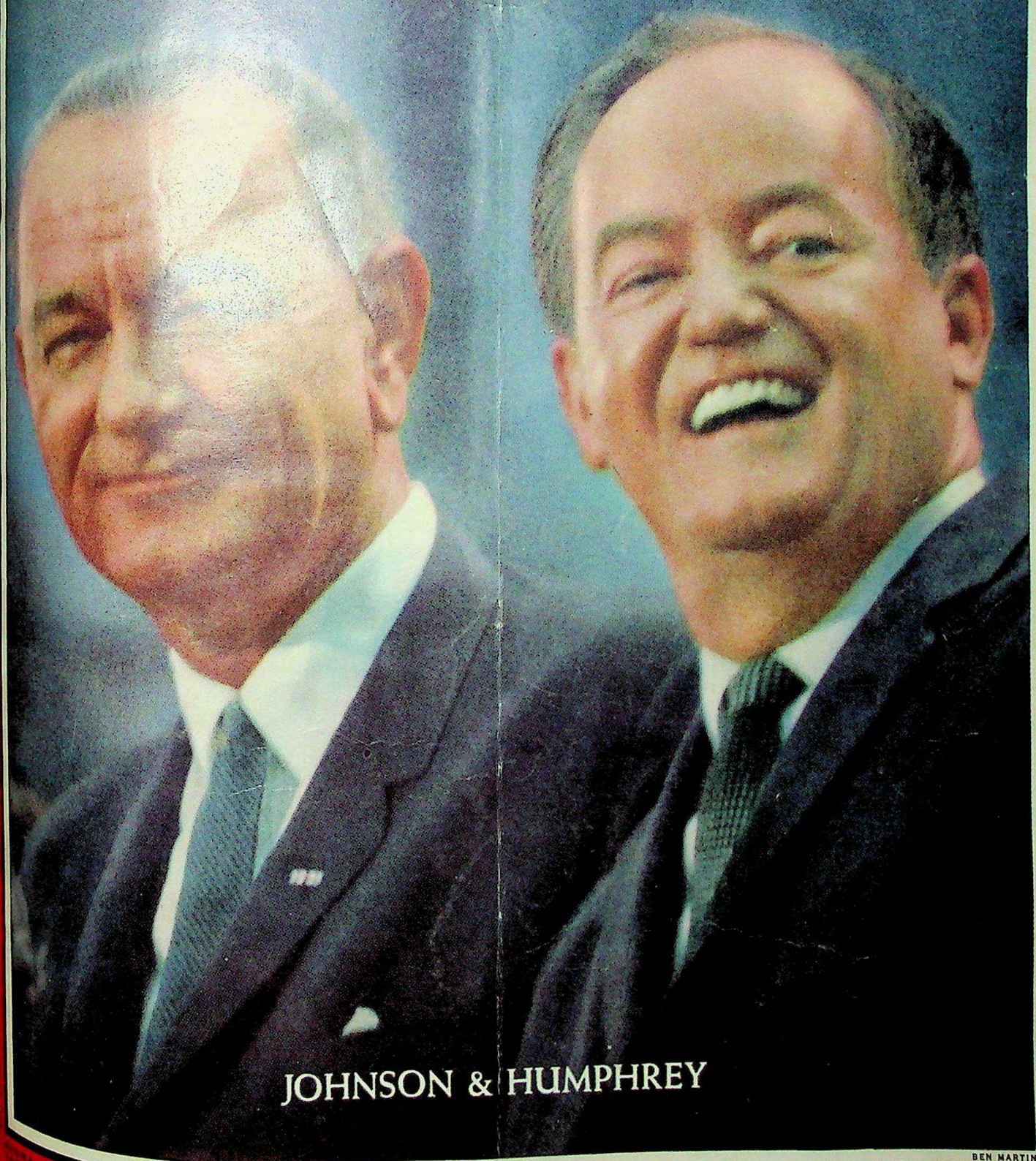
TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE



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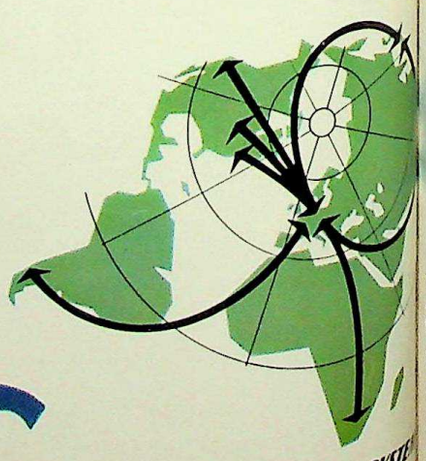

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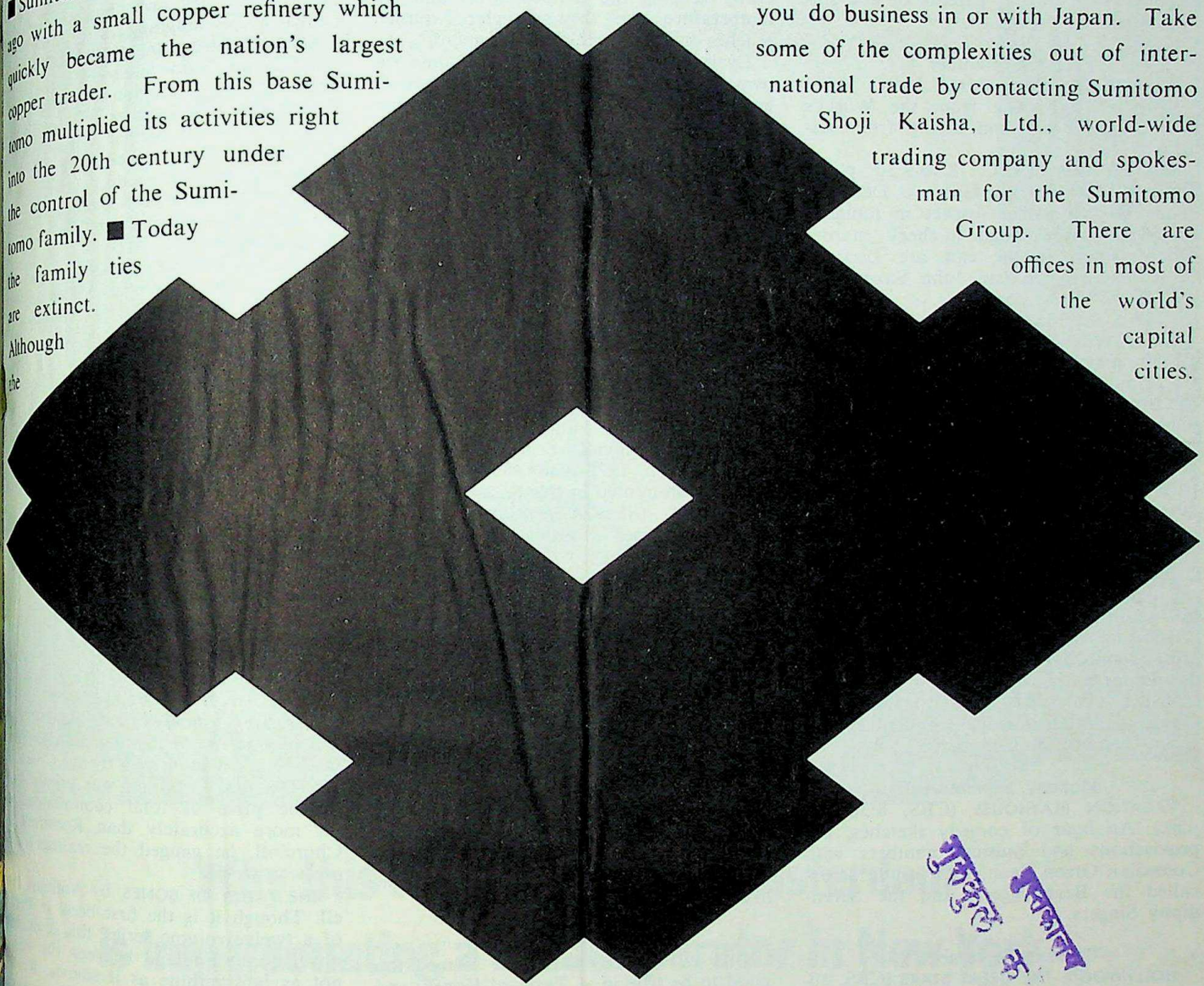

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TIME LISTINGS

TELEVISION

Thursday, September 3

KRAFT SUSPENSE THEATER (NBC, 10-11 p.m.).* Repeat of an excellent drama about four irresponsible college students who refuse to take the blame when their car kills a pedestrian. Robert Ryan and Phyllis Avery star as parents of one student. Color.

Friday, September 4

SUMMER OLYMPICS TRIALS (ABC, 7:30-8:30 p.m.). Wrestling from the World's Fair Singer Bowl; and diving from Astoria, L.I.

BURKE'S LAW (ABC, 8:30-9:30 p.m.). Swedish Maid Zsa Zsa Gabor is Detective Amos Burke's prime suspect in tonight's episode of this tongue-in-cheek murder series. Others in the cast are Lizabeth Scott, Paul Lynde and John Saxon.

Saturday, September 5

ABC'S WIDE WORLD OF SPORTS (ABC, 5-6:30 p.m.). First national telecast of the Hambletonian, the Kentucky Derby of trotting, now in its 39th year and worth $150,000 in prize money. Also, Japanese baseball championships.

NBC SPORTS SPECIAL (NBC, 5:30-6 p.m.). Bud Palmer hosts a preview of the N.C.A.A. football season.

Sunday, September 6

DISCOVERY (ABC, 1-1:30 p.m.). This excellent show for older children starts its fall season with a look at some of the artists and scientists who have made the most significant contributions to man's development.

ISSUES & ANSWERS (ABC, 1:30-2 p.m.). Guest is Walter Carey, president of the U.S. Chamber of Commerce.

Monday, September 7

VACATION PLAYHOUSE (CBS, 8:30-9:30 p.m.). An hour of comedy sketches, improvisations and musical numbers with Comedian Orson Bean, four young actors called the Beanbaggers, and the Serendipity Singers.

Tuesday, September 8

HOLLYWOOD: THE GREAT STARS (CBS, 10-11 p.m.). A nostalgic look at Hollywood's legendary figures, narrated by Henry Fonda. Included are scenes with Clark Gable, Mary Pickford, Rudolph Valentino, Humphrey Bogart, Joan Crawford, John Garfield. Repeat.

* All times E.D.T.

RECORDS

Opera

PUCCINI: LA BOHEME (2 LPs; Angel). As Mimi, which she has sung at La Scala, Mirella Freni, 29, an Italian lyric soprano of talent and beauty, can hold her own with Tebaldi, De los Angeles and Moffo. Her voice is easy and focused, but her particular strength as the little seamstress is her touching youthfulness. Tenor Nicolai Gedda is equally melodious and moving as her lover. Thomas Schippers conducts the Rome Opera House Orchestra and Chorus impetuously but artfully.

BIZET: CARMEN (3 LPs; RCA Victor). At the beginning, Soprano Leontyne Price sounds outsized, more like Lilith than a simple gypsy, but the opera soon rises to her voltage. Tenor Franco Corelli manages a convincing disintegration as Don José, and Baritone Robert Merrill's Escamillo exudes male vanity. Mirella Freni makes a sweet-voiced Micaela. Conductor Herbert von Karajan colors the Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra sensuously, generally keeping the tempos down and the temperature up; the smugglers' quintet reaches a high pitch of excitement.

Every man, of course, must choose his own Carmen. While Price's voice has an earthy authority and musky beauty, her sexiness is somehow impersonal and incantatory. Victoria de los Angeles (with Sir Thomas Beecham, on Angel) is more vivacious and brilliant. Scheduled soon to make her recorded debut in the role: Maria Callas.

FRIEDRICH SCHORR (Angel) was opera's greatest *Heldenbariton* in the years between the World Wars, and the richness and purity of his voice, with its exact, intelligent phrasing, have seldom been surpassed. These excerpts from *Die Meistersinger*, in which he sings his greatest role, Hans Sachs, include also the voices of Lauritz Melchior and Elisabeth Schumann. The original recordings were issued between 1928 and 1932, but they sound fresh-minted in this reissue.

SMETANA: THE BARTERED BRIDE (3 LPs; Angel) combines peasant gaiety with the darker Slavic yearnings echoed in Smetana's celebrated orchestral piece, *The Moldau*. This is the best *Bride* yet recorded, but by being sung in German it loses the dumpling-rich, explosive sound of Czech. As the marriage broker, Wagnerian Basso Frick is excellent, though he may not quite match the traditional Czech performers in humor or beery profundity. Equally fine are the rest of the cast, including Tenor Karl-Ernst Mercker, who as the half-witted half brother has the thankless task of singing several arias with a stammer. German-born Rudolf Kempe manages the Bamberg Symphony Orchestra with such authentic fire that he sounds like a natural-born Bohemian.

CINEMA

GIRL WITH GREEN EYES. She seemed too good to be true in *A Taste of Honey;* and in her second picture, Liverpool's Rita Tushingham, 22, seems even better than that: a girl who both acts like an angel and looks like a star. Peter Finch plays her middle-aged lover and plays him well, but Rita's dazzling presence turns Finch to sparrow.

A HARD DAY'S NIGHT. A treat for the Beatle generation. The holler boys' first film is fresh, fast and funny, and it may moderate the adult notion that a Beatle is something to be greeted with DDT.

HARA-KIRI. A gory, sometimes tedious, sometimes beautiful dramatic treatise on an old Japanese custom: ritual suicide.

THAT MAN FROM RIO. This picture from France, a wild and wacky travesty of what passes for adventure in the average film thriller, stars Jean-Paul Belmondo and is directed with way-out wit by Philippe (*The Five-Day Lover*) de Broca.

THE NIGHT OF THE IGUANA. In John Huston's version of Tennessee Williams' play, several unlikely characters (portrayed with talent by Richard Burton and with competence by Deborah Kerr and Ava Gardner) turn up in the patio of a not-very-grand hotel in Mexico and talk, talk about their peculiar problems.

LOS TARANTOS. A dance drama from Spain that tells the story of a gypsy Romeo and Juliet.

ISLAND OF THE BLUE DOLPHINS. For children: the touching tale of an Indian girl (Celia Kaye) who lives alone on an island off California.

A SHOT IN THE DARK. Sellers of Sûreté sets a new style in sleuthing: the murderer get away but make sure the audience dies laughing.

SEDUCED AND ABANDONED. Director Pietro Germi, who made *Divorce—Italian Style* the most ferociously funny film of the decade, tells another story of life and love in a small Sicilian town. But this time there is less fun and more ferocity.

ZULU. A bloody good show based on an historical incident that occurred in 18[illegible] the siege of a British outpost by 4,000 African tribesmen.

THE UNSINKABLE MOLLY BROWN, played by the unstoppable Debbie Reynolds, keeps this big and brassy movie version of the Broadway musical charging right along.

NOTHING BUT THE BEST. A lower-class clerk (Alan Bates) hires an upper-class crumb to teach him the niceties of Establishment snobbery in this cheeky, stylish, often superlative British satire.

THE ORGANIZER. Director Mario Monicelli's drama about a 19th century strike in Turin has warmth, humor, stunning photography, and a superb performance by Marcello Mastroianni as a sort of Socialist Savonarola.

BOOKS

Best Reading

THE COMPLETE WAR MEMOIRS OF CHARLES DE GAULLE (1940-1946). A moving chronicle of one man's fighting faith in France in its blackest hour. *Le Grand Charles*, the '60s think of him, was grimly aware of the price of total commitment, and far more accurately than Roosevelt or Churchill, he gauged the realities of the postwar world.

THE VALLEY OF BONES, by Anthony Powell. Though it is the first book in Part 2 of a twelve-volume series, this dryly witty novel about England between the wars is not as labyrinthine as it sounds. Readers who awakened late to Powell's mastery of work can now follow the characters chronologically. The earlier books may be Marienbad of time; from now on they will follow it.

THE GAY PLACE, by William Brammer. Hardly noticed when it was first published in 1961, this first novel by a sometime aide to Lyndon Johnson has become a top-selling paperback and a political conversation piece. Deservedly, for despite fictional camouflage it is an adroitly witten *roman à clef* about L.B.J. in the days when he was ringmaster of the U.S. Senate.

THE SCOTCH, by John Galbraith. In the memoir of his childhood in a frugal Scottish community in Ontario, the author of *The Affluent Society* documents the tightwad society. It is a diverting study of the Scotch and an intriguing, ironic insight into the formative influences that made Economist Galbraith an evangelist of free spending.

THE OYSTERS OF LOCMARIAQUER, by Elinor Clark. All about the care and feeding of the world's best oysters, and the Bre-

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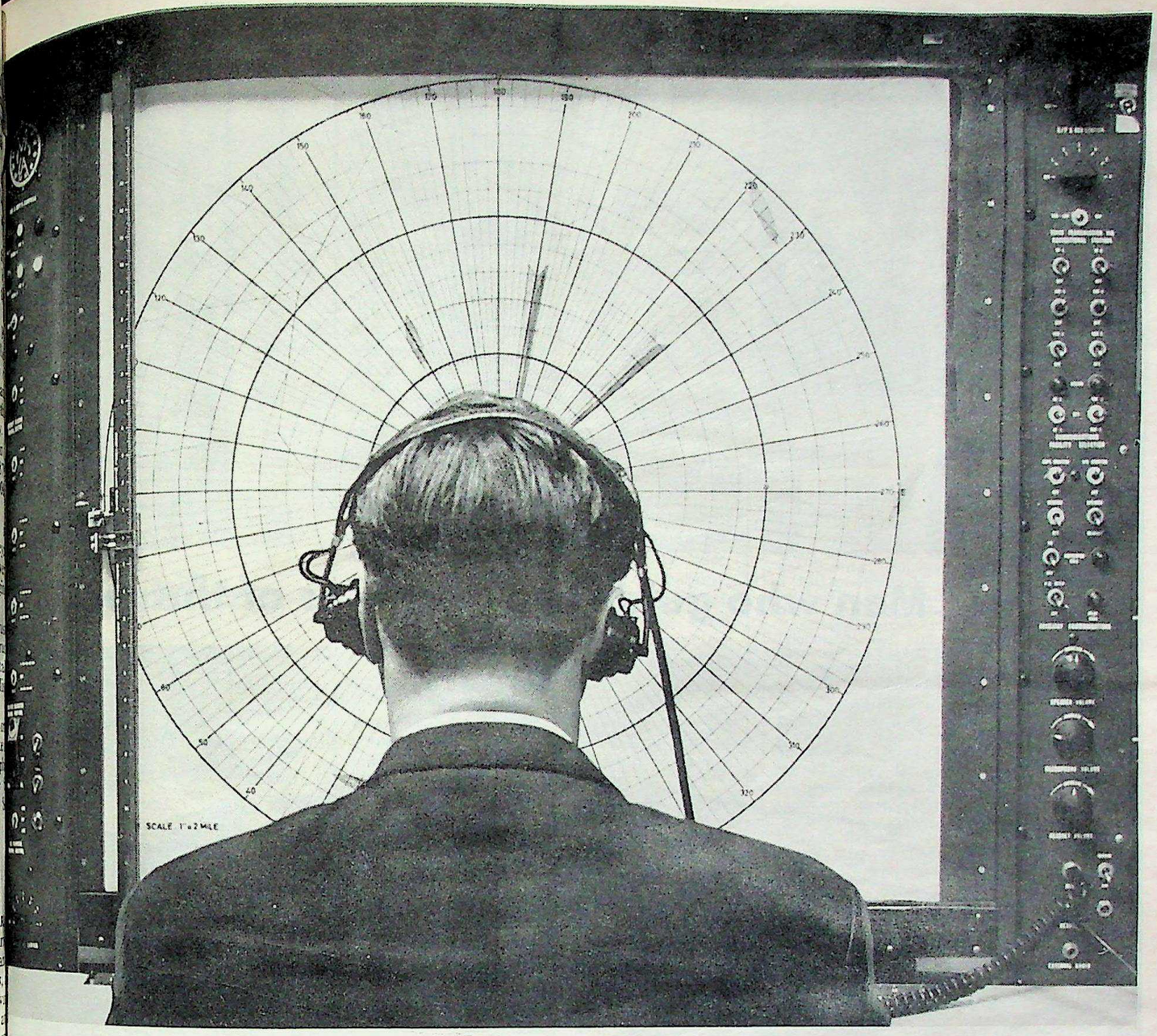

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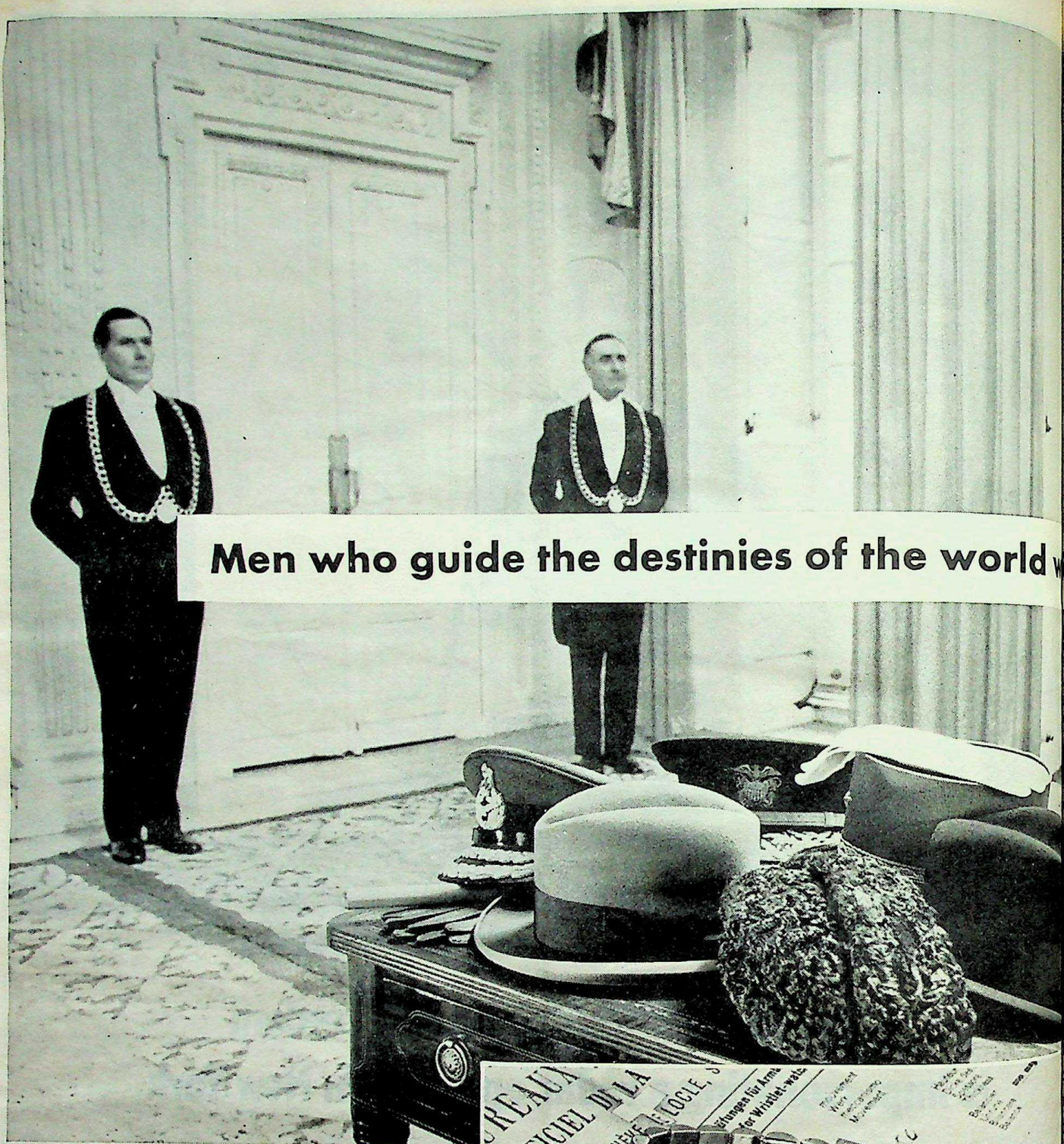

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ons who attend them. With love and encyclopedic knowledge of *Ostrea edulis*, the author has written a nourishing and succulent book that can be safely read before the *R* months begin.

EUGENE ONEGIN, by Vladimir Nabokov. Novelist-Scholar Nabokov has rendered Alexander Pushkin's highly romantic 19th century novel-in-verse with greater accuracy and range of meaning than any previous translation. By contrast, his volumes of notes show Nabokov as an obsessive genius of the species that he kidded so guilefully in his novel *Pale Fire*.

CORNELIUS SHIELDS ON SAILING. Corny's own philosophy for winning races is also a frank memoir of the man, who at 70 is the champion U.S. skipper.

THE SIEGE OF HARLEM, by Warren Miller. In this book's fantasy plot, Harlem grows tired of riots and declares itself an independent nation. Miller, who lived there for five years, proves his skill both as satirist and Harlemologist.

THE RECTOR OF JUSTIN, by Louis Auchincloss. A better chronicler of Massachusetts' elite Groton School and its wise, eccentric founder, Endicott Peabody, could hardly be hoped for. In this intricate, fascinating chronicle of "Dr. Prescott" of "Justin," Author Auchincloss finally fulfills his longtime promise of major distinction as a novelist.

TWO NOVELS, by Brigid Brophy. In these elegant and wickedly brilliant novellas about a masquerade ball and a lesbian schoolmistress, Brigid Brophy shows subtlety of both thought and style.

THE FAR FIELD, by Theodore Roethke. A posthumous selection of the poems Roethke wrote during the last seven years of his life celebrates movingly and prophetically "the last pure stretch of joy, the dire dimension of a final thing."

JULIAN, by Gore Vidal. A voluminous, fascinating, well-researched historical novel, yet it remains oddly dispassionate and at one remove from the vibrant and youthful Roman Emperor whose turbulent 18-month reign marked the last conflict in the Western world between Hellenism and early Christianity.

Best Sellers

FICTION

1. The Spy Who Came In from the Cold, Le Carré (3 last week)
2. Candy, Southern and Hoffenberg (1)
3. Armageddon, Uris (2)
4. Julian, Vidal (4)
5. The Rector of Justin, Auchincloss (5)
6. Convention, Knebel and Bailey (6)
7. This Rough Magic, Stewart
8. The 480, Burdick (7)
9. The Spire, Golding (9)
10. You Only Live Twice, Fleming

NONFICTION

1. A Moveable Feast, Hemingway (1)
2. Harlow, Shulman (3)
3. The Invisible Government, Wise and Ross (2)
4. A Tribute to John F. Kennedy, Salinger and Vanocur (4)
5. Mississippi: The Closed Society, Silver (9)
6. Four Days, U.P.I. and American Heritage (5)
7. Diplomat Among Warriors, Murphy (8)
8. The Kennedy Wit, Adler (6)
9. Crisis in Black and White, Silberman (7)
10. A Day in the Life of President Kennedy, Bishop

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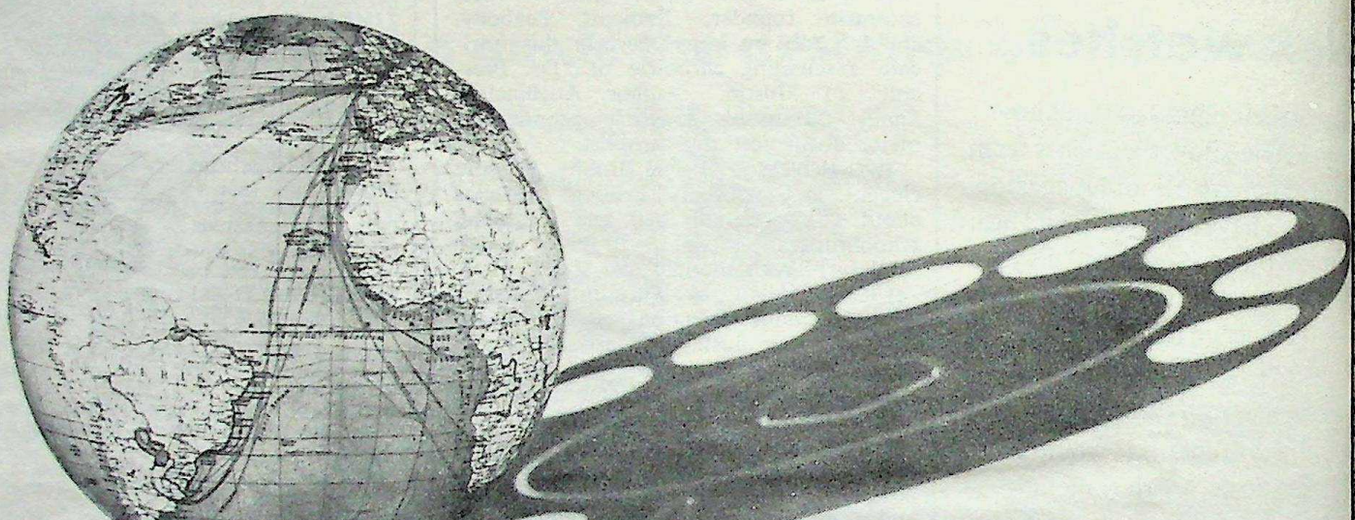

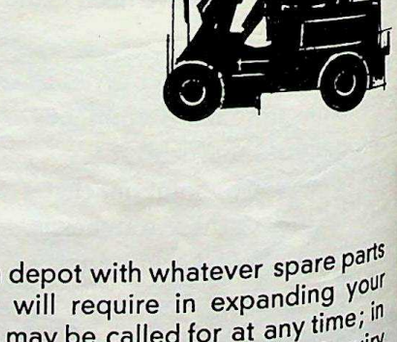

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LETTERS

ndon's Lady

r: Your cover story on our First Lady ug. 28] should be required reading for l prospective brides. Men date popular ds, but they marry, and stay married to, e Claudia Taylors of this country. She all any man could want in a wife, and r faults seem like virtues in the vast jority of American womanhood, 1964.

RICHARD P. PETTY

lainview, Minn.

r: Mrs. L.B.J. is representative of a w breed of American women of dignity d intelligence who combine the roles of fe, mother and business woman with ming success. To those who criticize r for wearing her clothes more than nce, I would say that most of us do.

ELIZABETH G. MONROE

dover, Mass.

r: Re Lady Bird Johnson's "twanging al," a so-called Southern "accent" ere are several) need not be less accept- e than the speech characteristics of er regions. One of my West Tennessee latives once twanged to a sharp-accented ic: "Don't forget that you sound just funny to me as I do to you."

TOM FLAKE

shville, Tenn.

r: The remark attributed to Mme. Al- nd, "I suppose that now we will all e to learn to do zee bar-bee-cue," in- cates a lesson in manners is needed, if t in elementary diplomacy.

T. MURPHY

w York City

r: Your story on Mrs. Johnson was so thing and catlike that I was amazed. strongly protest the fact that your publi- ion could taunt a First Lady who has monstrated such an unselfish interest in e welfare of her country. Her statelady- e qualities may not excite cynical so- isticates and the foreign press, but thank eavens most Americans are not quite so allow. Down with Lady Bird's Stalkers!

LUCINDA MCCONNEL WATSON

troit

r: Your cover portrait of Lady Bird an insult. Artzybasheff has given her as uch warmth as one of the gadgets he raws so well for your covers.

A. NART

w York City

r: Artist Artzybasheff captured a won- rful likeness of Lady Bird Johnson. Even our three-year-old daughter recognized her instantly.

MRS. LEO M. SCHROEDER

Minneapolis

Sir: I object to your suggestion that the people of this country were originally disappointed with Lady Bird after Jacqueline Kennedy. Here is one Harvard man who liked Mrs. Johnson from the start.

JOHN MILLER

Milwaukee

Sir: So the London BBC has termed the spirited and most capable Mrs. Johnson "so beige." It figures. Compared to their own "First Lady," the British conception of beige must be a blinding flash of color.

(MRS.) LORRAYN M. MILLER

Sacramento, Calif.

Razor-Sharp Readiness

Sir: Your cover story on the Pacific Command [Aug. 14] and the role of our men in the Tonkin Gulf crisis was a tribute to the many—both behind the scenes and on the line—who once again demonstrated so well their razor-sharp readiness to defend the American flag. Indeed there could be no greater pride than mine in the privilege of leading the soldiers, sailors, marines and airmen of the Pacific Command. Having topflight reporter Keith Johnson with us that week was a pleasure for me and my staff. His personable manner and professional approach made a most pleasant association out of what otherwise could have been a difficult task.

U.S.G. SHARP

Commander in Chief Pacific

San Francisco

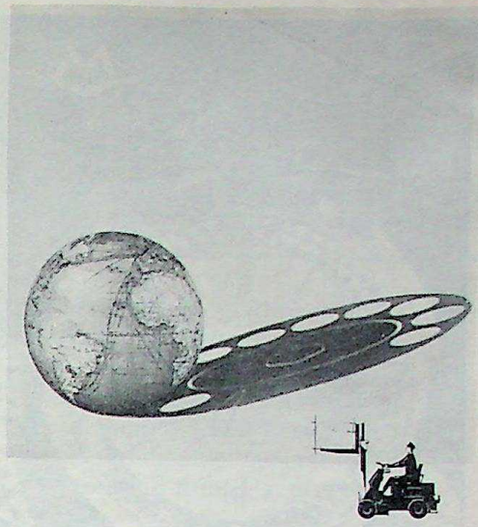
Current Catholicism

Sir: As a "right-wing," anti-ecumenical Protestant clergyman, I tried to read your article on Richard Cardinal Cushing [Aug. 21] with proper disgust, but nostalgia got the best of me. Any Bostonian worth his salt cod has to be proud of this grand old man and his antics. Like our glorious Tea Party, he will always be part of my Boston.

(THE REV.) R.W. NICKERSON

Lisbon, N.Y.

Sir: If the picture you paint of that great guy Cardinal Cushing had been presented before the day of wonderful Pope John, we Protestants would have expected to see him excommunicated. Would that we had known of his clear insights, his impatience with outlived trappings and "legalism in the church," his attendance at non-Roman



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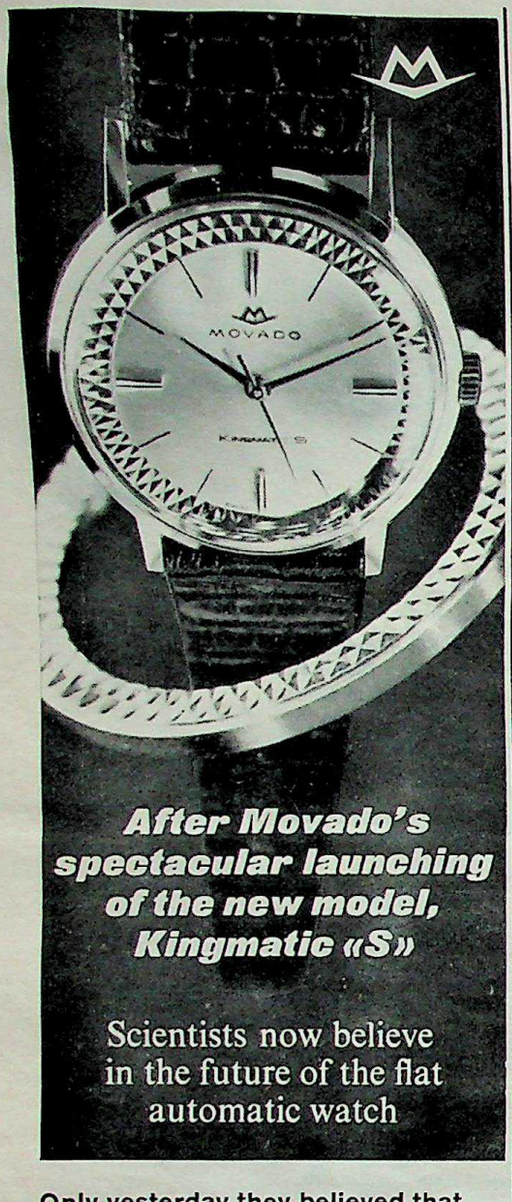

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Scientists now believe in the future of the flat automatic watch

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services, his wit and good humor, when he was so often publicized during Kennedy's White House years. What a man! What a human being!

ELIZABETH R. STEWART

Vancouver, Wash.

Sir: We who in childhood were spoon-fed the catechism answers as the be-all and end-all of religion and now occasionally, when the thought of religion occurs to us, wonder why we feel hollow and quite uncaring about the whole subject, are delighted with the era of the "good Pope John" and welcome with joy and enthusiasm his outspoken and good-humored disciple, Cardinal Cushing. The day of the tightly compartmented, oh so comfortably barricaded minds of the born-and-bred bead-sayers has passed.

TERRY STORMS

La Place, La.

Rural Rider

Sir: The vote of the House to halt court action on redistricting [Aug. 21] is too important to joke about. The present favoring of rural representation in every state in this country is becoming an increasing problem. Taxation without representation was an issue in our American Revolution. It is rapidly becoming one with regard to poor city schools and roads, farm subsidies and the poor quality of state governments. Even congressional seniority that ties up so much legislation is ultimately a result of poor apportionment. Those 218 Congressmen have forgotten about separation of powers and federal supremacy.

DANIEL NEUBOURG

Staten Island, N.Y.

Misery in Mozambique

Sir: More than eight centuries of Portuguese history make your own history appear as a pitifully short one, which might explain, but hardly excuse, the lack of political and spiritual maturity plainly demonstrated by the insertion of such a venomous outburst of hatred as your article on Mozambique [Aug. 14]. Your evaluation of Portuguese Africa is a futile effort to divert public attention from U.S. racial problems, which are the most shameful in the world.

LUIS CARDOSO DE MENEZES

Lisbon

Sir: During the Angola crisis, Africans possessing anything more than an elementary education were expelled from Mozambique in an effort to thwart any similar drive for freedom there. Several of these exiles are studying at U.S. universities. After meeting one of these men without a country, I can only hope that he and his friends will not be among the lost when that "inevitable day the freedom fighters decide to move" arrives.

JOSEPH B. PECORA

Taft, Calif.

Meningitis at Fort Ord

Sir: I would like to compliment TIME on the objective and factual article dealing with meningitis at Fort Ord [Aug. 14]. The story's timeliness, accuracy and fairness were in journalism's best tradition. The restrictions discussed in the article are still in effect, and the command continues to take every preventive action against the disease.

ALFRED B. FRAZIN
Lieutenant Colonel
Information Officer
U.S. Army Training Center
Fort Ord, Calif.

Cruelty Prevented

Sir: Re your little practical joke of showing two of *Les Girls* [Aug. 21], have the pictures of Dahlia Lavi, Catherine Spaak, or else I'll write to S.P.C.T.S.L.G. (Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Some of *Les Girls*).

S. KARNY

Albuquerque, N.Mex.

▶ *Don't write; look.*—ED.

GRIMM

LAVI

SPAAK

Privacy Pleas

Sir: Hooray for Morey McDaniel [Aug. 28] and his fight against telephone hucksters! Although we victims still possess the ultimate weapon—the option of hanging up the receiver—before we can exercise this option we will have already left a trail of wet footprints to the phone, helplessly watched the soup boil over, and take asterisks.

MRS. ROY H. COFER

Berkeley, Calif.

Sir: Eighty-three percent of my business originates over good old Michigan Bell and I support a family of ten children. For every McDaniel I've talked to, I have had a dozen happy, satisfied customers who are glad I called.

BUZZ STUCH

Benton Harbor, Mich.

The Challenger

Sir: Peter Scott, skipper of the *Sovereign* [Aug. 21], is also a "leading ornithologist," a noted and remarkably talented painter, specializing in the most realistic waterfowl portraits. As a sailor, he is following in the footsteps of his heroic father, Robert Falcon Scott, the man who reached the South Pole only to find that Raoul Amundsen had reached there shortly before. Robert Scott's incredible hardships and the death of the entire party on the return from the Pole are known by heart by every English schoolboy. If the America's Cup is ever to be relinquished by this country, we could wish for no finer successful challenger than Peter Scott.

KENNETH A. LABAND

Lompoc, Calif.

The Connoisseur

Sir: The late Ian Fleming's passion [Aug. 21], besides writing books, was collecting them. His main interests ranged from Rousseau and Volta through Einstein and Hitler. His collection included the only known copy of Lord Roberts' Baden-Powell's *Scouting for Boys* (1908). Surely this was not one of the books James Bond discovered as a lad. No Boy Scout he!

DAVID A. RANDALL
Librarian

Indiana University
Bloomington, Ind.

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A letter from the PUBLISHER

Bernhard M. Auer

The fickle cameras and the expectable headlines left a great deal to be said about what went on at Atlantic City. THE NATION says it, with assists from PRESS, MODERN LIVING and SHOW BUSINESS. And while politics seemed to be the mainstream of the news last week, other currents provided much that is significant, fascinating or perhaps just funny. TIME, bringing all things, reports on:

The brutal disorder in South Viet Nam, where three TIME correspondents on the scene reported shocking details of the passion, prejudice, factionalism and subversion behind the new crisis in which the U.S. is so deeply and dangerously involved. *See* THE WORLD, Anarchy & Agony.

An exiled dictator who may be allowed to go home in the strange role of a conciliator helping to strengthen democracy. *See* THE HEMISPHERE, The New Peronismo.

Tiw and Mars and Frigg—as well as Tuesday, who was born on Friday. *See* PEOPLE.

How the food in U.S. restaurants is going to the dogs. *See* MODERN LIVING. In the Bag.

A wise mother who calls her five-year-old daughter's artificial hand "the hooker," and wants the child to accept it as that. *See* MEDICINE, Giving Hope.

Whence come the echoes of "Huh! Huh! Huh! I am the Shadow!", "Hi-Ho Silver" and "On, King, on, you huskies . . ." *See* SHOW BUSINESS, Gothic Revival.

The philosophy that impels a troupe of twelve girls and two nuns who are touring U.S. Army bases in Europe with a show that caused one G.I. to muse: "Only on second thought did you notice that this is a clean show." *See* EDUCATION, Learning for Leisure.

The Federal Trade Commission examiner who inveighed against "regimentation of the baseball card-buying public." *See* THE LAW, The Bubble-Gum Trust.

A girl of 40 who looks no older than the day she was born. *See* PRESS, Tougher than Hell with a Heart of Gold.

The problem of the "you-who" in the Catholic Church's liturgical translation. *See* RELIGION, English Mass: Needs Work.

A look into the place where much of the world's weather is being hatched. *See* SCIENCE, The Best Eye Yet.

A master of jazz who has won a battle with drink, drugs and derangement, and is "feeling fine and is ready to play." *See* MUSIC, Bud's O.K.

How it was that a lot of race horses could catch Gun Bow, "but they was out of breath when they got there." *See* SPORT, "He's a Freak."

How functional form has found new curves to swing by. *See* ART, Unframed Beauty.

The way automation is taking to drink. *See* WORLD BUSINESS, Automatic Beer.

What a moviemaker in a matriarchy dares not do. *See* CINEMA, Mr. First Lady.

Recognition, at last, for the heroic Germans who persistently opposed Hitler. *See* BOOKS, The Forgotten Few.

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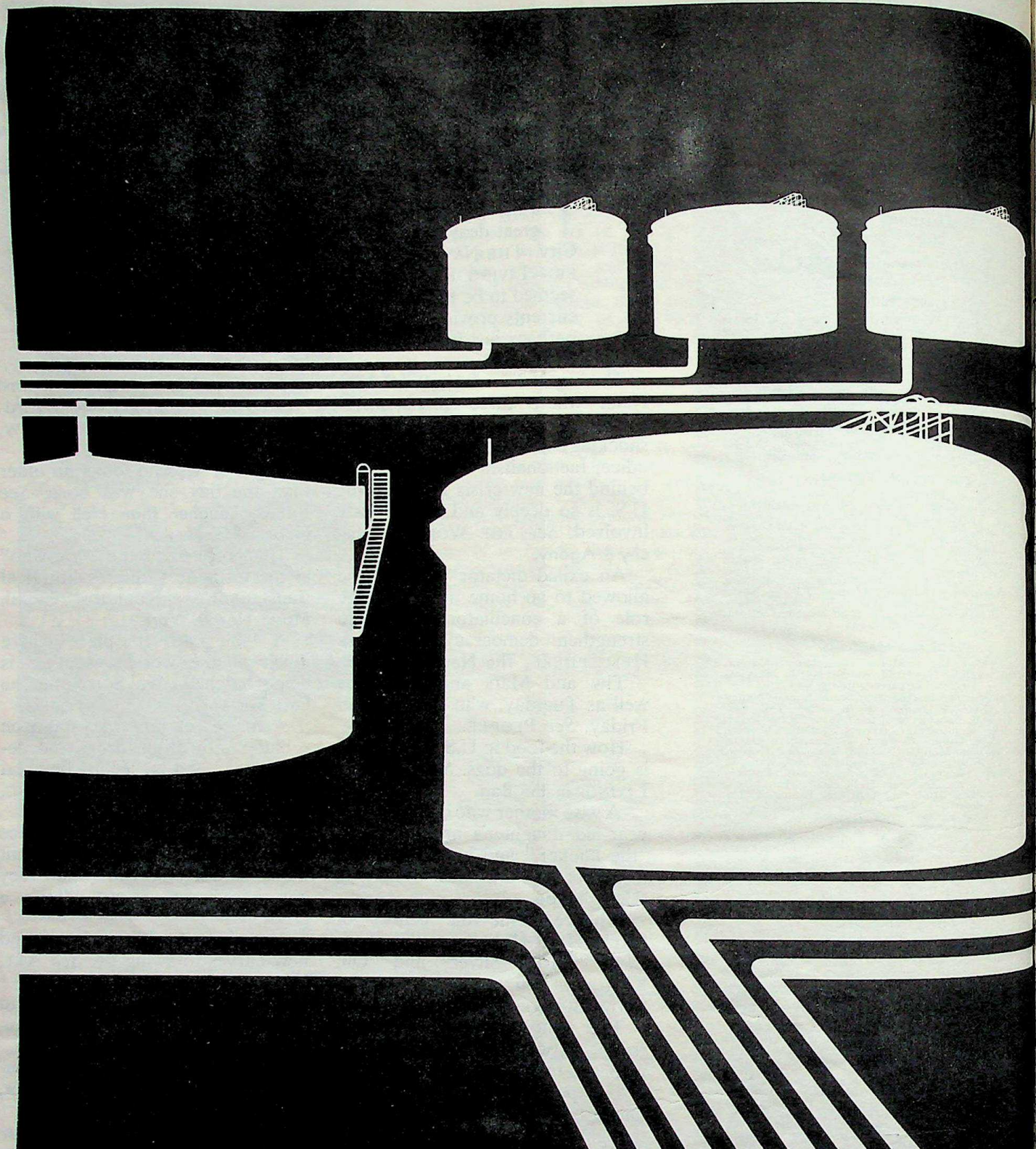

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TIME
THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE
September 4, 1964 Vol. 84, No. 10

THE U.S.

POLITICS

ll Over? Or Just Starting?

Last July, immediately after the Re-blican Convention in San Francisco, e political consensus was that Barry ldwater would do better against Lyn- Johnson than most people had ught. This week, after the Demo-tic Convention in Atlantic City, there a feeling among observers that the ction is all but over, and Johnson ll re-enter office with mandate enough do almost anything he pleases.

The new consensus stems from the ious fact that never in recent politi- history has one man held such sway r a major American political party. Atlantic City, L.B.J. was in total rge. His political cake was like the given him on his 56th birthday—enough both to have and to eat.

The Details. What is the secret of ndon's ascendancy? Unlike Franklin osevelt—and certainly unlike Barry ldwater—he does not polarize pub- opinion. Rather, he unpolarizes it. ple neither love him nor loathe him. y simply stand in awe of his con-erable talents—and, sometimes, in r of his relentlessness in using those ats.

Johnson's attention to detail is such not only did he decree the nomina- of Hubert Humphrey as his running te, but he picked the people to deliv- Humphrey's nominating and second- speeches in order to show the broad party unity. Chosen to nominate mphrey was Hubert's junior Senate league from Minnesota, Eugene Mc-rthy, who had been led to believe that himself might be tapped for second ce on the national ticket. McCarthy the assignment from White House ide Walter Jenkins. He acceded re-ctantly, and his speech was barely nctory in praise of Humphrey.

Then there was Florida's Senator orge Smathers, chosen by Lyndon to liver one of Humphrey's numerous conding speeches. Liberal Humphrey, longtime champion of civil rights, is t popular down where Smathers comes from, and Smathers knows this only too well. "I really like Hubert," he says, "but I know the difficulty of car-rying that load in the South." At any rate, he accepted the duty, seconded Humphrey, and even looked as though he enjoyed it. Johnson also arranged for a domesticated Deep Dixie Senator, South Carolina's Olin Johnston, to make the motion that Humphrey be nominated by acclamation.

The Hard Facts. The point is that Lyndon Johnson understands power—and its uses. Harry Truman complained that the President did not have enough power really to get things done. Republican Dwight Eisenhower deliberately refrained from exercising executive power, always praising Congress as a coequal branch. John Kennedy came bursting into the White House with a copy of Richard Neustadt's book, *Presidential Power*, under his arm. There were, he declared, ways to get things accomplished despite a recalcitrant Congress, and he was going to show everyone how. Almost immediately he ran into trouble with Congress, and few of his most prized programs became law during his lifetime.

Johnson, with his understanding that power is a combination of force, persuasion, compromise and attention to detail, has seen passed into law several major Kennedy bills, including civil rights, a federal pay raise and the tax cut. He has signed his own anti-poverty bill. His record of domestic performance is immensely impressive. His nation is prosperous; indeed, Lyndon's main increment to Democratic voting blocs comes from the business community.

In his Atlantic City acceptance speech, the President justifiably pointed with pride to his domestic accomplishments. But "domestic" was the key word. Aside from a great many sweeping references to "peace," Lyndon generally avoided the hard facts of international life. It has been rare in recent years for a President, or a candidate for President, not to give prime importance to America's role in the world.

Was it also a political error? Barry Goldwater thought so, and immediately hurled the word "isolationist" at Johnson—giving back the label with which Democrats had bedeviled Republicans for two decades. "The eyes and ears of the entire world were turned to that speech," said Barry, "looking and listening for the vision and strength that would once again put America on the high road of world leadership. Instead, the world witnessed a vision turned inward, isolated and sighted only toward domestic political advantage."

Thus the consensus that came after Atlantic City may be just as tenuous as the afterglow from San Francisco. Be-

AP

CUTTING THE BIRTHDAY CAKE IN CONVENTION HALL
An understanding of power—and its uses.

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"DEATH MARCH" AT THE WHITE HOUSE

After four miles, 15 laps and 95 minutes, medals for the ladies.

tween now and November, Johnson and Humphrey must contend against two men, Goldwater and William Miller, who are nothing if not swift to seize upon issues. And even as the Democrats were leaving Atlantic City, two old issues took on new meaning. The newest crisis in South Viet Nam, with its cruel religious war (*see* THE WORLD), made it increasingly evident that the U.S., despite its outpouring of dollars and lives, has been unable to impose any sort of order there, much less win a war against Communism. And in Philadelphia, a senseless, looting Negro riot made it grimly clear that the U.S. has a long way to go in imposing law and order at home.

DEMOCRATS

L.B.J., All the Way

From the gavel's first thump to the last hurrah, the convention was the production of Lyndon Baines Johnson.

He picked the stage settings, including two 40-ft.-high portraits of himself. He selected his own words, "Let us continue . . ." as the convention's motto. He chose *Hello, Dolly!* sung to the words "Hello, Lyndon!" as the convention's theme song. He dictated the schedule and rejiggered it whenever he felt like it. He directed all the performers, worked to sustain suspense over his choice of a running mate, added excitement with his own Atlantic City appearances.

A Hot Line. Throughout the week, Lyndon spent uncounted and uncountable hours on the phone. In Atlantic City his entourage took over all 120 rooms of the newly completed Pageant Motel, across from Convention Hall, as a White House command post. U.S. Army Signal Corpsmen installed a hot line direct to Lyndon. Key Johnson aides carried electronic devices in their pockets that buzzed whenever there was a call from the boss—and there was a lot of buzzing. The contraptions were supposed to work only above ground and within a five-mile radius of the Pageant switchboard. But they were underrated: one White House staffer was in a basement barroom, enjoying a supposedly safe, subterranean snort, when his pocket buzzer suddenly went wild. Texas' Governor John Connally was a good 15 miles out of town when the same thing happened.

On the day he was to be nominated, Lyndon seemed to be bursting with exhilaration. He rose at 5:30 a.m., signed an important amendment to the Atomic Energy Act allowing private firms to buy nuclear fuels rather than lease them from the Government, conferred during the day by phone or in person with some 70 Congressmen, a couple of dozen Governors, countless labor leaders and businessmen over the vice-presidential selection.

Soon after noon, he drawled to reporters in his office, "Y'all want to take a walk today?" Two days earlier, Lyndon had worn them all out by hiking around the White House's quarter-mile oval driveway a record nine times. But the reporters still chorused "Yes!" So started what the press later dubbed "the Death March."

In 89° heat, Lyndon began walking. He heard his beagles, Him and Her, the First Family of dogdom yapping. "Let's get the dogs," he said. "They-all heard you talkin' and they want to go too." On his fourth lap around the driveway, the President turned the panting beagles over to a Secret Service man, explained, "They're gettin' hot." So were the 60 reporters, but Lyndon loped on, talking about the convention. "John Pastore was just excellent," said Johnson, who had personally phoned the Rhode Island Senator to congratulate him after his keynote address. "My barber told me Pastore's talk stirred him up, made him proud to be American." He thought Oklaho Representative Carl Albert, the vention's platform committee chair had done a marvelous job: "I couldn't believe that anybody could 110 people together." He lauded H Speaker John McCormack of Ma chusetts for his performance as co tion chairman and especially for skill at railroading untidy deci through the convention. "I must s chuckled Lyndon, "that I admired parliamentary ability when he s the Alabama delegation and he 'All those in favor say aye, all opposed no, motion carried.'"

Wrong Pocket. In case anyone concerned about his health, John dug into a pocket for the report physical examination he had under after his nine-lap hike earlier in week. Wrong pocket. "Whoops, the latest Gallup poll," he said. He deeper, came up with some fig from Pollster Elmo Roper showing he was favored by 68% of U.S. wo 70% of those aged 21 to 34, 73% the Catholics, 86% of the Neg 97% of the Jews. Finally he prod the medical report, signed by four sicians. "His exercise tolerance tinues to be superb," it said. "The no health reason why he could not tinue an active, vigorous life."

Less tolerant of exercise, the men peeled off sweat-soaked jacket dropped out under shade trees as don marched on. The Death M ended only after 15 laps, nearly miles and 95 minutes. "I'm goin' to you a medal," Lyndon told the la who had been along, and he han them newly struck medals 1¼ in. in ameter and bearing his likeness.

A couple of hours later, Lyn strode across the lawn again, stop at a White House limousine that been parked at the rear entrance, u ticed by newsmen, for nearly hal hour. Inside sat Hubert Humphrey Connecticut's Senator Thomas D both summoned down from Atla City. Dodd, an old friend of the P dent's (he had backed him for the spot in '60), was there partly to m tain the suspense over the vice-p dency and partly to get some visib for his own campaign for re-electi In the car, Humphrey was sound asl Lyndon grabbed Humphrey's arm, sh him and said, "Wake up, Hubert." three went into the White House, w Lyndon first held a private talk Dodd, then with Humphrey.

On the Road. After 90 minutes, J son called in the waiting newsmen. sorry to have delayed you," he s matter-of-factly. "We are going ove get a little hors d'oeuvres and a sa wich in a moment, and then we going to Atlantic City." That was first anyone knew that he would be ing to the convention that night. He that Humphrey and Dodd would h the plane with him—and he indica that the reason for his trip would be

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nnounce to the convention his choice
or Vice President.

The President headed upstairs, fol-
owed by the herd of reporters, who
were admitted to the President's pri-
vate, second-floor living quarters for
drinks, caviar and cheese canapés. Ex-
ploring the place, one brunette news-
woman peered around a half-open door,
quickly retreated. "The President is in
his underwear!" she cried. While chang-
ing clothes in his bedroom, Lyndon
watched a special three-screen TV unit
that allowed him to see all the major
networks at once. "I feel very relaxed,"
he told a reporter invited in for a chat,
"and even relieved."

Before boarding the presidential jet
at Andrews Air Force Base, Lyndon
publicly named Humphrey as "the next
Vice President." At last, the secret was
out. Later, while *Air Force One* streaked
toward Atlantic City at 600 m.p.h., the
President and Humphrey sat at a table
in their shirtsleeves watching the con-
vention on TV. "All right," Lyndon
suddenly declared, "we've got this show
on the road. Alabama yields to Texas."
John Connally's face flashed on the
screen, and the nominating speeches
began.

Stealing His Own Show. When Con-
nally recalled the assassination of John
F. Kennedy, in which he had been seri-
ously wounded, Lyndon leaned forward,
"He almost had it himself," he said.
"One more inch and he'd have been
dead." After California's Governor Pat
Brown finished the "co-nominating"
speech (it was the first time there had
ever been two of them), the strains of
Happy Days Are Here Again thundered
from a giant pipe organ, and a 25-min-
ute demonstration for Lyndon began.
It had more noise (klaxons, foghorns,
etc.) and color (yellow balloons, tiny
parachutes with American flags, sun-
flower posters for Kansas, gold-foil sun-
gests for California and real corn for
Iowa) than most such orgies, but those
outside the hall saw very little of it.

For at the very moment it began,
Lyndon landed in Atlantic City and TV
followed him to the hall. He paused
first for a planeside interview, then
helicoptered to a smaller field and finally
drove to the Pageant Motel. When the
seven seconding speeches finally ended
and the delegates roared approval of a
motion to nominate Johnson by accla-
mation, TV showed Lyndon striding
into Convention Hall.

On the podium, with Lady Bird and
daughters Luci and Lynda Bird stand-
ing beside him throughout, Lyndon "sug-
gested" to the delegates that they select
Humphrey as his running mate, then
took a seat and waited restlessly, often
in apparent boredom, while the con-
vention approved his choice.

Absolute Monarch. It was 2 a.m. be-
fore the President returned to Wash-
ington, but he was up early the follow-
ing morning to fly 70 miles via Marine
helicopter to Winchester, Va., for the
funeral of Senator Harry Byrd's wife
"Sittie." After the services, Lyndon
reached into the Senator's car, grasped
his hand and kissed it in a genuine ges-
ture of condolence. He whispered a few
words to Byrd, and old Harry, who has
crossed many a political sword with
Johnson, brushed tears from his eyes.

That afternoon Lyndon jetted once
more to Atlantic City, motored to the
white stucco ocean-front villa that he
and his family had taken over for the
week from Hess Rosenbloom, brother
of the owner of the Baltimore Colts.
He entered Convention Hall after the
eulogies of John F. Kennedy, Sam Ray-
burn and Eleanor Roosevelt had ended.
As he sat down in the presidential box
overlooking the speaker's rostrum, Lyn-
don was the absolute monarch of the
place, and he looked it—hands on his
knees, elbows akimbo, face impassive.

Striding to the rostrum for his own
acceptance speech, Lyndon knew that
it was getting late and that the prime-
time televiewers would soon be flicking
off their sets. He unstrapped his wrist-
watch, held it up to silence the cheers.
"I accept your nomination," he began.
"I accept the duty of leading this party
to victory." When he added, "I thank
you for placing at my side the man you
so wisely selected to be the next Vice
President," the delegates burst into
laughter. Even Lyndon had to smile.

A Mandate to Begin. The President
spoke for 35 minutes, reading alter-
nately from his text and from the
Speech View prompters fastened to the
podium at eye level. He urged Ameri-
cans to "rededicate ourselves to keeping
burning the golden torch of promise
which John Kennedy set aflame." He
reiterated the Democratic themes of
"peace, prosperity and preparedness,"
promised "compassion and love to the
old, the sick and the hungry," asked for
"a mandate to begin" the march toward
"the Great Society." He struck at Barry
Goldwater by declaring that the coming
campaign would be a contest "between
those who welcome the future and those
who turn away from its promise." Con-
cluded Lyndon: "Let us now turn to
our task! Let us be on our way!"*

Anxious to be on their own ways, the
delegates cheered their final cheer and
cleared out quickly. But Lyndon still
had some partying ahead. In Conven-
tion Hall's ballroom, 5,000 guests
crushed around to wish him a happy
56th birthday, while Comedian Danny
Thomas burbled into a mike, "This is
just a bunch of happy souls who are
celebrating a happy day." It was cer-
tainly a happy one for Lyndon. "I've
been going to conventions since 1928,"
he drawled, "and this one is the best
one of all." Before a 10-ft. by 6-ft.
birthday cake baked in the shape of the
U.S., Lyndon playfully made a pass at
Arizona with a knife, then sheared off
the tip of Texas and wolfed it down
with help from Lady Bird and Hubert.

Outside, the party for Lyndon had
been going since dusk along the board-
walk. Irish and Russian dancers, Jew-
ish and Italian singers performed, 31
high school bands and drum-and-bugle
corps paraded past, and a flotilla of
small boats tooted by in the surf. When
the President stepped on the balcony,
the crowd of some 20,000 sang a noisy
"Happy birthday, dear Lyndon," and
soon afterward the President called it
a night. It took three tons of gunpowder
to light the skies with a huge fireworks
show, topped off by a 600-sq.-ft. pyro-
technic portrait of Lyndon in red, white
and blue.

At week's end the President headed
for the L.B.J. Ranch with Humphrey,
got in some handshaking at the Berg-
strom Air Force Base near Austin, Tex-
as, was guest of honor at a birthday
barbecue for 3,000 at nearby Stone-
wall. He also aimed to do some campaign
strategy-planning with Hubert "in the
shade of the live oaks on the banks
of the Pedernales."

* An echo way back to F.D.R.'s fourth fireside chat, in October 1933, and also the title (*On Our Way*) of F.D.R.'s first book as President.

UPI

JOHNSON & BYRD AT FUNERAL

In a triumphant week, a genuine gesture of condolence.

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The Man Who Quit Kicking the Wall

(See Cover)

At a family breakfast in Atlantic City last Wednesday morning, Hubert Humphrey turned to his 16-year-old son Doug and asked:

"How would you like your Dad to be Vice President?"

"That would be swell," said the boy.

"Well," said Humphrey, "he's going to be."

As of that moment, Humphrey thought he had absolute assurance from the White House that he would be Lyndon Johnson's running mate. But before the day was out, the President, milking the last drop of suspense from a generally suspenseless convention, was to give Humphrey a few bad moments. Hubert withstood them pretty well. And why not? He had already suffered and survived many a bad moment and many a disappointment during his up-and-down political career.

AP

HUMPHREY & WIFE MURIEL RECEIVING CONVENTION ACCOLADE

"I may be a country boy from Minnesota, but . . ."

Run Over. The son of a South Dakota druggist, Humphrey is an able, endlessly energetic, tirelessly talkative man with vaulting ambitions. As a student at the University of Minnesota, he was once told by a political science professor: "If God had given you as much brain as he has given you wind, you would be sure to be another Cicero." In fact, Hubert has brains to spare, a fact which helped to get him elected mayor of Minneapolis in 1945. Three years later, by then a candidate for the U.S. Senate, Humphrey achieved his first national notoriety. Attending the Democratic National Convention, Humphrey made a flaming civil rights speech: "The time has arrived in America for the Democratic Party to get out of the shadows of states' rights and to walk forthrightly into the bright sunshine of human rights." Returning to Minneapolis, Humphrey was hoisted in triumph on the shoulders of acclaimers. But his performance had already caused a Southern walkout and led to the Dixiecrat presidential candidacy of South Carolina's Strom Thurmond.

Humphrey won election to the Senate that year, and no sooner had he been sworn in than he rose to lace into his Senate colleagues. "What people want," he cried, "is for the Senate to function! Sometimes I think we become so cozy—we feel so secure in our six-year term—that we forget that the people want things done."

This did not endear Hubert to the Senate's senior citizens. Neither did his performance the next year, when he denounced the conservative, economy-minded ideas of Virginia's Democratic Senator Harry Byrd. In response, a score of Senators, both Democratic and Republican, stood up and, without even mentioning Humphrey's name, delivered themselves of glowing tributes to Byrd. When Hubert tried to rebut, the entire Senate walked out on him in as crushing a rebuke as any Senator has ever suffered. Later, Humphrey met Byrd by chance in a Senate elevator and remarked ruefully: "I may be a country boy from Minnesota, but I know when I've been run over by a Mack truck."

The Trainer. Still, Hubert remained unabashed. He kept on talking, and criticizing, and introducing liberal bill after liberal bill. He suffered rebuke after rebuke, defeat after defeat. Finally, in despair, Humphrey took stock of himself. He had come to Washington to get things *done*. But his brashness, his refusal to kowtow to his Senate elders, were obviously rendering him ineffective. And late one night, in a moment of truth, Hubert Humphrey confided to a friend: "I'm going to stop kicking my foot against the wall."

Among the few who had already recognized that there were real gifts behind Hubert's gab was Texas' Lyndon Johnson, who had been sworn into the Senate on the same day as Humphrey. "I wish I could be that boy's trainer," Johnson once remarked of Humphrey. Now, realizing that Humphrey was ready to accept some training, Johnson sought out the Minnesotan. "Hubert," he said, "I want you to meet the people around here who count." Humphrey took to talking with Georgia's wise old Senator Walter George, who had been among the first to scorn Hubert as an upstart. Senate veterans still remember how Humphrey worked to win George's respect, constantly asking questions and seeking advice from the old man. Before too long, George was telling his colleagues that young Humphrey was a bad fellow at all.

Thus began the metamorphosis of Hubert Humphrey. He was, and he remains, a torrential talker. In 1958 his 8½-hour interview in Moscow with Soviet Premier Nikita Khrushchev left interpreters reeling. His formal speeches have been clocked at a breathless 250 words a minute, and he will rapidly discourse until dawn on any subject, to any audience, on any occasion. Even last week, when Johnson finally told Humphrey that he would be the vice presidential nominee, the President still felt compelled to warn Humphrey against talking too much.

Yet, with skill and determination, Humphrey rose rapidly in the Senate. He assumed positions of power in the Foreign Relations, Government Operations and Appropriations Committees. In his first two terms he sponsored a phenomenal total of 1,044 bills and joint resolutions. And though the final bills did not bear his name, Humphrey proposals have led to such major legislative accomplishments as the Peace Corps, the National Defense Education Act and the U.S. Arms Control and Disarmament Agency. Last year Humphrey was deservedly among U.S. representatives at the signing of the limited nuclear test ban treaty in Moscow.

Winning the Winnable. Humphrey's fire-eating stance as a doctrinaire liberal has long since shifted to that of the pragmatist who is satisfied to win what is winnable rather than go down to defeat demanding all or nothing. "I am not a theologian," he has said. "I'm a politician." Where he was once vocally suspicious of any business much larger than the corner drugstore or the family feed mill, he now takes pains to assure big businessmen of his modified views. "For the most part," wrote Humphrey in his recently published book, *The Cause Is Mankind*, "big corporations are a source of strength and economic vitality. And certainly, big business is here to stay."

Humphrey also sanded down the sharp, brassy edges of his personality that so often rankled his colleagues. In

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the process, he became one of the Senate's most persuasive cloakroom negotiators, worked as one of Majority Leader Lyndon Johnson's most trusted lieutenants, and was named majority whip in 1961 when Lyndon left the Senate and Mike Mansfield moved up to become majority leader. Nowhere was Humphrey's negotiating skill better demonstrated than during passage of this year's civil rights bill.

In the end, it was Minority Leader Everett Dirksen who, with Democratic cooperation, practically wrote the civil rights bill. But as floor manager for the bill, Humphrey took on the thankless task of recruiting Republican support with judicious compromise, fending off hot-eyed civil-rightsers who might have upset the cart by demanding all or nothing, and at the same time keeping an uneasy peace with Southern Democrats even while leading the fight to invoke cloture against their filibuster. Like a man with four hands, Humphrey did it all, smoothly avoided antagonism, and in the process added new inches to his stature among his colleagues.

Onward & Downward. But mere Senate stature has never been enough for Hubert Humphrey. The druggist's son has always wanted to be President, or, failing that, at least Vice President of the U.S. In 1956 he thought he had been promised the vice-presidential nomination by Adlai Stevenson. Instead, Adlai declared that nomination wide open, told the delegates in Chicago to make up their own minds. Caught unprepared, Humphrey got lost in the sudden struggle between Estes Kefauver and John F. Kennedy. But he kept up his own forlorn fight, buttonholing whoever would listen, shaking hands until the last of the delegates streamed by him to take their seats and nominate Kefauver. Thereupon Hubert Humphrey burst into tears.

WALLY KAMMANN—MINNEAPOLIS TRIBUNE

AFTER THE CONVENTION, 1948
"I'm not a theologian . . .

Not long afterward, Humphrey vowed he would never again seek the vice presidency, proclaimed that his Senate seat was far too rewarding to leave for a job "in which you would stand around waiting for someone else to catch cold." Instead, he decided, it would be far better if someone else did the standing around. In 1960 he became the first major Democratic candidate to announce for the presidency, but disappointment still dogged Humphrey. He lost the primary in his neighboring state of Wisconsin to Kennedy, was trounced again in West Virginia. In a sorrowful scene in Charleston, Humphrey stepped before television cameras to announce that "I am no longer a candidate for the Democratic presidential nomination." Folk Singer Jimmy Wofford twanged at his guitar, struck up a final woebegone chorus of "Vote for Hubert Humphrey, he's your man and mine . . ." Once more, tears came to Humphrey's eyes. Next morning the Senator emerged from the Ruffner Hotel to take his leave of West Virginia. On his campaign bus there was a parking ticket.

On Tippy Toes. By then, even as ebullient and optimistic a man as Hubert Humphrey might have resigned himself to spending the rest of his political days in the Senate, even enjoying some leisurely living with his wife Muriel, their four children and two grandchildren, and perhaps more regular returns to the family's lakefront home in Waverly, Minn. To most men, this would hardly be an unpleasant prospect, and Humphrey himself admits that after hectic weeks in the capital, he likes nothing better than to visit Waverly to "put on a pair of blue jeans, get out in a boat—and just smell bad."

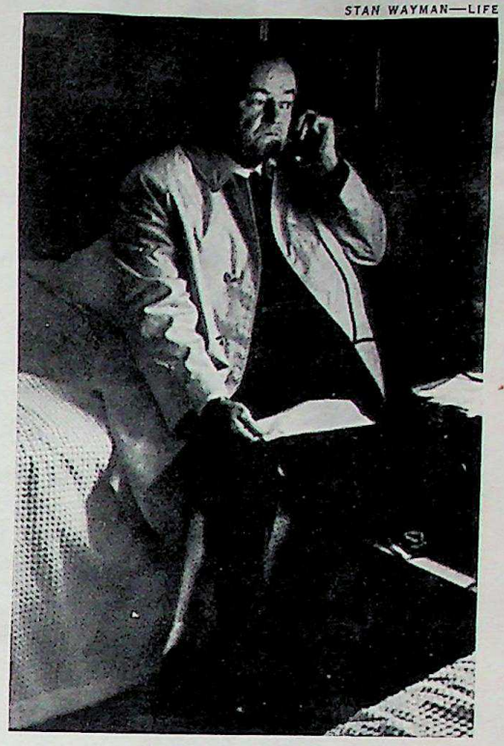
But the assassination of President Kennedy and the accession of Lyndon Johnson again changed Humphrey's prospects.

Hardly had Johnson taken office last November when the Veep-guessing game began. From the very start, Humphrey ranked high, and little wonder. He would, after all, balance the ticket almost to perfection—Northerner Hubert with his pure liberalism and appeal to labor, along with Southwesterner Lyndon with his more conservative bent and appeal to the business community.

But other vice-presidential heads bobbed up with alarming frequency. Bobby Kennedy, to hear the pollsters tell it, was the popular favorite. Then there was Peace Corps Director Sargent Shriver, Defense Secretary Robert McNamara, New York City's Mayor Robert Wagner, Montana's Senator Mike Mansfield, Connecticut's Senator Thomas Dodd, and a score of others, including Humphrey's fellow Minnesota Senator, Eugene McCarthy.

Humphrey, of course, badly wanted the job, but he had to walk tippy-toe in seeking it. He knew Lyndon Johnson would resent any overt pressures aimed at forcing him into selecting a particular running mate.

STAN WAYMAN—LIFE



AFTER WEST VIRGINIA, 1960
. . . I'm a politician."

Therefore Humphrey remained carefully absent when, last February, some of his closest political associates began holding nighttime strategy sessions in the Washington home of Attorney Max Kampelman, onetime Humphrey legislative assistant and still a friend and adviser.

From newspapers and magazines the Humphreymen gleaned articles, polls and opinions favorable to Humphrey, sent off copies to party officials, labor leaders and potential convention delegates. In June they commissioned a leading pollster to survey farm and labor leaders. The results, which showed Humphrey an overwhelming favorite, were quietly called to Johnson's attention. That same month, at the annual Governors' conference in Cleveland, Minnesota's Democratic Governor Karl Rolvaag set about corralling more support. As a result of Rolvaag's work, several Democratic Governors casually indicated to Lyndon that Hubert was their personal preference.

Last Man Out. In retrospect, Hubert's top aides now feel that the only other serious contenders were McNamara, whom Lyndon admires tremendously, and Bobby, because he is a Kennedy.

Against McNamara, the Humphreymen could and did take counteraction. They circulated among labor leaders a report that the President had decided to choose between Humphrey and McNamara—and leaned to McNamara. The labor leaders, including A.F.L.-C.I.O. President George Meany, rose to the bait, let the President know that McNamara, a former Ford Motor Co. president, was certainly not labor's idea of an ideal Vice President. Moreover, many longtime professionals were strongly opposed to McNamara as a man who, until he went to the Pentagon, had been presumed to be a Republican.

McNamara dropped back in the

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standings. But that left Bobby, who made no bones of the fact that he wanted the vice-presidential nomination. Always there was the implied threat that if Bobby did not receive the legacy, legions of devoted J.F.K. followers would withhold their support from L.B.J.

That was just the sort of pressure that Humphrey had wisely avoided. The President's response to Bobby came in his remarkable public announcement of July 30 that he was eliminating all Cabinet members from vice-presidential consideration. Most specifically, that meant the Attorney General.

"Take It Easy." At that, Hubert thought he was in, and his belief was bulwarked by a visit from Washington Lawyer James Rowe, one of Lyndon's oldest, most trusted emissaries. Rowe gave Humphrey the green light to go out and "get some exposure." Hubert did just that, taking time from his Senate tasks to make speeches from New York to California. Still, worried about Lyndon's sensitivities, Humphrey was careful not to get overexposed, turned down chances to appear on television.

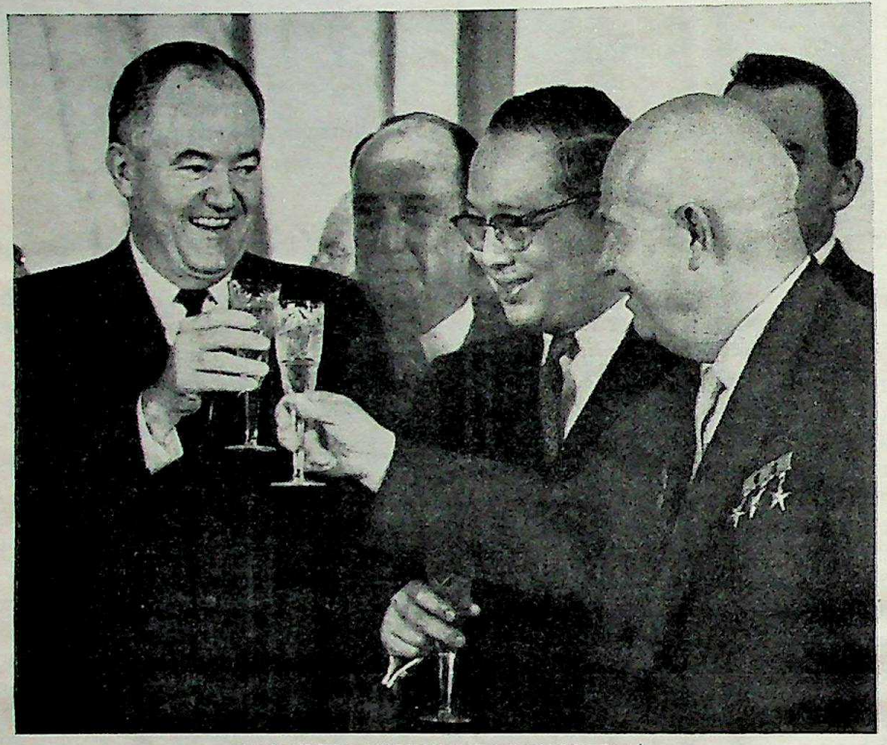
By the time the Democrats started arriving in Atlantic City, Humphrey felt confident, had reserved a headquarters and communications center taking up a full floor of the Shelburne Hotel. But the word quickly came from the White House to "take it easy." Humphrey wound up sharing a modest, single-switchboard headquarters with Gene McCarthy, who remained one of his few ostensible rivals for the Veepship.

Hubert's hopes sagged, but they were revived on Tuesday night, just before the convention started its second session. Humphrey was summoned to Atlantic City's Colony Motel to talk to Johnson's man, Jim Rowe. The President, said Rowe, wanted Humphrey to fly to Washington immediately to accept Lyndon's blessing as the vice-presidential nominee. Unfortunately, the Atlantic City airport was closed down by fog.

Hubert himself would gladly have driven, walked, or even flown under his own power to Washington. But Rowe decided no: Humphrey should wait until the next day. That night Humphrey went to bed happy, awoke next morning to tell Son Doug the good news.

A Few Pauses. On his flight to Washington that day, Humphrey was startled to discover that Connecticut's Tom Dodd had been summoned along with him. Had the President changed his mind? Was Dodd still in the running? Hubert waited apprehensively outside the President's office while Johnson and Dodd talked. Only when Hubert himself huddled with the President were his fears finally allayed.

STAN WAYMAN—LIFE



HUMPHREY & KHRUSHCHEV IN MOSCOW*

To any audience, on any subject, at 250 words a minute.

That night in Convention Hall, President Johnson announced his choice to the Democratic delegates. But even then he dragged out the suspense. His speech was a classic of "the man who . . ." He extolled virtue after virtue. But only at the end of the final sentence—a sentence punctuated by excruciating pauses—did he bellow the name of "Senator Hubert Humphrey of Minnesota."

Stealing the Show. The next night Lyndon returned to the convention to deliver his acceptance speech. But Humphrey spoke first, and in the process stole the show from the old show-stealer himself. Lyndon sat in the presidential box, by turns looking statesmanlike, preoccupied, annoyed, and just plain bored. On the rostrum Humphrey all but brought down the rafters.

* With Adlai Stevenson, U.S. Ambassador to the United Nations, and U.N. Secretary-General U Thant at the 1963 signing of the nuclear test-ban treaty.

Hubert warmed up with a long tri... ute to the President, then hit his stri... as he began a rhythmic jabbing a... chopping at Barry Goldwater. "M... Democrats and Republicans in the S... ate voted for an $11.5 billion tax c... for American citizens and Americ... business," he cried, "but not Sena... Goldwater. Most Democrats and R... publicans in the Senate—in fact fo... fifths of the members of his own pa... —voted for the Civil Rights Act, b... not Senator Goldwater."

Time after time, he capped his indi... ments with the drum-beat cry: "But n... Senator Goldwater!" He occasiona... switched it to "not the temporary R... publican spokesman." The delega... caught the cadence and took up t... chant. A quizzical smile spread acr... Humphrey's face, then turned to... laugh of triumph. Hubert was in f... form. He knew it. The delegates kn... it. And no one could deny that Hub... Humphrey would be a formidable po... ical antagonist in the weeks ahead.

The Gay Life

Atlantic City was no bargain (... MODERN LIVING), and neither was t... convention. But most Democrats ha... good time, spending more time in ca... apé-grabbing than in candidate pickin...

There were parties everywhere. T... Democratic National Committee hos... a "Salute to Women Doers," at wh... some 2,000 guests waited 90 minu... to hear bug-eyed Broadway Star Ca... Channing belt out the official Dem... cratic campaign song, *Hello, Lyndo... Maine's delegation caucused arou... their motel-headquarters pool one mor... ing, met again that night to whoop... up until the wee hours. The Texas de... gation honored Governor John Conn... ly with a Dior- and diamond-filled bo... at Atlantic City's aging Haddon Ha... and the New Jersey host delegation g... cocktail parties on three successive a... ernoons in a penthouse suite overloo... ing the ocean.

Under Secretary of Commerce Fra... lin Delano Roosevelt Jr. borrowed t... biggest yacht in town—a 40-foo... owned by New York Industrialist Jo... Snyder—to throw a dockside luncheo... Junior later showed up at a cocktai... buffet given by some Washington ho... dies who had, at $10 an hour, rent... a donkey named Joey to liven thin... up. The President's Club, a collecti... of party faithful who have kicked i... $1,000 or more to the campaign w... chest, gave a beach clambake featur... 3,250 lobsters trucked down fro... Maine's Casco Bay the night befor... While waiting in the food line, Maine... Senator Ed. Muskie solemnly explain... to Luci Baines Johnson about how t... tell the difference between boy and gi... lobsters.

But the hostess with the mostest ... Atlantic City was none other than Pe... Mesta, 73, back in style after a Kenne... dy Administration cold shoulder. A... from a dinner dance for a scant 700 ... "my most intimate friends" at the Clu...

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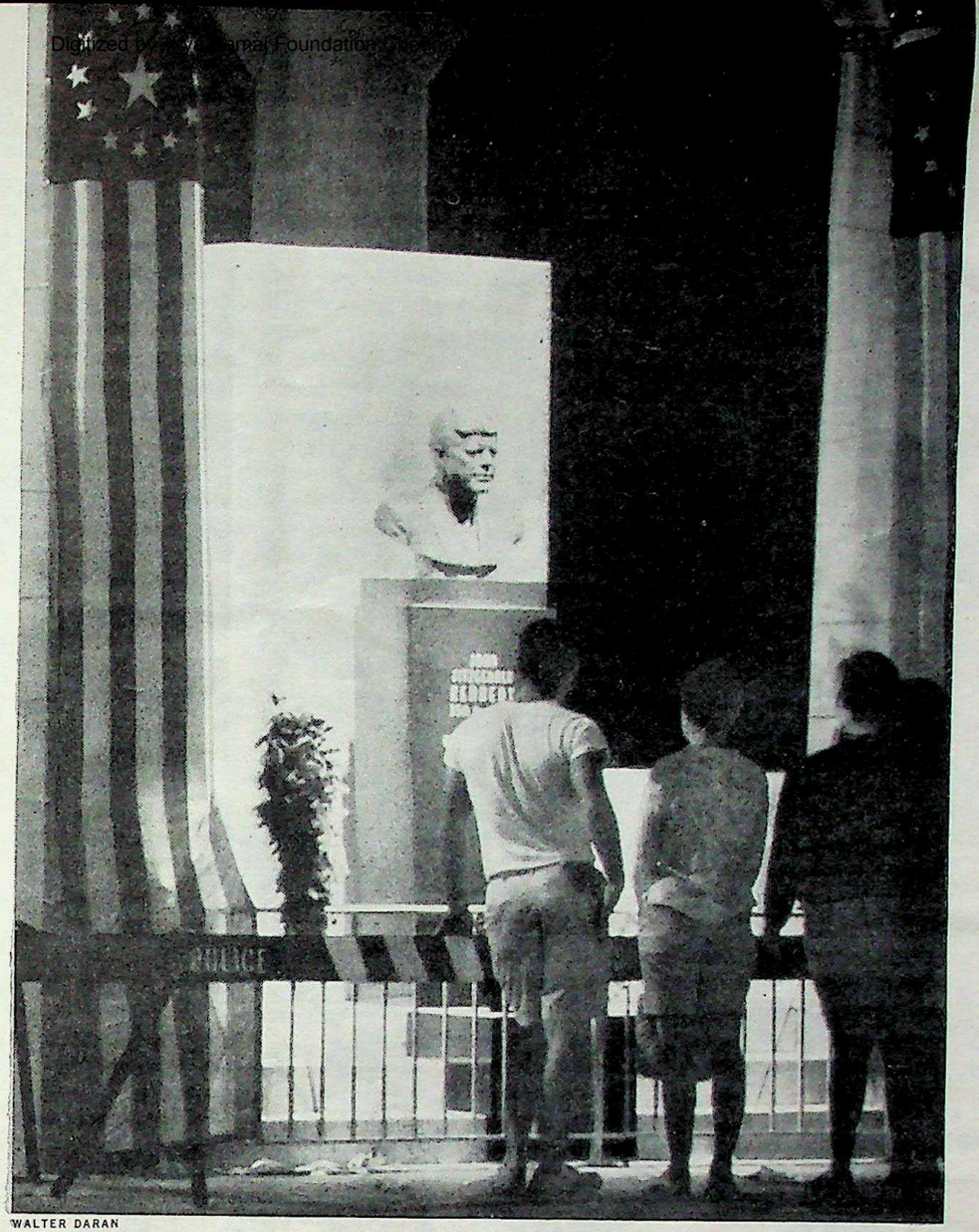

WALTER DARAN

Until the final night's hauntingly evocative movie, there were two ways to pay tribute to John Fitzgerald Kennedy: at an exhibition of memorabilia set up beside the boardwalk and at this bronze bust in the colonnade opposite Convention Hall.

From the very start it was Johnson's convention, as signaled by the throaty *Hello, Lyndon!* belted out by Carol Channing to the hit tune of the summer's top musical comedy, on opening day at one of countless parties.

HENRY GROSSMAN

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Along Atlantic City's boardwalk, it was hard to tell the convention-goers from the summer visitors as they trudged, strolled or were rolled past souvenir shops, hot-dog stands and motel swimming pools in search of fun or a place to sit.

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ORMOND GIGLI

Summer-resort attractions and politics mingle on the billboard at the Steel Pier, where flagpole sitter, bands and comedians vied for attention with a Lady Bird reception.

Politics also got scrambled in glorious confusion as photogenic LBJ girls parade onto the boardwalk while poster on the Million Dollar Pier urges Goldwater votes.

BEN MARTIN

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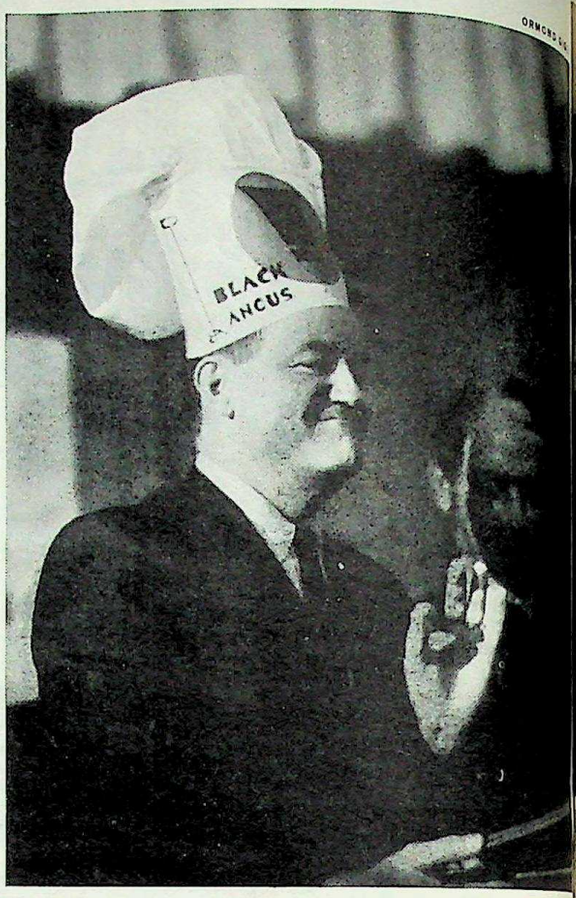
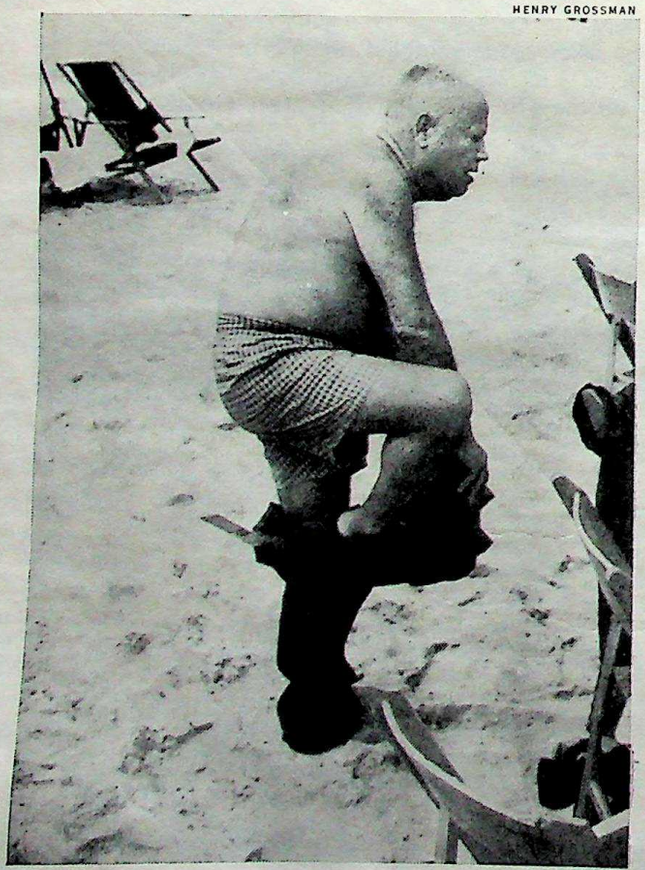
BEN MARTIN

To keep delegates' wives happy, Democrats changed the scene from surf to turf, invited the ladies out to the track for a fashion show.

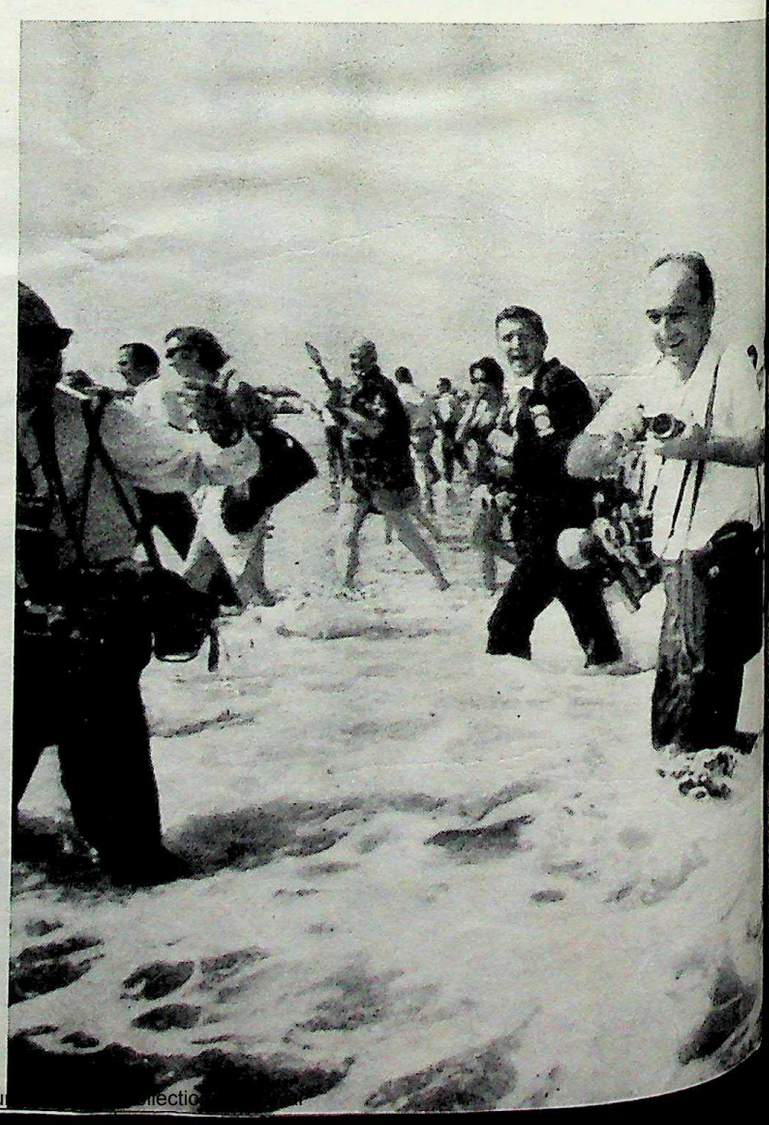


Ebullient Hubert Humphrey was a conventioneer' delight as he showed up at receptions and barbecues displaying his uninhibited zest and endless energ

HENRY GROSSMAN



By the beautiful sea, Union Leader Dave Dubinsky startled guests at a clambake as he stripped down to his bathing trunks to enjoy an afternoon in the sun.



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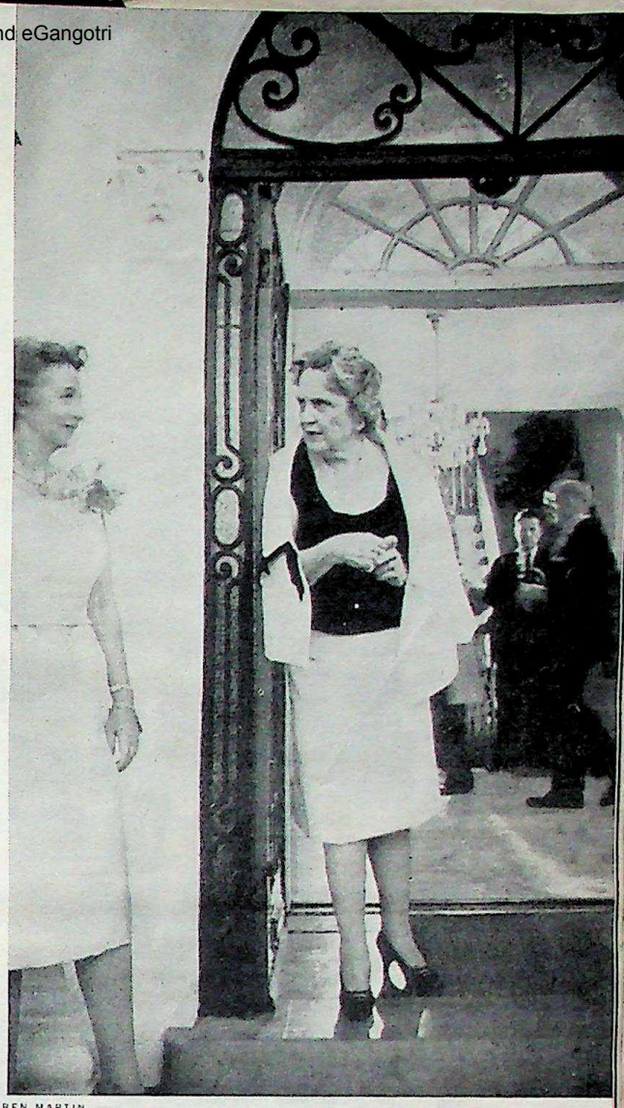
WALTER DARAN

Adlai Stevenson cut a nostalgic figure at cocktail parties, played his main Convention Hall role in final-night memorial tribute to Eleanor Roosevelt.



BEN MARTIN

Partygiver Perle Mesta is now back in favor. To prove it, she rented a mansion in nearby Ventnor, there threw a series of parties.

BURTON BERINSKY

HENRY GROSSMAN

A.F.L.-C.I.O. Chief George Meany was one of the many familiar faces. He managed to perch on the sand, eat lobster with dignity.

Luci Baines Johnson took one look at surf and skipped right in, clothes and all, dragging the photographers with her.

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More than ever, conventions have become color super-extravaganzas. Out are yesteryear's black and white signs; in are multicolored balloons, banners, bunting, stuffed animals and, as at 1964's convention, plenty of real Iowa corn.

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ge Hotel, Perle held nightly buffets
her rented twelve-room villa in near-
Ventnor.
Perle's guests got printed maps of the
test routes to the villa. To get the
ks back home, Perle provided a siren-
orted shuttle service of minibuses,
ch marked PERLE'S PARTY LINE. The
sta affairs were Atlantic City's top
e-crashing attractions—despite the
t that Perle herself was everlastingly
tant, standing at the door with pencil
d guest list in hand.

he Magic of Memory

"We all want to thank you," said
bby Kennedy to a breakfast audi-
e of Kentucky delegates, "Jackie,
bel, Pat, Eunice and Jean. Now there
only five or six of us left." Dele-
es blinked back tears.
Throughout Atlantic City, memory
mention of Jack Kennedy, that man
electric personality, evoked the most
tional, truly spontaneous reactions
the week.
Foreseeing this, President Johnson
ered that the showing of the 20-
ute filmed eulogy to Kennedy be de-
ed until after the Democratic dele-
es had nominated Humphrey as their
e-presidential candidate. Bobby Ken-
y was to make a small speech in-
ducing the film, and the President
s taking no chances that the emo-
nal waves would cause a new tide
Bobby as his running mate.

Never Another Like It. Most of the
nnedys came to Atlantic City. First
arrive was Joan, wife of Senator
dy, still abed with a broken back
er a June air crash. Joan had been
ointed by Governor Endicott Pea-
y to serve as a Massachusetts dele-
e, and she had a marvelous time,
nging gaily into the Atlantic surf,
ing beautifully at receptions and

RALPH CRANE—LIFE

BOBBY AT THE CONVENTION
"I think of what Shakespeare said."

HENRY GROSSMAN

HARRIMAN & JACKIE AT RECEPTION
"Thank all of you for coming."

rallies. But she turned solemn when asked how she would compare last week's convention with the one that nominated Jack Kennedy. "There will never," she said, "be another 1960."

Jacqueline Kennedy did not attend the convention itself, but she did spend half a day in Atlantic City. She arrived on the convention's final day, traveling on the *Caroline* along with the Kennedy sisters—Eunice Shriver, still weak from a kidney ailment, Jean Smith and Pat Lawford. Hundreds encircled her when she stepped out of a black Lincoln at the Deauville. Many in the crowd shouted: "Hi, Jackie!" Others, just seeing her, sobbed.

"May His Light Shine." Jackie attended only one affair—a 4½-hour reception for some 5,600 invited Democrats held by Averell Harriman. Dressed in a striking white silk brocade, she shunned jewelry, greeted guests with a white glove and a soft "Nice to see you." In the hotel's auditorium, Actor Fredric March and his actress wife Florence Eldridge read poetry favored by President Kennedy and excerpts from some of his most memorable speeches. March said beforehand that Kennedy "would have deplored sadness in any of us"; yet few could check tears as he recited Alan Seeger's *I Have a Rendezvous with Death.* Seeger, a young American poet, was killed in World War I. Whispered Jackie to the audience: "Thank all of you for coming—all of you who helped President Kennedy in 1960. May his light always shine in all parts of the world."

As for Bobby Kennedy, before heading for Atlantic City he made his long-expected announcement of candidacy for a U.S. Senate seat from New York. He also took up residence in the state, renting a suite in Manhattan's Carlyle Hotel and a $1,000-a-month, 25-room house at Long Island's Glen Cove. (His family, of course, still lives in the 15-room colonial house in McLean, Va.)

Throughout the week, Bobby maintained a solemn or at times sad look, whether watching Johnson and Humphrey accept the convention's nominations or attending a jampacked reception in his honor. The affair was hosted by New York City's Mayor Robert Wagner, who had only reluctantly backed Bobby for the New York Democratic senatorial nomination.

"Little Stars." As it turned out, Bobby was the central figure of the most emotional occasion of the convention. It took place when he stepped up to the convention rostrum to introduce the J.F.K. film, *A Thousand Days.* As Bobby stood there, a small, grim figure, delegates in the rear of the hall stood up, cheering. Within seconds, the ovation surged all over the huge hall. Bobby tried several times to talk. But every time he said "Mr. Chairman," the applause grew louder. Finally Bobby smiled hesitantly, looked down, bit his lip. The demonstration, entirely spontaneous, lasted for 13 minutes, proving if nothing else the magic of the Kennedy name and memory.

Finally, as a hush fell over the hall, Bobby spoke slowly, softly, thanked the assembled Democrats for "the encouragement, the strength that you gave him after he was elected President of the United States." Added Bobby: "When I think of President Kennedy, I think of what Shakespeare said in *Romeo and Juliet:*

When he shall die,
Take him and cut him out in little stars,
And he will make the face of Heaven so fine
That all the world will be in love with night,
And pay no worship to the garish sun."

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DEMOCRATIC PLATFORM: Will It Lead to The Great Society?

The Democratic platform promises to lead America toward achievement of what President Johnson has called "The Great Society." Its principal planks, and their G.O.P. counterparts:

• EXTREMISM. Unlike the G.O.P., which vetoed a similar plank at San Francisco, the Democrats condemn "extremism, whether from the right or left, including the extreme tactics of such organizations as the Communist party, the Ku Klux Klan, and the John Birch Society."

• CIVIL RIGHTS. The Democrats call for "full observance" and "fair, effective enforcement" of the new civil rights law, reaffirm "our belief that lawless disregard for the rights of others is wrong—whether used to deny equal rights or to obtain equal rights," hold that "true democracy of opportunity will not be served by establishing quotas based on the same false distinctions we seek to erase, nor can the effects of prejudice be neutralized by the expedient of preferential practices." Thus the Democrats match the Republicans, who, besides promising "full implementation and faithful execution of the Civil Rights Act of 1964, and all other civil rights statutes," went on record as "opposing federally sponsored 'inverse discrimination,' whether by the shifting of jobs, or the abandonment of neighborhood schools, for reasons of race."

• TAXES. Promising to "seek further tax reduction," and "remove inequities in our present tax laws," the platform resembles its G.O.P. counterpart.

• ROLE OF FEDERAL GOVERNMENT. "The Federal Government exists not to grow larger, but to enlarge the individual potential and achievement of the people. The Federal Government exists not to subordinate the states, but to support them." The G.O.P. plank held that the Federal Government should "act only in areas where it has constitutional authority to act, and then only in respect of proven needs where individuals and local or state government will not or cannot adequately perform."

• EDUCATION. To foot the increasing costs of education, the platform suggests "new methods of financial aid," including "channeling of federally collected revenues to all levels of education, and, to the extent permitted by the Constitution, to all schools." The plank also proposes "to ensure that all students who can meet the requirements for college entrance can continue their education," an expanded program of public scholarships, guaranteed loans and work-study grants. To achieve essentially the same goals, "while resisting the Democratic efforts which endanger local control of schools," Republicans would use "selective aid to higher education, strengthened state and local tax resources, including tax credits for college education."

• MEDICARE. The Democrats plug for hospital care for older Americans under the social security program. The Republican medicare plank urges "tax credits and other methods of assistance" to help needy senior citizens meet the costs of medical and hospital insurance.

• GOVERNMENT SPENDING. Citing the goal of "a balanced budget in a balanced economy," the plank pledges to "continue a frugal government, getting a dollar's value for a dollar spent." The G.O.P. plank promised a reduction of "not less than $5 billion" in the present spending level.

• ETHICS IN GOVERNMENT. "Every person who participates in the Government must be held to a standard of ethics which permits no compromise with the principles of absolute honesty and the maintenance of undivided loyalty to the public interest." This replies to a G.O.P. platform charge of general Democratic wrongdoing.

• LABOR. The Democrats pledge "a job, and a fair wage for doing it" for every person willing and able to work; "another job" for those displaced by technology; increased coverage of the Fair Labor Standards Act; increased minimum wage and greater coverage; increased overtime pay; expanded manpower training and retraining programs; efforts to repeal state right-to-work laws; an end to "the present, inequitable restrictions on the right to organize and to strike and picket peaceably." The G.O.P. platform promised "restoration of collective bargaining responsibility to labor and management"; less intervention by third parties—presumably Federal Government officials—in settling labor disputes; and complete reorganization of the National Labor Relations Board.

• AGRICULTURE. To achieve higher farmer incomes, lower consumer prices and lower governmental costs, the platform promises continuation of present policies, with commodity programs designed to strengthen farm income; expansion of food stamp, school-lunch and other surplus-food programs, along with research into new uses for farm products; community programs and agricultural cooperatives "to assure rural America decent housing, economic security, and full partnership in the building of the great society." The corresponding G.O.P. plank stressed a hands-off policy by the Federal Government, promised farmers the "maximum opportunity to exercise their own management decisions" while resisting imposition of further federal controls and "all efforts to make the farmer dependent, for his economic survival, upon either compensatory payments by the Federal Government, or upon the whim of the Secretary of Agriculture."

• DEFENSE. "Until such time as there can be an enforceable treaty providing for inspected and verified disarmament, we must, and we will, maintain our military strength, as the sword and shield of freedom and the guarantee of peace." The platform promises to continue the "overwhelming supremacy of our strategic nuclear forces, strengthen limited warfare and anti-subversive capabilities; maintain the world's largest research and development effort, which had initiated more than 200 new programs since 1961, ensure continued American leadership in weapons systems and equipment, and continue the civil defense program; examine the Selective Service system "to make certain that it is continued only as long as it is necessary." Republicans pledged to "end 'second best' weapons policies" and "the false economies which place price ahead of performance."

• NUCLEAR WEAPONS CONTROL. Answering Goldwater's argument that the NATO commander should have more control over tactical nuclear weapons, the Democratic platform asserts: "Control of the use of nuclear weapons must remain solely with the highest elected official in the country—the President." • CUBA. The Democrats will "move effectively" to "further isolate Castro" and speed the restoration of freedom and responsibility in Cuba." Republicans promised recognition of a Cuban government-in-exile, and assistance to Cuban freedom fighters "in carrying on guerrilla warfare against the Communist regime."

• VIET NAM. The Democrats pledge "unflagging devotion to our commitments to freedom" in South Viet Nam. The G.O.P. platform promised to "move decisively to assure victory" and "end the fighting in a reasonable time."

• PEACE. "The search for peace requires the utmost intelligence, the clearest vision, and a strong sense of reality," warn the Democrats. "Responsible leadership, unafraid but refusing to take needless risk, has turned the tide in freedom's favor." Said the G.O.P. plank: "A dynamic strategy aimed at victory—pressing always for initiative for freedom, rejecting always appeasement and withdrawal—reduces the risk of nuclear war."

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GOLDWATER PRESS CONFERENCE ABOARD THE "SUNDANCE"
"If they didn't stop, then you would blow up a bridge . . ."

REPUBLICANS

ords Across the Sea

Republican Presidential Candidate ry Goldwater was at sea much of week, ostensibly in retirement dur- the Democratic Convention. Yet during most of his five days oard the borrowed 83-ft. yacht *Sun- ce*, bobbing in the Pacific off the lifornia coast, Barry stubbornly re- ed to let any controversies die out, d even created new ones. One day, ning against the yacht's railing, and aring brilliant orange-red pants, a ite terry-cloth shirt, and a day's owth of beard, he welcomed reporters oard for a press conference. He admitted that his own polls have n trailing Johnson by 63% to 29%. wouldn't call that good, but I don't nk polls are too dependable any re," declared Goldwater. Then he d frankly, "I don't believe I'm as ong in the South as some people uld like to believe."

In His Bones. When a reporter asked at he thought the major campaign ue would be, Barry said foreign af- irs. He said he had a feeling in his olitical bones" that the Johnson Ad- inistration was trying to negotiate a cret settlement in South Viet Nam fore Election Day. Such negotiations ght not be bad, said Goldwater, if y provided an "honest settlement." en he astonished the newsmen by ying: "I've thought for some time at talks with the Red Chinese might profitable." Once ashore, newsmen could scarcely lieve their notes: Barry Goldwater willing to negotiate with Red China? Press Aide Paul Wagner hurriedly put in a radiophone call to Barry for further clarification. He came back and told the confused newsmen that Goldwater merely meant that the U.S. should be ready to threaten the Red Chinese if they continued to supply Viet Cong guerrillas—telling them that "if they didn't stop, then you would blow up a bridge or show some other sort of force." Wagner explained that Barry had told him on the phone: "I'm not really recommending this but it might not be an impossible idea."

Making Waves. Earlier in the week, even while on land, Barry made waves. Before the national convention of Veterans of Foreign Wars in Cleveland, he ignored Democratic charges that he is trigger-happy, said again that NATO's Supreme Commander should have greater control over what Barry has now begun to call "conventional nuclear weapons." Said Goldwater to the veterans: "Let me stress that these small conventional nuclear weapons are no more powerful than the firepower you have faced on the battlefield. They simply come in a smaller package." Barry's argument was directly disputed two days later before the same audience by Deputy Defense Secretary Cyrus R. Vance, who snapped: "How 'conventional' was the 'small' weapon over Hiroshima? The typical tactical weapon was several times its yield, and the nuclear firepower available to a single infantry division is hundreds of times the destructive force of the bombs which destroyed both Hiroshima and Nagasaki."

THE SOUTH

Trying to Paper It Over

Harry Byrd was absent. So were Senators Dick Russell and Herman Talmadge, Russell Long and Allen Ellender, John Stennis and Jim Eastland, John Sparkman and Lister Hill. A full third of the South's Democratic Governors also stayed away from Atlantic City.

Most of the missing had explanations, including family illness, "previous commitments" and "pressing business." Some of the excuses were valid. But the fact remained that virtually none of the South's senior Democratic politicians were on hand. And for the first time within recent memory, the South played no role of any importance at a Democratic Convention.

Morality v. Legality. That was just the way Lyndon Johnson wanted it: from where he stood, the South could only cause trouble. There was, for example, the case of the Alabama delegation: it had come to Convention Hall determined not to support the national Democratic ticket in November unless some of Governor George Wallace's segregationist notions were written into the party platform.

And then there was Mississippi. By every accounting, the state's 46-member delegation had been legally selected. But it was all-white and all-segregationist. In view of this, civil rights workers both within and from outside Mississippi formed a last-minute party, called the Freedom Democrats, selected a mostly Negro delegation, sent it to Atlantic City demanding that it be seated in place of the regular delegation. The Freedom Democratic argument was based on morality, not legality. Cried Washington Lawyer Joseph Rauh Jr., in arguing the group's case before the convention Credentials Committee: "Last year Mississippi's Governor Paul Johnson went up and down the state saying

EMPTY MISSISSIPPI SEATS
If it ever reached the floor, br'ooom!

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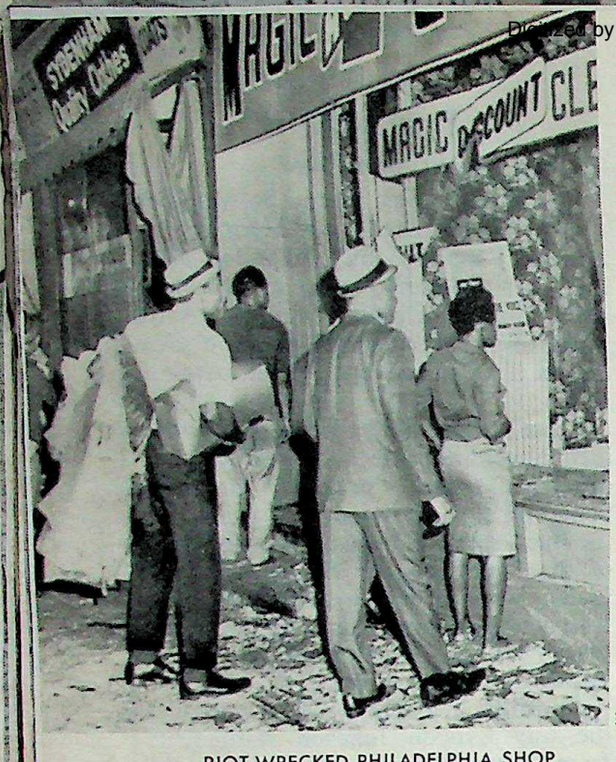
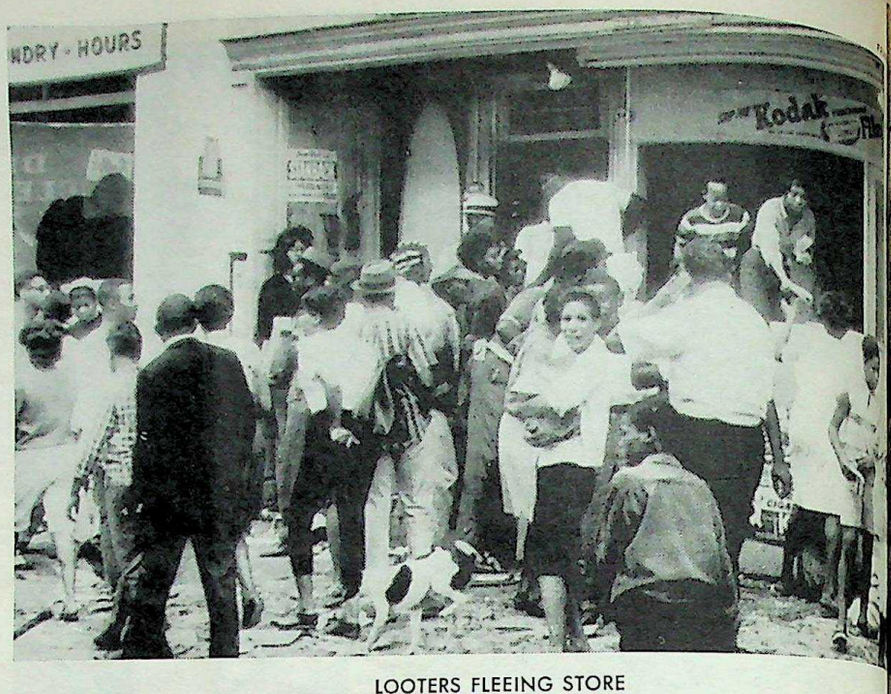


RIOT-WRECKED PHILADELPHIA SHOP



LOOTERS FLEEING STORE

Jeering at each other as well as the law.

that the N.A.A.C.P. stood for 'niggers, alligators, apes, coons and possums.' Are you going to seat a delegation sent by a man like that?"

What President Johnson was interested in was heading off a convention-floor fight over either Alabama or Mississippi. The Alabama case was easily solved. The convention decreed that no Alabaman could be seated without first signing a pledge of loyalty to the national ticket; only ten of the 53 delegates did, and the rest were refused their seats.

Like An Ocean Wave. Mississippi was trickier, and to handle its case Johnson placed none other than Hubert Humphrey in charge of negotiations. Hubert warned aides that a floor fight must be avoided at all costs: "If it gets on the floor it will roll like an ocean wave—br'ooom!" The compromise required that the regular Mississippi delegates sign loyalty oaths, provided that the Freedom delegates could sit as non-voting "honored guests," with two members voting as "delegates at large," and set up machinery enabling the 1968 convention to reject any state delegation based on racial discrimination in party affairs.

The solution pleased neither faction. Most of the regular Mississippians refused to sign their pledges, did not get seated. The Freedom Democrats scuffled around, spending most of their time shouting into ever-ready television mikes. Throughout the convention, civil rights demonstrators milled around outside the hall.

President Johnson nonetheless professed himself proudly pleased—at least the Southern rebellion had been limited, *so far*, to the states of Alabama and Mississippi. But as events in Philadelphia would soon prove (*see following story*), the nation's racial strife cannot be papered over—either in the South or the North.

THE NORTH

Doing No Good

The City of Brotherly Love last week joined Harlem, Brooklyn, Rochester, Elizabeth, Jersey City and Dixmoor on the list of places where race riots have steamed up the North's long, hot summer. And Philadelphia's violence was even more senseless than most. The blame could not even be placed on both races, since the riot was all-Negro and it was unprovoked by any incident that could conceivably be considered a civil rights violation.

Philadelphia has worked hard to eliminate friction between Negroes and police. It is one of the few cities with a civilian review board to handle complaints of police brutality. It assigns officers who patrol Negro areas to work in teams, with one white and one Negro cop in each red squad car. Yet when one such team answered a nighttime complaint that a car was blocking an intersection in a neighborhood near Temple University in North Philadelphia, where some 400,000 of the city's 600,000 Negroes live, the trouble began.

The Looting. At the car, the officers found a Negro married couple quarreling. To clear the intersection, they tried to pull the woman, Mrs. Odessa Bradford, 34, out of the driver's seat. She kicked and punched them. A crowd of Negroes began to gather. Negro James Nettles, 41, jumped the officers from behind. One cop reached the police car radio, shouted two words into the mike: "Assist officer." That brought every available cruiser in the area. Nettles and Mrs. Bradford were led into a police wagon—but the riot was on.

Negroes hurled bricks and bottles from rooftops, smashed the windows of the police cars. Rioters ran through the streets, shattered virtually every store-front window in a four-square-mile area. Looters dashed into the stores, grabbed racks of clothing, cases of liquor, groceries, furniture—anything they could move. They overturned cars, set fires, burned down a hat shop. Burglar alarms rang constantly.

Negro Leader Stanley Branche stood on a box at a street corner, used a bullhorn to plead: "Please go home. Please go home. This is doing us no good." The mob answered with hoots, jeers, stones, bricks and bottles at him, hitting in the leg. Philadelphia N.A.A.C.P. President Cecil Moore shouted: "Get out of that store! Quit looting that store!" A woman climbed atop an overturned refrigerator to yell: "Black people, do you hear me? Cecil has nothing to tell you. I'm a black woman. Let me take me."

The leaders' pleas had no effect. The looting, looting mood dominated the streets. A woman leaned against a looted store, tried to trade a bag of shoes she had pilfered for more desirable loot than others carried. Two women dragged large boxes behind them. Said one to the other: "Let's get home before the stuff gets broken." The area of the three-story tenements was strewn with broken glass, nude mannequins, disabled cars, police and fire vehicles.

Prepared for More. Every cop in the city was ordered to duty, some 5,000 of them sent into the riot area. Under strict orders not to shoot or to use specially trained police dogs, they moved against the mob with billy clubs. Some 150 people, including 35 police, were injured. About 165 rioters were arrested.

Yet next day more mobs formed and Negroes continued to slip past stores, rush out with merchandise. Mayor James Tate invoked an 1850 law to ban everyone not on a valid, proper errand from the streets in a 125-square-mile area. Some 300 state troopers stood by. Some semblance of order was restored, but officials were prepared for more violence at any moment.

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SOUTH VIET NAM

Anarchy & Agony

The Catholic youth was led by his Buddhist captors through Saigon's wide, tamarind-shaded streets, past truckloads of police who did nothing to save him, toward the central market. There, a Buddhist mob howled and rushed the prisoner. A ten-year-old boy plunged a dagger into his thigh: the victim tried to flee but was stopped before he went 10 steps. A bicycle was thrown on top of him, and the mob jumped up and down on it. Finally, the Catholic struggled up, dragging a broken leg behind him, but was cut down again and killed by flailing clubs.

The scene typified the nightmare that was South Viet Nam's capital last week. A year ago, its streets seethed with Buddhists crying persecution at the hands of Roman Catholic President Ngo Dinh Diem. Now it was clearer than ever that Diem's overthrow had by itself brought little tolerance to the country. In an agonizing week of near-anarchy, Buddhists, Catholics and students went on a rampage that resulted in 30 dead, hundreds injured. Saigon's fourth government in ten months collapsed. For the U.S., it was perhaps the most critical setback to date in the weary effort to help win the war against the Communist Viet Cong.

At a Signal. Chief political victim was goateed little General Nguyen Khanh, who during seven months in power had striven vainly to unite his people in the antiguerrilla struggle. When the U.S. last month hit North Viet Nam in retaliation for the naval attack in the Gulf of Tonkin, Khanh used the situation to impose martial law, hoping to strengthen his regime. Then two weeks ago, he tried further to consolidate his position and persuaded his Military Revolutionary Council, the country's nominal ruling body, to promote him from Premier to President and grant him virtually absolute powers. Khanh acted with the knowledge and at least qualified approval of U.S. Ambassador Maxwell Taylor. But Khanh simply could not make his new authority stick. As if on a signal, South Viet Nam's petty, selfish political and religious factions cut loose, not really giving a hoot about the Viet Cong, hating one another more than the Viet Cong, and using Khanh's power play as an excuse to move on one another.

The pawns of all these groups were the students, who poured into the streets denouncing dictatorship and demanding democracy, heedless of the fact that Viet Nam is in the midst of a bitter war, and that even history's most advanced countries have usually found it necessary to suspend democracy in wartime. Furthermore, many students feared that Khanh, with complete power, might end their traditional draft exemptions. Communist agents were plainly instigating and exploiting the situation. Some of the mobs moved in military formations, signaling one another by blowing whistles and beating drums.

Pogrom by the Sea. The Buddhists started yelling that the new government setup denied them sufficient authority, particularly since their man, General Duong Van ("Big") Minh, had been ousted as nominal chief of state. Although they had little cause for complaint under Buddhist Khanh's rule, the monks now claimed that too many of Diem's old followers remained in the government. Busily stirring up ancient hatreds between the two faiths was Thich Tri Quang, the monk who enjoyed refuge in the United States embassy last year—an ambitious, probably neutralist and possibly pro-Communist intriguer.

The Catholics, in turn, were up in arms for fear that too much power might now be grabbed by the Buddhists, whom they consider unwilling or incapable of waging a successful war against the Reds.

In coastal Danang, 380 miles north of Saigon, an "executive committee" of 15 Buddhists arrived by bus from the militantly Buddhist city of Hué. What followed was an anti-Catholic pogrom. A mob invaded a fishing village housing 4,000 Catholic refugees from Communist North Viet Nam and, as the residents fled in boats, burned 90% of their homes. The government was either unwilling or unable to stop the riots. Beyond detaining 40 looters, Vietnamese troops in Danang merely watched the proceedings. Their Buddhist commander, General Nguyen Chanh Thi, appeared once, drew cheers from the rioters, retired after inspecting the ruins. Mobs broke into a church and smashed a statue of the Virgin. Roving bands looted everything, including stocks of vitamin pills. When prostitutes in a second-story window heckled the rioters, they burst in, pitched one girl from the window, killing her. Another gang stormed a hospital, dragged out a Catholic patient and speared him to death. Three Catholics were lynched, one hanged from a tree with barbed wire. Some Catholics retaliated by throwing grenades.

The Cave-In. In Saigon, the disorders grew. Catholic students set fire to the building of the predominantly Buddhist National Students' Union, whose members, for their part, sacked the budget department of the Information Ministry —only to apologize, explaining that they had meant to destroy the department of censorship. On the third day, 2,000 students staged a sitdown in front of Khanh's office, while agitators squatting among them denounced him as "too tricky." Finally Khanh decided to resign as President, and the 62-member Military Council announced that it would "select a new national leader." With the U.S. continuing to announce its strong support of Khanh, it seemed possible that he might hang on under some new setup.

As deliberations went on in the yellow stucco Joint General Staff GHQ, a loudspeaker Jeep appeared at Buddhist headquarters, warned of imminent

AP

BURNING ROMAN CATHOLIC VILLAGE IN DANANG
Hating each other more than the Viet Cong.

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ACTING PREMIER OANH
The boss was unwell.

Catholic reprisals; that night the Jeep toured Catholic quarters, warned of Buddhist hordes. No one bothered to get the rumormongers' names, but both sides took the alarms seriously.

An Affair of State. Next morning, thousands of Catholics from a village outside Saigon moved on the capital in an armada of three-wheeled Lambrettas, wielding clubs, machetes and pistols. At the outskirts, the hymn-singing men, women and children in conical straw hats picked up prepared banners proclaiming "Down with Neutralism." One group surrounded a Buddhist technical school, clashed savagely in monsoon rains with Buddhist boys in blue school uniforms. The parading Catholics reconverged on the military GHQ, shouted for Khanh to remain in power.

Suddenly a shot cracked out. The Catholics insisted that it was fired by an army colonel, others thought it came from the crowd, possibly from a Red agent. In any case, panicky guards loosed a 60-second fusillade that killed six in the throng, wounded twelve. In the stunned aftermath, the mob picked up a dead 17-year-old boy, laid him along a barbed-wire fence. His mother pushed his tongue back into his mouth and closed his eyes; others draped a crucifix around his neck and a Vietnamese flag over his body. Khanh emerged expressing sorrow, and pleaded, "Please go back to your homes. This is an affair of state."

Jerry-Built Compromise. The generals meanwhile arrived at a jerry-built compromise: a triumvirate composed of Khanh, Big Minh and Defense Minister General Tran Thien Khiem should run the country for two months. Big Minh was included to placate the Buddhists, Khiem to please certain army factions. A bespectacled, tight-lipped cold fish, who served Diem as a division commander in the embattled south, Khiem, 39, was among the generals who turned against Diem. Last January, as commander of troops surrounding Saigon, Khiem made possible Khanh's coup, but has since become his foremost challenger.

Named "The National Provisional Steering Committee," the trio was charged with calling a national convention that would be "entrusted with the task of electing a provisional leader for the nation." As for the junta, it announced modestly: "The armed forces will return to their purely military mission of protecting the nation and fighting Communism, neutralism, colonialism and all forms of dictatorship and betrayal."

The council added that it would later replace itself with a "Committee of Unification" made up of the three generals and representatives of the Buddhists, Catholics, and possibly of the students. Despite an appeal by the triumvirate "to love one another," Vietnamese continued to roam the wreckage-littered streets, setting upon one another with bricks, bamboo rods, lead pipes, meat cleavers, nail-studded clubs, chains, truncheons, Molotov cocktails. The companions of one dead Buddhist dipped their hands in his blood, smeared it on their faces as war paint. A Catholic youth lay in a first-aid room, a hatchet protruding from his head.

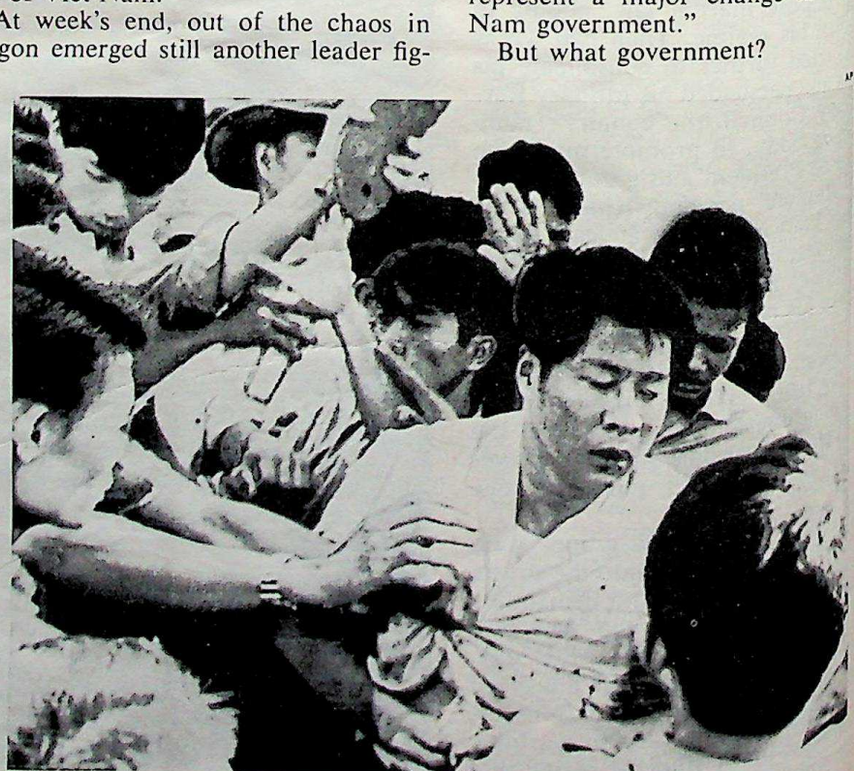
Jack in the Box. Khanh and other army commanders had hesitated until the last moment to use force to quell the riots since they wanted to avoid making martyrs. Late in the week, faced with a real chance that Communist-led mobs might take over Saigon, the government finally rushed in paratroopers, who cleared the streets at bayonet-point. Buddhist and Catholic leaders issued statements disclaiming responsibility for any further riots. About all Washington spokesmen could do was to assure everyone again that "there is absolutely no chance that we will pull out of Viet Nam."

At week's end, out of the chaos in Saigon emerged still another leader figure of sorts: Dr. Nguyen Xuan Oa[nh], 43, who was Khanh's Vice-Premier [and] Finance. Oanh (pronounced Juan) [was] nounced that he had been appoi[nted] "Acting Premier" by the 60-day [ca]taker regime. A Harvard-trained Ph[D] in economics, who was out of Viet N[am] for 16 years prior to Diem's fall, O[anh] taught economics at Connecticut's Tr[inity] ity College for five years, later wor[king] for the U.N.'s International Mone[tary] Fund. He is an amateur artist, is Americanized that he is known a[s] tionately in Saigon's U.S. colony "Jack Owen," after his last two na[mes] Vietnamese insist that Oanh carri[es] U.S. passport, something on which State Department cautiously refuses comment.

"Jack Owen" had evidently b[een] thrown into the box after all the o[ther] contenders had bogged down in d[is]lock, and it would be a miracle if completed his short term. Asked w[hat] had happened to Khanh, Oanh explai[ned] that his ex-boss was still technic[ally] Premier but unfortunately "unwell," [or] haps "mentally" from the long str[ain] and had repaired to the mountain re[sort] of Dalat, South Viet Nam's traditio[nal] resting place for politically afflicted g[en]erals. Khanh had kept four untru[sted] officers there himself for seven mon[ths] Oanh allowed as how it might be lengthy illness. "I would say he w[ill] need quite a long period of medi[cal] treatment."

U.S. officials in Saigon and Washi[ng]ton claimed that Khanh was only du[ck]ing out of the fray to let things c[ool] off, could well re-emerge in a domin[ant] role. After maintaining official sile[nce] all week, Secretary of State Dean Ru[sk] said he did not know when Kha[nh] would return to duty, he added that, his view, Oanh's appointment "does [not] represent a major change in the V[iet] Nam government."

But what government?



CATHOLICS MOBBING BUDDHIST OUTSIDE MILITARY GHQ
The first shot was anonymous.

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INDIA

A Feeling of Drift

Not even his mother would have readily recognized India's Home Minister Gulzarilal Nanda. Sitting in a small unmarked car parked at the edge of New Delhi's grain market, Nanda was wearing dark glasses, a long coat buttoned to his chin, and a turban whose tail covered his lower face. Thus disguised, he warily watched hundreds of Communist-led marchers demonstrating against India's food prices, which have risen 22% in the last 18 months —almost as much as the price rise over the previous ten years.

Nanda's careful disguise was hardly necessary to assure his safety. The demonstrators were under orders of the pro-Russian wing of India's divided Communist Party, which for the present is dedicated to nonviolence as the pro-Peking wing is committed to violence. The crowds were orderly, but by organizing token attempts to break through police cordons, the Reds hoped to get 100,000 people arrested in five days and jam the jails. The police contented themselves with arresting 11,000 demonstrators, including the top pro-Russian leader, S. A. Dange, and most were sentenced to only a week in prison.

Downhill Course. Yet the food crisis will certainly deepen, since the dangerous preharvest months of September and October still lie ahead. India cannot raise grain as fast as babies—an estimated 10 million a year. Peasants lack both incentives and skill in modern agricultural methods. In the cities, police raids on shops and warehouses to seize hoarded supplies have crippled trade, and government attempts to regulate distribution by making up "food zones" have only resulted in further disrupting the supply. Panic buying creates false scarcities, and Indian officials bitterly admit that, after massive government investment in agriculture, the country still must rely on the U.S. for some three million tons of crucially needed wheat this year.

India generally is a far cry from the steady days of 1962 when, to repel the Red Chinese attack in the Himalayas, the nation seemed united and resolute. Indians swarmed to enlist, pledged their hoarded gold to the government, and willingly accepted a hike of income taxes by as much as 450%. Since then the course has been downhill. Nehru's illness and death were followed by the accession of tiny, introspective Lal Bahadur Shastri as Prime Minister. Almost immediately, Shastri himself suffered a heart attack; and although he seems recovered, he has stayed close to Delhi, making no attempts to travel and show himself to the Indian masses, who will not give their loyalty to a remote and unknown figure.

Raid the Stars. Most serious of all is the widespread feeling of drift, the contempt of all classes that is undermining the state. When not inspecting grain markets Home Minister Nanda is busy with his loudly heralded campaign against corruption. Nanda thought he had Shastri's approval, but at a recent meeting of Congress party leaders, he was dismayed to find himself opposed both by Shastri and Atulya Ghosh, boss of Eastern India. The government made one attempt to show itself vigilant, but Nanda could not take credit for the move, since it was ordered by the Finance Ministry. Besides, it was scarcely what the country had been waiting for: a spectacular raid on tax-dodging movie stars.

For years, it has been an open secret that Indian stars declare only a fraction of their true salaries, and are paid the rest in "black money." In swift raids in Bombay, the revenuers picked up $777,000. Biggest haul came from the home of Actress Mala Sinha, where $250,000 was found in a safe in the ceiling of her ornate bathroom and another $100,000 in a bag that Mala's mother had in her hand as she tiptoed out the back door. A bottle of liquor was found, which is also a crime under Bombay's prohibition laws. But the cops thought they had done enough to poor Mala and chivalrously arrested her father for illegal possession of the liquor.

KOK AH CHONG—SINGAPORE STRAITS TIMES

MALAYAN VILLAGERS CARTING OFF DEAD GUERRILLAS

The graduation was premature.

MALAYSIA

Visiting Team from Terror Tech

A new technical school on the Indonesian island of Batam, just ten miles across the straits from Singapore, doesn't have a sports schedule, but its students still play lots of games away. Housed in a cluster of tin-roofed, concrete-block buildings, the institution is a school for sabotage founded by Indonesian President Sukarno as part of his "confrontation" with the Malaysian Federation. At Batam Tech, students get a month's intensive training in such subjects as judo and jellied explosives; on graduation day they receive, instead of a sheepskin, a time bomb or a grenade or a burp gun. Then they set sail to infiltrate the Malaysian territory of Singapore, where this year they have set off 20-odd bombs, killing two persons and injuring seven.

Two weeks ago, a band of Batam's most promising alumni embarked on their school's boldest venture to date. With fellow "volunteers" from the Indonesian island of Sumatra, they formed a guerrilla force that bore down on the Malay Peninsula in a flotilla of 30-ft. outboard motorboats, debarked at three points along the swampy coast only 35 miles north of Singapore. The raid was an Indonesian attempt to open a second front on the Malayan mainland itself in Sukarno's undeclared war, which so far has been chiefly confined to the Indonesian-Malaysian border in Borneo.

Though told that they would be welcomed as liberators, the visitors enjoyed little hospitality. Fishermen raced to sound the alarm. Rubber tappers in one village spotted three invaders through the trees, captured them on the spot. Guided by locals, government helicopters and troops swarmed in, engaged the raiders in a series of running machine-gun fights. By last week the government had killed 18, captured 47, was endeavoring to mop up an estimated 35 still at large. Of the 65 accounted for, a score or more were Malaysian traitors recruited in Malaya and trained on either Batam or Sumatra. Several were Malayan Chinese who left evidence that the threat to Malaysia comes not only from Indonesia. Captured with the guerrillas were Red Chinese-manufactured hand grenades, a Chinese Communist flag and political tracts published in Peking.

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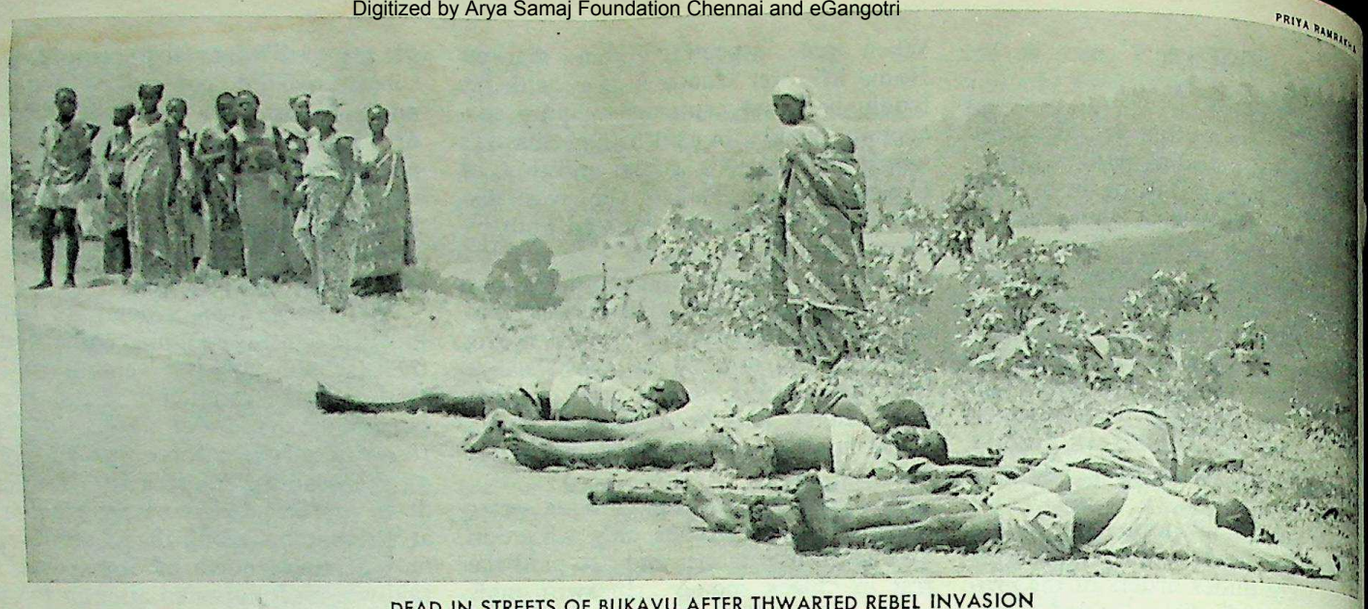


DEAD IN STREETS OF BUKAVU AFTER THWARTED REBEL INVASION
Hired guns against the flames.

THE CONGO

Help Wanted

> Any fit young man looking for employment with a difference at a salary well in excess of £100 per month should telephone 838-5202/3 during business hours. Employment initially offered for 6 months. Immediate start.
>
> —Ad in the Johannesburg Star

Into the recruiting offices they wandered, the adventurous young and desperate middle-aged, from offices and schools and barrooms, the motley white volunteers for Moise Tshombe's new mercenary army in the Congo.

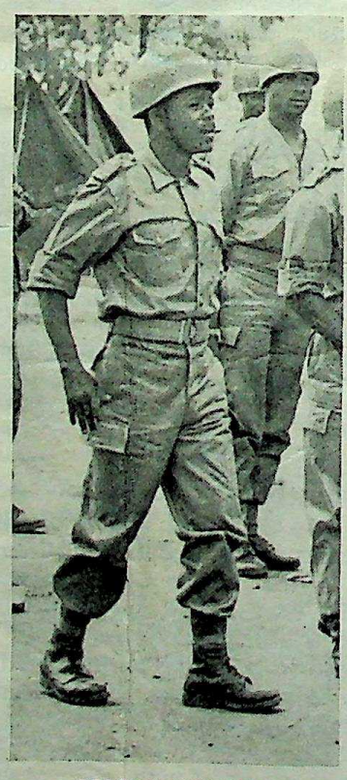
With the approval of the two governments, Tshombe's chief agents had set up shop in South Africa and Southern Rhodesia. Identically worded want ads ran simultaneously under three headings (Vacancies, Opportunities, Business) in major newspapers. In Salisbury, recruiters passed slips of paper reading "55715" to nightclub loners, whispering to them to "Ring that number, Jack, and you'll be all right."

Salisbury 55715 led to a small dental-surgery clinic, where a shapely blonde receptionist welcomed the applicants. She got right down to the point. The mercenaries would fight as an all-white brigade. Each man would probably clear about £150 a month, and "the closer to the danger area you get, the more money there will be for you." There would be no physical examinations, she told the hundred or so applicants who filed in every day, and only three weeks of military training: "We cannot afford more at this stage."

Two-Front Raid. In Johannesburg, a pal of Tshombe's, Patrick O'Malley, a former R.A.F. bomber pilot and Brigade of Guards officer, was recruiting 25 to 30 mercenaries a day. By week's end, Tshombe had gathered some 200 mercenaries. Early arrivals had already gone into action against the rebels—and lost. Led by two South African officers, a force of 35 mercenaries and 50 Katanga gendarmes attempted a daring, two-front commando raid on Albertville to rescue 140 European hostages held by Rebel Chieftain Gaston Soumialot. But one column was ambushed 30 miles south of the city, and the other, which was to have landed from Lake Tanganyika, was held up by bad weather and lack of fuel.

As Recruiter O'Malley sees it, the mercenaries have plenty to fight for. "Tshombe is an African leader who has refused to turn his back on the white man," he says. "White men can go to his aid with a clear conscience. The forces under formation will be a clean, efficient fighting unit which will remove the name of mercenary from the list of dirty words."

Nucleus Command. Throughout most of Africa, both mercenary and Tshombe were about the dirtiest words on the list. Hiring troops from hated white-supremacist countries will just about finish whatever chances Tshombe may have had of ever getting along with other black African nations. And there is little evidence that Tshombe even cares.



COLONEL MULAMBA
Pride against chaos.

Ever a man to put faith in the pe
he pays, Tshombe wanted to hire
cenaries from the start. And, secret
did so. Fully aware that the Cong
army was wholly untrustworthy and
his nationalist African neighbors
unlikely to send him even token supp
the smiling little Premier imported
nucleus of his mercenary command
weeks ago, less than two weeks
he took office.

By last week, Tshombe's country
in flames, his army in disgrace, and
ist ex-Vice Premier Antoine Gize
had formed a rebel-lining political
ty right under his nose. So Tsho
felt ready to bring the mercen
into the open and to start recru
more. Not that mercenaries alone c
solve the Congo's long-range prob
but they might conceivably clear
hold the rebel areas, thereby gi
Tshombe time to put some order
the nation's chaotic and cor
administration.

No Alcohol. Occasionally, a Co
lese emerges who can fight better
his country than any mercenary.
such is Colonel Leonard Mulamba
the government forces, commander
the garrison that fought off the blo
rebel invasion of Bukavu and gave
Congolese army something it coul
proud of for a change. Mulamba
tough disciplinarian who got his tr
ing as an adjutant in the Belg
Congo Force Publique, last week
to turn his victory into a springbo
for reform.

He stopped his troops from loo
the city, forbade them to loiter on
streets, even ordered Bukavu's barte
ers not to serve them alcohol.
issued a stern warning to Bukavu's
vincial president that local police
tality must end, personally ransacke
block of houses in which several
derous cops were thought to be hi
Riding in an open Jeep, he inspe
nearby communities, stopping
enough to organize temporary local
ernments in each. "I intend to mai
law and order," said Mulamba. It
a forlorn intention in the present Co

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and eGangotri

THE HINGE THAT NEVER BREAKS

Ordinary hinges inevitably weaken the more you use them. The hinge we illustrate, made with Carlona P, Shell's new polypropylene, stays strong no matter how much you use it. This is one of the many splendid capabilities of Carlona P.

Carlona P is light. But rigid. With good mechanical properties. And good looks. A little of it goes a long way. And it is easy to process. In a great variety of applications from very small instrumental components to largish chairs and sink units and unbreakable hinges, Carlona P has made itself very desirable.

Shell plastics include not only Carlona P, but also Carlona polyethylene, Carinex polystyrene, Carina PVC, Styrocell expandable polystyrene and PVC compounds. All have the potential for a great variety of new uses.

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PLASTICS

Shell Chemicals

SHELL

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Invisible but safe

That is what the elegantly shaped roof stay is in a Mercedes-Benz. It's essential but invisible.
It is within. Built in safety. Built to withstand great force. Perhaps this is not particularly important to you. But it's good to feel that you have never been so well protected so inconspicuously.

The exceptional and extraordinary strength of the whole interior of all Mercedes-Benz cars is due to the Daimler-Benz AG patented construction. (German Patent Office, Patent No. 854157)

MERCEDES-BENZ

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SOUTHERN RHODESIA

"White Uhuru"

Black African leaders used to call Sir Roy Welensky a white elephant and cheered when the Central African Federation, of which he was Prime Minister, broke up last New Year's Eve. Now some wish the elephant were back.

When the federation collapsed, it split into three parts. Nyasaland has gained independence under a black government, and Northern Rhodesia will have the same status next month. Southern Rhodesia, still a British self-governing colony, also wants independence, but Britain refuses to grant it, except under a new constitution that will give the now suppressed black majority a larger share in the government. Southern Rhodesia's white-supremacist Prime Minister Ian Smith rejects the idea and threatens to declare independence from Britain unilaterally, a move his critics refer to as "white *uhuru*."

On to Portugal. Although snubbed by the Commonwealth Conference in London in July, Smith decided to behave himself until further negotiations can be tried, but there is growing evidence that he may not go on behaving himself much longer.

The Salisbury Daily News, owned by British Newspaper Tycoon Lord Thomson of Fleet, was banned last week for supporting African aspirations, despite a protest demonstration by 100 white and non-white students before the Parliament building. The Salisbury suburb of Highfield, where rival African parties have been feuding violently for months, was put in a state of emergency and sealed off by soldiers and police.

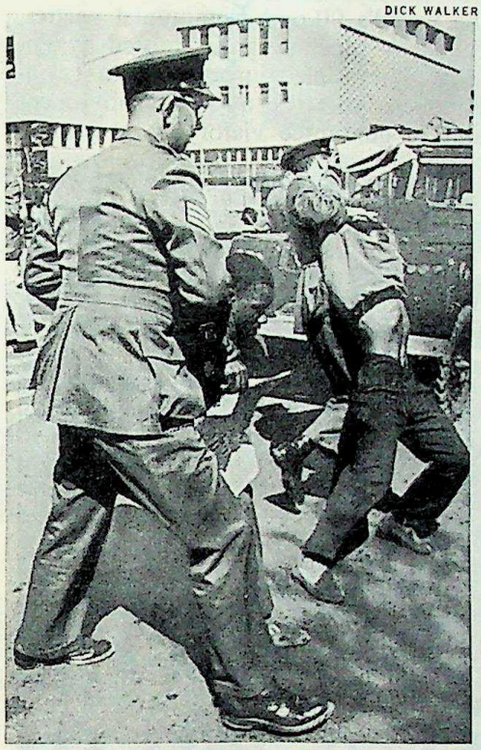
This week Smith visits Portugal, which feels a bond with Southern Rhodesia because it is fighting black nationalism in neighboring Mozambique. From Portuguese Premier António de Oliveira Salazar, Smith reportedly hopes to get a promise that if he breaks away from Britain, Portugal will immediately recognize Southern Rhodesian independence and stand by to give economic and military aid, if needed. Prime Minister Kenneth Kaunda of Northern Rhodesia claims to have a copy of a secret agreement along these lines already drawn up between Portugal and Southern Rhodesia.

Out of the Garden. Next, Smith will go to London for the promised talks. The result is almost certain to be a deadlock, and Smith could then return home strengthened in his agruments for a bolt. The final steps apparently are planned. A group of Tory M.P.s last week told the British government about a Southern Rhodesian plan, which, in addition to the agreement with Portugal, supposedly calls for 1) dictatorial rule by Smith as part of a triumvirate; 2) arrest and expulsion of the British Governor and military commander; 3) trade boycott of Northern Rhodesia; 4) seizure of all means of communication. To make all this more palatable to Britain, Smith is reportedly ready, even after a break, to offer continued loyalty to the Crown.

Smith denied the plan, without dispelling the impression that he is considering something more or less like it. But before attempting a move, Smith seeks a final sanction in two parliamentary by-elections to be held Oct. 1. These elections are being contested by the new Rhodesia Party. Its founder: Sir Roy Welensky, who is trying to make a political comeback after tending his little vegetable garden outside Salisbury since January.

Welensky, who will himself run in Salisbury against a candidate handpicked by Smith, was once a symbol of white supremacy in Africa. But he opposes a violent break with Britain, and is far more inclined than Smith to allow the blacks at least a gradual share in ruling the country. Pleading for reconciliation, the "elephant" thus, ironically, offers for the moment the only slim hope of halting Southern Rhodesia's total commitment to white supremacy.

DICK WALKER



DEMONSTRATION IN SALISBURY
Are the final steps already planned?

ALGERIA

Destination Unknown

In Algeria, the revolution continued to consume its children—and its fathers. Ferhat Abbas, head of the Algerian government-in-exile for years and first President of independent Algeria's Parliament, disappeared from his home near Algiers. As the leading moderate opponent of the socialist regime of President Ahmed ben Bella, Abbas had been under house arrest for eight weeks. But last week his plainclothes guards were gone, and relatives said that the grand old man of Algerian nationalism and his 17-year-old adopted son Hakim had been taken away by police toward "an unknown destination and for an unknown period."

CYPRUS

Back to the Precipice

The issue of the latest eyeball-to-eyeball confrontation over Cyprus could hardly have been more trivial.

Under the London agreement of 1959, both Turkey and Greece have the right to station small detachments of their regular troops on the territory of Cyprus. Early this month, Turkey notified the Cypriot government of Archbishop Makarios that it intended to rotate home 335 Turkish soldiers whose one- and two-year terms were up and to replace them in Cyprus by an equal number. Such exchanges had taken place before without incident. When the Cypriot government requested a postponement, Turkey agreed to a delay of one week.

Swift Response. Cyprus then replied that any and all Turkish regulars were welcome to leave the island but that no replacements could be landed. Insidiously, Makarios ordered the exchange of notes published, thereby making a public issue of the impending showdown. If Makarios had said nothing, the Turkish troops could have been quietly rotated without public outcry. But now Turkey's Premier Ismet Inönü was faced with the alternative of a public and humiliating backdown, which would almost certainly topple his government, or of making a landing in force on a hostile shore.

The Turkish response was swift, and spurred on by almost daily violent demonstrations against the U.S. embassy, for the Turks interpret U.S. policy as favoring the Greeks (the Greeks interpret it as favoring Turkey). The Makarios regime was informed that the passenger steamship *Amiassa* would anchor off the Cypriot port of Famagusta and its 335 unarmed replacements would land, if permitted, while an equal number of unarmed outgoing troops, under United Nations escort, would board the *Amiassa* and sail home. If the replacements were not allowed to land, said Ankara, a Turkish army would invade Cyprus under naval escort and air cover and occupy as much of the island as was necessary to protect its detachment and the local Turkish Cypriots.

Grudging Consent. It was up to Makarios to 1) yield to the Turkish threat, 2) try to negotiate some concession in return for yielding, or 3) stand pat in the hope that Turkey was bluffing or would be dissuaded by the U.S. or through fear of Russian and Greek intervention.

At week's end, Turkey grudgingly gave its consent to a Greek request that the troop rotation be postponed. Archbishop Makarios flew blithely off to Alexandria to confer with an old friend and ally, Egypt's President Gamal Abdel Nasser. His reported mission: to secure Nasser's permission for Greek and Russian fighter planes to use Egyptian bases in the event of a Turkish invasion of Cyprus.

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COMMUNISTS

Never Mind About Marco Polo

An outsider in Bucharest last week might have got the idea that Communists were still one big happy family, instead of the dirty, low-down Peking Factionalists and the lousy, no-good Moscow Deviationists they accuse each other of being. For there, on the shore of a moon-bathed lake, dignitaries of 14 Communist states gathered under a festively striped canvas tent, nibbled caviar and quaffed Rumanian champagne and Riesling in mellow tribute to the city's "liberation" by the Red army in 1944. And there, sharing the head table, were none other than Red China's Vice Premier Li Hsien-nien and sly old Anastas Mikoyan, President of the Soviet Union.

But look again. Stationed strategically between them was Host Gheorghe Gheorghiu-Dej, and his head kept swiveling as if he were following a slow-motion tennis volley. For nearly three hours the Rumanian President alternated his attentions like clockwork—15 minutes to Revisionist Mikoyan, 15 minutes to Factionalist Li—while his two honored guests pointedly ignored each other. Nothing, not even the considerable efforts of the host's raven-haired daughter Lica, who is a Communist movie queen, could make them even look at each other.

ROBERT LACKENBACH

MIKOYAN, GHEORGHIU-DEJ & LI ON REVIEWING STAND

Satellitesmanship can be like tennis.

Out of Orbit. The fact that they were in Bucharest at all was a lesson in latter-day satellitesmanship. Gheorghiu-Dej is edging Rumania out of the Russian orbit and toward its own brand of nationalist Communism, mostly because he wants to continue Rumania's successful industrialization and trade with the West, free of Moscow's interference. To that end, Rumania has tried hard to stay neutral in the Russian-Chinese cold war. So covetously do Moscow and Peking view Rumania's new independence that the little (pop. 18.8 million) Balkan state has become the most ardently courted nation in the Communist bloc.

The Rumanians refused to invite the peripatetic Nikita Khrushchev to last week's party for fear that he might steal the spotlight for himself and use it to blast Peking. Moscow asked permission to send President Mikoyan instead. Peking, hailing its "traditional" ties with a land few Chinese had even heard of, renamed one of its infamous state farms the "Marco Polo Bridge Sino-Rumanian Friendship People's Commune."

Never mind about Marco Polo. What both sides were really worried about was next year's summit conference of the world's 90-odd Communist parties, called by Moscow and opposed by Peking. Ostensible purpose of the conference is to settle all party differences and to guarantee victory over Peking. Moscow has invited 25 key parties, including the balky Rumanian, to a pre-summit strategy conference in December. Mikoyan's primary job in Bucharest last week was to persuade Rumania to attend. He failed to do so.

Russia Barred. No more successful was Vice Premier Li, who was trying to line up support for Peking's own prospective pre-summit conference against Moscow. But China is far from licked. It has already managed to get Russia barred from still another meeting—the Peking-sponsored "Second Bandung" conference of "nonaligned" Asian-African nations to be held next March.

Second Bandung, named for the 1955 conference which urged China to break away from Russia in the interest of world peace, is not to be confused with next October's "Belgrade Conference" of the neutralist bloc, which neither China nor Russia can attend. And the "Belgrade Conference" in turn is not to be confused with the Yugoslavia meeting to be held this month at Marshal Tito's hunting lodge. The lodge meeting will be the most exclusive of all. Just Tito and Rumania's Gheorghiu-Dej, whose head may have swiveled last week but was certainly not turned. Their reported subject: how to head off both the Moscow and Peking pre-summits, as well as the summit meeting itself.

HONG KONG

Fragrant Harbor

As any good travel agent will tell, Hong Kong is a paradise of sights and sounds and is perfumed with the scents of opium, spices, incense and the special sensuous fragrance of warm silk. The tourist who arrives by plane and is whisked along an airy boulevard to an air-conditioned hotel may not disagree —until he explores the island colony. Then he will wonder why it was ever called Hong Kong, which means Fragrant Harbor.

Nowadays the fragrance of Hong Kong comes from dead fish, firecracker dust, rotting cabbage, auto exhausts and night soil, all woven into a unique miasma. There are 100,000 people who live afloat in suburbs of sampans and never use a toilet or garbage pail. But the main source of trouble is a place ten miles from the city quaintly named Gin Drinkers' Bay by the British and more accurately known as Garbage Bay to the Chinese.

To fill in the bay and create industrial sites, the government dumps more than 1,000 tons of garbage there every day. Since typhoons carried away parts of the barrier that was supposed to contain the offal, it drifts out and forms a putrescent bilge that swills around the city. For a long time, not even her best friends would tell her. Then last week Senior City Councilor Arnaldo de Oliveira Sales took an olfactory tour of Hong Kong in a helicopter and pronounced that even from 300 feet up the place stank. The government promised that Gin Drinkers' Bay will be contained by a new wall next month and that the first of two big, modern incinerators will start work early next year.

GREAT BRITAIN

£1,000 per Dog per Year

There was a time when the French regarded themselves as Citizens, the British as Subjects, and the Americans as Taxpayers. The lines are no longer clear. Americans this year got a small reduction, De Gaulle long ago made subjects of the French, and those noises in London last week were unmistakably the shrill, surly shrieks of the wounded taxpayer at bay. CASH "FRITTERED AWAY" ABROAD, reported the Daily Telegraph. Sputtered the Daily Mirror: "What the taxpayers of this country want to know is: Who is going to be fired as a result of this?"

To Americans, the source of pain was all too familiar: a 297-page report by a

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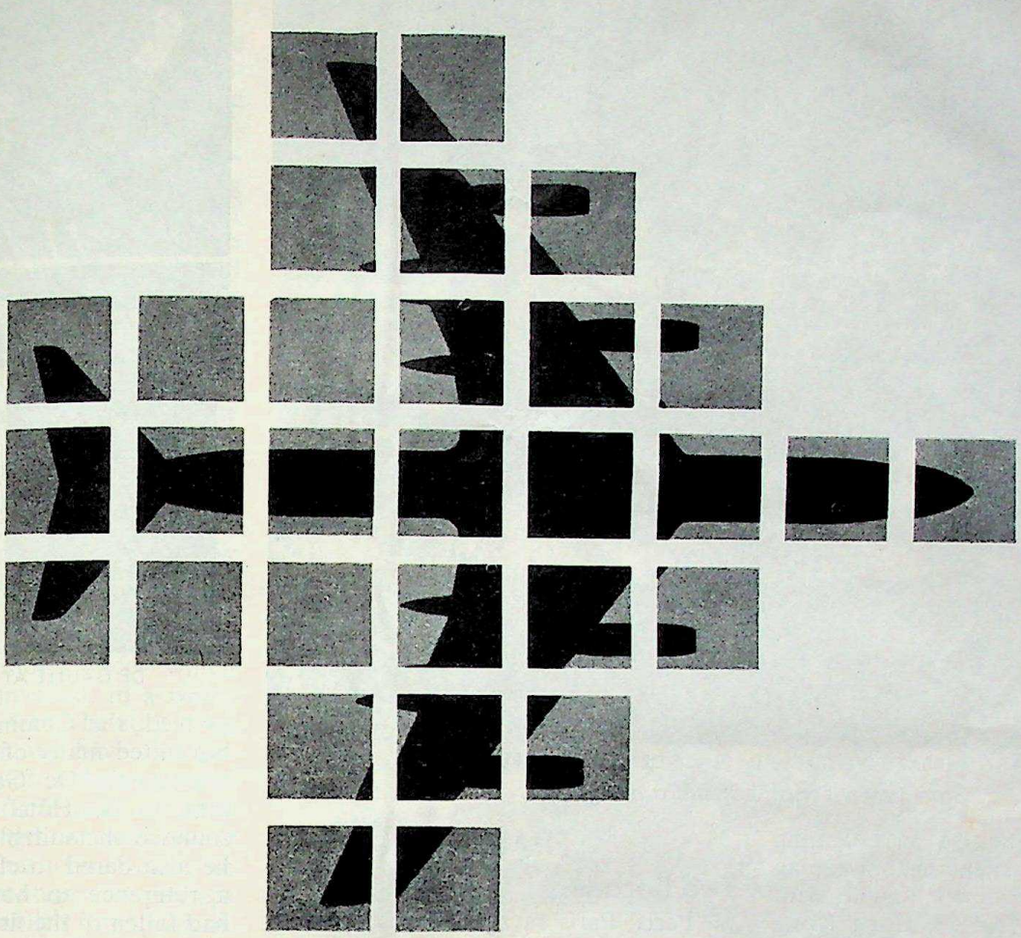

Perfection in the air starts on the ground

The Swiss have a proverbial urge towards perfection. Give a Swiss engineer a machine tool that works with a precision of say, 0.01 millimeters, and he won't be happy till he has inserted another couple of noughts after the decimal point.

When you land in the Heart of Europe, you'll find a team of over 2000 Swiss super-precision specialists working next-door. For the Swissair Maintenance Base is just a few hundred yards from the airport. Will you join us for a look around?

What will strike you most is that love of detail, that almost passionate pedantry in everything we do. It's our secret of perfection!

Step into the bright, roomy halls where jet engines are taken apart at regular intervals. And we mean apart! We dismantle, clean, inspect, polish, weigh, balance and re-check every single piece. Many are even X-rayed! Only then do we mount them again with infinite care.

Wherever you look around, you'll sense the same watch-like precision. The merest trifles are important to Swissair. Simply because whatever we do is done for you—our guest.

This is how an independent airline—modern, reliable, friendly—always succeeds in giving you the best there is in everything. Find out how much it means on your next trip: A warm welcome awaits you on board.

STOCKHOLM
ROTTERDAM COPENHAGEN PRAGUE
AMSTERDAM BRUSSELS WARSAW
MONTREAL HAMBURG MUNICH TOKYO
CHICAGO MANCHESTER DÜSSELDORF INNSBRUCK BELGRADE BANGKOK HONG KONG
NEW YORK COLOGNE / BONN VIENNA ANKARA KARACHI
LONDON STUTTGART BASEL ISTANBUL BEIRUT TEHERAN BOMBAY
RIO DE JANEIRO PARIS FRANKFURT GENEVA ZURICH ATHENS TEL AVIV DHAHRAN CALCUTTA
SANTIAGO DE CHILE MADRID NICE MILAN CAIRO ABADAN
MONTEVIDEO BARCELONA ROME KHARTOUM BAGHDAD MANILA
BUENOS AIRES PALMA DE MALLORCA
LISBON TUNIS
DAKAR ALGIERS
ACCRA LAGOS

SWISSAIR

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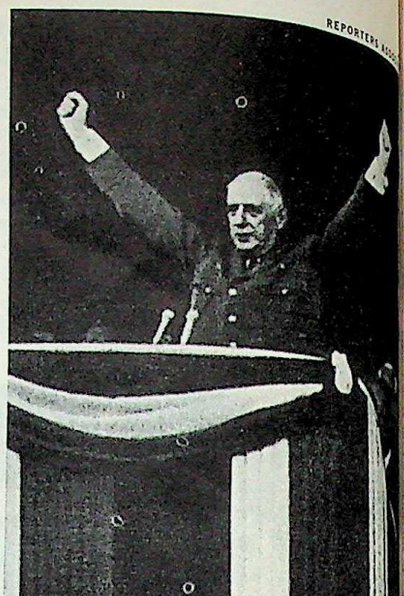
ANNIVERSARY SPECTACLE IN PLACE DE LA CONCORDE

Sometimes a trial, but still a net gain.



DE GAULLE AT HÔTEL DE VILLE

parliamentary committee investigating overseas military spending. Sweeping the bases, the committee found Benghazi about to be closed, Hong Kong indefensible, Gibraltar all but useless, Singapore disorganized, Malaysia too powerful, and the new Indian Ocean airbase at Gan dismayingly expensive ("The contract estimate has been revised on five occasions"). At all these bases, charged the committee, the armed forces have squandered the taxpayers' money on illusory projects. At Hong Kong, the army "surrendered" valuable land to the local government, which not long ago sold an acre of it for nearly £1,000,000 for the Hilton Hotel. And in Singapore, "an establishment of 115 dogs (including 102 dog handlers) costs a total of £110,000 to maintain, or not far short of £1,000 per dog per annum."

As for the navy, the committee says, it is overstaffing its fleets in order to live up to its recruiting slogan: "Join the Navy and see the world." Furthermore, a suspicious number of ships have been making unscheduled stops in lively Hong Kong under the pretext of needing "minor repairs."

The R.A.F. is no better. On Gibraltar, "only part of one squadron was operational, yet the R.A.F. personnel numbered about 1,200." In Singapore, the R.A.F. maintains a full brass band, at a cost of £85,000 a year. Wrote the *Daily Mirror* when it found out: "We all know that showing the flag and the mighty oompah, oompah, oompah of the military brass band is a jolly good thing. But who thinks a pile of brass is really worth £85,000?"

British Subjects might. British Taxpayers don't.

FRANCE

Two Decades

"Paris! Paris ravaged! Paris crushed! Paris martyred! But Paris free!"

It was Charles de Gaulle speaking—lean, his face scarcely lined—at the Hôtel de Ville. That moment of triumph, 20 years ago, was surrounded by a good deal of squabbling. General Jacques Leclerc's French 2nd Armored Division, which had received reluctant approval from the Allied high command to advance on Paris, had got bogged down but reached the city ahead of the Americans anyway, making the Liberation, at least in appearance, a feat of French arms. Right behind the troops came De Gaulle, whose chief concern was to prevent a takeover by the Communists, who had widely infiltrated the Resistance movement. By showing himself to Paris, by his supreme coolness when fired on by snipers, and by bluntly ordering the Resistance forces disarmed, De Gaulle undid the Communists and took command swiftly and surely.

Even then, though it was obviously the Allies who had really freed his country, De Gaulle insisted: "France is a world power. She has a right to be heard in all four corners of the world." Last week he stood at the Hôtel de Ville again, two additional decades of life and history aggravating his face, and again spoke of France as a world power—this time with far more reason.

No R.S.V.P.s. A crowd of 200,000 turned out happily on the Place de la Concorde to dance in the street, watch fireworks, and cheer Fernandel, Juliette Greco, the cancan line of the Moulin Rouge. Some of the old squabbles were revived: the Communists and Socia boycotted many of the ceremonies. B once again De Gaulle rose above that. In his Hôtel de Ville speech, sounded the suitable notes of glory, he also dared to chill his listeners w a reference to how and why Fra had fallen in the first place.

Said De Gaulle: "It is our duty look directly at the origin of the happiness that turned the capital o to the suffering and outrage of the cupation. For invasion, capitulation, pression, were nothing more than outcome of political, military and mor collapse, and they in turn were the sult of the long weakness of our pub authorities, of the grave shortcomin of our resources, and of the many certainties and divisions of our country

De Gaulle could censure the Fran of 20 years ago in these terms becau the France of today resembles it little.

Now the Feast. Then Paris was dra hungry and humiliated, poisoned haphazard action against collaborat ists, corrupted by the black mark weakened by class hatreds and inflati Now its buildings are resplendent as result of cleaning and restoration; Parisian feasts at the most majes table in the world, and all around h are the signs of his country's prestig The swift Caravelle jet carries the na of France through the skies, and world's longest liner, the *France*, c ries it across the seas. French milita power, so often frustrated, can take least symbolic pride in its minuscu atomic strike force. The nation's pop lation, which had been shrinking befo the war, has grown from 40 to 48 m lion, and the gross national produc from $31 billion to $72 billion. Cl feeling is being diminished by the *bourgeoisement* of the workers, many and more of whom reach a level

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prosperity where a four-week vacation and a small car are the norm—although inflation and wretched housing still bedevil them.

The French have thrown off the shame of being a defeated, compromised nation. Largely soothed are the rankling humiliations that led to self-destructive politics at home, futile colonial ventures abroad, and a snarling attitude toward foreigners. Not all of this is necessarily real; much of it is the reflection of De Gaulle's sheer will, and when he is gone, France may again be gravely threatened by those "uncertainties and divisions." And for France's allies, De Gaulle's independent foreign policy can be a trial. But, in sum, the strong France of today represents a tremendous net gain for the West compared with the country of 20 or even ten years ago.

Frenchmen, though they are never likely to lose their skepticism, believed De Gaulle last week when he said: "The past must certainly never be repeated. Whatever the conditions under which our future will be unveiled, in a world still filled with perils let us be sure from this moment on that we have the elementary guarantees of a firm government, a modern defense and a united nation." For the length of his rule at least, the country has come close to achieving these guarantees and perhaps to satisfying De Gaulle's own axiom: "France cannot be France without greatness."

EUROPE

Roman Roulette & Other Games

Over designated "black" danger spots on French highways, 13 helicopters hovered last weekend equipped with doctors and plasma and ready to stop the flow of blood as vacationers swarmed home. In Italy, reports of traffic accidents were filling up to five columns almost daily in Rome's Il Messaggero, and madcap Italian drivers scored a record 184 deaths during the Aug. 12 to 24 holiday peak. In Germany, where the rate of traffic accidents per vehicle was already five times as great as in the U.S., road fatalities were running 30% higher than last year. And even in Britain, where drivers unnerve one another with elaborate courtesy and flapping arm signals that look like the wings of a panicked goose, 81 died in August bank-holiday traffic.

Theory over Practice. The August torrent of vacationers put Europe's motor maniacs on full display. The European driver may appear to be just an exasperated fellow stuck with his underpowered four-cylinder car on an overloaded two-lane highway, but deep down inside he is Ascari lapping the pack, Rommel leading the tanks, De Gaulle thumbing his nose at the world. Driving is a sport, an intoxication, a release. It is in the blood more than in the brain, and spirit means more than skill. Since Europeans came to affluence later than Americans, most of them first got behind the wheel at a later age. In ten years, the number of autos in England has doubled, and in Germany the car census has grown from 500,000 in 1950 to more than 7,000,000 now. Driving schools are crowded with middle-aged learners. The tests are usually elaborate, but they tend to be more intellectual than practical. The standard French examination, for instance, does not necessarily ensure that a candidate knows how to make a turn from the proper lane, but it sternly requires theoretical answers to such questions as: "What actions does one take when approaching a funeral cortege or a column of soldiers?"*

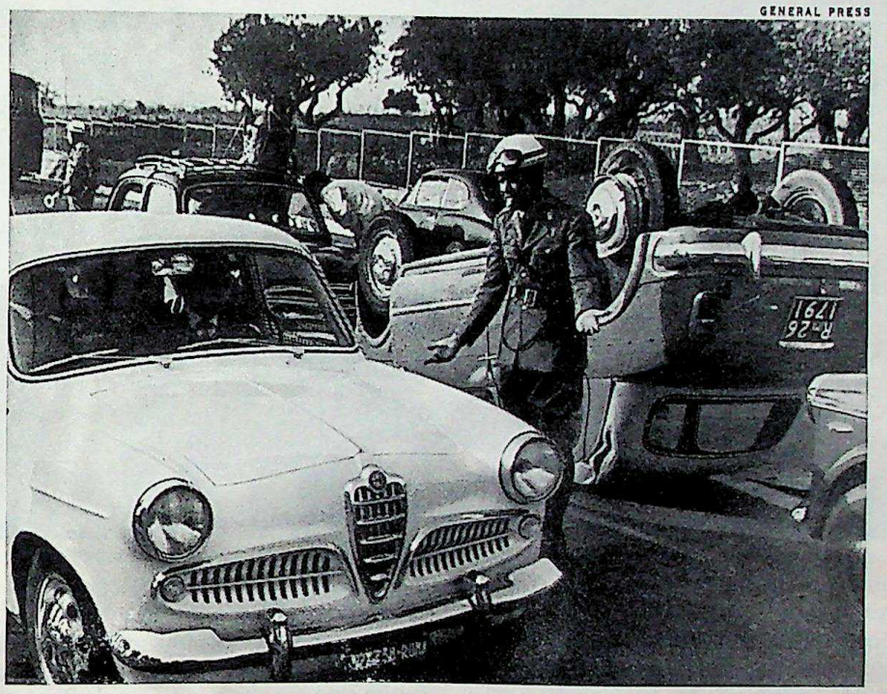
The French driver is always learning. Once he thinks he has grasped the rudiments, his hands unfreeze from the wheel enough for him to gesticulate and shout freely. Then he learns how to wind up his little car to its top 60 or 70 m.p.h. and hold it there, come what may. He advances to understanding the subtleties of the basic traffic law of *priorité à droite*, which means yielding to the car on the right only if there is no way of bluffing through. Then come more refined arts, such as passing on the crest of a hill.

Educational Honks. The Germans, having established a stable and working democracy, now take their death wish and other peculiar psychological needs out on the highway. Germany still being Germany, there is a hierarchy of cars, so that a Volkswagen has the right to pass a trifling Goggomobil but should never challenge a stately Mercedes. Furthermore, Germans like to play cop to their fellow drivers. Discipline can be instilled, for instance, by an "educational honk" of the horn, and if that is not enough, by a *Deutscher Gruss*, or German greeting, in which the forehead is tapped with the right index finger, suggesting mental derangement in the other fellow.

No one can cut such a *bella figura* or prove himself such a *furbo* (big shot) behind the wheel as the Italian. He passes on the right, double passes on the left, triple parks, turns left from the right-hand lane, lunges at pedestrians, ogles the girls, looks at his handsome self in the mirror, waves his arms wildly and shrieks *"criminali"* and *"bastardi"* at other drivers. He plays Roman roulette, which means hurtling into an intersection without looking to left or right. The one thing he likes better than passing a whole row of cars is passing the car that is passing them. No wonder that Americans arriving at the military base at Naples are prudently taught "defensive driving."

The only time a European driver behaves is when he visits a neighboring country. Then he is likely to be sane and slow. Naturally. He is scared of all those crazy foreign drivers.

GENERAL PRESS



CRACKUP AFTERMATH ON ITALIAN HIGHWAY
Really Ascari lapping the pack and Rommel leading the tanks.

* Right answer: "I must reduce my speed, overtake or pass, leaving a wide margin, and always carefully looking out for the movements of the elements of the column; I must never cut through a cortege."

RUSSIA

Keep Moving

Journeying to Czechoslovakia last week to help celebrate the 20th anniversary of the Slovak uprising against the Nazis, Nikita Khrushchev added 1,050 miles to the title he had already won going away—the most-traveled head of state in history. Since coming to power eight years ago, Khrushchev has spent a total of two years, eight months outside Moscow and has logged 121,000 miles on 50 trips to 23 foreign countries. So far this year, he has made twelve trips at home and abroad totaling 15 weeks.

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ARGENTINA

The New Peronismo

For almost a decade, 3,000,000 of Argentina's 21 million people have lived outside the country's normal political life. They are the Peronistas, long loyal to ex-Dictator Juan Domingo Perón, 69, and his promise to return to Argentina leading another revolution. Last week 17 Peronista leaders were back in Buenos Aires after a five-day conference with *El Líder* in Madrid. As always, Perón vowed to return. But not as a revolutionary this time. The aging strongman now sees himself as conciliator, who would stay only long enough—possibly two or three months—to help reintegrate the Peronistas peacefully back into the country's mainstream. The amazing thing is that the Argentine government may let him try.

PERÓN (CENTER) & VANDOR (RIGHT) IN MADRID*
From revolutionary to conciliator.

The new sound of Peronismo is quite a switch from the shrill cries that have emanated from Madrid since Perón was toppled in 1955. The man behind it is not so much Perón himself as Augusto Timoteo Vandor, 43, *El Líder's* new top lieutenant in Argentina. A onetime navy mechanic, Vandor drifted into the powerful, 275,000-member Metallurgical Workers Union in the early 1950s, quietly made his way up through the union hierarchy, and was soon reaching for control of the entire Peronista movement. His chief opponent was Andrés Framini, 50, head of the 100,000-member Textile Workers Union and longtime power within the General Labor Command.

Wolf at the Door. Framini and Vandor are a study in contrasts. Framini, the stolid embodiment of the old Peronismo, is boastful, loudly emotional, disorganized; his course is "revolution" and an "open fight." Vandor is more flexible—and smart enough to know that Perón could never rule Argentina as dictator again. He believes in "Peronismo without Perón," talks "negotiation" and "legalismo."

Known as *El Lobo*, the wolf, Vandor quickly proved his cunning against Framini. Using his own union as a base, he pumped funds into poorer unions to win friends and influence people. In a series of angry union fights, Vandor's supporters took over in more and more unions. By last May, Vandor was strong enough to beat Framini in an election for control of the Peronistas.

To demonstrate his power to the government of President Arturo Illia, Vandor demanded a freeze on basic commodity prices, a hike in retirement benefits, and a $100 minimum monthly salary. When the government stalled, some 2,000,000 workers "occupied" 10,000 Argentine factories between May and June, for anywhere from a few minutes to a few hours. When it was over, the government met almost every demand.

Up to the Army. Now Vandor wants the Illia government to give back the full political rights denied Peronistas since Perón's fall: the right to organize legally as a political party and run for all offices up to and including the presidency. (Peronistas have had the right to vote, but always under one restraint or another.) In return Vandor promises a responsible, cooperative movement that will support the Illia government for the good of Argentina. Vandor feels that with a well-organized labor movement behind the party, the Peronistas could end up with at least 35 congressional seats after next year's elections. By 1969, they may even be ready to enter the presidential race.

Perón's role in all this would be to lend his physical presence to the deal—presumably to make speeches and co[n]vince the rank and file that he is 10[0]% behind the integration and that the [I]government should be supported. On[e] the Peronistas are back in circulatio[n] Perón would probably "retire," and h[is] mantle would fall to Vandor. Whether Perón is permitted to return depend[s] on President Illia, whose ineffectual m[i]nority government could certainly u[se] some support—and on the Argentin[e] military men, who have long been vi[o]lently anti-Perón.

Last week rumors flooded Buenos Aires that the government was seriously considering a deal with Perón. President Illia himself lent credence to the story with a statement that "Perón's return is up to Perón." As for the military, at least one retired general has already made a survey of key Argentine brass. He found reaction surprisingly favorable. Fortnight ago, an Argentine colonel and two lieutenant colonels, traveling under false names, turned up for secret talks at Perón's villa on the outskirts of Madrid. *El Líder's* man Vandor has no doubts. "Perón will return this year," he says.

* With Isabelita Perón, Vicente Solano Lima, Peronista-backed candidate for the presidency in 1963, and Delia Parodi, Peronista women's leader.

CUBA

Big Eyes, Small Pocketbook

As the Cuban economy plunged deeper into ruin last year, Fidel Castro's Russian partners allowed him to sell the world 1,000,000 tons of sugar previously committed to the Soviet Union. With world sugar prices then as high as 10¢ per lb., the windfall netted Castro some $100 million in foreign exchange, which he immediately used for a shopping spree: buses from Britain, cranes and locomotives from France, trucks and fishing boats from Spain.

Fidel apparently ordered too much. From Havana now comes word that Cuba has "suspended" all further purchases abroad except for medicine and parts for the sugar and nickel-mining industries. As financial experts make out, Cuba has gone through most of the $100 million—and still owes $161 million to free world countries, plus more than $1 billion to the Communist bloc. To make matters worse, sugar prices have dropped 65% to 4¢ per lb. since January, thus eliminating another windfall sale on the open market.

This kind of mess naturally calls for scapegoats. A few weeks ago, Fidel "liberated" his Economy Minister and overall economic planner. The unlucky *compañero* was Regino Boti, 43, a Marxist convert who once served on the U.N. Economic Commission for Latin America. Boti's new assignment: a condensed-milk plant in Oriente province, where he will oversee 200 to 300 employees. The No. 1 man now in control of Cuba's economy seems to be Minister of Industries Che Guevara, 36, who has long been Fidel's all-round handyman.

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PEOPLE

Iktol of Planet X? Lawrence of Arabia? Nope. Just two of those 14 new U.S. astronauts in training for adventures in outer space. There was Rand Scientist **Walter Cunningham**, 32, having his temperature taken after a brisk workout in his moon suit. And in Nevada, Navy Pilot **Alan Bean**, 32, was sporting a turban fashioned from a parachute just in case he ever has to make an unscheduled desert landing.

. . .

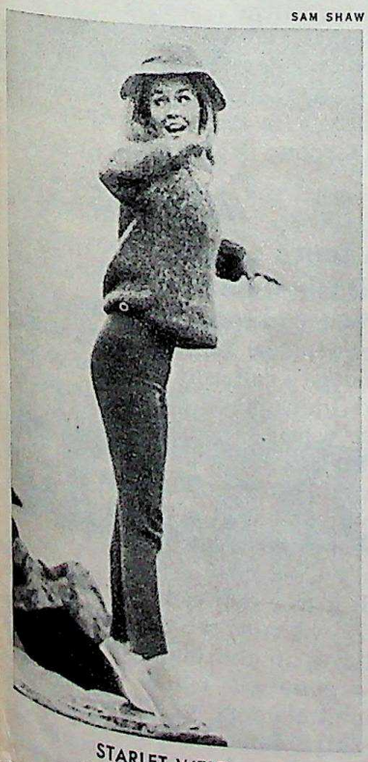
He had been meaning to get around to it, but what with one thing and another **Robert Goldwater**, 54, president of the Goldwater stores, had never joined brother Barry's party. In fact, he was still a registered Democrat. Now he was correcting the oversight. "I am registering as a Republican," he explained in Phoenix, "because I believe in the party's principles as they are today."

. . .

Friday's child is loving and giving. That is how the old saw sees it, anyhow. But that seemed soupy to **Susan Weld's** mother, so she decided to pay no attention to her daughter's day of birth and nicknamed her Tuesday instead. "It's from the goddess, Tues,"* boasts the now grown-up starlet. In any case, it all happened 21 years ago, and in celebration of the event last week, Tuesday hefted a gift bottle of champagne. "I now can drink it legally. I may visit every bar on Sunset Strip,"

*Actually Tiw or Ti, the Germanic god, not goddess, of war; since the Roman god of war, Mars, had *Dies Martii* named after him, the Germans naturally did the same. Friday, on the other hand, comes from Frigg, the Germanic goddess of domesticity in marriage.

SAM SHAW



STARLET WELD
Tuesday's child.

she crowed. "And then again I may not," she added quickly. For Tuesday's child, to return again to the always-seeing saw, is nothing if not full of grace.

. . .

Honored by the Building Stone Institute as "Architect of the Year," **Edward Durell Stone**, 62, decided to repay the kudos by heaving a few rocks of his own. Deploring the architecture of mid-century America, he teed off on "the colossal mess we've made of the face of this country. Everything betrays us as a bunch of catchpenny materialists devoted to a blatant, screeching insistence on commercialism." Jeepers! And what was this awful "everything?" Why, all this glass and metal—so cheap-looking and impermanent. "Permanence is my obsession, and permanence is associated with the use of stone, not glass or tin or architectural frills. If you give a damn, it makes you want to commit suicide." Thank you, Mr. Stone.

. . .

It is still something of an inconvenience to be robbed, but these yeggs were trying to be as nice as possible about it. When two masked burglars broke into the 25-room Tarrytown, N.Y., summer home of Multimillionaire **Samuel Bronfman**, 73, president of Distillers Corp.-Seagram, Ltd., they awakened the Bronfmans with valet smoothness. Would Mrs. Bronfman "please" open the closet safe? It was hard to refuse that kind of a request, especially when one of the hoods was waving a pistol, so Mrs. Bronfman did. Whereupon the men tied the couple to a bathroom sink, solicitously inquired whether the bonds were too tight, bid all a cheery good night, and stole off on catlike feet with jewelry totaling more than $200,000.

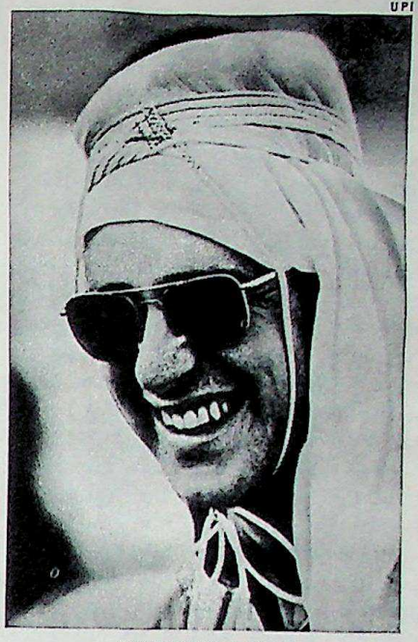
. . .

As battalions of sweating police struggled valiantly against the screaming hordes, the world's four most recognizable mop tops fought their way through

AP

ASTRONAUT CUNNINGHAM

UPI



ASTRONAUT BEAN

Tomorrow's travelers.

a 30-day U.S. campaign. There were days when it looked like Custer's last stand, but only a few cupcakes breached the defenses for a private audience with the **Beatles**, and one was Folk Thrush **Joan Baez**, 23, who joined the barbershy quartet for a hootenanny in their Denver hotel room until 3 a.m. "They're great musicians," gushed Joan.

. . .

The concept was fiscally sound. While Britain's Chancellor of the Exchequer **Reginald Maudling**, 47, was in official residence at No. 11 Downing St. (next to the P.M., donchaknow), he subleased his own 14-room pad to Drama Student Paul Howes, 21, for 30 guineas ($90) a week. But it turned out to be only a middling Maudling idea. To help pay the rent, Howes took in five friends and two frails, and when a couple of too long, too loud parties drew complaints, there was no muddling Maudling. Howes was evicted. Sniped one of the also-flungs at the meddling Maudling: "Perhaps the real reason we're having to go is that he may need the flat back after the election."

. . .

There is nothing more endearing to the less-than-great than to hear the human foibles of the unquestioned great. On that score, **Albert Einstein** was one of the most endearing greats of all. And in this month's *Harper's*, Dr. Thomas Lee Bucky, son of Einstein's friend, Physician Gustav Bucky, fondly passes on some more of those myriad foibles. The professor read Emily Post for laughs, thought chess "unproductive," played a mediocre violin, felt two baths a week were sufficient, and never once displayed "jealousy, vanity, bitterness, anger, resentment or personal ambition." But most endearing of all, the nonpareil theorist couldn't figure out those scraggly toy birds that dip in and out of a bowl of water in perpetual motion. He spent several days trying to dope it out, but never found the answer. Reassuring, isn't it?

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EDUCATION

COLLEGES

Learning for Leisure

"Few women reach middle life without a heartache," says the prospectus of Clarke College, so Clarke sets about to head off the heartache. The small Roman Catholic girls' school in Dubuque, Iowa, accepts the commonplace theory that fledging a family of children can leave a woman with too much time and a painful lack of purpose. Consequently, Clarke trains its girls to become, as President Sister Mary Benedict explains it, "the heart, the educated heart, not only of the home but of communities outside the home."

One-third of the 69 sisters on Clarke's faculty of 84 have doctorates, and one-third of its seniors go on to graduate school. In the past five years, four Clarke girls won Woodrow Wilson fellowships and two received Fulbrights. Yet for all but a few students, the future means marriage and a family. "If women are not to cheat themselves," warns Sister Mary Benedict, "they must learn to use leisure so that it will produce self-growth, self-deepening, self-discipline."

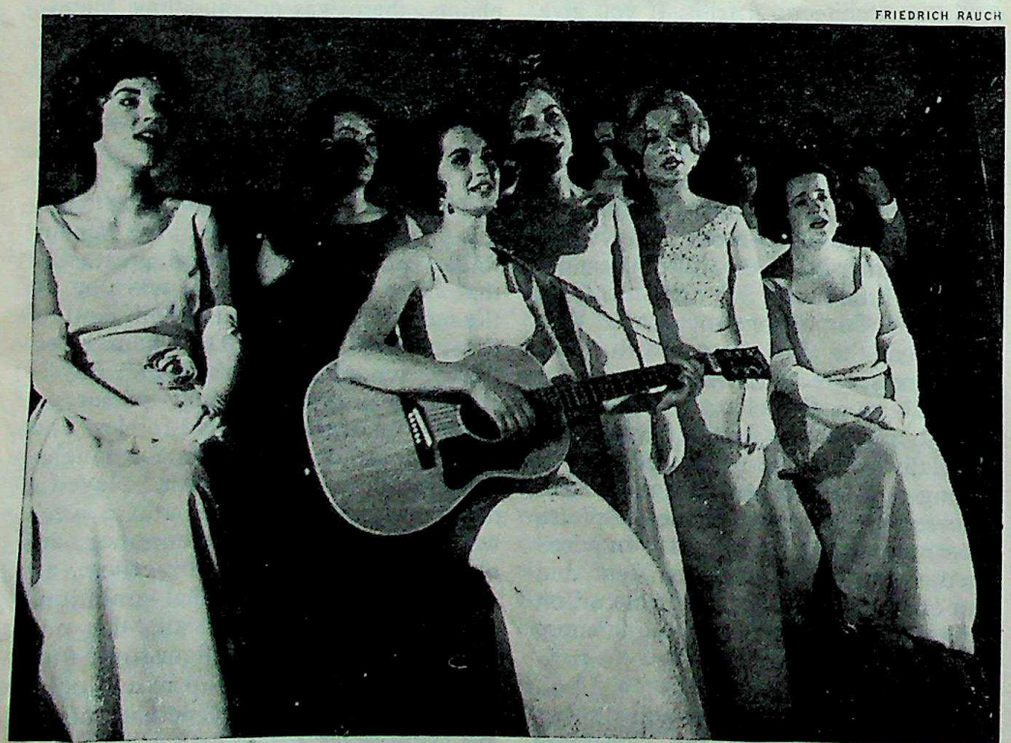
Intellectual Unfolding. Training for leisure at Clarke is a fulltime occupation. The liberal arts curriculum includes a political science course on political parties and pressure groups taught by a man who should know: Robert Horgan, a Ph.D. from Notre Dame who is also mayor of Dubuque. Twelve hours of philosophy and 14 hours of theology are required, but the academic atmosphere is far from rigid. "A freer academic atmosphere is opening up," says Edmund Demers, a lay member of the faculty. "In the old days, Catholic schools were more concerned with virtue than intellectual achievement. We're still concerned with virtue, but we see college as an intellectual unfolding." A philosophy student says that the most stimulating books she read all year were by Jewish Philosopher Martin Buber. The Catholic Index of Forbidden Books is frequently ignored. "Religion permeates everything," says Art Major Kay Kurt, "but you don't hear God, God, God all the time."

According to campus legend, the founders of Clarke arrived at Dubuque by riverboat in 1843 bringing a grand piano with them. The creative arts have played a central role at the college ever since. The girls are bored with traditional music, preferring to hear concerts by Jazzman Dave Brubeck, or to put on their own performances of Virgil Thomson's *Medea* or Leonard Bernstein's *Trouble in Tahiti*. Bold, colorful abstract painting, sculpture, ceramics and mosaics by students and faculty are everywhere on campus, reflecting Demers' concept that art "is the flesh of every aspect of life." In drama as in the fine arts, the results are vigorous and venturesome.

The Deputy. Clarke's Coffee House theater, a twelve-girl troupe, is currently on a Defense Department tour of U.S. Army bases in Europe, accompanied by two nuns. Last week they played Munich with a revue of songs and blackouts so lively and worldly that, said one G.I., "only on second thought did you notice that this is a clean show." Campus productions include not only classics and Broadway shows, such as *The Diary of Anne Frank*, but theater-of-the-absurd plays such as *Zoo Story* and *The Bald Soprano*, and next year selections from *The Dep*... Though some Clarke alumnae have ... come career actresses, teachers care ... about professionalism than awake... imagination.

"The fine arts satisfy the natu... cravings for the good, the true, ... beautiful," says Sister Mary Bened... who used to head Clarke's psycho... department. "Women must not only ... helpmates and companions to their h... bands, chauffeurs and counselors ... their children, but intelligent, genera... participants in affairs of church a... state."

FRIEDRICH RAUCH



CLARKE'S COFFEE HOUSE TROUPE IN GERMANY
Virtuous, vigorous and venturesome.

STUDENTS

Triumph for the Trimester

Charles Hall, a strapping (6 ft. 4 ... 210 lbs.) farm boy from Murrysv... Pa., graduated from high school at ... third in his class, president of the s... dent council, a two-letter man in bask... ball. He entered the University of P... burgh in 1959, when Pitt inaugura... its year-round trimester calendar. L... week, five years after Hall left hi... school, Pitt Chancellor Edward ... Litchfield draped the academic ro... of a Ph.D. in mathematics around ... husky young shoulders.

Hall not only enrolled in all three ... week semesters (only two are requir... to remain in good standing) but a... piled on a few extra credits. As a res... he got his B.S. in 2½ academic ye... "Those four days of rest between se... sions really perked me up," said Ha... who was perky enough to marry a P... nursing student and become the fath... of a son.

Awarding Hall his high-speed degr... Chancellor Litchfield praised the trim... ter system for making it all possible. ... places another highly skilled man in t... service of the nation at an age when h... most creative years are ahead of him," he said. It sure did. As a freshman, Ha... had registered in the R.O.T.C. The d... after he became a Ph.D., 2nd Lie... Hall left for the Army's Aberdeen Pro... ing Ground in Maryland.

MUSEUMS

"A Touch of Aristotle, A Dash of Barnum"

When Lenox Riley Lohr resigned ... president of NBC to take charge ... Chicago's faltering Museum of Scien... and Industry in 1940, outraged scie... tists warned that showmanship wo... trample scholarship. "A tragedy has o... curred in the cultural life of our cit... mourned the University of Chicago ... Nobel-prizewinning physicist, Arth... Holly Compton.

It is true that Lohr, an elfin man w... at 73 still runs the museum, shameles... believes in the old showman's rule ... "Ya gotta get 'em in the tent." Ev... exhibit clamors for the attention of ... passing public—and then goes on ... hammer real knowledge into the head... of people ranging in age, as Lohr puts ...

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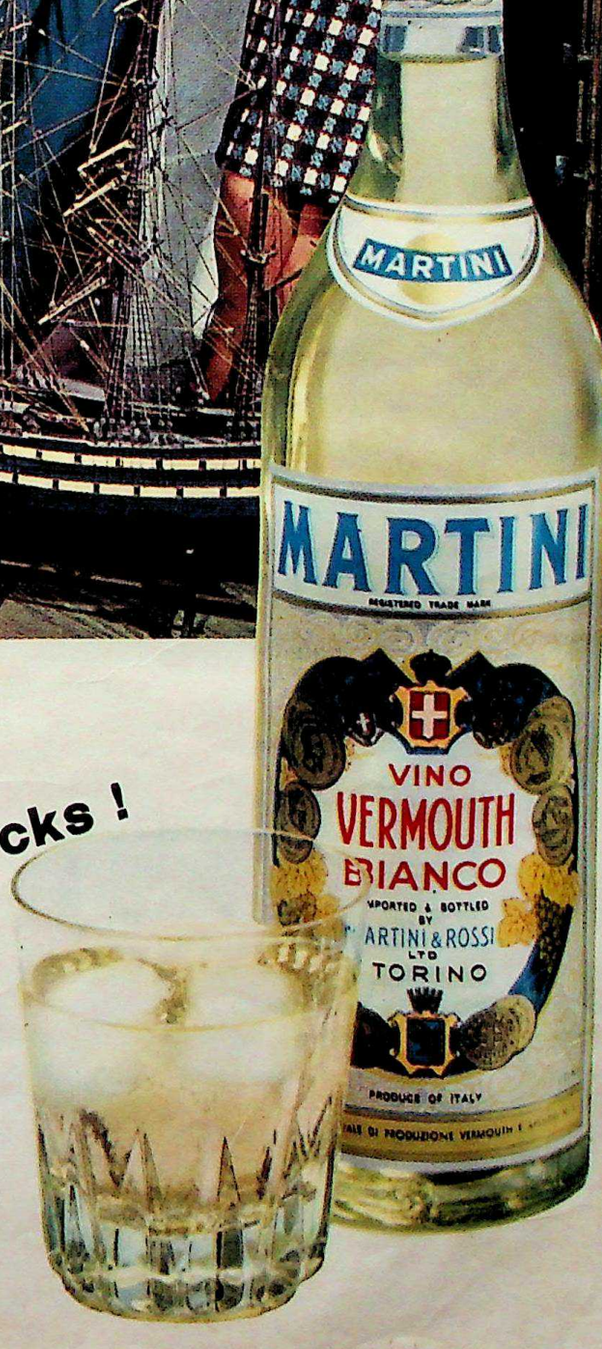

In the U.S. it's **MARTINI and ROSSI,** in the rest of the world it's simply Martini wherever you go it's the same superb Vermouth.

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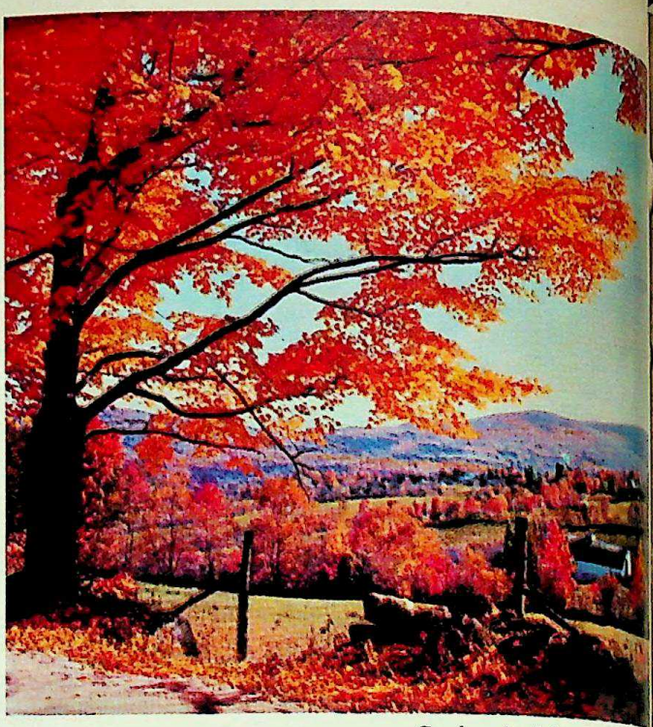
Tropical Hawaii



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Springlike San Francis

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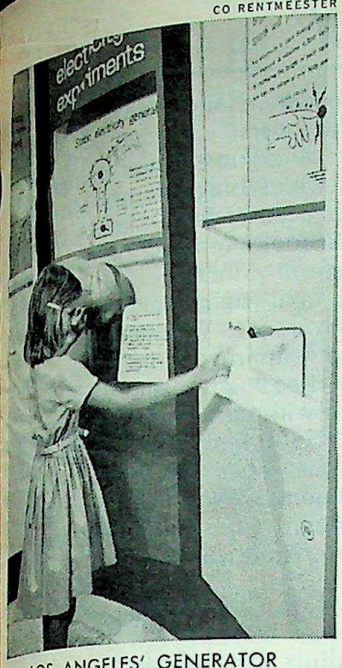
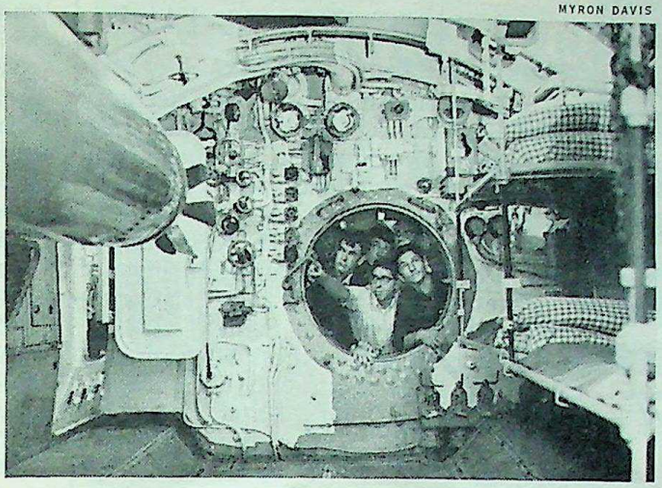


LOS ANGELES' GENERATOR

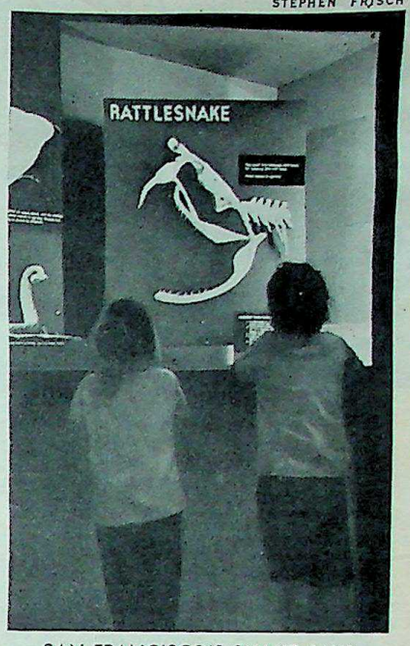
MYRON DAVIS



CHICAGO'S CAPTURED GERMAN SUBMARINE

Pushing, pulling, yanking, turning—and learning.

STEPHEN FRISCH



SAN FRANCISCO'S SNAKE JAW

"from two to toothless." The museum, which just received its 50 millionth visitor, is probably the world's biggest institution of informal, nonobligatory mass scientific education.

See the Noise? The Chicago museum, on the lakefront near the University of Chicago, was born to keep up with technology: the original building was part of the Columbian Exposition of 1893. For a while afterward it was the home of the Field Museum of Natural History. Reconstruction began in 1926, after Merchant Philanthropist Julius Rosenwald returned from a visit to Munich's famed Deutsches Museum, which pioneered in developing industrial exhibits the visitor could operate. He and his eight-year-old son William, were fascinated. Rosenwald gave the equivalent of $8,000,000 in Sears, Roebuck stock, and by the time of the 1933 Century of Progress fair, the Museum of Science and Industry was a reality.

Now, amidst the casual atmosphere of a subdued county fair, a visitor can "see" his voice, watch a working model steel mill, scramble through a captured German submarine, ride an elevator down to an operating coal mine under the museum, watch thousands of plastic balls fall into a probability curve, follow a feather and a penny as they fall at the same rate in a vacuum. Everywhere, the visitor participates, pushing buttons, pulling levers, yanking chains, turning cranks and talking into phones. He can play ticktacktoe with a computer, watch baby chicks hatch, walk through a throbbing, 16-ft. model of the human heart, see a display that illustrates "everything to do with sex."

And almost every pause drives home some fact that a textbook might take pages explaining. The visitor sees that two balls, one dropped vertically and the other simultaneously fired horizontally, hit the ground together. "It takes but a few seconds, but the conviction is absolute and the memory is retained," says Lohr. Chicago now outdraws the Deutsches Museum by five to one.

Instant Earthquake. Chicago's museum is being copied by Tokyo, Montreal, Cairo, Madrid and Tel Aviv. In the technologically-minded U.S., science and industry museums have sprouted in 17 major cities. New York is belatedly trying to catch up by building a permanent Hall of Science, now partly open, at the World's Fair. In all of them the principle, as Don M. Muchmore, former director of the California Museum of Science and Industry in Los Angeles, puts it, is: "A touch of Aristotle and a dash of Barnum."

In San Francisco's Golden Gate Park, the Academy of Sciences has a larger-than-life rattlesnake jaw with fangs, which snaps shut at the push of a button, and an instant earthquake showing the heaving innards of the earth. Oregon's imaginative Museum of Science and Industry in Portland offers a "micro-zoo" that, by magnifying a drop of water 200 times, reveals the teeming life in it. "We want to make a simple scientific statement the student will understand," says Executive Director Loren McKinley. "We don't go in for pinball exhibits."

The Los Angeles museum glitters with flashing lights, which help attract 10,000 Southern California students each month to learn by personal discovery. When the visitor puts his finger on a generator and pushes a button, he transmits the electricity stored up in his body to a neon tube, which then glows. At an ingenious IBM exhibit called Mathematica, designed by Charles and Ray Eames, bulbs light up to demonstrate what happens when a number is squared or cubed. After a tour through a giant animated atom, students can test their newly acquired knowledge on a teaching machine.

"Scram" & Sonar. The Atomic Energy Commission's Atomsville is the highlight of New York's still-aborning museum. Parents are not allowed inside Atomsville, but through television they can watch children simulate bending a beam of electrons, handle "radioactive" material with mechanical hands, and run a mock reactor that will shut off when it reaches the "scram" level —just as it does at Oak Ridge.

Two of the oldest museums are among the best. The Science Museum of Philadelphia's Franklin Institute boasts 425 audience-participation devices ranging from a simple prism that refracts light rays to a 350-ton Baldwin locomotive that moves up and down a track. Boston's "science smorgasbord," as Director Henry Bradford Washburn calls it, includes a bucket pendulum that dribbles sand in harmonic patterns, a working cloud chamber, and a reproduction of a ship's bridge equipped with radar, sonar, gyroscopes, steering mechanism and a view of the Charles River.

Holding Down Advertising. Science and industry exhibits are necessarily a collaboration between museums and private industry. Some smaller museums sometimes have to accept a big dose of advertising along with exhibits of doubtful scholarship. By contrast, Chicago's booming Museum of Science and Industry can invite companies to supply elaborate displays that meet its main educational requirement, which is to trace the sequence of an industrial development from the basic scientific discovery to its future applications. Even though they get credit only in modest plaques, firms are eager to respond; the museum's 14 acres of floor space house $25 million worth of exhibits paid for by 50 major U.S. corporations. Last week Moscow announced that its first show in the U.S. of Soviet space exploits will be put on in Chicago next year.

In tribute to his museum's visitors, Lohr says that the most popular exhibits are those that require the use of brains or muscles, thus reinforcing new knowledge. In tribute to the museum's own popularity, the Chicago Police Dept. stations an officer there to be on the lookout for students who would rather get an education at the museum than by going to school.

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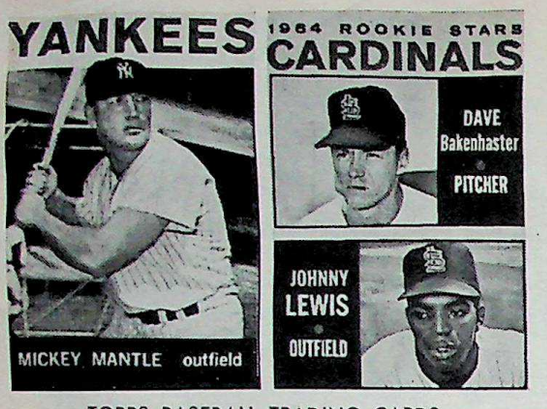


TOPPS BASEBALL TRADING CARDS
A sticky case.

ADMINISTRATIVE LAW

The Bubble-Gum Trust

A monopoly is a monopoly to the Federal Trade Commission, be it in oil, steel—or bubble gum. So in 1959 the FTC began unwrapping the sticky case of Brooklyn's Topps Chewing Gum, Inc., tycoon of the baseball trading cards that now sag the pockets of every acquisitive American boy (and tomboy) between the ages of five and 15. Last week FTC Examiner Herman Tocker capped 4,000 pages of testimony with a 113-page opinion finding Topps so tops that its competitors are overcome with "a sense of futility."

Tocker says that "the world's largest manufacturer of bubble gum" ($14 million a year) got that way by totally dominating the promotional gimmick of enclosing five baseball players' pictures with every 5¢ slab of Baseball gum. With $5 binders, Topps persuaded more than 6,500 minor leaguers to sign over the use of their names and pictures under five-year contracts that became effective at $125 per year when the rookies reached the majors. By 1961, says Tocker, the Topps bubble covered more than 95% of all major leaguers, shutting out virtually all Topps's rivals in the $1.3 billion confectionary industry.

Tocker found Topps innocent of illegalities "per se," attributing its success largely to the "inefficiency" of its competitors. Even so, the law "does not excuse monopoly by reference to any qualifying conditions." Its object is equal business opportunities. This Topps prevented, said Tocker, by "regimentation of the baseball card-buying public." For example, it issued check lists to exploit the kids' appetites for complete sets of its 576 numbered cards. As Tocker sees it, Topps has thus "monopolized a part of trade or commerce within the meaning of Section 2 of the Sherman Antitrust Act."

Tocker, whose ruling is not final, proposed an FTC order limiting Topps to two-year contracts and renewals. Calling the opinion "ludicrous," Topps will appeal to the full Commission, can proceed (if necessary) from there to a U.S. Circuit Court of Appeals and on to the Supreme Court. Cries a top Topps executive: "Should enterprise be punished and ineptness rewarded?"

CONSTITUTIONAL LAW

Puka Bill's Gift to Samoa

American Samoa is a U.S. territory 2,300 miles southwest of Hawaii. Like other offshore outposts, including Guam and the Virgin Islands, it is run by the Interior Department and has a U.S.-appointed Governor—H. Rex Lee, an Iowa-born farm economist. In light of its status, how far does the U.S. Constitution cover American Samoa?

In Pago Pago on the Fourth of July, a 400-lb. U.S. construction worker, William C. Brown Jr., better known as Puka (Fat) Bill, was arrested without a warrant for threatening to shoot the Governor. The alleged threat had been made at a private party eleven days before. Held incommunicado for 48 hours, he was charged with violating American Samoa's sweeping civil rights law by "intimidating" Governor Lee in "the free exercise or enjoyment of his constitutional right to life, liberty or property." Possible penalty: three years in jail, a $1,500 fine or both.

Visiting in American Samoa was George A. Wray of Washington, D.C.'s prestigious law firm, Rhyne & Rhyne. Fascinated, Wray took Brown's case. At the trial last month, he raised a crucial question: Is Samoa's civil rights law constitutional?

As Wray noted, the Constitution does not "spontaneously" cover all U.S. territories. For example, the Supreme Court upheld mainland duties on Puerto Rican imports in 1901 (*Downes* v. *Bidwell*) because the Constitution's revenue clauses forbid such barriers only between states. But in that same case, Wray added, the court held that other clauses "providing fundamental personal liberties and basic rights automatically go everywhere with the flag." Thus applicable to territories is the Fifth Amendment guarantee of due process. And "due process" means, among other things, that a criminal law must be clear and specific enough for people to know what it covers.

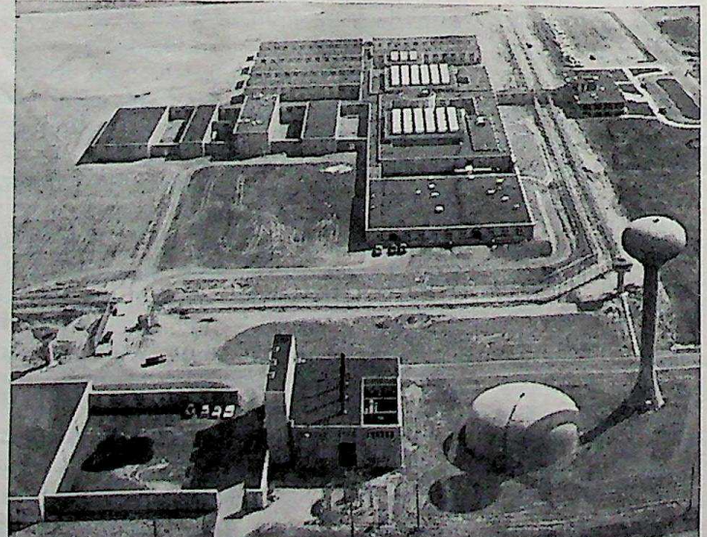
Wray's argument was enough for moa's Chief Judge Arthur Morrow, former dean of Iowa's Drake Univer Law School. Amazing the lavalava spectators, Morrow declared the moan civil rights law null and Moreover, at Wray's request, J Morrow approved the arrest of ernor Lee's prosecutor for arre Brown without a warrant (possible alty: a $500 fine, a year in jail or Said one sober Samoan as he left courtroom: "We now know that American Constitution means thing in American Samoa."

PRISONS

Paroling the Warden

James V. Bennett, director of nation's federal prisons, is a gentle of 70 who often sounds like a warden with a heart of gold. He of his 22,000 charges as "indiv with hearts, lungs and emotions everyone else." He frets that "our inal laws are the most severe in world." Yet in his 27 years of guar the likes of Al Capone and Ma Gun Kelley, Bennett has been as as he has been soft. Of 700,000 eral prisoners during his tenure, six have flown the coop and never recovered.

Last week, Bennett, who may be best penologist in U.S. history, re from a career that he began in 192 an obscure Government efficiency pert investigating federal prisons. he found was 19 scandal-tainted Sib jammed with idle, desperate cons untrained, underpaid guards. Benn reports led in 1930 to creation of Justice Department's Bureau of Pris which he took over in 1937. A mea of his devotion is eight pioneering eral penal laws with which he has associated, including the 1964 Crim



NEW FEDERAL PRISON IN MARION, ILL.
Better than Alcatraz.

BENNETT

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Justice Act financing legal aid for federal defendants.

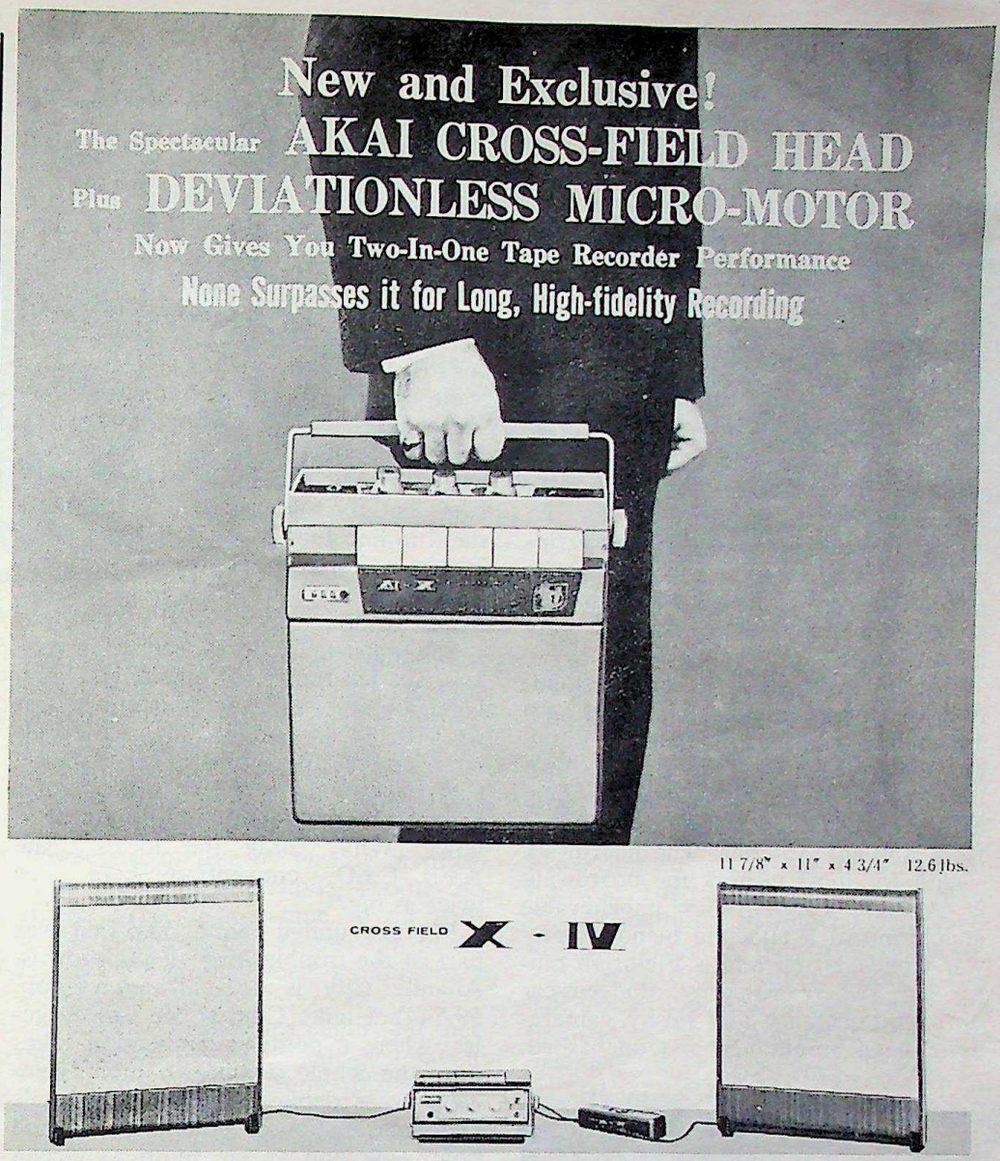
Tumbling Walls. "The purpose of prison," says Bennett, "is to transform unhealthy attitudes into healthy ones." To that end, Bennett cut the work week of federal prison personnel from 60 hours to 40, raised average pay from $1,680 a year to $6,000. Armed guards are giving way to a higher proportion of specialists in remedial reading and vocational training. Overcrowding has ended with 14 new institutions, including camps and reformatories. Last year Bennett closed grim, antique Alcatraz, replacing it with a far more efficient installation in Marion, Ill., which embodies the best in prison architecture, a subject on which Bennett has written the only available book.

When Bennett arrived, all federal prisoners were being tossed combustibly together, murderers and rapists with income tax evaders and car thieves, and lock-stepped to meals that were eaten from a tin plate under a guard's glare. Bennett's monument is "individualized" treatment that separates prisoners by degrees of dangerousness and redeemability. The vast majority are given only as much restraint as they require. Today, more than 40% of federal prisoners are in prisons virtually without walls—working outside at everything from roadbuilding to reforestation.

Home Leave? One result is the Bennett-invented Federal Prisons Industries Inc., which does a $40 million a year business with other Government agencies and turns a $4,000,000 annual profit over to the Treasury. Another Bennett innovation is saner sentencing. In the old days, all federal sentences were for fixed periods, and a parole board could not even consider a case until one-third of a convict's term had elapsed. Bennett inspired the 1958 Omnibus Sentencing Act, which allows far greater parole flexibility and permits a judge to jail a man for three to six months of observation before final sentencing, thus encouraging courts to tailor the rap to the man. As a result of Bennett's pioneering, only 10% of federal prisoners serve more than five years. And the prison population is declining: there are 359 fewer cons this year than in 1963.

Bennett is now pushing for a law that would allow some prisoners to leave jail during the day to work and see their families (similar to systems long used in other countries, notably Sweden). On the other hand, Bennett's tolerance stops at the death penalty. Unlike other reformers, he wants it kept on the books for particularly heinous crimes, such as high treason, murder for hire and airplane bombings.

Bennett's mission is hardly finished in a country with 3,043 county jails that are generally still almost as repellent as federal prisons were when he started. But Bennett is anxious to let younger hands take over. "No man is ever really satisfied with the job he has done," says Bennett. "But I leave with no regrets."



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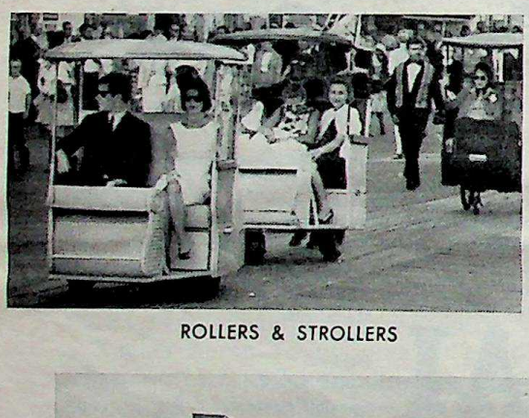
RESORTS

Popcorn Playpen

Who said Atlantic City was a bore? Eddie Fisher was packing them in at the 500 Club, Sarah Vaughan was singing her heart out at Le Bistro, Lyndon Johnson's two-night stand was an S.R.O. draw at Convention Hall. The Steel Pier featured Mickey Rooney, Milton Berle and The Diving Horse. And over at the Globe Theater, the management proudly presented "Her Sexcellency" Sally Rand in Person. To the surprise of those who thought Stripper Sally had gone out with bathtub gin, she seemed to have changed hardly at all. For that matter, Atlantic City hadn't either.

The last of the Last Resorts is slightly older (it was founded 110 years ago) and much, much greyer than La Rand, but the stripper and the seaside town both exude a garish, garter-snapping exuberance that has largely disappeared from affluent America. The boardwalk —and for most visitors the boardwalk is Atlantic City—is an unbelievable anachronism, a eupeptic blend of prewar Coney Island and a Victorian music hall, where vulgarity, dodgem-car din, sentimentality and pushy camaraderie reign uninhibited and unabashed.



ROLLERS & STROLLERS

No Rapport. Oceanfront stores do a roaring trade in mawkish mementos, such as "the J.F.K. Drinking Glass," a tumbler adorned with a sky-blue caricature of the late President, J.F.K. chocolate-filled gold coins (10¢), and a posthumous J.F.K. prayer ("Special Delivery from Heaven," $2.95 gift-boxed). Other big-selling souvenirs include martini shakers cunningly shaped like bedpans, rubber and nylon "Golden Goddess Shrunken Heads," and a coffee-table plaque that reads: GOD BLESS THIS LOUSY APARTMENT. Vacationers stand in line for rococo delicacies ranging from frankfurters stewed in champagne (it says) to chocolate-covered frozen bananas.

Salt-water-taffy stores, sandwich parlors, auction rooms, fortunetellers' lairs, hotel lobbies—all were so jammed last week that Convention Hall seemed almost empty by contrast. Yet Atlantic City swallowed the 45,000 Democratic delegates like a whale mouthing a minnow. "Why," brag the locals, "the A.F.L.-C.I.O. convention here was twice as big."

For disgruntled Democrats, that was part of the trouble. For all the crowds, Atlantic City is a small town (pop. 59,544). Unlike Chicago or Los Angeles, where a political convention takes over the whole downtown area, delegates were deployed in hotels, motels and boardinghouses up and down the boardwalk and as far south as Ocean City, ten miles from Convention Hall. The usual convention tension and sense of self-importance were not only dissipated by decentralization, but also by delegates' horror tales of price-gouging nightclubs, bad, rude restaurants, and Charles Addams accommodations. Above all, perhaps, the fault lay in what one big-D Democrat called "Atlantic City's total lack of rapp with the middle-class mind."

Exit Adlai. A few delegates had be warned in advance. On the jet fli east, California Democrats got a mi ographed caveat: "No major hotel h been built in Atlantic City since 19 and all of them have endured bad ye Such matters as falling plaster, rem able doorknobs, detachable shower h dles, unopenable windows, drou (temporary water shortages of one ki or another), inoperable window sha interminable room service, and left gic elevators should be reported to management or shared with sympath ic friends. The latter seems to have best results. Welcome to Appalachia the Atlantic."

To many, that description la seemed almost rosy. Said an appal Midwesterner: "This is the original B of Pigs." Beds collapsed, bathr belched black water, telephone servi (and every other kind) seemed to ha been suspended for the duration. one point, Adlai Stevenson tottered of an elevator at the Traymore to six bottles (no bellboys) for a lunch was giving (no waiters). Said Adlai sa ly: "I never thought one city could things so bitched up."

Ricksha Opulence. The prices we something else to talk about: $28 a d for a cramped hotel room overlooki a garage, sans television, radio, air co ditioning or carpet; $8 minimum p person in nightclubs with two-bit fl shows. Atlantic Citians, for their pa complained just as bitterly that the de gates were small tippers, slow spende and big gripers. They had some reas to complain. Atlantic City had paid t Democratic Party $625,000 to hold hoedown there.

In all fairness to New Jersey's po

WALTER C

ON THE BOARDWALK MOTEL-HOTEL & POOL

OFF THE BOARDWALK ROOMING HOUSES

Also shrunken heads, Her Sexcellency, and prayers Special Delivery from Heaven.

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BOWSER MOTIF

HENRY GROSSMAN

WAITRESS & TAKE-HOME BREAD

STEPHEN FRISCH

CARRYING IT OUT AT ERNIE'S

DAVID GAHR

EATING IT UP AT THE COLONY

Also, silverware, pepper mills, and capon en gelée avec sauce niçoise.

corn playpen, the resort has much to offer: vast, spotless beaches where no eating, drinking, "disrobing" or ball playing is allowed; miles of boardwalk ideal for cool-hour bicycling (from 6 a.m. to 9 a.m. only); an excellent golf course. Its 24-hour jitney bus service at 20¢ a ride is one of the best and chummiest rapid-transit systems anywhere. And for slow-slow transit, the boardwalk's famed "rolling chairs," both motorized and hand-propelled, give jaded visitors the most opulent ride this side of a ricksha. Moreover, Atlantic City's dilapidated hotels and peeling boardinghouses are rapidly being supplanted by clean, comfortable, pool-flanked motels; more than 100 have been built since 1955 and the boardwalk and Atlantic Avenue are peppered with more new structures going up.

A poll of delegates disclosed that 68% opposed holding another convention in Atlantic City. But to some thoughtful Democrats it seemed to have been an inspired choice. As Delegate Arthur Jones of Britten, S. Dak., put it: "Here we're mingling with the real people who make up America, who are going to decide the election."

FOOD & DRINK

In the Bag

More and more, the food in U.S. restaurants seems to be going to the dogs—going there in paper sacks called Bowser Bags and Bow-Wow Bags.

Of course, Bowser may never get within smelling range of his fancy dinner, but diners-out have grown so insistent on taking home the leftovers on their plates that restaurant supply houses now sell millions of special greaseproof containers for this purpose each year. "The demand is growing so great," says a flack for elegant Ernie's in San Francisco, "that we are now in the process of having a foil-lined box designed for us that will carry the restaurant's crest."

Boxes for Tiaras. So many bag toters cling to the pious fiction that they are taking the filet home to Fido that almost every restaurateur has a story about the child who pipes up: "But when are we getting a dog, Mommy?" Exasperated waiters have been known to take revenge on such hypocrites by stuffing their Bowser Bags with bones and other morsels that only a dog would appreciate, or else by putting in strawberry shortcake and similar goodies designed to send a canine to an early grave. Zaberers' Old Gables Inn in Atlantic City simply labels its containers People Bags.

Very few restaurants claim that their clientele is too well fed or bred to haul home scraps. Some places, like New Jersey's Smithville Inn, even wrap guests' unfinished home-baked bread. Manhattan's famed "21" Club humors the carriage trade by tucking unfinished delicacies in smart, ribbon-tied boxes that look as if they held tiaras rather than T-bones. At The Colony, which trills each lunchtime with some of the most expensive giggles in the world, guests' pooches eat on the house—dogs in the men's room, bitches retire to lunch in the powder room. But The Colony's management is delighted to send shut-ins Mommy's unfinished *capon en gelée avec sauce niçoise.*

On a Silver Platter. All too frequently, complain restaurant owners, guests use doggie bags to haul off pilfered ashtrays, pepper mills, and silverware. A waiter in a smart West Coast spot got suspicious when a svelte woman customer actually demanded a doggie bag before taking a single bite of the sizzling steak he had just set before her. When he inquired discreetly if she were feeling unwell, she explained that her girdle was killing her; after a visit to the ladies' room, she returned to polish off the steak, her girdle doggie-bagged under her chair.

The ultimate in Bowser baggery may have occurred at Ernie's, when six fashionable San Franciscans ordered a rack of lamb, then got so thoroughly marinated in martinis that they couldn't eat the meat. Home with the host went the entire roast, with all its trimmings, foil-wrapped on a silver salver.

FASHION

The Franklin Look

It may have started with old Ben Franklin peering owlishly over his tiny specs. Winston Churchill may have helped with his head-down scowl and black-rimmed glasses at half-mast on his nose. Then again, Actor E. G. Marshall, judiciously buffing his half-specs in *The Defenders,* may be responsible.

However it got going, a vogue for half-moon spectacles—also known to the trade as pulpit glasses and half-eyes—is lending a new mien to the far-sighted across the U.S. People of all ages and walks of life are popping up in demi-cheaters. "We used to sell about two pairs a month," says Milwaukee Optician James Shofner. "These days, we sell at least a pair a day."

Shofner thinks that TV is responsible. "The half-spec enables people who only need glasses for reading to go through the evening paper and watch TV at the same time without taking their glasses off," he explains. Others extol the half-eye's compactness in the pocket, its lightness on the nose, the way it allows women to apply eye makeup and see what they're doing. Deep down, though, half-spec wearers know that the main reason they wear them is the expression—quizzical, benign, worldly-wise—that they impart to even the most pudding-faced peerer.

JULIAN WASSER

HALF-SPECS: BOTTOMLESS & TOPLESS

Demicheaters for the worldly-wise.

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GRAPHICS

Of Rabbit Glue & Beauty

The tyranny of oils is over. For the collector, the opportunity to buy graphic art, numbered and signed by the artist, presents an economical way to own original art. For the artist who has caught onto the million ways of making graphics with new materials, the horizon is even wider.

A show at Manhattan's Associated American Artists print gallery reveals how diverse are the means of graphic art. Called "The Plate, the Block, the Stone and the Print," the show contrasts the medium with the result—often as dramatic as the difference between rabbit glue (that's one new art material) and beauty. The apparently blank expression of a plate can, when variously inked and pressed on paper, become more radiant than a rainbow.

Handwriting on Sponges. The three traditional methods of making graphic-arts plates are: scoring smooth copper with a burin for intaglio engraving, carving in wood with a gouge for relief printing, and drawing on stone with grease crayon for lithography. Now, graphic artists print from almost anything almost any way. Sid Hammer, 38, produces his blocks by melting vinyl, as plain as kitchen flooring, with a hot incising iron. "My graphics," says he, "have the sensation of handwriting on a sponge." The handwriting ends up on the wall for less than $100. In Hawaii recently, an art student produced an edition of 16-ft.-long prints off incised Masonite. He wanted to illustrate the history of Oahu on a large scale. Graphics no longer are limited by the size of presses.

Some new graphics treat paper itself like a sculptor's bas-relief. Colombian-born Omar Rayo, 36, makes an inkless intaglio, such as *From My Zoo*, by building up patterned layers of cardboard coated with rabbit glue and gesso, then pressing wet paper under hundreds of pounds of pressure to emboss a white-on-white print. Boris Margo, 62, similarly makes a "cellocut" by carving into celluloid, coating it with copper, and stamping it into uninked paper.

BOB HENRIQUES

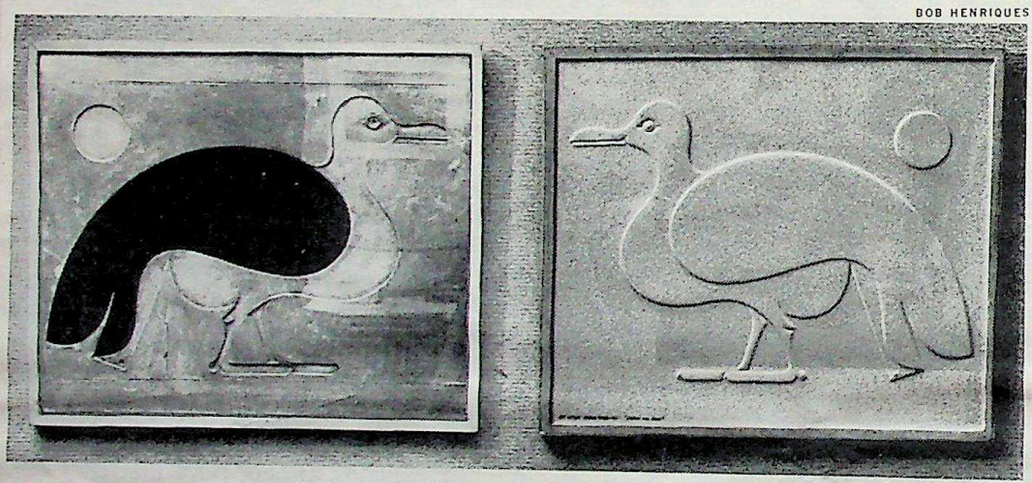

PLATE & PRINT OF RAYO'S "FROM MY ZOO"

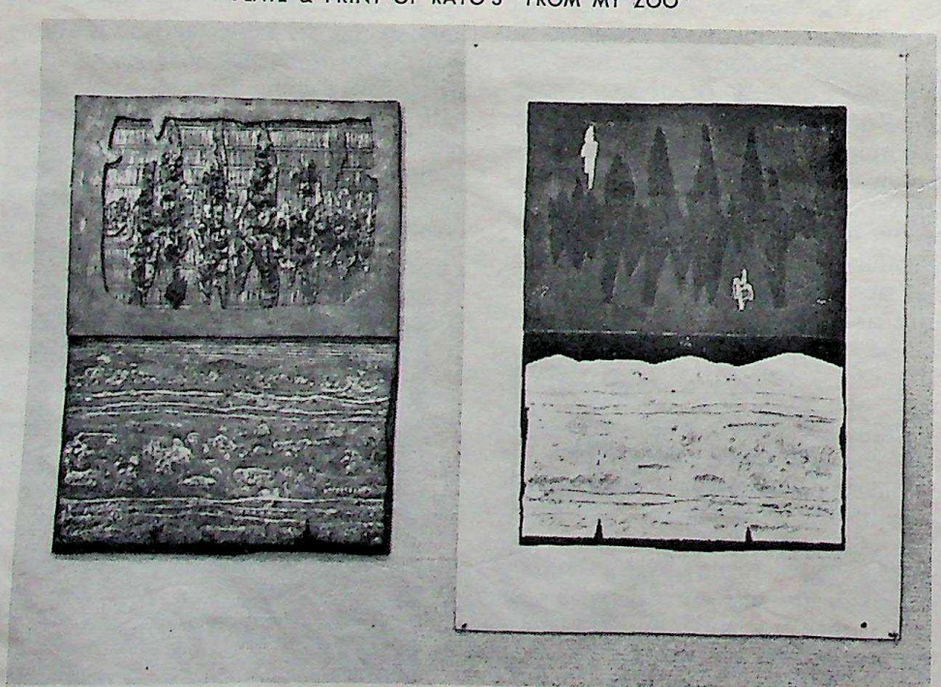

PLATE & PRINT OF PONCE DE LEON'S "TERMINUS"

Bright abstractions from pebbles and place mats.

Gingerbread on Pie Tins. Warrington Colescott, 43, etches on copper plates to which he glues other small, [illegible] copper plates, collage style. When printed, the little plates emboss themselves more deeply into the paper than the ground plate, giving a perspective effect. "My favorite tool is a pair of airplane mechanic's shears," says Colescott, as he places cutouts on plates like gingerbread men on a pie tin, paradoxically creating foreground by millimeters more deeply.

Michael Ponce de Leon, 42, shows most dramatically how far the printmakers have gone past the conventional idea of pressing paper to a plane surface. To make his *Terminus*, he prints seven colors off a metal plate slathered with key chains, pebbles, even a straw place mat. He runs wet paper through his hydraulic press, which is capable of 10,000 lbs. pressure, gets an elaborate multicolor abstract.

EXHIBITIONS

Unframed Beauty

The first ax made by the first caveman may have been purely and unaesthetically functional. The second probably made some attempt at cleaner fit or tidier thong. Since then, artists have gone ever more deeply into producing functional objects of greater grace, or design that encourages use. At the 13th Triennale of industrial design, now on in Milan, designers from all over the world are showing that they can offer mass-made items as commonplace as axes yet beautiful enough to be passed on as heirlooms.

Modern design starts with such 19th-century artists as William Morris, the members of the arts and crafts movement in England, and the *art nouveau-ists*, who all felt a messianic urge to put art into everyday items. Dada and surrealism came along to mock them—but then the International Style, the architectural rubric of glass-and-steel boxes, came along to mock the mockers. Marcel Breuer, Mies van der Rohe, Le Corbusier, Alvar Aalto, Eero Saarinen and Charles Eames, for example, all set about to design better chairs for man to plop in, and, save a sore sacroiliac or so, they succeeded.

Mostly, designers stuck to the rule of form following function. Tables, chairs, bookcases took a stripped-down, right-angular appearance supposed to defy the Victorian furbelows that used to defy efficient cleaning. But—perhaps because vacuum cleaners are better than they used to be—the latest in functional form has found new curves to swing by (*see picture pages*).

Laminated Biceps. Modern industrial design has ceased its T-square solemnity and turned capricious. A crash helmet by Bell-Toptex Inc.'s Frank Heacox and Roy Richter becomes a more modern exoskull, whose transparent visor frees yet protects, nose, eyes and jaw. A single-finned surfboard, made of fiberglassed balsa, is—above and below

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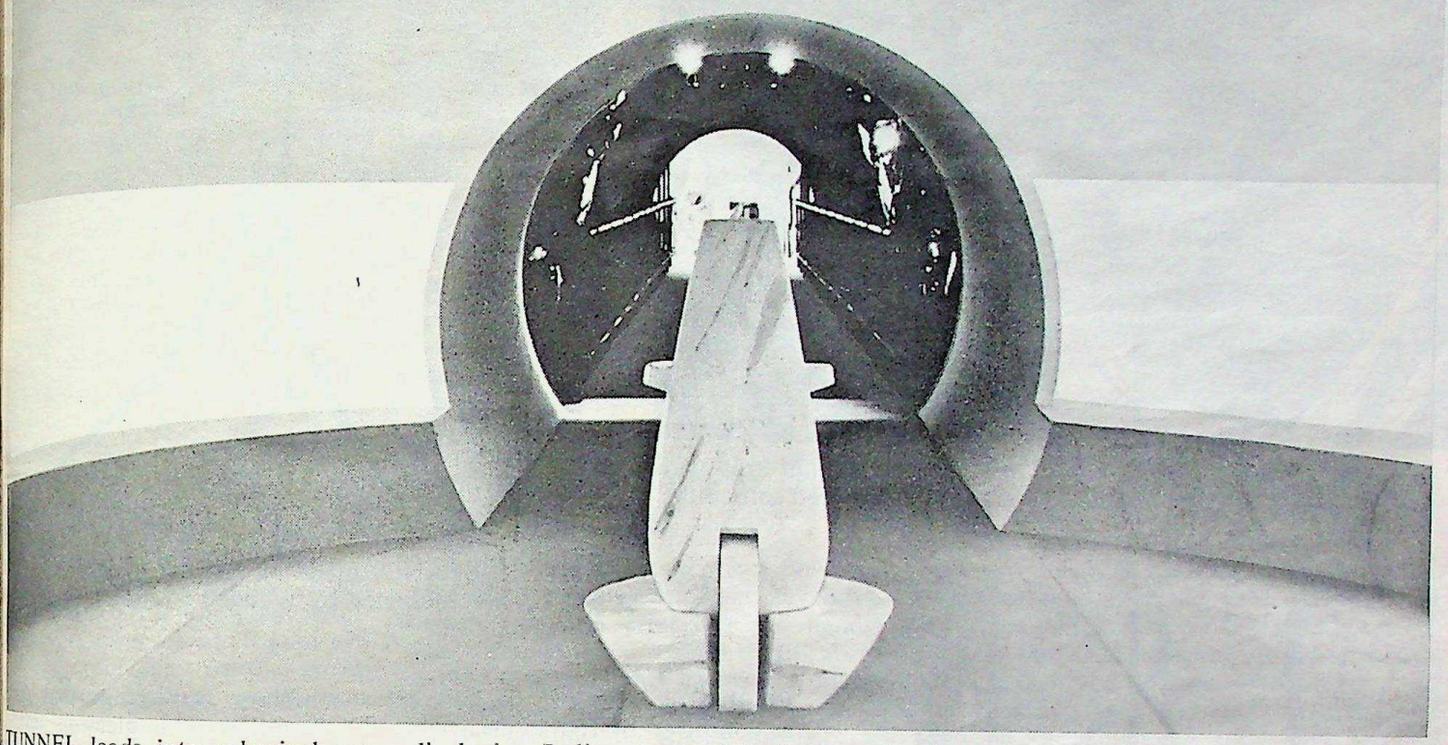
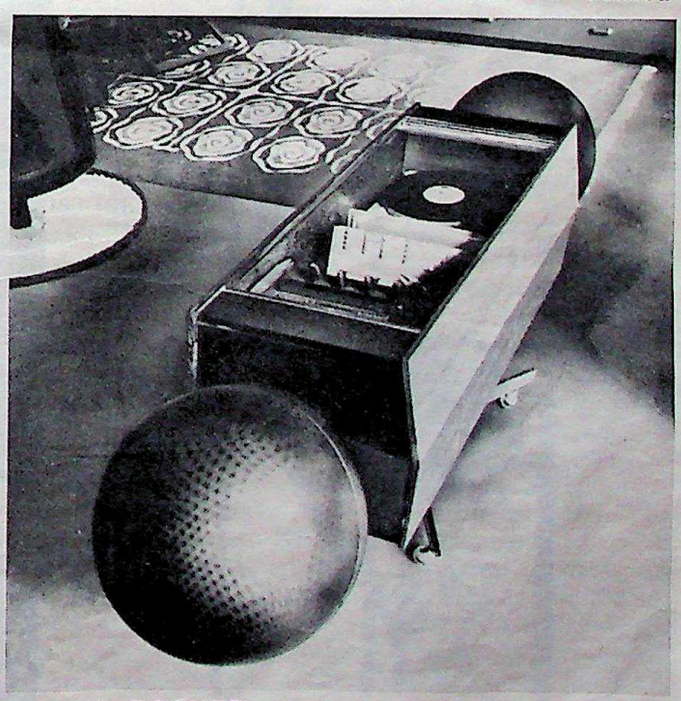
MILAN TRIENNALE: SHOWCASE FOR GOOD DESIGN



TUNNEL leads into spherical room displaying Italian design. All exhibits share common theme: leisure. Aim in bringing together best work of designers from 14 nations is to demonstrate dividend of art found in utilitarian objects.

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR TIME BY CLAUS-PETER FISCHER—PUBLIFOTO & UGO MULAS

STEREO SET has black mesh, ball-shaped speakers at either end. Unit comes not from Mars but Canada.



CIRCULAR ROCKER made of bamboo and wicker, also of Italian design, will not—despite appearance—roll like wheel.

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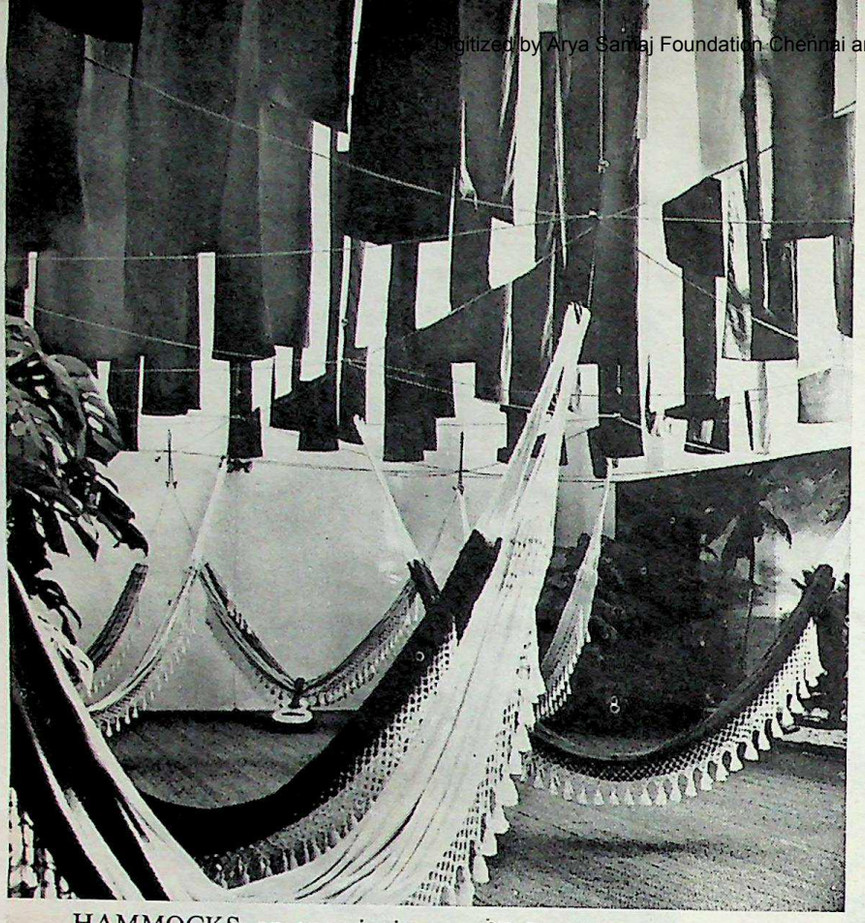
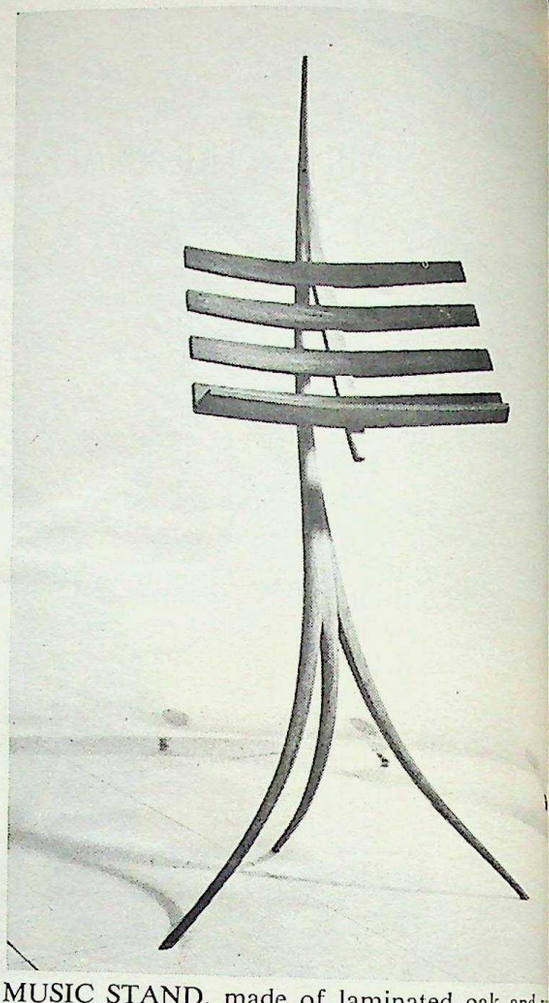
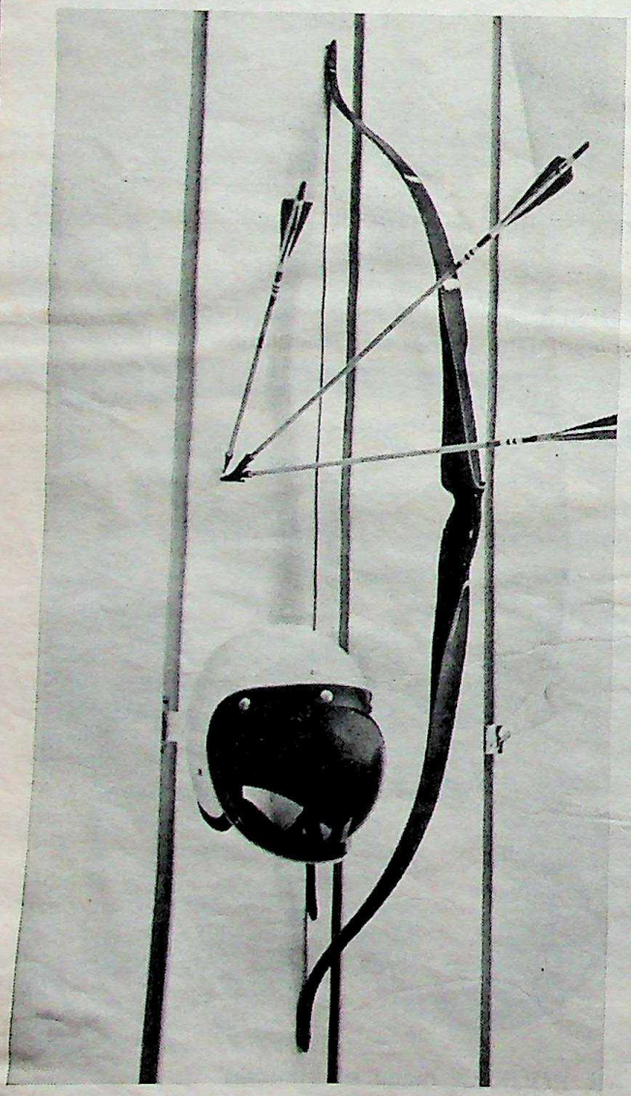


HAMMOCKS, an open invitation for a long afternoon siesta, fill Brazilian exhibit area with graceful curves and soft colors.

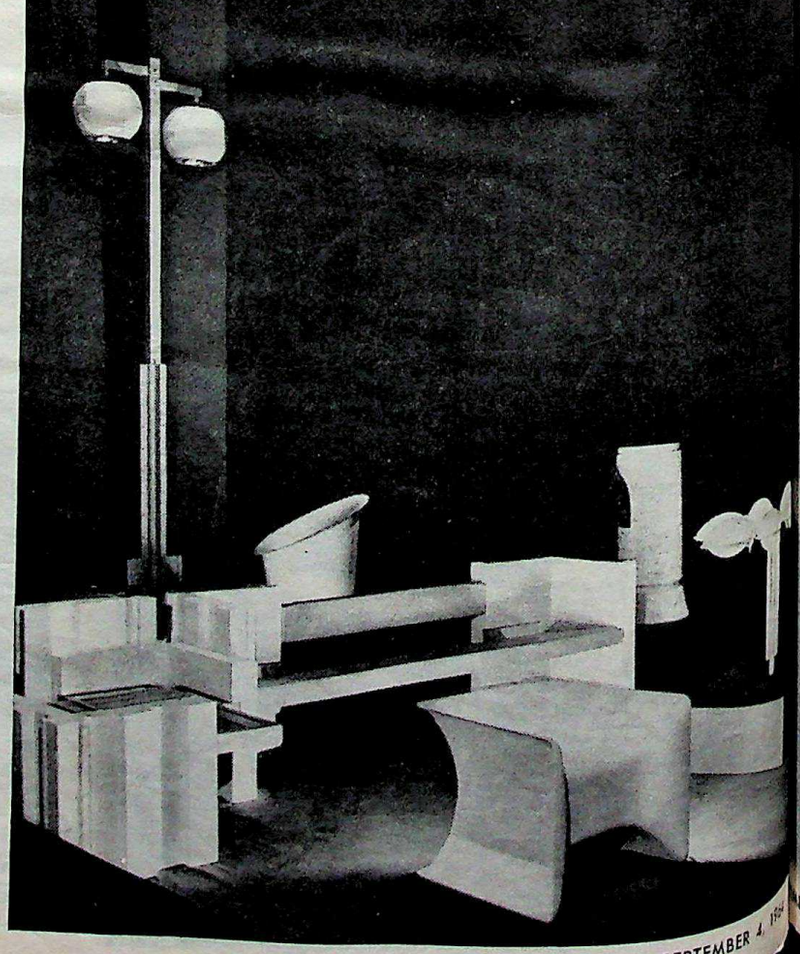


MUSIC STAND, made of laminated oak and r wood, was designed by Wendell Castle of Roche



BOW & ARROWS and crash helmet are all American invitations to turn leisure into exercise.

PUBLIC PARK of the future, as conceived by Italian designers, combines furnishings that t per utility with pleasing for



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HORSE RACING

"He's a Freak"

A Negro groom stroked the colt's nose, while Trainer Eddie Neloy tightened the saddle girth. Looking on, a girl with yellow hair wanted to know why the horse was carrying 132 lbs., like the program said, when everybody knows that a jockey only weighs 110 or so. "Lead weights," somebody said. "They stuff the saddle full of lead weights." Somebody else laughed. "This horse, they probably use gold bars instead."

Gun Bow was golden, all right. A sudden summer shower had turned the track at Chicago's Arlington Park slow and sloppy—but that did not bother him a bit. Neither did the fact that he had to concede up to 23 lbs. to eleven of the best handicap horses in the Midwest. The big bay made a shambles of the $114,750 Washington Handicap two Saturdays ago. Leaping in front at the start, he stayed there all the way—fighting off four separate challenges, drawing out by two lengths at the wire. "A lot of horses found out they could catch Gun Bow today," said his proud groom afterward, "but they was out of breath when they got there."

Better than Liniment. Gun Bow is a race horse calculated to take anybody's breath away. A strapping (16 hands) four-year-old, he was bred by Elizabeth Arden Graham, the cosmetics manufacturer and horse fancier who is well-known around the tracks for her inability to get along with trainers (she has fired as many as 20 in a single year) and for her insistence on rubbing Ardena cold cream on her horses' legs (she claims that it is better than liniment). Sired by the stallion Gun Shot, who broke down before he could prove his racing potential, foaled by an undistinguished War Admiral mare, Gun Bow showed practically nothing as a two-year-old. Last year he won six races and a respectable $41,292. Faced with the necessity of making her Maine Chance Farm show a profit in 1963 (in order to avoid federal tax penalties), Mrs. Graham sold Gun Bow last December to New Jersey's Harry Albert and Mrs. John Stanley—for $125,000. The new owners called themselves Gedney Farm (for tax reasons of their own) and turned the horse over to Trainer Neloy.

It took Gun Bow just three trips to the track to win back his purchase price. A victory in the San Fernando Stakes at Santa Anita last January was worth $26,125; the C. H. Strub Stakes brought in $87,500, and the San Antonio Handicap added another $36,200. But that was just the beginning. So far this year, Gun Bow has won seven major stakes and swelled his bankroll by $440,870.

Looping the Field. The way he goes about winning makes the victories even gaudier. In July's $100,000 Brooklyn Handicap at Aqueduct, Gun Bow galloped 1¼ miles in 1 min. 59⅗ sec.—the fastest mile-and-a-quarter in the history of New York racing. He won by twelve lengths. In the $54,300 Whitney Stakes at Saratoga last month, Gun Bow was unruly in the gate, broke dead last. Charging after the field, he suddenly spotted a leaf on the track, set himself like a steeplechaser approaching a hedge, and jumped. Then he settled down to business. He looped the field on the clubhouse turn, and the applause had already started when he swept around the final turn into the stretch, leading by three lengths. Jockey Walter Blum gave him a quick flick with the whip ("I don't pull up no horses when we're running for 50 big ones," he explained later) and found himself holding on for dear life. Gun Bow's margin at the wire: a widening ten lengths. Sighed Rival Jockey Bill Boland, whose own mount finished a full city block up the track: "When that horse runs his race, there's nothing alive can catch him. He's a freak."

By last week the freak was an odds-on favorite for yet another honor: the title of Horse of the Year, monopolized for four seasons by Mrs. Richard C. duPont's great gelding Kelso—whom Gun Bow will meet in the $100,000-added Aqueduct Stakes on Labor Day. (Last week Kelso demonstrated that he was ready for the encounter by tying the American record for 1⅛ miles on the turf in a warm-up race at Saratoga.) Gun Bow had also changed owners again. Keeping a 40% interest for themselves, Albert and Mrs. Stanley sold the other 60% for $600,000 to a syndicate headed by John R. Gaines, heir to a dog-food fortune. Another syndicate member: Mrs. Elizabeth Arden Graham, who happily shelled out $100,000 for 10% of the same colt she sold nine months ago for $125,000.

MIKE SIRICO—SPORTS ILLUSTRATED

GUN BOW WINNING WHITNEY STAKES
The rest ran out of breath.

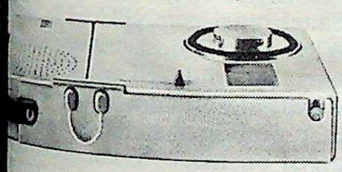
low water line—both a platform a watery missile. A laminated arch-bow, by Bill Stewart of Bear Arch-Co., is the winglike translation of human biceps, and thus its 35-lb.-ally.

ften, esthetics enters usefulness by back door. The late Dr. Peter umbohm used the chemical princi- of filtration to make the trim Chem- coffeemaker, then simply placed a of filter paper inside a circular sing to make a new kind of fan. by a motor, the rippling paper s cast air through the rim by cen- gal force. A *bon vivant* of the first Schlumbohm made a rapid, but tic, champagne cooler just because lit bachelors should not be caught when unexpectedly entertaining en.

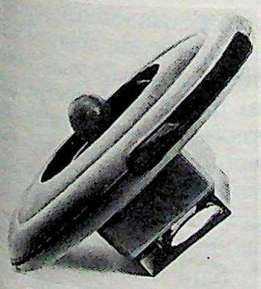
ulptural Typewriters. The Olivetti of Italy has made beautiful type- rs by dumping the portable from ox and embedding the keys like s of tiny birds in a nest. Braun Co. Germany spends money that it other- would plunge into advertising on ing employees the principles of design. The effect carries on the aus tradition in toasters, hair dry- and transistor radio-phonographs are perfect plastic sculpture.

the Triennale, whose theme is lei- the emphasis is on the lighthearted. the stocky curves of Finnish target or rowboats, the unbulky, trim- -the-hips power of an Italian Gi- 250-cc. motorcycle, or the sweep alian wicker rocking chairs show that much art is not made to on walls.

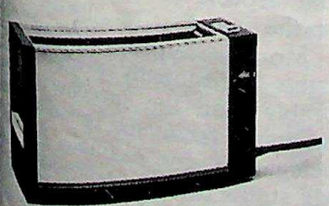
MUSEUM OF MODERN ART



BRAUN'S RADIO-PHONOGRAPH



SCHLUMBOHM'S FAN



BRAUN'S TOASTER
And a better exoskull.

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PRO FOOTBALL

Practice Makes Ulcers

It was not the kind of arithmetic that Art Modell, owner of the Cleveland Browns, could do on his fingers. Let's see, now: 35,000 seats at $5 apiece, 20,000 seats at $4, 20,000 at $3. Space for 5,000 standees. We'll charge them $3 too. That makes $330,000. Of course, it's partly for charity. So we donate $15,000 to that newspaper fund —"The Helping Hand." Okay? Then we'll divide up what's left, and . . .

Modell was not just dreaming. The opening of the pro-football season is still two weeks away, but this Saturday 80,000 rabid fans will elbow into Cleveland's Municipal Stadium to watch the Browns *v.* the Green Bay Packers and the New York Giants *v.* the Detroit Lions in a pro-football "doubleheader." The games are mere preseason exhibitions—the kind of practice scrimmage that no one used to notice. But now pro football is growing so wildly popular that no one can wait for the official gong. Many games are sellouts, and those who can't get in see it all on TV. What's more, the fans hardly even care that it isn't the real McCoy.

They sure don't in Dallas, where the Cowboys play their exhibitions on Saturday and televise them the following day; thousands of fans refuse to look at the Sunday sports pages until the telecast is over. They don't care in Pittsburgh, either. After the Steelers lost their second straight exhibition to the Browns last week, one rooter groaned: "The season hasn't even started, and already we're waiting till next year."

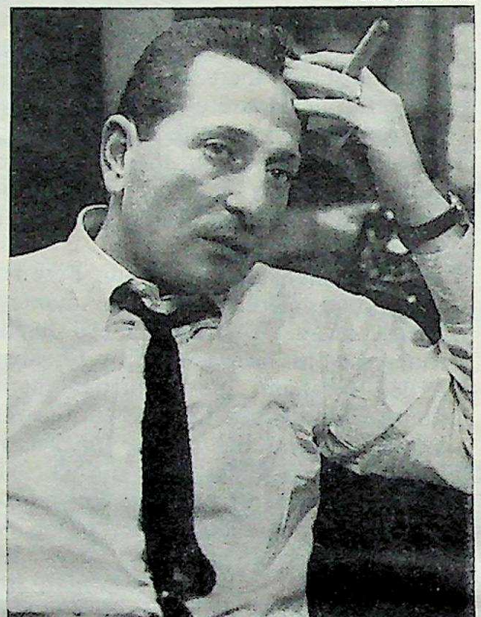
Monday-Morning Quarterbacks. It used to be that a coach could experiment in the preseason games and forget the score. But now there are all those eager faces in the stands, all those Monday-morning quarterbacks camped in front of all those TV sets. Two weeks ago, Harlan Svare took his Los Angeles Rams up to Portland, Ore., for a scrimmage with the Dallas Cowboys. In the second quarter, Svare decided to give Rookie Quarterback Bill Munson some practice, so he benched Terry Baker—who hails from Portland. Thirty thousand fans booed everything Munson did. The Portland Reporter even ran an editorial claiming that the Rams had "cheated" the city.

All that was mild compared with the woes of New York Giant Coach Allie Sherman—a believer in the old-fashioned theory that preseason games don't count. For three straight years, Sherman's Giants have been the champions of the National Football League's Eastern Division. But now they look more like chumps—at least on TV. They lost to the Minnesota Vikings, 21-7, and Sherman insisted: "The defense looked good." Then they ran into the Green Bay Packers and Halfback Paul ("Golden Boy") Hornung, back from a year in Coventry for betting on games. Hornung passed for one touchdown, booted two field goals and four extra points, and the Packers trounced the Giants, 34-10. The Giant switchboard lit up with wailing calls from fans who had seen it on TV. New York sportswriters loaded the papers with stories patiently reminding everyone that Star Quarterback Y. A. Tittle hadn't played much, and that Allie was "satisfied."

Smilin' Sam. The Giants' next opponents were the Washington Redskins, who had not beaten New York since 1957. But there was a new face in the Redskin lineup: Sam Huff, who anchored the Giants' defense for eight years before Sherman traded him away last winter. Smilin' Sam was so anxious to see all his old teammates again that he hardly slept a wink all week. He batted down a Giant pass in the end zone, made half a dozen key tackles and perched on top of practically every pile-up. Redskins 27, Giants 24.

The Bronx cheer was deafening. Said

HERB SCHARFMAN



GIANTS' SHERMAN
The Bronx cheer was deafening.

Sherman, from the solitude of his Fairfield, Conn., training camp: "I understand things are in kind of an uproar down in the city." Then he grabbed his ax and began swinging. Off to Pittsburgh went Halfback Phil King, the team's top ground gainer in 1963. Off to limbo went Quarterback Glynn Griffing—the lad from Mississippi who was supposed to fill Y. A. Tittle's shoes. Back came Assistant Coach Andy Robustelli to his old job in the defensive line. "There was no desperation involved," Sherman insisted, but he was obviously breathing easier after the Giants played the Philadelphia Eagles last Saturday. Tittle limped off with an injured knee—and was hardly missed. Rookie Gary Wood, an Ivy Leaguer, no less, threw three touchdown passes, and the Giants won, 28-17. Admitted Allie: "I'm like anybody else. I like to win."

SHOW BUSINESS

TELEVISION

What Next from Planet Lyra

At the 1964 Democratic [illegible] Convention, the networks achie[illegible] impossible. In their frenetic scra[illegible] make the trivial significant and [illegible] nificant momentous, they succee[illegible] making the convention seem ev[illegible] than dull reality. It was no wond[illegible] on the climactic night of the [illegible] tions, nearly half of all New Yo[illegible] viewers were glued to indepen[illegible] tions offering such attractions [illegible] run of an *Untouchables* episo[illegible] run of a Marilyn Monroe docu[illegible] and a rerun of a movie spec[illegible] called *The Brain from Planet A[illegible]*

Admittedly, the speeches a[illegible] mentary from Atlantic Cit[illegible] sounded like a rerun of sc[illegible] called *What Next from Planet L[illegible]* But Fred Friendly, president [illegible] News, had a quiet alibi. "Conve[illegible] he said, "were designed for the [illegible] Jennings Bryan day. Some da[illegible] body is going to have to sit d[illegible] streamline them."

Camera-Hoggers. Friendly [illegible] more basic reason to be dis[illegible] After streamlining veteran An[illegible] Walter Cronkite clear out of the [illegible] in favor of Roger Mudd and [illegible] Trout, CBS was no better off in [illegible] ings game than at the Republic[illegible] vention. Last week each networ[illegible] of the total nighttime TV co[illegible] audience was just what it had [illegible] San Francisco: NBC 51%, CB[illegible] ABC 13%. Most critics though[illegible] new team did well enough—par[illegible] Trout, despite many viewers' [illegible] easy feeling that he had some[illegible] gered on from the commercial.

It would have taken a Will [illegible] Mark Twain partnership to m[illegible] Democrats' smoothly controlle[illegible] vention into compelling TV fo[illegible] even if the intellectual or ed[illegible] content had been higher, the ne[illegible] tactics of rushing reporters hi[illegible] yon would have confused the [illegible] The trouble, argues Cronkite, [illegible] the networks' "efforts to stay o[illegible] tive at the cost of telling a [illegible] story." Said he: "In many ca[illegible] difficult to understand what's go[illegible] because the entertainment and [illegible] rial aspects of the story keep [illegible] in the way."

Martian Byplay. Actually, [illegible] lights occasionally proved more [illegible] orable than the speeches or the [illegible] mentary from the pundits: the [illegible] delegation, for example, proud[illegible] ing stalks of New Jersey corn; [illegible] Jackson's off-Key version of *T[illegible] Spangled Banner*; Pennsylvania [illegible] genarian Emma Guffey Miller's [illegible] peppery complaints about the [illegible] crowded aisles. And then [illegible]

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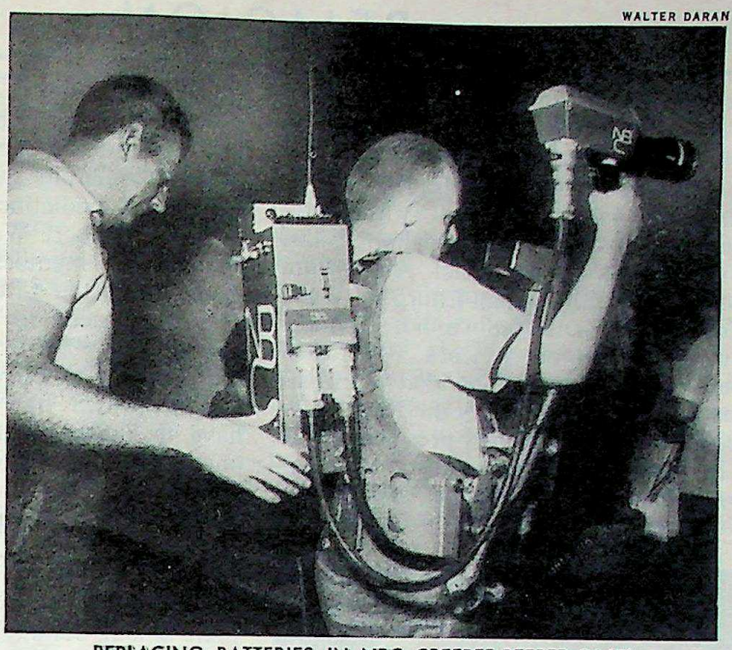
DAVID GAHR

CBS'S ROBERT TROUT & ROGER MUDD

WALTER DARAN



REPLACING BATTERIES IN NBC CREEPER-PEEPER PACK

One of the network boys got elected Veep.

's great moment, after ABC Com-ator Hubert H. Humphrey had nominated for Vice President, Ed Morgan turned to Howard K. to say, "Well, Howard, we may e the top network, but one of our made it."

at viewers did not get was a clear, ng account of the convention it-Desperate for laughs or hoked-up networks focused interminably e "men from Mars," as Cronkite the antennaed Rover Boys who d from delegate to delegate ac-anied by cameramen carrying 25-lb. packs of electronic gear. The reporters actually prolonged and d the squabbles over seating the ern delegations. NBC and ABC aught focusing only on Martian y at the moment of Lyndon John-nomination by acclamation.

less forgettable moment came NBC decided to ignore the podi-ring New York City Mayor Rob-Wagner's speech seconding L.B.J. d, the network turned breathless-Sander Vanocur as he buttonholed Dubinsky, boss of the Interna-Ladies' Garment Workers' Un-At last came Vanocur's question binsky: "Did you know that Mrs. rt Humphrey makes all her own s?" Over to Huntley-Brinkley.

RADIO

ic Revival

epare yourself, Miss Lane. I have branding iron ready now.

(Voice) Drop that iron, Mr. Darrow! Who are you?

(Voice) Huh! Huh! Huh! I am the ow!

eholts and May? Huh! Huh! The ow is the real McCabre. His ac-name is Lamont Cranston; he is an of wealth, a student of science a master of other people's minds, devotes his life to righting wrongs, ecting the innocent and punishing the guilty." Back in the dark ages before television, his weekly right-wronging rescue of Margo Lane held families in quivering suspense before the midget Gothic table set.

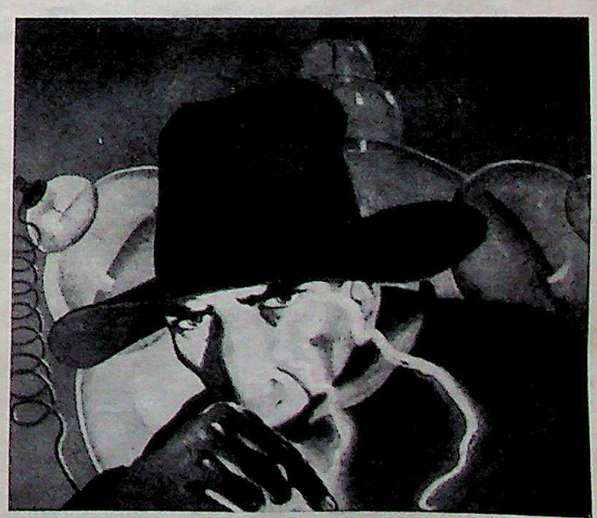
Now radio stations in 110 cities across the U.S. are broadcasting tapes taken from *Shadow* transcriptions of the '40s. Fan mail—from newly hooked kids as well as nostalgic oldtimers—is pouring in, and advertisers are asking for more.

Labor of Love. They are getting it. Manhattan's Charles Michelson, Inc., which resurrected *The Shadow*, is also releasing eight other favorites in 52-week packages, including *Dangerous Assignment, Famous Jury Trials* and *The Green Hornet*. Detroit's Fred Flowerday, a former sound-effects expert, has acquired the licensing rights to two other oldtimers, *The Lone Ranger* ("Hi-Ho, Silver") and *Sergeant Preston of the Yukon* ("On, King, on, you huskies . . ."). To Flowerday, putting the *Ranger* back in the saddle is a particular labor of love: it was he who used to clomp a pair of rubber plumber's friends in a box of gravel at Detroit's Station WXYZ whenever Silver galloped off in a cloud of dust. For radio listeners surfeited with news and music and music and news, *Shadow, Ranger* and *Hornet* are a welcome relief from the prevailing tedium of the medium. Nor does one need a 21-in. screen to visualize Margo Lane as she weathers perils that make Pauline's seem like play-school.

Wasp Power. For the generation of Americans that grew up hi-ho-ing with Silver, the show's theme music, the galloping part of the *William Tell Overture*, will always be more Ranger than Rossini. And Rimsky-Korsakov's *Flight of the Bumblebee* inevitably conjures up visions of Brit Reed, alias the Green Hornet, who when adventure-bound was trailed by a string orchestra playing his tune. Do-Gooder Brit also had the only automobile on radio that ran on wasp power. The Hornet is one of the few oldies to show his age. "Sufferin' snakes!" he blurts, "that's real white of you." One mystery for modern listeners is why Kato, his faithful valet, starts out as a Japanese and winds up as a Filipino. Simple: the change of citizenship was made on Pearl Harbor day.

In the heyday of the radio serial, roughly from 1933 to 1956, the heroes changed actors dozens of times. There were three Lone Rangers, two of whom are still alive and collecting royalties. Unfortunately for scores of actors who might otherwise be cashing in on the reruns, no one ever bothered to keep recordings of such microphone memorabilia as *Buck Rogers, Jack Armstrong,* or even *Little Orphan Annie;* if any exist, there are not enough to put together a series.

If there were, stations such as WJRZ in Newark, which devote three full hours every Sunday night to vintage drama, would use even more oldies. As it is, a station that starts broadcasting *The Lone Ranger* weekly can count on enough 30-min. installments of the Silver saga to last 50 years.



THE SHADOW

In the distance, Hi-Ho, Silver.

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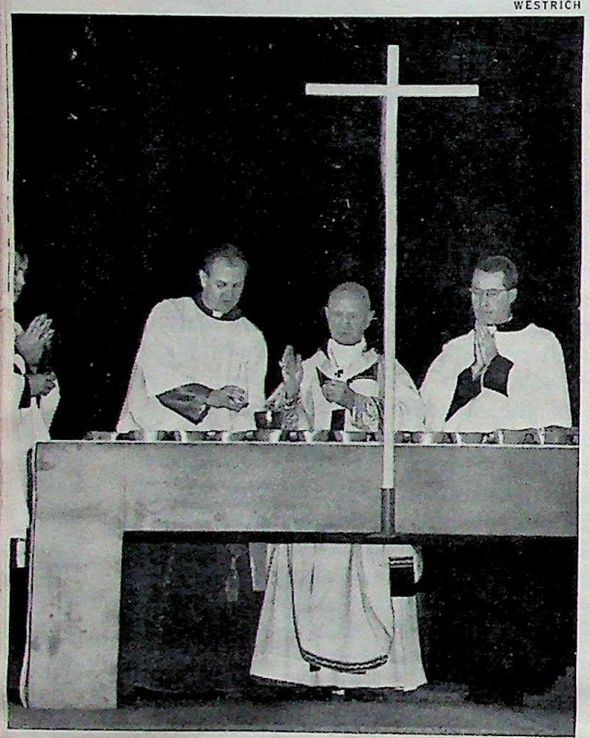
ROMAN CATHOLICS

English Mass: Needs Work

The first Roman Catholic Mass in the English version approved by the bishops of the U.S. was celebrated last week in St. Louis' Kiel Auditorium during the 25th Annual Liturgical Week Conference—and the verdict of most liturgists was: needs work. "We used perhaps 20 translations that were already in existence," says the Rev. Frederick McManus, the new president of the Liturgical Conference. "It's purely experimental and provisional. The whole thing has to be done over." The text

WESTRICH



RITTER IN KIEL AUDITORIUM
In the Gloria, too much you-who.

should be made "simpler and more meaningful," added Joseph Cardinal Ritter after celebrating one of the four Masses during the conference.

Most criticisms stressed the Mass's "rough spots." Bishop Charles Buswell of Pueblo, Colo., suggested that "we need to get the you-who out of the Gloria," meaning the part that now goes: "You, who take away the sins of the world, have mercy on us. You, who take away the sins of the world, receive our prayer. You, who sit at the right hand of the Father, have mercy on us."

In one place where a you-who might help, it is missing. *Agnus Dei, qui tollis peccata mundi, miserere nobis* has been translated as "Lamb of God, who take away the sins of the world, have mercy on us." Better grammar might have been to change "take" to "takes." Many Catholic missals say "takest," but the makers of this Mass tried to avoid thee-thy-thou forms. Nevertheless they slipped up: the Lord's Prayer still goes, "Thy kingdom come." Other parts have a ring of transliteration, rather than translation, from Latin. "Priests who translate the Mass have a tendency to use Latin derivatives, whereas Anglo-Saxon is generally shorter and sharper," said one Benedictine monk.

Father Robert W. Hovda of Fargo, N. Dak., a member of the board of directors of the Liturgical Conference, says: "We need to get literary people involved. We have to get poets." But the present version will go into general use in the U.S. on Nov. 29, and it will have to suffice until a more felicitous one can be fashioned.

CHURCHES

The Money Raisers

Where once they had only to pass a plate among Sunday attenders, churches nowadays raise money in ways that range from bingo to bonds. Fund raising brings up questions of taste, discretion, prudence and donor psychology that stir heated debates across the land. TIME correspondents, sampling opinion among churchgoers and ministers last week, found that the "crasser" gimmicks of fund raising are giving way, but only slowly, to various forms of direct donation.

Bingo King Co., Inc., of Denver, reportedly the biggest maker of bingo equipment, says that business is better than ever before. Many clergymen find bingo playing the most embarrassing of fund-raising devices, and are openly grateful if it is outlawed by state or city ordinances. But 13 states have specifically legalized it; in New Jersey, churches and synagogues grossed $18.5 million last year, and in New York the take is even bigger.

Dinners & Bazaars. The Rev. E. W. Albrecht, pastor of the South Miami Lutheran Church, scorns the practice of "roping people for fund-raising dinners in competition with restaurants." But the Very Rev. Nicholas Maestrini, Superior of the Pontifical Institute for Foreign Missions, each year raises $65,000 by a $100-a-plate dinner at Cobo Hall in Detroit. The sociable, old-fashioned church supper remains a respected but inefficient way of raising funds.

Selling pews was drummed out of most Protestant churches long ago; yet Gilead Baptist Church in Detroit recently inaugurated a $1.20 weekly payment by each member for the "space" he takes in church. Bazaars are under fire: the Rev. Eugene Carper, director of research and strategy for the Massachusetts Council of Churches, thinks that bazaar workers should do something more beneficial for the spiritual life of the church, like visiting the sick and the aged in hospitals. But in May the Congregational church in wealthy Winnetka, a Chicago suburb, held a rummage sale that raised $40,000 from donated mink coats, a color TV set, designer clothes, original paintings, ... tal and china.

Raising capital for building— ... posed to getting money for ... week operation—creates other ... versies. Baptist Minister the Rev. ... Ihrie of Grosse Pointe Woods, ... financed his church by selling bo... his congregation; they liked it b... "they owe the money to themse... and he liked it because many ... eventually "convert the bonds int... nations." Others insist on more bu... like borrowing from banks or ... such church-sponsored agencies ... $100 million American Baptist E... sion Corp. Roman Catholics favor ... fund-raising campaigns to finance ... jor building programs. In the f... 1962, Archbishop Joseph T. McG... began a $15,500,000 campaign ... to pay for a new cathedral in San ... cisco to replace the one that b... He had no trouble raising the a... in seven months, with some do... of as much as $100,000.

Pledges & Tithing. Catholics a... for professional fund raisers, hir... a fee. In the Washington Diocese, ... 80% of the fund raising for major ... ects is done by pros, says Aux... Bishop John Spence. Recognizin... growing role of professionalism ... Methodists' American Universi... Washington awards M.A.s and P... in church business management. ... some Protestant clergymen now ... to think that professional fund ... ing is counterproductive. Says ... Rev. Theodore Palmquist: "Our ... ple don't like to give when they ... that 10% of their money will ... professionals."

Groping for a more straightfo... form of fund raising usually ... churches to strive for pledges of m... Pledging means sending a regular ... to the church treasurer. It is o... and convenient for people who ... canceled checks for income-tax d... tions, and for those who, not go... church regularly, cannot depe... contribute by collection plate.

In a tougher form, pledging be... tithing; some Protestant fundam... ists stress tithing so much that it ... seems a prerequisite for membe... The Rt. Rev. Msgr. Don H. Hug... Catholic, wrote a leaflet that sho... crucified Christ with the inscrip... "God's sacrifice for me!" and o... back says:

"God gives me—100%
I return to God—10%
Balance for me—90%"

Churches must have money, and ... ministers stoutly defend fund-r... systems that work. But many ... also prefer to "do away with ba... raffles and anything that smacks ... church supported by gadgets," ... Rev. James Madden, vice chancell... the Diocese of Galveston-Houston ... it. He, and others, want "to bring ... the idea that supporting the chur... something natural."

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THE PRESS

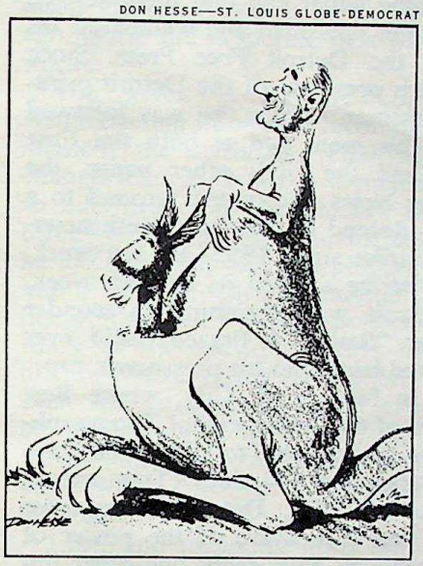
NEWSPAPERS

Good to Miss

To those merry mischief-makers, the torial cartoonists, Lyndon Johnson's fabricated one-man show in Atlan- City was a target too good to miss. didn't miss. Paul Conrad, the Los eles Times's skillful puncturer, man- to get in two telling darts: one ed Johnson surrounded by a host

HY ROSEN—ALBANY TIMES-UNION

DON HESSE—ST. LOUIS GLOBE-DEMOCRAT



CARTOONISTS' VIEWS OF JOHNSON'S CONVENTION

Darts, jabs and Yogi Bear.

s own images on TV screens—and ng because one of the sets showed terloping Yogi Bear. In the other ad cartoon, a complacent Presi- patted himself on the back while ming the nation: "Extremism in se of my program is no vice; and ration in praise of my administra- is no virtue."

lthough other U.S. cartoonists con- d themselves with single jabs at vulnerable presidential ego, they monized on the obvious theme: a vention so thoroughly ringmastered he President that all the non-sur- s came out of his pouch or his hat *cuts).*

h Love—and Haste

As the campaign develops," said the York Times in an editorial that published the morning after Presi- Johnson's nomination in Atlantic "the points of difference between Johnson and Mr. Goldwater will one increasingly apparent." But the es couldn't wait for developments. h uncharacteristic haste, it cast its for Lyndon Baines Johnson even re the 1964 presidential campaign begun.

The differences between the two can- ates, said the Times, which has been enting Barry Goldwater's candidacy a blow to national prestige, "are clear gh already. In our opinion, they nt to an inescapably logical conclu- the necessity of electing Lyndon Johnson as President of the United States and of administering a decisive and definitive defeat to the voices of the past."

A similar stance came from Pundit Walter Lippmann, who has previously characterized Goldwater's policies as "insanity." Wrote Lippmann last week: "Sen. Goldwater has certainly achieved what he said he was trying to achieve —namely, that there should be a choice and not an echo. In this election there is a clear choice. It is between Goldwater and Miller on the one hand and Johnson and Humphrey on the other hand. Some choice."

Thanks, But No Thanks

Never has the press felt more unpopular at a national political convention than at San Francisco in July, where Republican delegates booed and hissed newsmen from the floor. In contrast, never has the press felt more popular than at Atlantic City last week, where Speaker of the House John McCormack, in opening the Democrats' conclave, went out of his way to give a cordial welcome to journalists.

If this was intended to bring grateful smiles from the press galleries, it got none from the Scripps-Howard newspaper chain. WE DON'T WANT TO BE LOVED, proclaimed Scripps-Howard in a statement that went to all member papers of the chain. "This love feast at Atlantic City—well, frankly, it's embarrassing. We will feel more at ease when the Democrats also denounce us again, as they did for so many years. We cherish our memories of the days when the Democrats railed at us as a 'one-party press.' The late great political reporter Sam Blythe* set a stern standard for men in our trade. Said Sam: 'The only way for a journalist to look at a politician is down.'

"We don't expect to be loved. We only insist on being tolerated—and feel more comfortable when those who tolerate us do it reluctantly."

COMICS

Tougher than Hell With a Heart of Gold

She is physically deformed, an achondroplastic with legs like sewer mains and untenanted circles for eyes. Instead of parents, she has a fabulously wealthy foster father who dependably defaults whenever she needs him most. Nor has he ever given her an extra dime. Violence is her companion: in one three-month period, 75 acts of murder or mayhem were committed within her ken. But Little Orphan Annie is insulated against all misfortune by one priceless possession: eternal youth. This month in 350 newspapers all over the world, Annie reaches her 40th birthday looking no older than when she was born.

The creation of a onetime farm boy named Harold Lincoln Gray, Annie ranks as one of the most durable, reactionary, humorless and lucrative little brats in the history of the funnies. In 40 years she has poured nearly $5,000,000 into Artist Gray's pocket—a figure that does not, to be sure, put him in Daddy Warbucks' class; Daddy is several times a billionaire. Even today, despite evidence of a waning national interest in

* Chief political correspondent in Washington, 1900-07, for Joseph Pulitzer's New York World.

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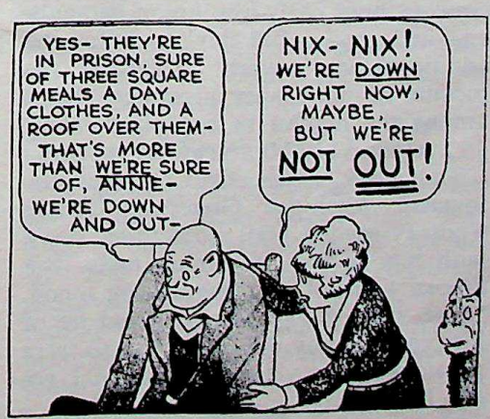

ANNIE & DADDY WARBUCKS (1934)

ANNIE & DADDY TODAY

"Murder, rape and arson."

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the comics, Annie still reaches a paid readership of 30 million.

Defectors. Annie does not really belong in the funnies. A more appropriate setting would be a political pamphlet—or possibly reform school. Annie has personally accounted for a fair share of her violent ambiance. Between murders, she inveighs against such evils as the federal income tax, the welfare state, Madison Avenue, most officialdom, and "left-wingers"—a term that Artist Gray applies to all Democrats.

Annie's incorrigible tendency to climb soapboxes has earned her a host of real-life enemies to match those who pursue her on the funny page. She has been castigated by the pulpit, educators, the National Lawyers Guild, and the American Association of Advertising Agencies. In 1956, an episode that seemed to glorify hoodlumism drew such a loud chorus of protest that some 30 newspapers suspended the strip. The high crime rate in *Little Orphan Annie* periodically produces other defectors.

Artist Gray defends both Annie's criminality and her far-righteousness as an accurate reflection of life. "Sweetness and light—who the hell wants it?" he says. "What's news in the newspaper? Murder, rape and arson. That's what stories are made of." As for Annie's philosophy, it is "just good, standard Americanism that people are brought up on. Annie is tougher than hell, with a heart of gold and a fast left, who can take care of herself because she has to. She's controversial, there's no question about that. But I keep her on the side of motherhood, honesty and decency."

In the Cave. Annie got her start on a summer day in 1906 when a youthful Harold Gray, pulling morning glories from the family cornfield near Chebanse, Ill., decided that there must be an easier living. He had been scrawling pictures as a hobby from childhood. So it was only natural that after graduating from Purdue in 1917 he should head for Chicago and talk his way into the art department of the Chicago Tribune. There, between lettering stints for the Tribune comic strip, *The Gumps*, Gray came up with a strip idea of his own, centered around a boy named Little Orphant Otto. With some misgivings, the artist presented Otto to Joseph Medill Patterson, then editor of the Tribune and an expert on the viability of comic strips. "The kid looks like a pansy, doesn't he?" said Gray. "Sure does," agreed Patterson. "Why don't you put a skirt on him?" Thus was Annie born.

Now 70, Gray divides his time between a home in Westport, Conn., and another in La Jolla, Calif. Annie thoroughly dominates his life, as she has for four decades. He says that he spends up to 70 hours a week drafting six daily strips and one for Sunday. Outside of transcontinental trips to take the pulse of U.S. conservatism, he professes no other compelling interests in life.

Age has banked Gray's polemic fire, and consequently Annie's too. "She's staying clean out of politics this year," said Gray last week. "Boy, this is murder! You'll get cut no matter which side you're on." Until after the November election, Artist Gray plans to put Annie in a cave. But she is in no real danger. Any girl that can pass 40 without so much as a wrinkle is obviously destined to live forever.

STRIKES

Deadlock in Detroit

Last July 13, Freeman Frazee doffed the folded paper cap that identifies the newspaper pressman and walked off his job at the Detroit Free Press. Since Frazee is president of the Detroit printing pressmen's union, he was followed by all his men, and at both the Free Press and the city's other paper, the evening News, the presses ground to a stop—silenced by Detroit's ninth newspaper strike since 1955. By last week, as the strike entered its seventh week, all Detroit was beginning to wonder whether "Smoky"* Frazee could ever be talked back into his pressman's cap.

As in New York City, where Bert Powers of the International Typographical Union was able to silence Manhattan dailies for 114 days (TIME cover, March 1, 1963), Detroit's newspaper strike was a measure of the power of one stubborn man. Only one other union joined Frazee's walkout: the paper and plate handlers' union. The other twelve newspaper unions in Detroit, having long since signed new contracts, are fretting to get back to work.

Frazee is sitting tight on his insistence that Free Press pressmen get time and a half for rolling the Sunday edition. To the publishers, the demand seems outrageous. No morning paper in the country pays that bonus, and the morning Free Press is loath to set a precedent. The union demand is loosely based on what is called a "double shift," common enough on evening papers with Sunday editions, where pressmen must roll both the Saturday and the Sunday paper on the same day.

But Free Press pressmen have never had to work that double shift, and are handsomely compensated for overtime. On the day President Kennedy was assassinated and the paper called its press crew an hour early, the union demanded—and got—a full day's pay for the additional hour's work. In Detroit, the income of newspaper pressmen stands among the highest in organized labor: an average $11,400 a year.

Last week, in an effort to break the impasse, Michigan Governor George Romney invited both sides to sit down with him at the bargaining table. But Smoky was not in a negotiating mood. "Sure, it's a breakthrough," said he of his premium-pay demand. "But so were pensions a few years ago—when I got 'em here."

* A nickname Frazee earned by getting born in Pittsburgh.

MILESTONES

Married. Terry Baker, 23, All-America quarterback from State, now with the Los Angele and Marilyn Davis, 21, his colleg heart; in Las Vegas.

Divorced. Allen Funt, 49, TV did Cameraman; by Evelyn F his chief critic and counselor; years of marriage, three chil Reno.

Died. Gracie Allen, 59, vaudeville, radio and TV favor better half of the *Burns and Show;* of a heart attack; in Ho "George," said Gracie in 192 got a great idea for an act need is $200 for sets." "You're said George, and for the next she was indeed—a treasure malapropisms, non sequiturs witty ideas that somehow alwa aged to pan out just before th mercial, making Gracie and h band George one of the earlie certainly longest-lived situation dy teams.

Died. Benjamin Davis, 60, s of the U.S. Communist Party, ra ble-rouser among his fellow N and convicted seditionist (fou 1951-55, in the federal penitenti Terre Haute, Ind.); after a long in Manhattan.

Died. Marx Hirsch, 76, recen tired president of Molybdenum of America, who helped found th pany in 1920 to refine steel-ha molybdenum, in 1950 made a splash when his prospectors disc near Mountain Pass, Calif., the largest deposit of exotic "rare whose yet-to-be-exploited heat-r qualities make them the promis als of the atomic age in nose co actor shields and other critica of a heart attack; in Manhattan.

Died. Anne Douglas ("Sittie" 77, wife of Virginia's senior S who cared little for politics or the ington whirl, even to the point ping her husband's annual apple- picnics, but refused to let her de his retirement stand in his way, f ly announcing before the 1958 e that "I do not believe my hope obstruct the judgment of those b formed who believe he can rend able public service"; of a heart in Berryville, Va.

Died. Naomi Jacob, 80, Britis elist and lifelong feminist, ve suffragette picket lines, author than 40 novels (*Jacob Ussher Generations*), many of which courageous heroines struggling hard-drinking, miserly husband heart attack; in Sirmione, Italy.

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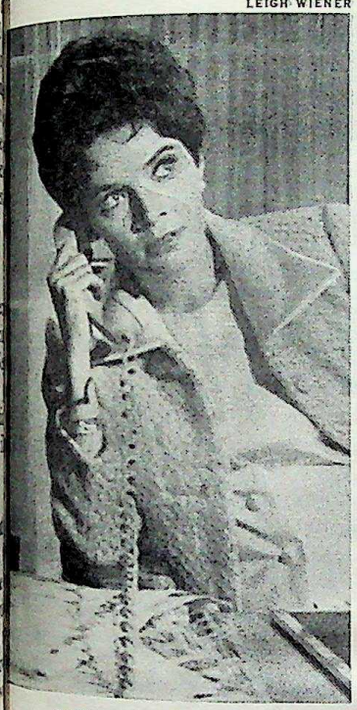
...r, First Lady

...Kisses for My President. Don't like ...dwater? Don't like Johnson either? ...eer up, says this sappy little election- ...r comedy. Having the wrong man ... President isn't half as bad as having ... wrong man for First Lady.

...eems that Fred MacMurray is mar- ...d to Polly Bergen, who becomes the ... woman President of the United ...tes. That makes Fred, in effect, mis- ... of the White House. While his ... runs the country, Fred runs the ...se. He plans the meals, looks after ... children, goes shopping with visit- ... VIPs, sends the missus off to work ... a kiss, and in the evening asks her ... things went at the office. "Pretty

LEIGH WIENER



POLLY AS PRESIDENT
Petticoat government.

..." she replies with a sigh. "But I'm ...d tired. Mind if I go straight to ...p?"

...oor old Fred. As a husband he ...ds, but as a citizen he is too pa- ...tic to protest. He tries to take refuge ...reading, but finds himself eagerly pe- ...ing *The Making of the President*. He ...sues a practical solution (Arlene ...d) to his problem but finds that a ... with two women is a man with ...e bosses. In the end, he takes a stand ...inst petticoat government, reasserts ...self as the master of the White ...use and makes the President preg- ...nt. Unable to carry a child and the ...dens of office, she resigns.

...But don't worry, girls. No man who ...kes movies in a matriarchy would ...re to suggest that the war between ...n and women could possibly con- ...ude with a masculine victory. In the ...al frame of the last reel, Fred is ...ntly reminded of what every woman ...ows: the hand that rocks the cradle ...es the world.

Marooned on the Red Planet

Robinson Crusoe on Mars. Break out the ray guns, boys! Here comes a horde of little green men? On the contrary, here comes a pleasant surprise: a piece of science fiction based on valid speculation, a modest yet provocative attempt to imagine what might happen if, in the next decade or so, a U.S. astronaut were spaceshipwrecked on the red planet and found himself, as Robinson Crusoe found himself 300 years ago, alone and desperate in a wild new world.

The wreck is credibly contrived. While circling Mars on a reconnaissance mission, the astronaut (Paul Mantee) changes course to avoid a meteor and so falls deep into the planet's field of force. To escape eventual incineration, he ejects his capsule and plunges down into a scene of staring desolation. Hell-hot by day and by night pole-cold, the Mars of the movie supports no visible life and very little atmosphere. However, the astronaut does not expect to be there very long. From the wreck of his capsule he rescues food for 60 days, water for five days, oxygen for 60 hours.

Luck and ingenuity keep him alive. He stumbles on a cave that gives some shelter and contrives to start a fire with yellow rocks that burn like low-grade coal. On the third day, oxygen gone, he discovers that the rocks release it when they are heated, and in jig time he rigs up a pressure cooker and replenishes his tanks. A few days later, led by the small South American monkey that shared his spaceship, he finds a spring of clear water, and in the water a plant that bears edible tubers.

So much for physical survival. Spiritual survival is another matter. Like Crusoe on his island, the modern man on Mars misses cruelly the company of his kind. And like Crusoe he soon comes across his Friday. How? Go to *Mars* and find out—it's well worth the trip. Death Valley, where the film was shot, really looks like another world. Actor Mantee, a former allround athlete from U.C.L.A., really looks like an astronaut. And the monkey really looks like a monkey. He looks, in fact, like the first cinemape of modern times who didn't learn to scratch himself at the Actors Studio.

Queen of Tarts

A House Is Not a Home. Polly Adler was a flashy flesh-peddler who flourished in Manhattan during the '20s and '30s and liked to think her establishment was the Versailles of vice. It was indeed a fancy whorehouse. Her furnishings were French antiques. Her customers were bankers, blueboods, politicians, policemen, racketeers. Her girls were class. Her prices ($20) were competitive. And along with everything else there was Polly, a short, swart Jewess with crocodilian charm and a heart of ill-got gold.

Polly didn't actually tell all in her bestselling memoirs, which were published in 1953, but what she told has now been translated into a matter-of-fact movie that relates the shoddy story of Polly's lurid life, with little sympathy and less sensation, as a footnote to the social histo y of the '20s. Not a sexy scene in i...

Polly (played by Shelley Winters) was born in 1900 in a White Russian ghetto. Her father, a tailor, decided to send his children one by one to "the golden land," and when Polly was twelve she arrived in America with everything she had in the world slung over her shoulder in a potato sack. At 16 she was working in a Brooklyn sweatshop. At 18 she was raped, or

SHELLEY AS POLLY
Sindustrial organization.

so she claimed. At 21 she became a madam by mistake.

A gangster she knew set her up in a fancy flat, not as his mistress but as a housekeeper for his mistress. When he ditched the girl he asked Polly to find him another. Soon she was finding girls for his friends, and soon after that she began to take money for her services. By 1923 she had a fancy house of her own, and for the next 20 years she was known as the organizational genius of the sindustry. Half the headwaiters in Manhattan were on her payroll; so were hundreds of police officials; and she had friends at the highest levels of the city, state and federal governments. Nevertheless, in 1945 Fiorello La Guardia finally forced Polly to shut up shop.

Was she downhearted? Not noticeably. Lugging a trunkful of filthy lucre, Polly enrolled at U.C.L.A. and three years later, with the help of a good rewrite man, published her senior thesis: *A House Is Not a Home*. In 1962 the old cat died a literary lion.

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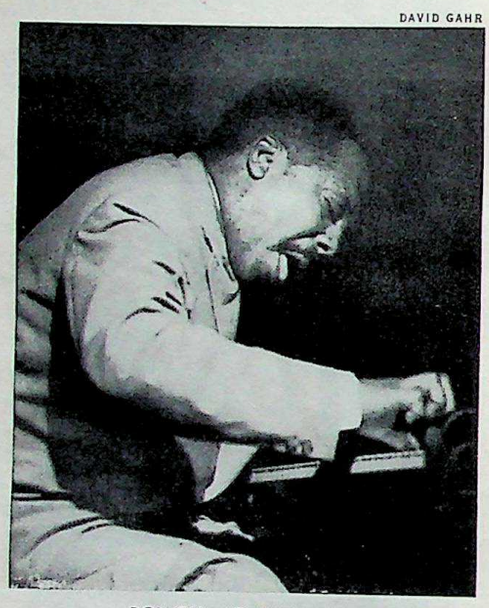
JAZZ

Bud's O.K.

When Bud Powell left Manhattan for Paris in 1958, his friends prayed that the change of locale might somehow exorcise the demons that had plagued him for much of his life. Instead, Powell sank even deeper into his private inferno. After five years abroad he was a shattered, empty-eyed hulk, a stranger to himself and his music. When friends finally placed him in a hospital outside Paris a year ago, he was suffering from tuberculosis, alcoholism, malnutrition and other legacies of hard living. Doctors said that he would not recover for at least three years. But Powell progressed rapidly, was soon transferred to

DAVID GAHR



POWELL AT BIRDLAND
Completing a metamorphosis.

a convalescent sanatorium where he spent long hours at the piano and wrote his first new music in six years.

Up from Limbo. Yet, amazingly, last week Bud Powell, now 39, was back on the U.S. jazz scene, cured of TB and fat as a *Bürgermeister*. The homecoming was staged at Birdland, New York's famed jazz temple, which after a two-month fling at booking rock-'n'-rollers (TIME, May 8) has returned to hosting modern jazzmen. The metamorphosis was complete when Powell forcefully struck the first chords of *The Best Thing for You Is Me*. His attack was robust and sure, erupting in a series of crashing, dissonant chords, then retreating in flights of delicate melodic figures. His forehead awash with perspiration, head bobbing to the driving beat, he loosed a cascade of lush, intricate, tragically orchestrated chords and weeping melodies in *Like Someone in Love*, punctuated by his urgent gasps and moans.

Ill or well, Powell has long been the unchallenged master of the jazz ballad. The extraordinary virtuosity and spine-chilling passion that gained him that title years ago were only flickeringly evident at his Birdland opening. But his audience vociferously agreed that he was still a master, his performance a giant step up from limbo.

A State of Grace. Since 1939, when Powell first soared to prominence as a 15-year-old boy wonder, his entire career has been a long, tense battle with drink, drugs and derangement. He sat in at the birth of bop at Minton's Playhouse in New York, toured with Cootie Williams' Orchestra. Then in 1945 he suffered the first of a series of breakdowns that have kept him in and out of mental hospitals ever since. He formed his own trio in 1949 and was soon the dominant pianist in jazz and the idol of a generation of followers. Then he cracked up and spent 1951-53 in a hospital. He rarely played well again.

The architect of Powell's recovery has been Francis Poudras, a 29-year-old commercial artist from Paris, who is Bud's most devoted fan and fulltime guardian angel. Poudras lives with Powell, doles out his food and money, protectively escorts him everywhere to keep him on the straight and narrow. "People say Bud is crazy or lost or silent," says Poudras, "but he is really in a state of grace." Powell still spends most evenings sitting quietly alone, smiling to himself, wrapped in a cocoon of benign silence. Yet to anyone who has seen him since he fled to Europe, he seems to have undergone a miracle cure. On good days now he even chats happily. For the first time in years, his message is hopeful: "Please tell everybody that Bud's O.K., and he's feeling fine and is ready to play."

FESTIVALS

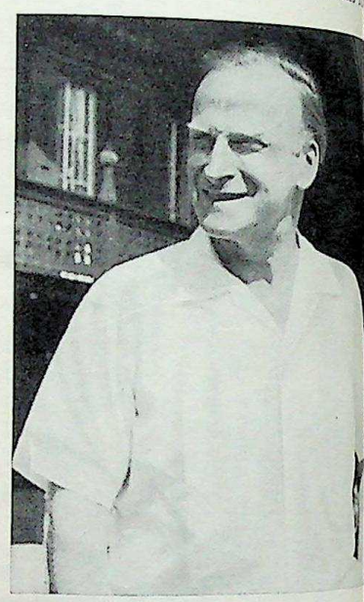
Holidays for Strings

"He rises with the sun and stands on his head. I ask him upside down what he wants for breakfast, and it's the usual oats, wheat, fruit, yogurt. Then he's off and running. He doesn't have a schedule—it's a palimpsest."

Diana Menuhin was not exaggerating. More like an Olympic sprinter in training than a 48-year-old violin virtuoso on tour, Yehudi Menuhin stays religiously in trim with yoga and health foods. Not that he is in any danger of getting fat. The busiest, fastest-moving musician on the international festival circuit, Menuhin has performed in some 50 concerts from Tel Aviv to Glasgow this summer, has also fulfilled a dizzying round of recording, teaching and conducting engagements. The crescendo comes each year in June and August, when Menuhin presides over two top-notch festivals, at Gstaad in Switzerland, which he himself inaugurated and directs, and Bath in England.

Rare Fare. Menuhin insists that his supercharged summers are actually periods of rejuvenation, a chance to play new works after the long winter rounds of touring with standard repertory. This year Menuhin, who totes around a case crammed with untried [illegible] tions, has performed a wide [illegible] pieces that he has never before [illegible] in public, including several [illegible] mières. At last week's Gstaad [illegible] held in a picturesque village high [illegible] Swiss Alps, capacity crowds jam [illegible] 17th century church for a program [illegible] rarely heard Spanish chamber [illegible] which Menuhin and a handpicked [illegible] ber orchestra performed from a [illegible] folding around the baptismal font [illegible]

The success of his festivals [illegible] from Menuhin's determined attempt [illegible] keep them from succeeding in a [illegible] ventional sense. Performers are [illegible] paid, audiences are limited, and [illegible] programs are the rarest of music [illegible] They are holidays for strings. [illegible] gards the meeting of musicians at [illegible] and Gstaad as "private festivals [illegible]



MENUHIN AT GSTAAD
Preserving the species.

hudi and friends, with the public [illegible] ated—it's very much a family affair.

A Guru, Too. Performing with M [illegible] hin and rehearsing at his $150,000 [illegible] let at Gstaad were the family's [illegible] concert pianists: Sisters Hephzibah [illegible] Yaltah, Brother-in-Law Joel Ryce [illegible] tah's husband) and Son-in-Law [illegible] Ts'ong, 24, who defected from [illegible] China in 1959 and married Yehu [illegible] daughter Zamira two years later. [illegible] present at the get-together: Menu [illegible] favorite guru, B.S.K. Iyengar, [illegible] Bombay.

Despite Menuhin's disregard for [illegible] ences, the Bath and Gstaad festivals [illegible] more popular than ever. "People [illegible] ready for such a novel approach," [illegible] says. "Besides, it's the only thing [illegible] prevents musicians like myself from [illegible] ting stale." Menuhin is brimming [illegible] new projects, most notably Lond [illegible] Yehudi Menuhin School for musically [illegible] gifted children, which he founded [illegible] year "to preserve our species from [illegible] tinction." Last week the itch to [illegible] along was upon him again: Gazing [illegible] the snow-veined mountains, he [illegible] "Pretty soon we will be traveling [illegible] . . . linking, bridging, weaving."

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WEATHER

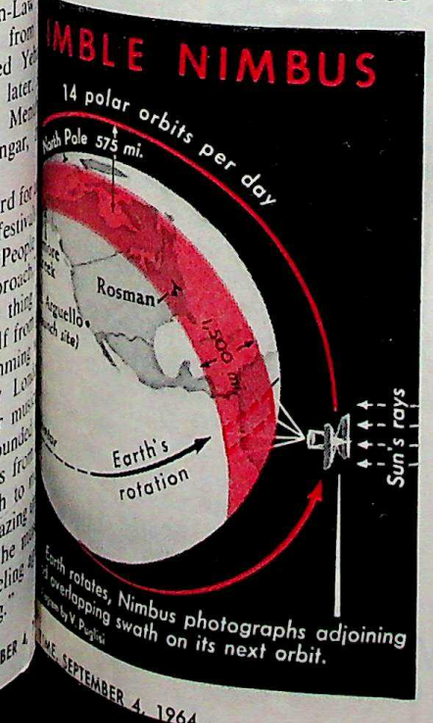
The Best Eye Yet

Looking for all the world like a buoy that sprouted wings, the National Aeronautics and Space Administration's Nimbus weather satellite last week soared into space from its pad at Point Arguello, Calif. The Nimbus program has already cost more than $100 million, but the price tag may be well worth it. The ninth weather eye to be orbited by the U.S., the General Electric-built Nimbus is at once the biggest and most advanced weather satellite sent into space since Tiros I pioneered the use of satellites for meteorology more than four years ago.

Not at the Stars. Where Tiros was aimed uselessly out into space much of the time, Nimbus forever focuses earthward—the result of infra-red controls, which utilize warmth radiated from the earth to keep Nimbus pointed in the right direction. This alone means four to five times more cloud cover in photographs. Nimbus' size (830 lbs.) is its greatest advantage, allowing room for a set of daylight cameras that take photos five times clearer than Tiros' first cameras took, and enough batteries on board to supply transmitters with 30 watts of power *v.* 20 watts for Tiros. Nimbus passes close to the earth's poles instead of following an equatorial orbit as Tiros did, thus covers a new 1,500-mile-wide swath of the earth every 100 minutes. Nimbus can photograph every square mile of earth twice each day; special infra-red radiometers shoot "pictures" of the dark surfaces.

No Poles, No Deserts. Tiros has long proved the worth of a weather satellite in picking out the classic cyclonic shape of tropical storms, made history when it identified Hurricane Esther in 1961 several days before it would have been spotted by conventional means. But neither Tiros nor any other weather observer has ever been able to make regular and thorough weather observations of the poles, where scientists believe major influences on the world's weather originate, the major deserts or the southern oceans. From its polar orbit, Nimbus will do all this—and more.

Pictures from one of Nimbus' three camera systems can be used for weather forecasting by anybody willing to spend $32,000 on a ground receiving installation; WLAC-TV in Nashville has already installed equipment that will permit it to pick up weather pictures when Nimbus is overhead. By week's end Nimbus had snapped more than 2,000 pictures and transmitted them to NASA receiving stations at Gilmore Creek, Alaska, and Rosman, N.C. "I won't say that one Nimbus spacecraft does the work of thousands of ground-based stations," said Nimbus Project Manager Harry Press. "But the potential of weather satellites is now precisely that."



Calamitous Cleo

Nothing illustrated the worth of overhead weather surveillance better than Tiros' advance warning fortnight ago that dangerous winds were gathering force in the Atlantic, 1,100 miles southeast of Puerto Rico.

To experts, photographs flashed down from the orbiting satellite suggested a big blow 60 miles across. Sure enough, within two days Hurricane Cleo was island-hopping toward Miami, and before the storm dwindled off the Georgia coast at week's end, it had left behind 150 deaths and a jagged line of destruction that cost property owners more than $300 million.

Blocked Vision. The French island of Guadeloupe took the first serious impact of Cleo's winds. There, the capital of Basse Terre suffered hundreds of demolished homes, and the hurricane devastated sugar and banana plantations, and left 14 dead. By-passing Puerto Rico, Cleo next moved into Haiti, where the port city of Les Cayes was practically leveled, and 124 Haitian lives were lost.

What happened to Cleo next was obscured by Cuba, where, for political reasons, U.S. weather-tracking planes may not prowl. Moreover, the peaks of Cuba's Sierra Maestra mountains blocked the view for the big new radar in Miami used to track hurricanes up to 300 miles away. Cuba's mountains did something else. They broke up Cleo's eye, forced the hurricane to regroup. When it did, it changed direction to a more northerly course, was thus only 200 miles from the Florida coast when the hurricane trackers spotted Cleo again. Flying into the storm's eye, one tracking plane was buffeted so badly that seven of its crewmen were injured.

Blasted Windows. Even so, Miami got ample warning that a big blow might be near. Nevertheless, the citizens on Florida's Gold Coast were so nonchalant that hotel and shop windows were unboarded, luxury yachts still at their moorings when Cleo struck. Sucking up energy from the Gulf Stream and being carried along by a fast-moving upper air mass, Cleo hit Miami full force. It was the first time in 14 years that a hurricane had done that, and many new Miamians will be talking about Cleo 14 years hence. It bent palm trees to the ground, crumpled street signs, uprooted shrubs, took gravel right out of roadways. Blowing at 115 m.p.h., Cleo knocked down so many power lines that more than 60,000 telephones in Dade County were without service. At least two dozen fires broke out in Miami, and winds were so high that firemen could not cope with them for hours. At Opa-Locka Airport, a DC-3 was lifted 50 ft. off the ground, flopping helplessly at the end of its ropes. A runaway freight car was blown eight miles from Hollywood to Fort Lauderdale, finally crashing into a railway station that had been nudged onto the tracks by the gale.

The hotels were hit just as hard. A huge plate-glass window at the Fontainbleau Hotel collapsed, and water and wind caused as much as $250,000 damage to rooms in the Deauville and Americana hotels. "It was worse than Argonne," said a 72-year-old World War I vet, but incredibly, the most serious injury Cleo appeared to have caused in all of Florida was a broken arm, suffered by a 60-year-old woman guest at the Fontainbleau when a door fell on her.

AP

MIAMI APARTMENT AFTER HURRICANE

MIAMI AIRPORT WRECKAGE

One freight car was blown eight miles.

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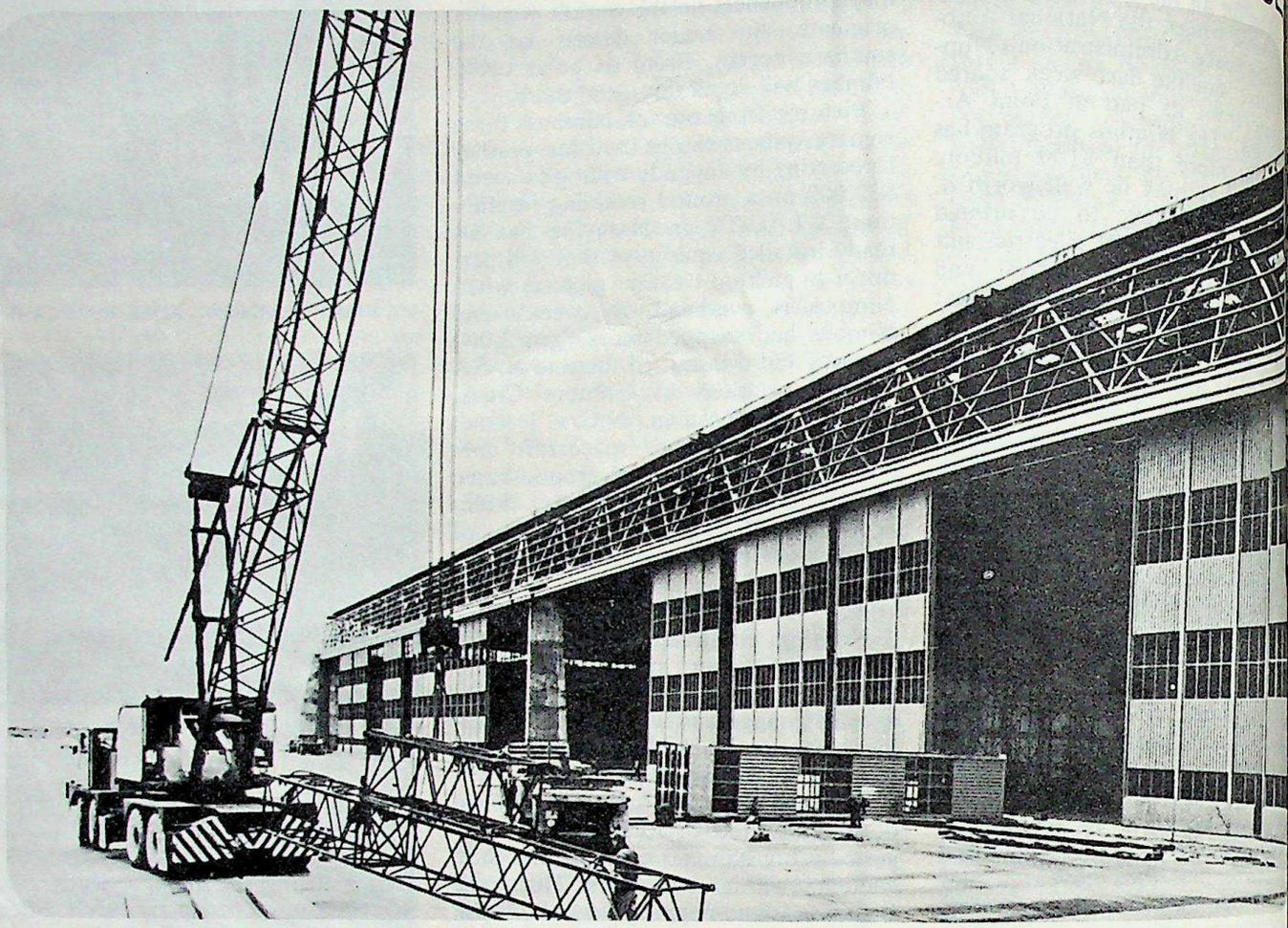

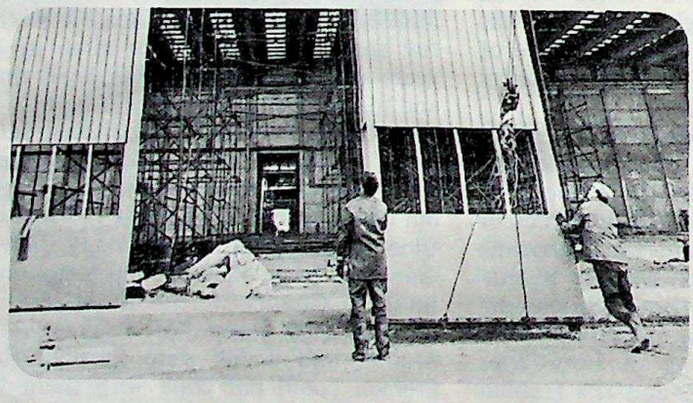

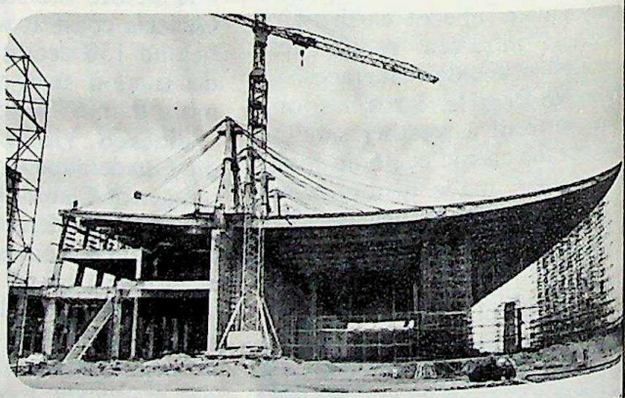

750,000 CUBIC METRES OF SPACE FOR 16 GIANTS. The new Technical Centre, which includes two hangars, workshops, warehouses and offices being built by ALITALIA in Fiumicino, covers an area of 53,000 square metres and a space of 750,000 cubic metres. Each hangar can accommodate up to four DC8 and four Caravelles simultaneously. The cantilever roof cover the buildings will be the most imposing overhanging struc in pre-stressed reinforced concrete ever built in the wo

ALITALIA AIRLINES

ALITALIA IS IN ALL OF ITALY AND GOES EVERYWHERE IN THE WORL

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U.S. BUSINESS

LABOR

Target: Chrysler

While the nation worried about the possibility of an auto strike, each of the three union bargainers assigned to the Big Three makers argued for the privilege of having his firm selected as the United Auto Workers' strike target. Finally, Walter Reuther gave the nod to Chrysler Corp., at the same time moving the strike deadline back to Sept. 9 so that there will be labor peace during President Johnson's Labor Day speech in Detroit. Following the divide-and-conquer technique that he has used so successfully in the past, Reuther hoped to pressure Chrysler into granting contract provisions that he could later impose on Ford and General Motors. The hard bargaining began immediately.

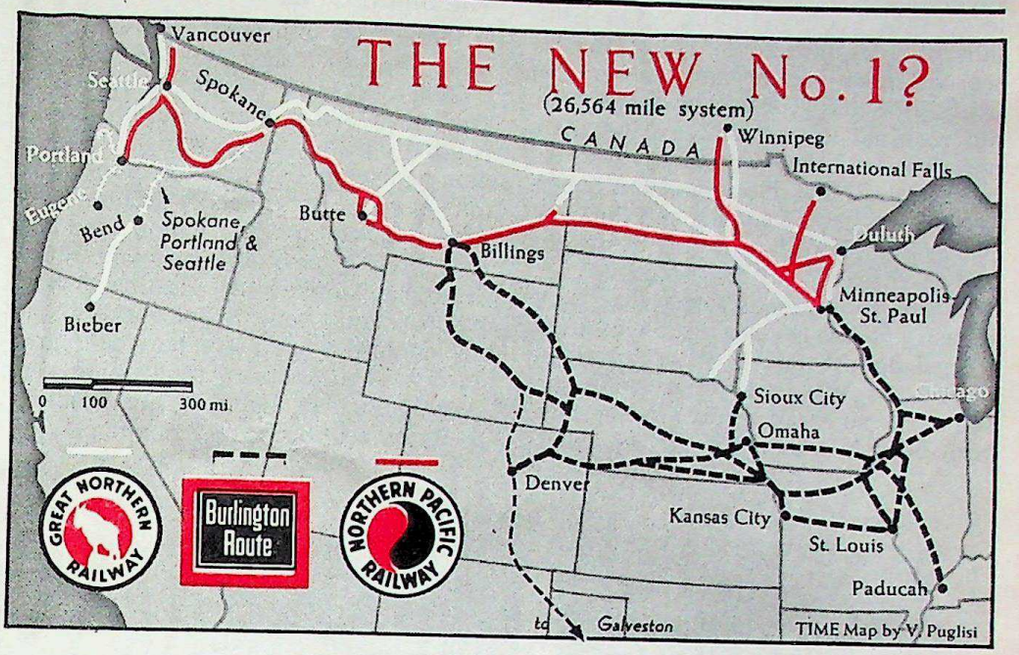
Why was Chrysler picked? Reuther noted that Chrysler had made a "phenomenal" recovery, is now the industry's second most profitable company (return on invested capital (after General Motors) and the nation's seventh largest. He claimed that Chrysler owes the U.A.W. a favor for contract concessions the union made in 1961 when Chrysler was in trouble, said that it was time that Chrysler pioneered a labor contract—as both Ford and G.M. have done. Reuther also doubtless considered that a strike against Chrysler would be less of a drain on the U.A.W. strike fund, would have the best chance of early success, and would probably damage the economy least, thus creating the least public pressure on the union to desist. There could be a serious flaw in Reuther's thinking: Chrysler still accounts for only 14% of automobile sales, and G.M. and Ford just might refuse to sign any contracts patterned after one won from the smallest of the Big Three.

RAILROADS

Dream Coming True

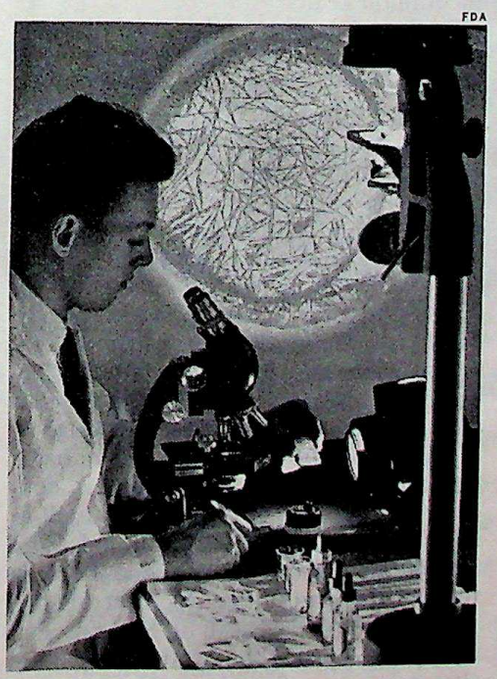
The great empire builders who opened up the Plains states with the iron horse—J. P. Morgan and James J. Hill among them—dreamed of a single road that would stretch across the Northwest from Chicago to the Pacific. Feared and hated for their enormous power, they were blocked by a series of famous Supreme Court decisions at the turn of the century and by crippling restrictions in the early '30s. Last week, at last, their dream seemed close to reality. Dismissing cries of monopoly, an examiner for the Interstate Commerce Commission recommended approval of a merger that would create the nation's longest railroad, much as the empire builders wanted it.

The merger would stitch together the 8,263-mile Great Northern Railway, the 6,562-mile Northern Pacific, the 8,546-mile Chicago, Burlington & Quincy and



the 965-mile Spokane, Portland & Seattle. The result, including a few subsidiaries, would be a 26,564-mile system that would stretch from Chicago to Vancouver, B.C., and from Winnipeg to Galveston, rank third among U.S. railroads (after the Pennsylvania and Southern Pacific) in annual revenues, with its $775 million. The examiner, Robert H. Murphy, based his recommendation on the fact that the once powerful roads, though still making a profit, have suffered a "steady deterioration" in their financial condition. Reasons: a slower-than-normal population growth in the Great Plains and the decentralization of Eastern industry, which has drained them of many of the high-tariff finished goods that they formerly hauled west.

The full ICC must rule on the merger, and a decision will probably take about a year. The merger has been opposed by the Justice Department (though ICC decisions are immune from antitrust prosecution), by several states and by some stockholders, but the recent record shows that the ICC usually follows its examiners' recommendations. It has approved six other rail mergers in the last five years and rejected none, seems wisely determined to regroup competition-pressed U.S. roads into a hardier handful of regional superroads.


FDA

TESTING IN FDA LAB
Watching every step of the way

DRUGS

That Uneasy Feeling

The U.S. drug industry has a big reason to feel great—like a man who has taken at least one a day. The industry's 10.6% profit margin last year was the highest in all of U.S. industry, comparing with 4.6% margin for automakers and 7.5% for oil companies. Yet the drugmakers seem to feel nervous, harassed and out of sorts. Reason: along with profit records, they have been hit by increasing controversy, stepped-up Government regulation, a bad public image and a tangle of lawsuits. Last week they got more unfavorable publicity when a federal grand jury indicted Wallace & Tiernan Inc., a small New Jersey firm, and two former company officials on criminal charges of failing to report adverse reactions—including three deaths—among users of a tranquilizer called Dornwal, which was withdrawn from sale in 1961.

Legal Donnybrook. The industry's failures are relatively few—13 drugs have been removed from the market for reasons of safety in the last three years—but they are usually the kind that raise a storm. Five months ago, Richardson-Merrell of New York pleaded no contest to criminal charges that it had concealed information about the harmful side effects of MER/29, an anticholesterol drug; it thereupon was hit with an $80,000 fine and a rash of suits by users of the drug. The three-year congressional investigation of the industry by the late Senator Estes Ke-

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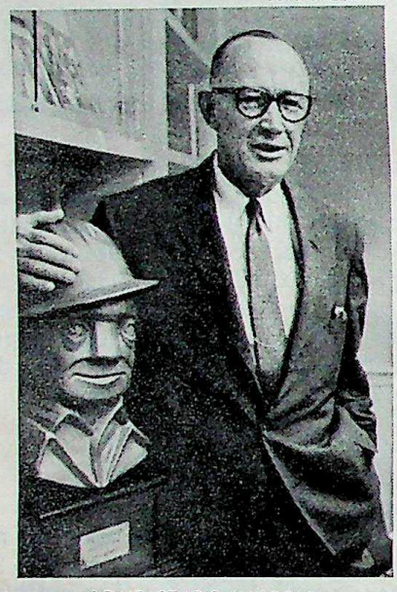
fauver and the scandal of thalidomide-caused birth defects have led Congress to give the Food and Drug Administration broader powers to police the research, manufacture and testing of drugs. Previously, drug companies were not required to consult the FDA on a new drug until they were ready for final market clearance. Now the FDA supervises every step of testing, and the companies complain that it costs extra time and money to get a drug approved.

While undergoing added scrutiny, the industry is also divided against itself. In a legal donnybrook over the price and patents of the tetracycline antibiotic, some 30 suits and countersuits have been filled by producers, buyers, sellers and the Federal Trade Commission. Criticism of the prices charged by big companies has led smaller ones to increase their output of generic drugs, which generally sell for half the price of brand-name products. Compounding the industry's frustration is the fact that, despite steady increases in research budgets, fewer than 20 new basic drugs will be introduced this year compared with 45 in 1960; the reasons lie more in the erratic nature of research than in any FDA delays.

Wooing the Public. For an industry that used to take professional pride in staying out of the public glare, the effect of all this controversy has been basic: instead of concentrating on wooing only doctors, as before, drugmakers are now going out of their way to win over the public. Several companies recently joined to launch a national advertising campaign to revive the drugmakers' image, and the Pharmaceutical Manufacturers Association is serving up a strong prescription of publicity, in the hope that it will cure the uneasy feeling that affects the industry.

JOHN MAZZIOTTA



LONE STAR'S WILSON

STEEL

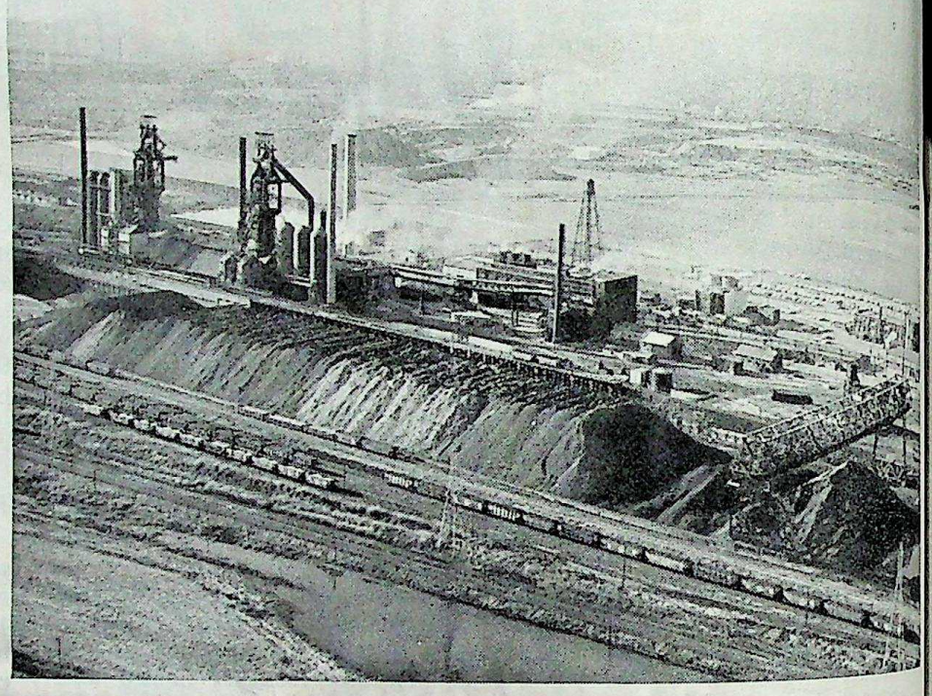
The Small Ones

Like Texas and taxes, the U.S. steel industry—which last week announced that it expects to produce a record of more than 120 million tons this year—is usually associated with bigness. Eight dominant companies, led by U.S. Steel (nicknamed Big Steel), account for three-quarters of the nation's output. But there is also an important Small Steel. Unlike the auto industry, which supports only four major makers, the steel industry has more than 200 producers. Their share of total production may be modest, but they are profiting by the current boom in steel and playing an important role in the economy by selling uncommon types of steel with uncommon zeal.

Drillers & Dashboards. Specialization is the secret of Small Steel's health and survival. A few firms, such as Detroit Steel and Granite City Steel, turn out a fairly broad family of products but concentrate on selling to close-to-home markets, thus paring freight rates. Most of the smaller companies, however, prosper by producing just a few kinds of steel. By specializing in stainless steel, which sells for about seven times as much as basic grades, Pittsburgh's highly profitable Allegheny Ludlum has become the industry's ninth largest seller (1963 sales: $259 million), although it is only about 20th in terms of tonnage.

Lukens Steel of Coatesville, Pa., concentrates on the heavy plates used in ships and in large tanks for liquids, and Pittsburgh's Crucible Steel has become the world's largest manufacturer of steel for tools. Sharon Steel of Sharon, Pa., is a major producer of the strip steel that goes into office furniture and such auto parts as dashboards. Texas' Lone Star Steel converts local ore into ... for oilmen, boasts overnight delive... almost any driller in the South... Says Lone Star Chairman George... Wilson: "We've just got to give ... ter service than the bigger compa... and do a good job of salesmanship."

Lean Staffs. The compact, ... plant companies, many of them ... older than the giants, also pride ... selves on being more flexible, can ... ly change their product mix to ac... modate special orders. "We can ... steel to order in 20 minutes," says ... President Grady L. Roark of Chica... Acme Steel. With lean executive s... the smaller companies can also ... ganize in a hurry to combat ...



GRANITE CITY'S BLAST FURNACES

Selling uncommon types with uncommon zeal.

times. Delaware's long-ailing Pho... Steel has been revamped in 19 mo... by new President Stanley Kirk, who... turned red ink to black by cu... the production force 11% and s... ting down or selling off money-lo... facilities.

The compact companies also ... special problems, are more vulner... to competitive setbacks than their ... brothers. Like many other small ... Northwestern Steel and Wire of S... ling, Ill., is feeling a profit pinch bec... scrap prices have jumped sharply ... past few months. A surge of impor... barbed wire and nails has hurt Pe... Keystone Steel, which specializes ... those products. Some small stee... complain that they have difficulty ... rowing to expand and modernize, ... bankers tend to favor the larger ... But the small ones often manage ... be more daring than the conserva... giants, sometimes lead in technical ... novation. The first basic oxygen ... furnace in the U.S., in fact, was ... duced a decade ago by Detroit's ... tively small McLouth Steel.

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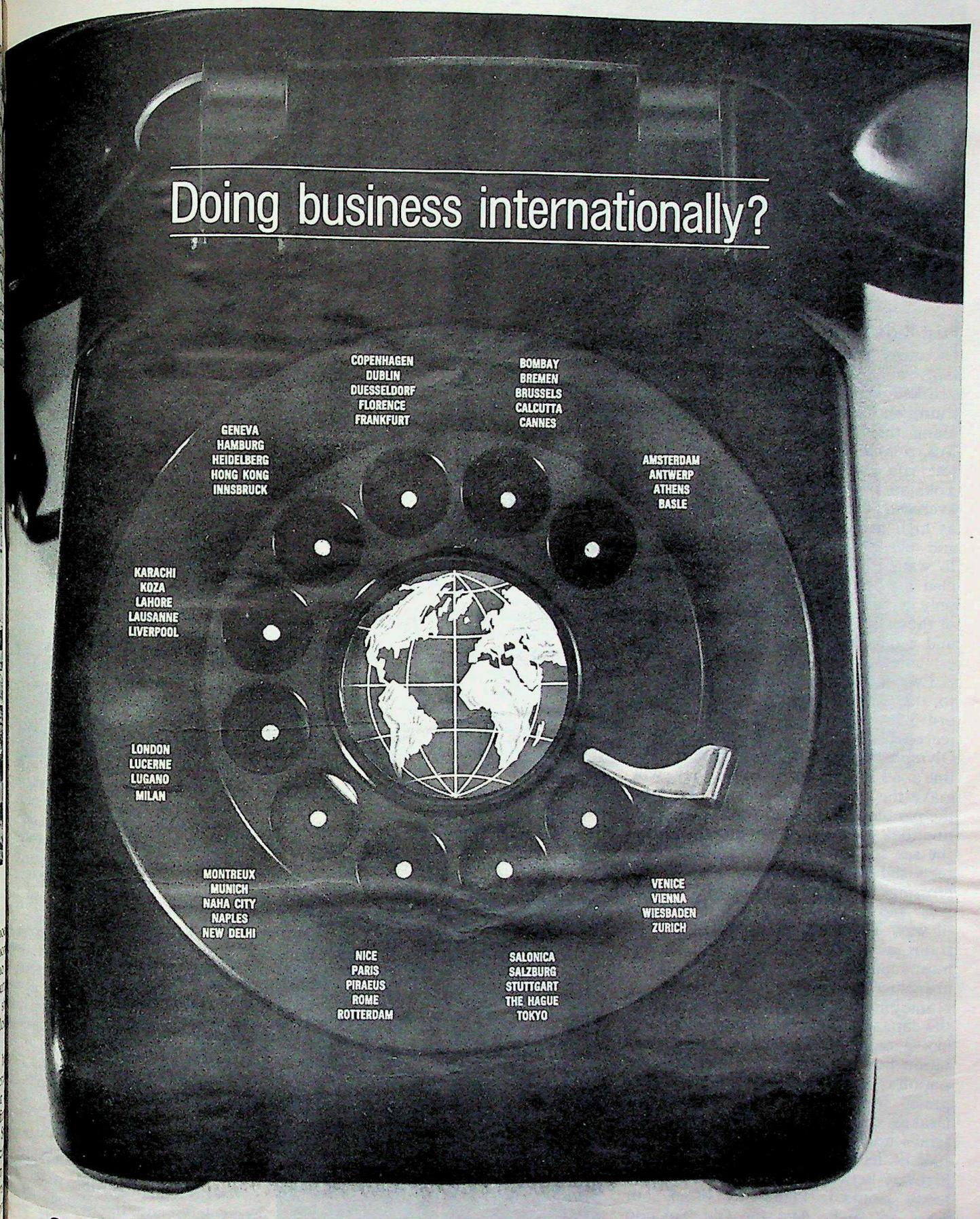

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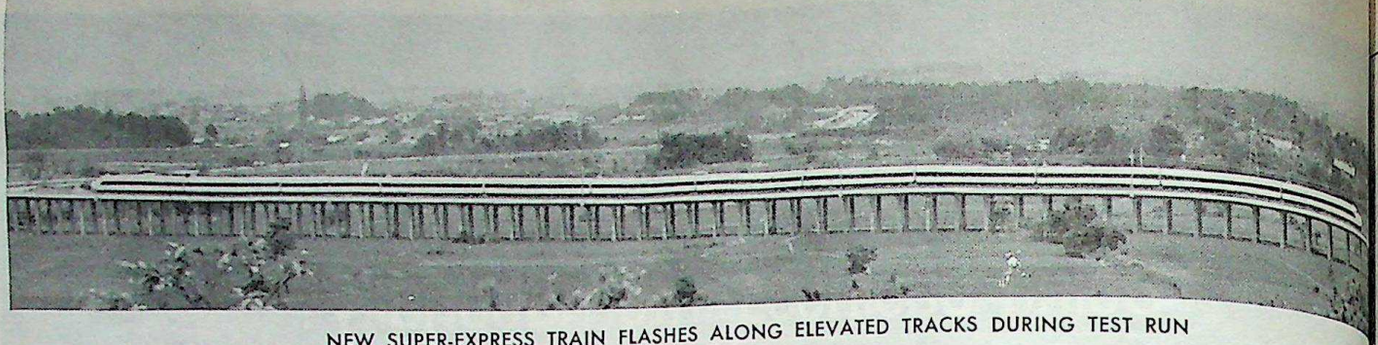

NEW SUPER-EXPRESS TRAIN FLASHES ALONG ELEVATED TRACKS DURING TEST RUN
At 125 m.p.h., an ivory worm.

JAPAN

Fast Ride to Osaka

Across paddyfields, through mountains and over highways last week streaked the world's fastest long-haul train, slithering like an ivory worm along the 320 miles of rail between Tokyo and Osaka. For the first full test run of Japan's $1 billion New Tokaido Line, the super-express *Hikari* averaged 80 m.p.h. and often went as high as 125 m.p.h. Crowds waved and cheered, highway traffic stopped to watch, and planes of newsmen circled overhead. Japan was greeting not only a new rail service but a symbol of the nation's postwar industrial growth and a new bond between its two largest cities.

Even with stops at Nagoya and Kyoto, the *Hikari* covered the run in a record 3 hr. 56 min. When regular service opens Oct. 1—ten days before the Olympic Games begin—some of the line's 60 passenger trains a day will make the run in four hours *v.* 6½ over the parallel Old Tokaido Line. The new line took five years to build, and skirts the sea for most of the way; its architects did away completely with grade crossings, designed 548 bridges, 66 tunnels and 57 miles of elevated right of way. The specially built streamlined trains are models of luxury and, unlike most Japanese trains, travel over standard gauge tracks.

Imaginative Recipe. All this speed is the Japanese National Railways' imaginative recipe for breaking a transportation bottleneck that is squeezing the nation's industrial heart. The scenic green seaboard between Tokyo and Osaka—containing only 16% of Japan's land—holds 43% of its population and half of its 500,000 factories. The lone highway between the two cities is hopelessly jammed. Planes fly often, but fares are high. And the Old Tokaido Line, opened in 1891, is so clogged with a quarter of the nation's passenger and freight traffic that passengers often reserve seats a fortnight ahead, marshaling yards overflow with goods, and maintenance crews repair tracks, with stopwatch timing, between trains only minutes apart.

While the New Tokaido will serve all of Japan's six largest cities, it is of particular importance to fast-growing Osaka (pop. 3,100,000), the enterprising center of 25% of Japan's commerce. Osakans are naturally so commercially minded that their favorite salutation is *"Mokari makka?"* (Are you making money?). Though Osaka recovered from the war's devastation more slowly than Tokyo, it has picked up enormous speed in recent years. With adjoining Kobe, its port ships 41% of Japan's exports, is a center of shipbuilding. Its factories have diversified from traditional cotton spinning into electronics, chemicals and precision machinery. Its stock market is studied as Japan's most accurate economic barometer.

Eight Hundred Hostesses. By day, the city is in the throes of major construction that fills the air with dust and snarls traffic along its tree-lined boulevards and across the 1,700 bridges that span its ancient networks of canals (some of which are being filled in to provide 40 miles of expressways and parking space). By night, its theater and nightclub districts glow in gaudy neon. Fun-loving citizens fill dozens of giant cabarets, one of which offers 800 hostesses to entertain customers, or ogle the sights from a 338-ft. observation tower, the symbol of the city's growth. Osaka's myriad restaurants are noted for their epicurean meals—and as well. The new trains from To... ry buffet stalls but no dining ca... son: the railway claims that it... go too fast to leave time for full... dinners.

OSAKA'S OBSERVATION TOWER
"Are you making money?"

BRITAIN

The Doomsday Book

In a London hall last week a g... angry investors bitterly chant... del's "Dead March" from *Saul*... accountant rose to read solemn... a 75-page report. It was the D... Book of Rolls Razor Ltd., the ... John Bloom's washing-machine ... —and it contained some shocker... ons knew that Bloom had fallen... but no one had guessed quite how... Citing examples of incredibly s... bookkeeping, the report revea... Rolls Razor, whose assets in ba... are only $2,100,000, is in the ... creditors for $11 million.

Rolls stock, which had been p... high as $6.44 per share only ... vember, hit bottom at the new... were no takers at a penny a sha... stockholders were not the only ... of disaster. Such creditors ... lent Engineering ($2,400,000), ... Steel Co. ($1,200,000), and ... Siddeley ($151,000, for a c... plane) have virtually no chance ... covering their claims. There w... the question of how housewives ... be able to get guaranteed repa... ice on John Bloom's washing ma... Shocked into action, the Londo... Exchange last week asked its ... companies for more frequent a... thorough financial statements.

INVESTMENT

The Lure of Many Lands

Americans are the world's g... travelers, and the nation's ma... know-how are even more pe... than its citizens. Bolstered by ... ued prosperity at home, more U.S. ... than ever are setting up shop ... building new plants, expanding ... and buying into foreign compan... week the Commerce Departm... nounced that private U.S. inve... abroad—investments in plant and ... ment, bank credits, stocks and ... —rose by $6.3 billion in 1963 to a ... ord $66.4 billion. Already this ... foreign investment stake of U.S. ...

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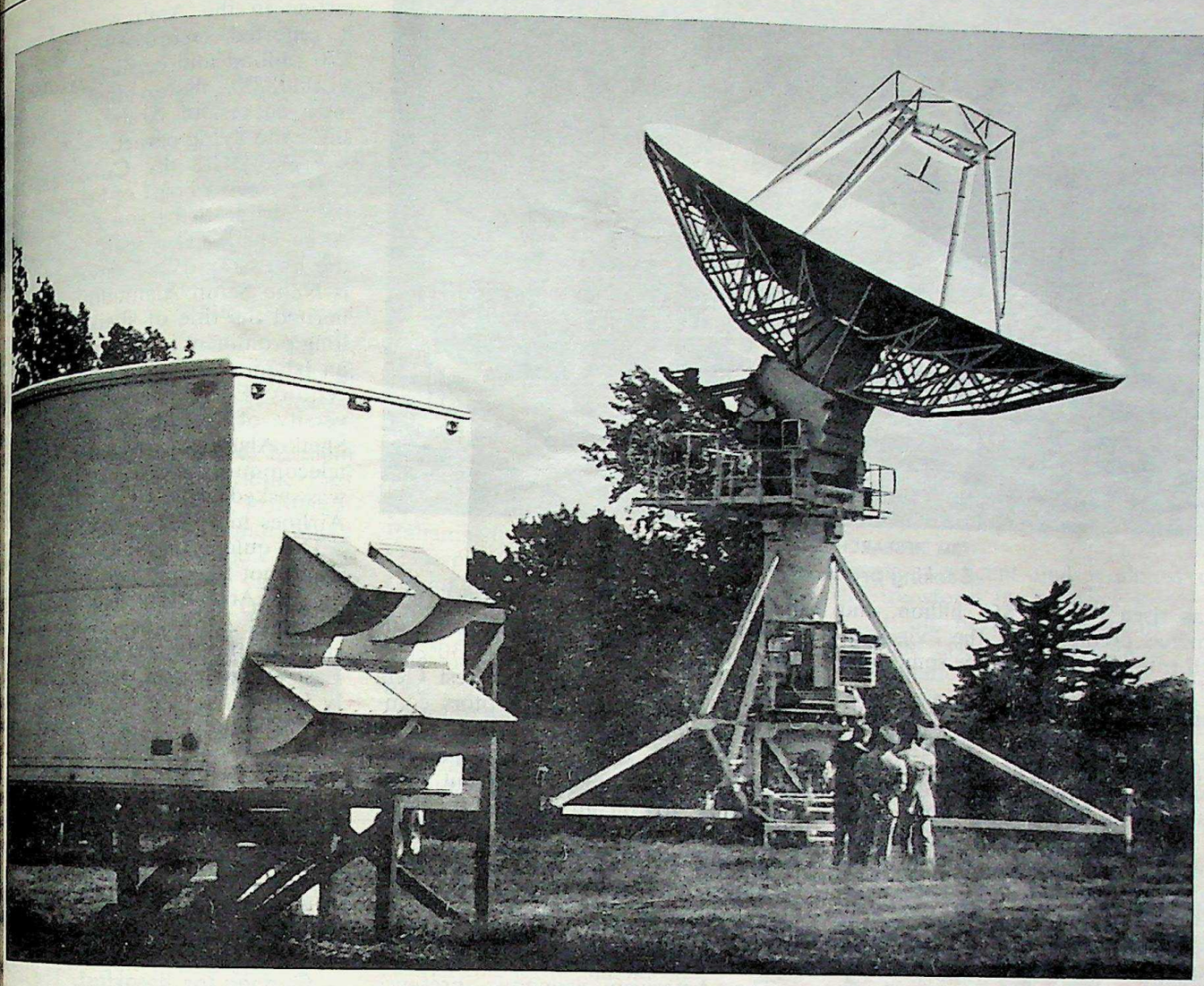

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worldwide electronics and telecommunications **ITT**

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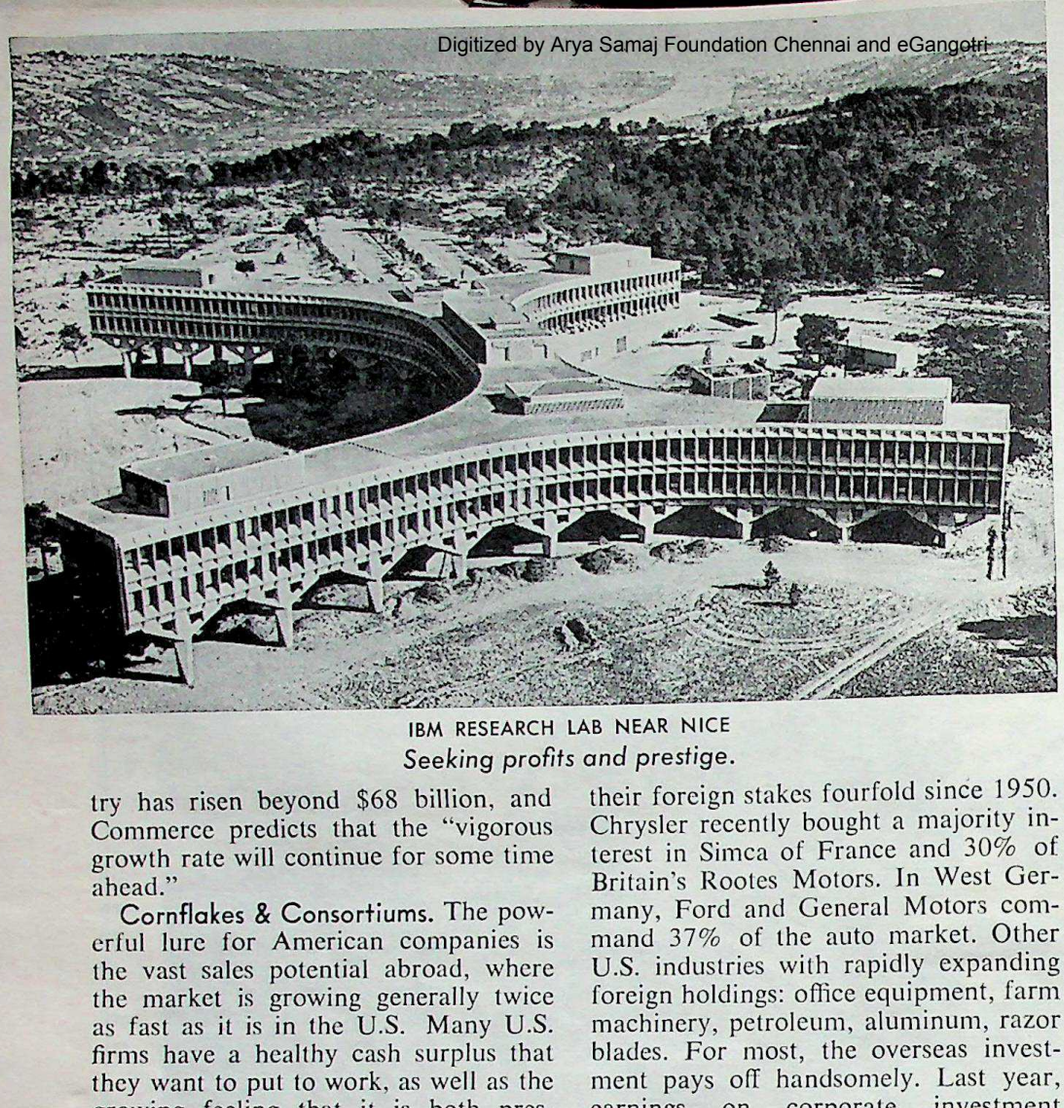

IBM RESEARCH LAB NEAR NICE
Seeking profits and prestige.

try has risen beyond $68 billion, and Commerce predicts that the "vigorous growth rate will continue for some time ahead."

Cornflakes & Consortiums. The powerful lure for American companies is the vast sales potential abroad, where the market is growing generally twice as fast as it is in the U.S. Many U.S. firms have a healthy cash surplus that they want to put to work, as well as the growing feeling that it is both prestigious and profitable to go international. About three-fourths of new U.S. investment money goes to Canada, Western Europe and the other developed countries, where the risks are least and the markets best. (Latin America and Africa are currently out of favor.) U.S. investments represent 70% of all the foreign capital in Japan. Western Europe has drawn $10.3 billion in the last decade, spread out through 2,707 new U.S. operations.

Avon Products has set up production in France in recent months, has just announced that it will build a new plant near Munich next spring. General Electric bought into France's Machines Bull (49%) and a German electrical-appliance maker, is now negotiating for a share of Italy's Olivetti. IBM, whose investments throughout Western Europe are extensive, has built a striking new research laboratory at La Gaude, outside Nice. Willys has just announced plans to build a new Jeep assembly plant in Brazil, and General Mills is negotiating a joint venture to make cornflakes in Japan. The Indian government, which has often been suspicious of private investment, last week gave approval for a plan to study the building of five fertilizer plants in India at a cost of $350 million, $200 million of which would be put up by San Francisco's Bechtel Corp. and a consortium of U.S. firms.

Still Welcomed. Among the heaviest investors abroad are the auto and chemical companies, which have increased their foreign stakes fourfold since 1950. Chrysler recently bought a majority interest in Simca of France and 30% of Britain's Rootes Motors. In West Germany, Ford and General Motors command 37% of the auto market. Other U.S. industries with rapidly expanding foreign holdings: office equipment, farm machinery, petroleum, aluminum, razor blades. For most, the overseas investment pays off handsomely. Last year, earnings on corporate investment abroad grew by 8% to $4.6 billion—more than all the U.S. companies sent abroad in 1963.

The American economic presence abroad inevitably worries some nations, particularly in Europe, where some governments feel that the rising tide could turn into a flood to inundate local industries. In France, American companies already account for 90% of the synthetic rubber market, 95% of carbon black, and 65% of farm machinery. Many experts feel that the tide of U.S. investment in Europe has reached its peak, and is due to level off and eventually fall. That may happen, but U.S. companies are still welcomed into hundreds of industries in Europe—and are still moving in fast. Even if the tide does gradually recede, there are countless opportunities for U.S. investment in whole areas of the world that are anxious to make an acquaintance with U.S. products and know-how.

MIDDLE EAST

The Flying Sheik

Almost every country in the intensely nationalistic Arab world boasts a government-owned and subsidized airline, which proudly carries the flag but not enough of anything else to pay its way. An exception is tiny Lebanon (pop. 1,500,000), whose air travelers—and its pride—are well served by the Beirut-based, privately owned Middle East Airlines. Only a puddle-jumping outfit with a few aging DC-3s barely a decade ago, Middle East is now the world's largest line—and the only profit-... airline in the Arab world. Last ... it reported record 1963 reven... $70 million and earnings of more ... $1,000,000, figures that make ... most successful Arab aerial ente... since the flying carpet.

From DC-3 to Concorde. M... East can also boast of being the ... only airline to be run by an ho... Allah sheik. The man responsi... the line's rapid and unsubsidized ... is Najib Salim Alamuddin, 55, w... herited the title of sheik from a ... long prominent in Lebanon's Dru... an Islamic offshoot founded in th... century. Educated at the Americ... versity of Beirut, suave, sophis... Sheik Alamuddin was running h... telecommunications company w... was asked to take over Middle ... Airlines in 1952.

He quickly saw that shaky ... could not fly solo, first enlisted th... of Pan American, then of BOAC, ... finally of Air France, which got ... share of the line last year when ... East merged with Air Liban. G... ly he built up an organization, ... a staff and carefully picked e... routes. Today Middle East has ... dominantly modern fleet that in... 12 jet and turboprop planes for ... uled routes, six DC-3s and a DC... reserve. Backed by Beirut's Intra ... and its shrewd chairman, Yusuf ... (who owns a 55% share of the ... Middle East has also ordered two ... corde supersonic transports.

Cognac for Breakfast. The li... covers 12 countries in the Middle ... has also extended its routes beyo... Arab countries to London and ... Liberia and the Ivory Coast and ... India and Pakistan. Eventually, A... din hopes, it will become the nuc... a Pan-Arab airline. It carries 3... passengers annually, has helped ...

ALAMUDDIN IN PLANE
Better than the carpet.

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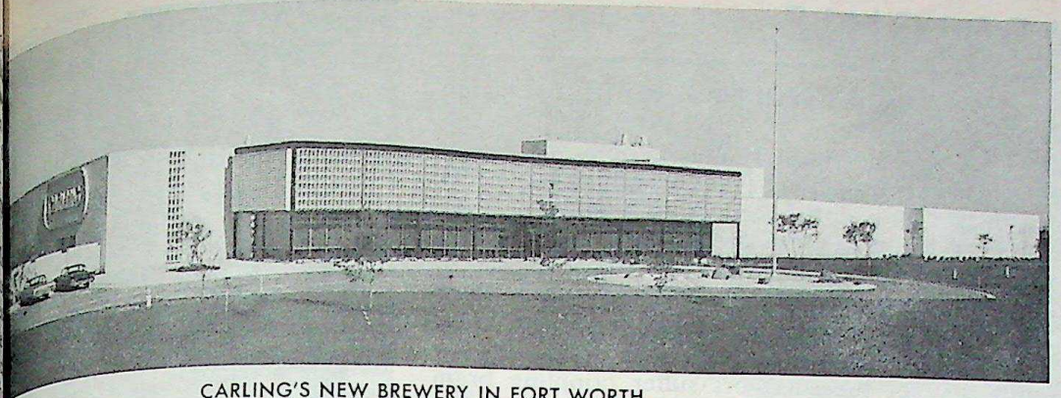
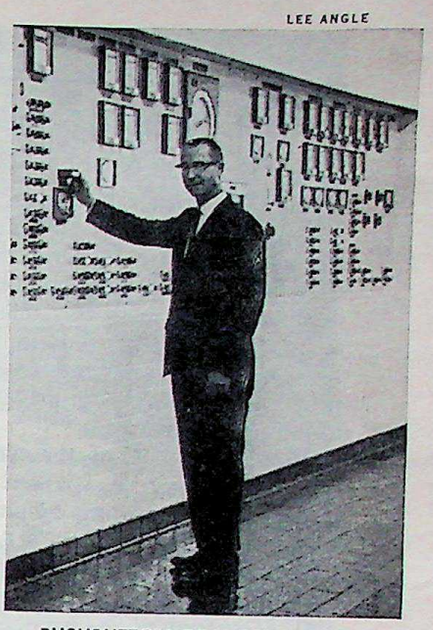


CARLING'S NEW BREWERY IN FORT WORTH
Away with copper kettles.

LEE ANGLE



PUSHBUTTON CONTROL PANEL

...banon's tourist influx from 89,000 in ...51 to 400,000 last year. It does a ... business in carrying Christian pil... ...ms to Jerusalem, yearly flies Moslem ...grims from all over the Middle East ... Jeddah, the closest airport to Mecca. ...ough the Koran forbids liquor, Sheik ...muddin provides it on most flights. ...rched Moslem passengers can often ... seen downing Scotch or cognac as ...n as the planes take to the air on ...ddle East's early-morning flights ...n Kuwait and Saudi Arabia.

CANADA

...omatic Beer

...or centuries brewers have made ...r beer by the same ancient process, ...ing it in towering copper kettles and ...menting it in vats, batch by cumber... ...e batch. Now automation has finally ...ght up with beer. Last week tech... ...ans for Canadian Breweries Ltd. ...ked at taking the last kinks out of a ..., fully automated $8,000,000 plant ...Fort Worth, Texas, where beer will ...made within two months by a radical ...nology. Brewers have considered ...method for years and other firms are ...ng it, but Canadian Breweries will ...he first to use it in beer production. ...Called continuous-flow brewing and ...eloped after six years of research, ...new method does away with the old ...es and the old process. Instead, the ...edients of beer—grain, water, hops ... yeast—run through a maze of stain... ...steel pipes, coils and tanks in re... ...se to commands from a 30-ft. con... ...of dials, buttons and lights. Though ...brewing time remains the same— ...weeks—the new plant costs less to ..., requires less labor than tradition... ...ants, can expand in small stages.

...hinese Deal. Canadians rank only ...th in per capita consumption among ...world's beer drinkers, and the 311 ...on gallons they quaff each year ac... ...nt for only 3% of the $15 billion ...ld beer industry. But Toronto-based ...adian Breweries (Carling, Red Cap ... is the world's largest maker of ... and ale. Cornerstone of the finan... ...and industrial empire of Financier ...ard Plunket Taylor, it has not only ...ped a commanding 47% of the ...edian market, but has also pushed ...rew from 62nd to fourth place in ...e U.S. since 1949. It has moved into England, Scotland and Ireland by buying control of local companies, now stands among Britain's top three in lager beer. It is working out a deal to make beer in Hong Kong, is also shipping half-brewed concentrate to the Bahamas in rubber containers.

Despite its $366 million in 1963 sales, Canadian Breweries ranks only third among Taylor's properties, which include Canada's largest grocery chain, gold and iron mines, newsprint factories, a satellite city and a chemical complex that makes everything from detergent to roofing shingles. Taylor started his career in the brewing business by taking over a struggling brewery from his grandfather, gradually built it into his huge Argus Corp. holding company by shrewd mergers and acquisitions. Nowadays, while he concentrates on other investments, he leaves Canadian Breweries in the hands of Ian R. Dowie, 56, its president.

Scotch & Soda. Dowie's tastes run to Scotch and soda and Mozart, but his talent clearly is selling beer. "All beers taste pretty much alike in the U.S.," says Dowie, "so it boils down to who does the best promotion." He credits Carling's 15-year-old slogan, "Mabel! Black Label" for its surge in the U.S. market. Like many other brewers, he also bets heavily on sports sponsorships, last week laid out $450,000 for the Carling World Golf Championship tournament in Detroit.

Even bigger is the company's push toward what one alarmed Toronto temperance worker calls "world domination of the beer business." Dowie recently decided to boost investment outside North America from 15% to 20% of assets, is looking for more opportunities. The Fort Worth plant may be, as he predicts, "about as far as beer automation can go," but Carling's worldwide marketing seems to be just starting.

WESTERN EUROPE

Instamatic v. Rapid

More leisure, prosperity and travel have created so many shutterbugs throughout the world that the makers of cameras and film are frantically vieing with one another to win their allegiance. The latest struggle involves more than two dozen firms, ranges over three continents—and concerns a new camera concept that is almost certain to transform the industry.

It all began when giant Eastman Kodak last year introduced its new Instamatic camera, which eliminated the fussing that bedevils many amateurs. It has film cartridges that pop in without threading and out without rewinding, and a device that automatically sets the lens opening. In the new, consumer-oriented Europe, the modestly priced ($9 to $75) Instamatic clicked immediately: in the first year some half-million were sold in camera-making Germany, where only 49% of all families own cameras (*v.* 85% in the U.S.). It has also been a big success worldwide: U.S. exports of still cameras have tripled since early 1963 to 1,400,000 per year, largely because of the Instamatic.

Kodak's competitors quickly got the picture, concluded that the Instamatic was tapping a potentially vast market of people who had never before bought cameras. West Germany's Agfa, which had leisurely been developing a cartridge system of its own, rushed the project to completion, made an agreement with 27 European and Japanese firms to introduce a competitive series of "Rapid" cartridge cameras. About half a million Rapids—which are priced roughly in line with Kodak's less expensive models—were sold in Europe during the first ten weeks they were on sale. The two new camera lines already vie with each other in West German show windows.

Kodak is not unduly upset by the turn of events, figures that the introduction of cartridge-loading cameras is such a revolutionary advance that it will result in more business for everyone. Besides, Kodak film is the world's biggest seller: it is the only film that fits the Instamatic, and it does not fit the Rapid. Mindful of such facts and anxious to click both ends of the market, eleven major Japanese producers who are licensed to make Rapid cameras last week signed up with Kodak to begin producing Instamatics too.

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INFECTIOUS DISEASES

Search for the Night Biter

In Houston last week, helicopters swooped low over bayous to lay thick mists of insecticide, and fire engines raced from block to block to spray chemicals in vacant lots. Citizens lined up to receive free handouts of bug-killing Malathion, and even kids at play carried spray guns to squirt at anything that flew.

It was all part of the city's sudden war on mosquitoes, sparked by a dangerous and spreading epidemic of St. Louis encephalitis,* or SLE, which is more commonly known as sleeping sickness. In the past eight weeks nearly 400 Houstonians have been hospitalized and 19 have died. Nor was the worst necessarily past, for encephalitis sieges usually last about 16 weeks.

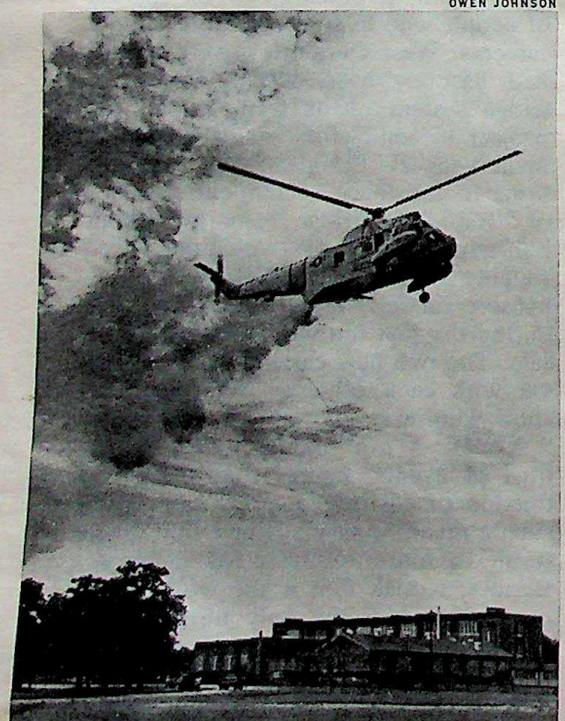
Houston's outbreak—the first in the city's history—began in the dingy Negro sections, where mosquitoes breed in open drainage ditches and get into houses through tattered window screens. But the disease quickly spread to all areas of the city, probably borne by the female *Culex quinquefasciatus* mosquito, a night biter that acquires the virus from birds (and possibly small animals and reptiles), which are thought by most experts to be the natural reservoirs of the disease. SLE attacks the spinal cord and the brain, destroying nerve cells and frequently damaging the small blood vessels that supply the brain.

For most healthy people, the disease is usually marked by nothing more than a bad headache and moderate fever. But in some victims, especially the very old and the very young, it has devastating effects: headache, stiff neck, high fever and vomiting. Some patients have convulsions and lapse into coma; a few of the survivors suffer crippling brain damage. On the average, SLE kills 10% of those it strikes. Despite more than 30 years of research, no satisfactory vaccine has yet been developed to immunize humans.

To help cope with Houston's problem, teams of expert researchers were rushed in from the U.S. Public Health Service's Communicable Disease Center in Atlanta. Some of them immediately went into the countryside to trap birds, rabbits and snakes in the hope of pinning down the source of the outbreak. As they got to work, word arrived of an apparent outbreak of a more virulent form of the disease in five West Texas towns, where some 50 were ill.

* So called because it was first recognized as a distinct virus-caused disease, different from the many other forms of viral encephalitis, in the 1933 epidemic that raged around St. Louis, when more than 1,130 people became ill and 201 died.

OWEN JOHNSON



DUMPING INSECTICIDE ON HOUSTON
To get at the source, spray everything.

ORTHOPEDICS

Giving Hope

The happy bedlam of chatting mothers and playful children at the Shriners Hospital in Springfield, Mass., last week seemed almost like a family reunion. Yet there was a difference: the children all used artificial limbs. They were at the hospital for a monthly checkup. The very cheerfulness of the gathering, however, illustrated the hope that new advances in orthopedics have brought to both handicapped children and their understandably concerned parents.

Roughly one out of every 4,000 children born in the U.S. is missing part or all of one or more limbs. Except in the rare instance of a mother's taking a harmful drug such as thalidomide during pregnancy, the causes of these congenital deformities are seldom known. But the effects are only too evident: in some cases, arms and legs end in misshapen stumps; in others, vital bones are missing from legs and arms, leaving the limbs partially disabled.

Advantages for Infants. Until a few years ago, children born with such deformities were allowed to reach full growth before any major corrective measures were taken, but now doctors at Shriners and a score of other pioneering hospitals are proceeding differently. Says Dr. Leon M. Kruger, 40, who heads the clinic for crippled children in Springfield: "As soon as a child feels an inclination to stand, we feel he is ready for prosthetics."

Doctors have found that infants are less inclined than adults to develop the "substitution pattern"—the unfortunate tendency in cripples to make do with a

WALKING WITH ARTIFICIAL LIMBS AT SH
When the child is ready, let him be

stump rather than to rely on an artificial arm or leg. Under the care of [illegible] therapists, infants spend an average of [illegible] days as in-patients in the Spring[illegible] hospital, learning to use simple be[illegible] prostheses—a hook for a hand, a thick stilt for a leg. Because the[illegible] naturally so eager to walk and to h[illegible] objects, infants usually accept the[illegible] theses as parts of their own bodies.

Examples for Adults. The ch[illegible] return to the hospital each mon[illegible] evaluation by a surgeon, physician, [illegible] thetist, physiotherapist, and some[illegible] an occupational therapist—a tea[illegible] proach that has won increasing [illegible] since World War II. The evaluation[illegible] sions are held with groups of 15 [illegible] children so that they see that [illegible] similarly handicapped children are [illegible] learning to cope. Parents attend [illegible] sessions and are encouraged to ta[illegible] their problems with one another. [illegible] result, most have found the emo[illegible] strength to face up to their chil[illegible] problems. "We call her hand 'the [illegible] er,'" explains the young mother [illegible] pert five-year-old girl who was [illegible] without a left forearm, "because [illegible] is what the kids will call it, and [illegible] be used to it by then."

Starting out young with art[illegible] limbs helps handicapped children [illegible] velop a sometimes almost uncanny [illegible] A two-year-old girl, who was born [illegible] only stumps for legs, is already usi[illegible] tificial legs with articulated kn[illegible] four-year-old boy, who was born [illegible] out arms, can draw as well as a n[illegible] child with a crayon clenched [illegible] hook. Other older children can [illegible] skip rope and even ice skate on s[illegible] legs. As a result, the children, [illegible] physically crippled, avoid the [illegible] danger of becoming emotionally [illegible] pled. Their spirit is so good, in [illegible] that doctors in the Springfield cl[illegible] vite adult amputees to visit the [illegible] evaluation sessions to give the ob[illegible] tients new hope.

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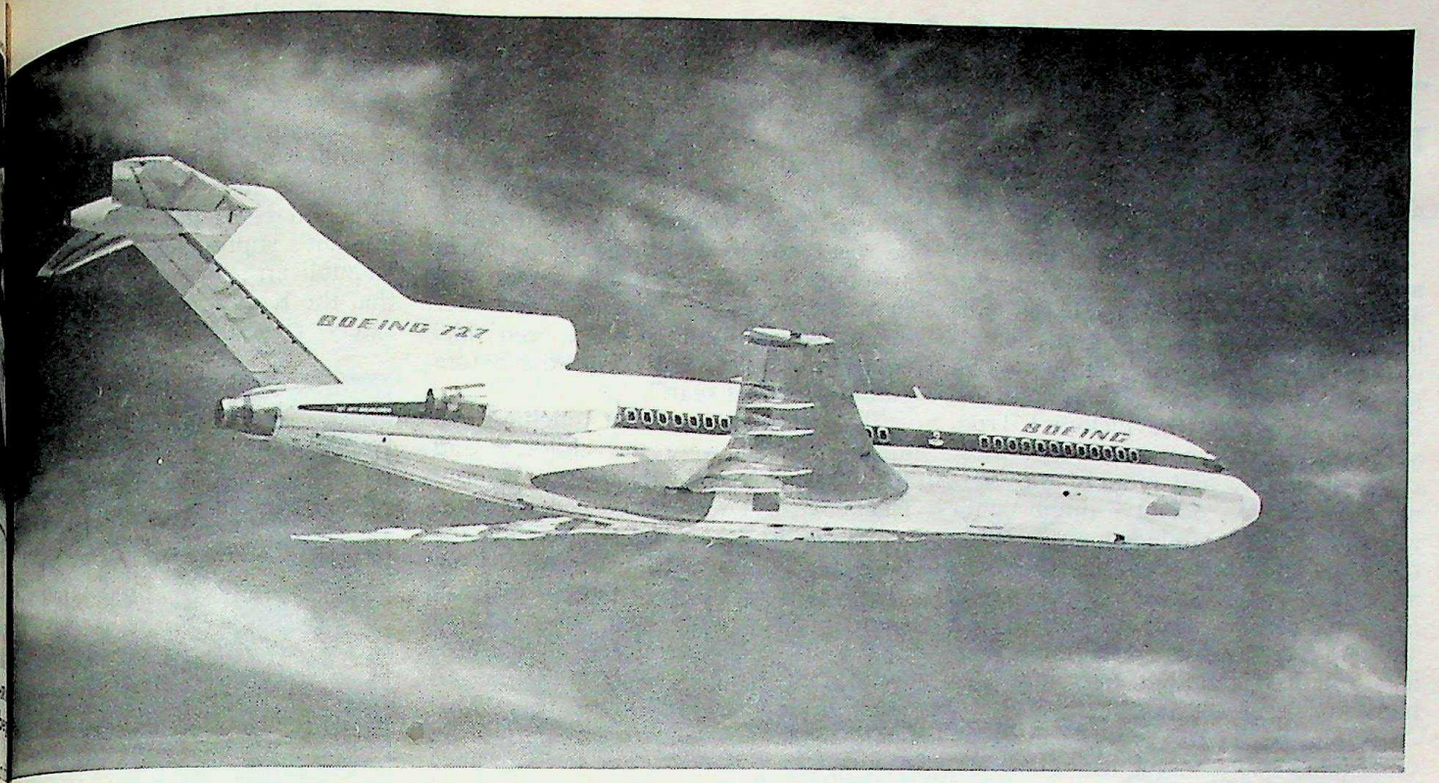

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and the slowest short-range jet

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Fly aboard the 727 soon. It's in service with All Nippon, American, Eastern, Lufthansa, TWA and United. It enters service later with Ansett-ANA, BWIA, JAL, National, Northwest, South African and TAA (Australia).

BOEING 727

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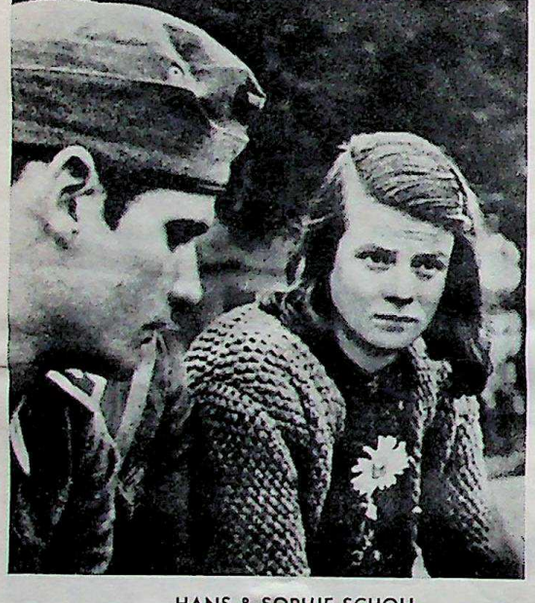
The Forgotten Few

GERMANS AGAINST HITLER *by Terence Prittie.* 292 pages. *Little Brown.* $5.75.

By July 20, 1944, when a group of army officers made their unsuccessful attempt to assassinate the Führer, Hitler had been in power for eleven blood-soaked years. Why, ask historians, had no other Germans ever conspired before to overthrow the dictator? True, as Terence Prittie notes, history's most ruthless tyranny had reduced the German people to "docility, dumb ignorance and wrong-mindedness." What few non-Germans realize, and few Germans fully appreciate, is that individual men and women never ceased to risk and lose their lives in opposition to Hitler's totalitarianism—ineffectually perhaps, but heroically nonetheless.

I Accuse! Prittie, the Manchester Guardian's able, longtime (1946-63) Bonn correspondent, broadly interprets the opposition as encompassing not only Germans who plotted against Hitler but also those who tried "to help his victims, or just to defend their beliefs." While

INGE ASCHER—SCHOLL



HANS & SOPHIE SCHOLL
Curiously unappreciated.

the Roman Catholic and Protestant churches were both ingloriously compliant, many individual churchmen in particular were outspoken foes of the regime. Clemens Cardinal von Galen of Münster denounced the Nazis' euthanasia program from the pulpit, halting, at least for a time, the mass murder of feeble-minded and spastic children. After calling upon his congregation to pray for the Jews, Father Bernhard Lichtenberg, dean of Berlin's St. Hedwig Cathedral, was sent to his death at Dachau. The gifted Protestant theologian Dietrich Bonhoeffer joined the conservative anti-Nazi movement as early as 1935, was executed moments before liberation in 1945.

Many died for their religious beliefs. Paul Schneider, a Rhineland Protestant pastor who was several times imprisoned for ridiculing the Nazis and collecting money for the Jews, was finally tortured to death in a cell from which he was made to watch the execution of prisoners outside. Each time a man was shot, Schneider's voice thundered over the parade ground: "I have seen this! And I will accuse you of murder before God's judgment seat!"

The White Rose. Most touching and unsung of all were the children and youths who resisted the Nazis. Helmut Huebener, 17, was guillotined for writing some 20 pamphlets denouncing the Nazi destruction of Warsaw and Rotterdam. Hans and Sophie Scholl, a handsome brother and sister who seemed outwardly to be the outdoor-loving prototypes of Hitler youth, organized an underground at the University of Munich. Under the romantic name of the White Rose, they authored pamphlets eloquently attacking the regime. After one particular Nazi outrage, they openly distributed the leaflets around the university, even scattered them from rooftops in the vain hope of inspiring an uprising. Agents of the dread Gestapo carted them off to prison, later rounded up close to 100 of their friends. Condemned to death, Hans and Sophie never once lost their composure; just before he was beheaded, Hans cried out: "Long live liberty!"

As Prittie notes regretfully in this well-balanced, unemotional book, many Germans seem curiously ignorant about the opposition to Hitler; yet in the end it was that "other Germany," small as it was, that "put the German nation, so brilliantly efficient, so talented, and so lacking in the power of self-examination, on the road to finding its own soul."

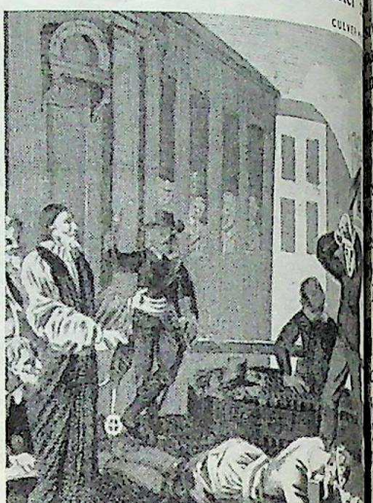
Death of Divinity

A COFFIN FOR KING CHARLES *by C. V. Wedgewood.* 307 pages. *Macmillan.* $5.95.

Since William the Conqueror's day, murder most foul has taken the lives of some half-dozen English kings. But priest and poet always agreed that heaven trembled at such impious acts, for even the most pitiless tyrant ruled by divine right. Oliver Cromwell changed all that. He had King Charles I slain in broad daylight, and explained that God willed it so; he made regicide and revolution fashionable.

Men of Stone. Other leaders in history have felt that they were doing God's bidding, but none with the sublime certitude of Cromwell. To the brilliant, humorless Puritan who routed the Royalist armies in England's civil war and ruled the nation for a decade until his death in 1658, "providence and necessity" seemed synonymous. In this finely etched account of the winter of 1648-49, the height of Cromwell's career, British Historian C. V. Wedgewood shows how relentlessly he [illegible] both, to strip away the "divinity doth hedge a king."

Though beaten on the battlefield, friendless and imprisoned, King Charles stubbornly insisted on his divine right to rule and refused to acknowledge Parliament's supremacy. Cromwell and his Republican supporters were determined that the King should die after an elaborately rigged state trial. After



CHARLES I ON THE BLOCK
Relentlessly unhedged.

ming the indictment through Parliament, Cromwell handpicked 59 judges to try the King, and sat among them himself. The prosecutor hectored the royal prisoner, who was not even permitted to defend himself. Rounds of cheers in the gallery shouted: "Execution, execution!" One of the judges finally leaped to his feet, crying: "Have we hearts of stone? Are we men?" Cromwell well shut him up: "What ails you? Art thou mad?"

Groan of Ages. Of Charles, as Shakespeare's Duncan, it was said, nothing in his life so much became as his leaving of it. Calmly mounting the scaffold outside his own banqueting hall at Westminster, the King said, more in sadness than in reproach: "I go from a corruptible to an incorruptible Crown, where no disturbance can be." When Charles's head was cut off, a witness recalls, "such a groan went up from the crowd as I never heard before, and desire I may never hear again."

As soon as he was rid of the King, Cromwell set up an even more [illegible] authoritarian regime, which was overthrown in the royal Restoration of 1660 when Charles II ascended the throne. Miss Wedgewood, who has lucidly portrayed the era in two previous books, *The King's War* and *The King's Peace*, avoids taking sides in this volume on Charles. But, as she shows, many another despot in succeeding ages and revolutions was to cite Cromwell's "blow for liberty" as a precedent for murder. Few have dared to claim his sanction as well.

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Black Ship to Glyndebourne

MOZART THE DRAMATIST *by Brigid Brophy. 328 pages. Harcourt, Brace & World. $5.95.*

The British intelligentsia's newest high priestess is Brigid Brophy, and it is easy to see why. She picks only top-chop subjects, and her devotional fires resemble a Bessemer converter. Brophy's incisive critical essays have revealed her pantheon: Freud, Shakespeare, Mozart and Jane Austen. To Great God Freud she has already devoted a book, *Black Ship to Hell;* now the 18th century composer gets his. In *Mozart,* her scholarship is firm, and the writing is good Brophy, but it is sheer gusto and freshness of thought that make the book a joy to read.

No musicologist, Brophy concentrates on the characters in Mozart's operas, believing that they "deserve the serious and searching affection—passion, even love we give to Shakespeare's, because they are total human creations." She regards this as no mean feat in the Age of Enlightenment (plainly a very dark age to Freudian Brophy), when erotic fantasy and intuitive humanity were exorcised from one Voltairean hero after another. But Mozart was a composer rather than a writer, thus suffered less embarrassment from the wild-eyed rationalists around him; after all, music was not to be taken seriously.

In celebrating Mozart's vibrant characters, Brophy, as always, goes full tilt. Conventional worshipers of Mozart's "classicism" will be badly singed. *Don Giovanni,* she insists, is Mozart's *Hamlet,* written in profound relief and guilt shortly after his father's death. Indeed, Papa Mozart had trained his precocious son from babyhood in every musical skill known to his cramped, paronoid mind, then hovered over the outcome as possessively as a mother hen. With his final release from father, Mozart

CHARLES PHELPS CUSHING

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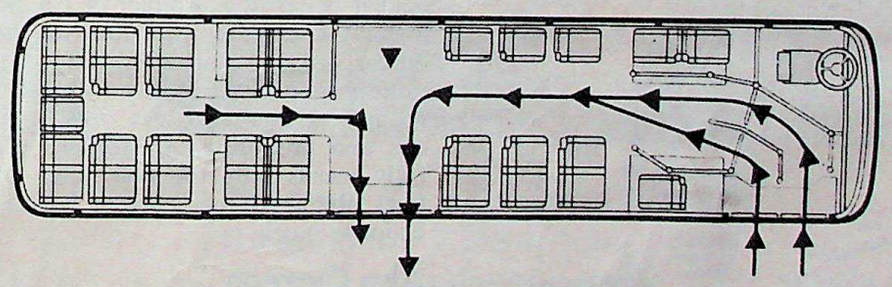

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wrote his own saga of the father-murderer to whom seduction is a duty, and who is eventually condemned.

Brophy's analysis of *The Magic Flute* lands her in a tangle of psychology and Masonic symbolism that even she has trouble resolving. (Mozart got into pretty deep water too.) But she is brilliant on *Così Fan Tutti*, the opera in which Mozart, like Jane Austen a century later, worked through the conventional comedy of mistaken identity to write daringly of two sisters competing fiercely in love.

Brophy has no time for the standard academic quibbles: who was who in real life, whether the scenes should be played in a different order. Her concern is with interpretation. She presents her bold views with the disarming intellectual idiosyncrasy of a fine English travel book. And that, in a way, is what she has written: a trip on a *Black Ship to Hell* through the middle of Glyndebourne.

Megomania

A MOTHER'S KISSES *by Bruce Jay Friedman.* 286 pages. *Simon & Schuster.* $4.95.

Seventeen-year-old Joseph, the beleaguered anti-hero of Bruce Jay Friedman's second novel, is subjected to nearly as many adolescent indignities as his Biblical namesake had to suffer. Instead of being tossed down a well by envious brothers, this Joseph is tyrannized by his mother Meg, a bosomy termagant with some of the less attractive qualities of Medea, Medusa and Jocasta.

Defective Plumbing. Harrowed by fear that he will not get into college, Joseph is plucked from Brooklyn's comforting concrete and deposited in a summer camp to work as a waiter. Among other curiosa, the camp boasts a sullen horse that looks like Robert Ryan, and children who have "the faces of middle-aged manufacturers." He makes sad love to a girl camper who when her breasts are caressed emits a horrendous squawk like a "sudden plumbing defect in a far-off house at midnight." When his last college application is turned down, Joseph consoles himself by rifling the lockers of the other waiters and, being Joseph, gets caught.

Mama Meg comes to the rescue in a high declamatory style that would send a deaf-mute up the wall. Untoppable and unstoppable in a slanging match, she routs the foxy old camp director and triumphantly bears Joseph off, clucking: "Did your mother ever let you down? Will you please learn to put your last buck down on this baby?"

With Joseph in tow, Meg descends next on a Kansas cow college, where even French is taught with a barnyard accent. Joseph gets blackballed after she tries to bribe a fraternity with a bagful of Popsicles; when he goes out on a date, she chases after him in a police car. His only release from maternal smotheration comes when Meg is mustering new men friends in the hotel bar.

333 R.P.M. Meg is a blow-up of a caricature, a manic Yiddisher Momma. Her every 25¢ tip is accompanied by loud self-congratulation, her compulsive camaraderie is lavished on clerks and big shots alike, her flattery is as subtle as an uppercut. Mama's venom kills, but not so swiftly as her hot, Oedipal affection. "Come," she wheedles Joseph. "I just made a lap. Come over here fast and I'll be your social life."

Author Friedman, 34, and an editor of adventure magazines, employs a distinctive, metaphor-strewn prose whose characteristic sound is that of a 33-r.p.m. record being played at 333. Anxiety rides every page, and the wit is wounding.

A Mother's Kisses is an even funnier book than *Stern*, Friedman's highly praised first novel, but it is somewhat less well organized and smaller in scope. And it is partly a product of cannibalization—several long sections are based on earlier short stories—raising a question of Friedman's ability to break new ground. His *Stern* was fresh, vigorous and unsettling. *A Mother's Kisses* fully merits only the two latter adjectives. But few other current novels can claim as much.

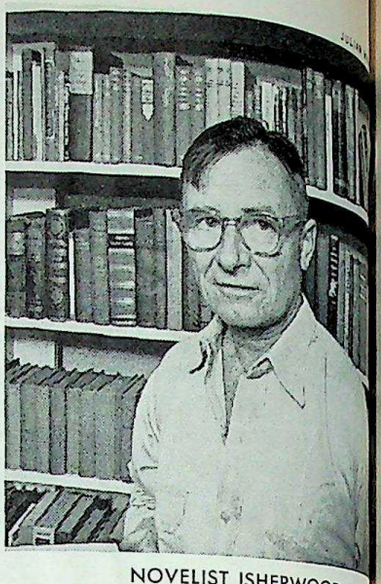
WALTER DARAN

NOVELIST FRIEDMAN
Subtle as an uppercut.

Also Current

A SINGLE MAN *by Christopher Isherwood.* 186 pages. *Simon & Schuster.* $4.

In Berlin in the '30s, watching Sally Bowles salute the morning with raw eggs and gin, he smiled sadly, "I am a camera." There was no question of love or hate, of reaction; the sensitive recording device functioned, but the rest of the apparatus was missing. Years later in California, that boneyard for aging British intellectuals, Isherwood's camera still clicks away. Its subjects are less often street scenes than the landscapes of the mind, but the limiting flaw persists. The camera now surveys a middle-aged British homosexual, a professor of literature whose roommate has been killed in an auto accident. deprivation has no meaning, for C is only a faint thickening in the of the world's loneliness. The expr of his isolation is this fictional of a day, from matutinal stool t turnal masturbation. It is not only a series of impressions on t vered surface of a film.



NOVELIST ISHERWOOD
Clicking away in the boneyar

AN INFINITY OF MIRRORS *by ard Condon.* 333 pages. *Random* $5.95.

Richard Condon's apocalyptic eta-pocketa has produced a resple collection of giants, ogres and princesses, all flimsily disguised as ple. They reappear in this grim into Hitler-corrupted Germany, h author of *The Manchurian Can* has turned from dismayed hum dismaying homily. Condon's princess is an enormously we unbelievably beautiful Frenchw though Jewish, she is married to a ocle-twirling Prussian general who not see the evil of Hitler until adored child dies in a Jewish co tration camp. They retaliate by co ing the guilty SS officer to a grisly However, the novel does not ke implicit promise to find meani mankind's acquiescence in evil. W Condon's stylistic limitations, hardly matter in a farce, cripple rious novel. As an old Hollywood agent and the possessor of a cons able comic talent, he should reca studio adage that messages are Western Union.

HERE GOES KITTEN *by Robert G* 184 pages. *Grove.* $3.95.

The heroine of Robert Gover's *Hundred Dollar Misunderstanding* Kitten, a 14-year-old Negro pros with sharp claws, bite and goofy c In this inevitable sequel, Kitten much tamer puss. Taking her—and self—too seriously, Author Gover decided to preach as well as to p Readers will be forgiven if they d by page 75 that it has all been a misunderstanding.

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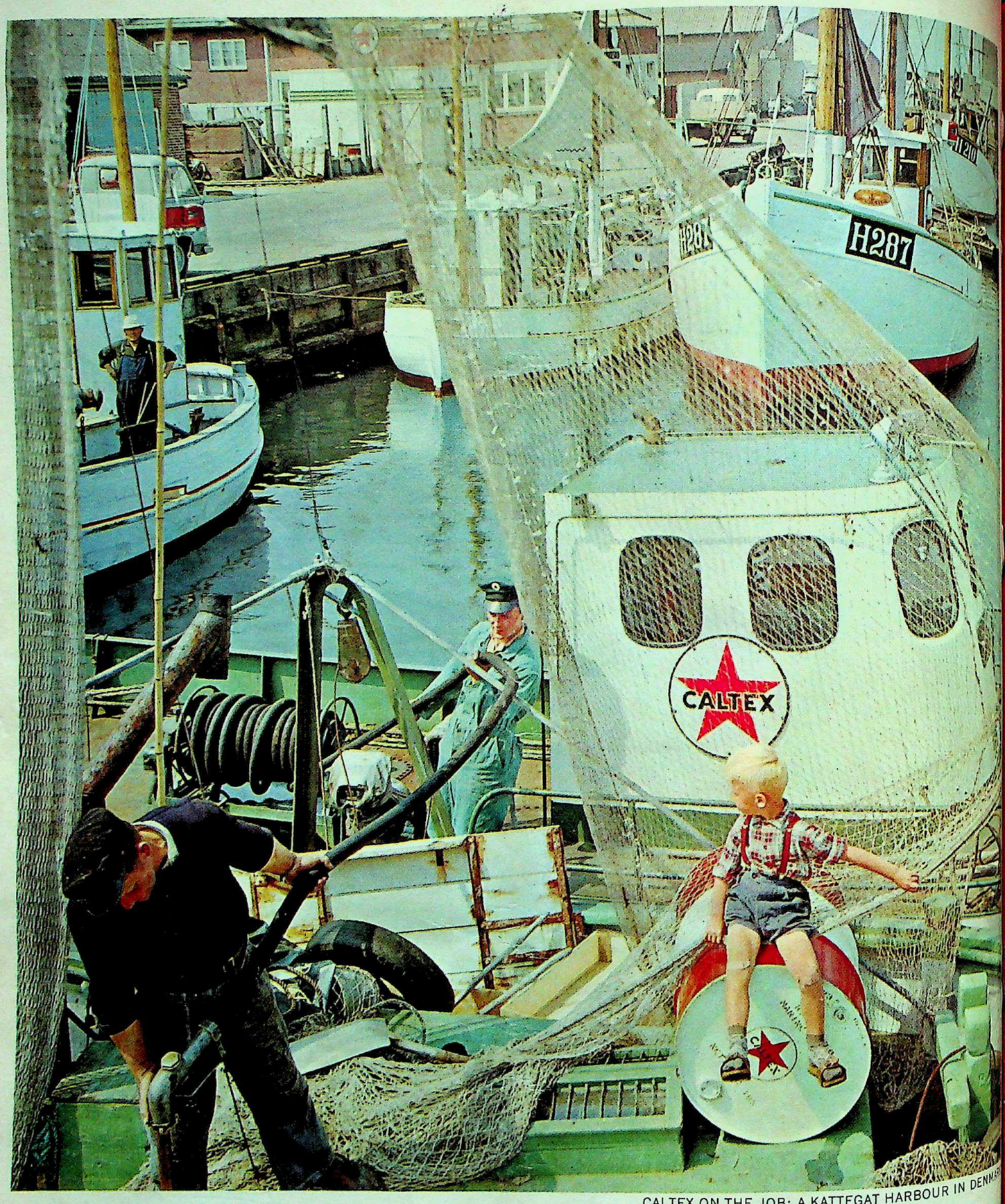

CALTEX ON THE JOB: A KATTEGAT HARBOUR IN DENMA

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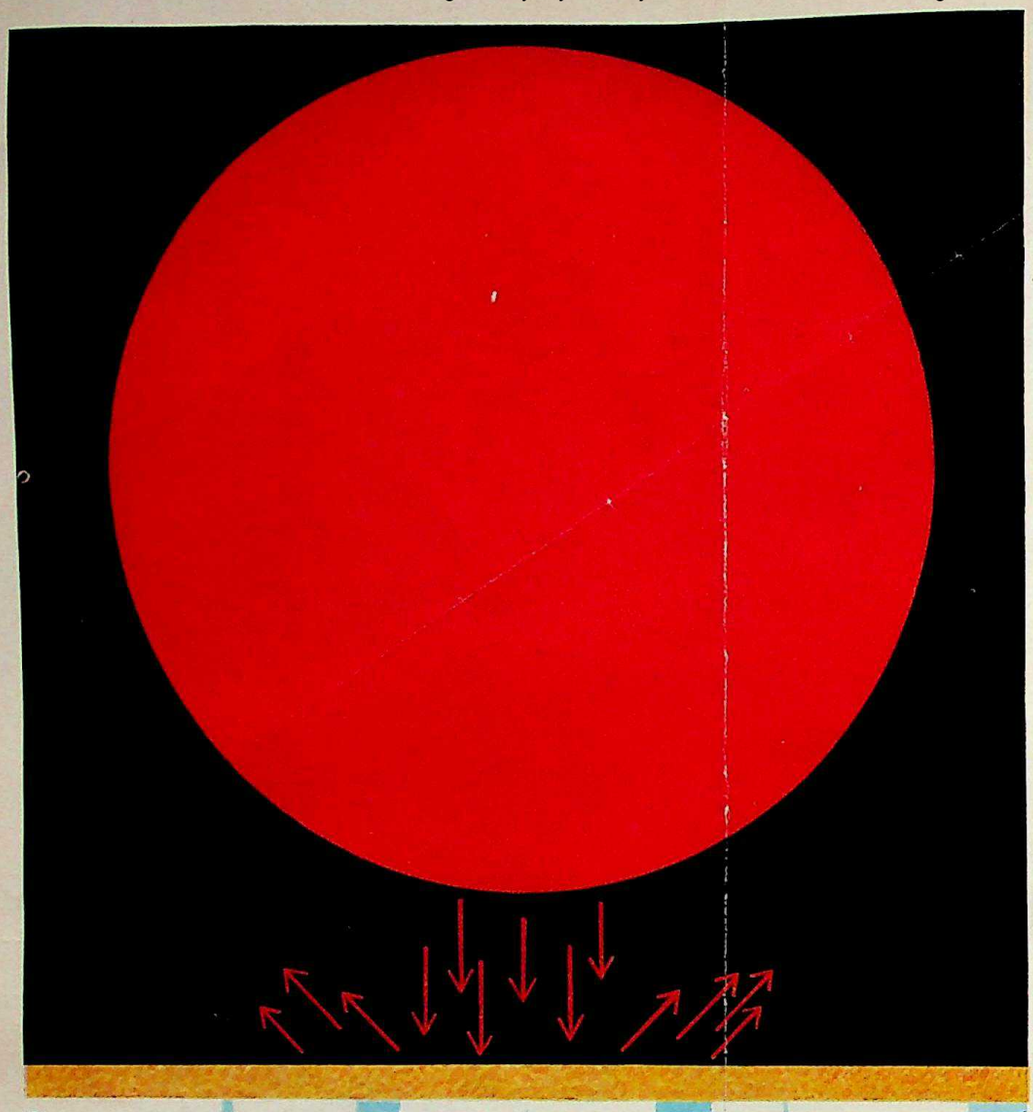

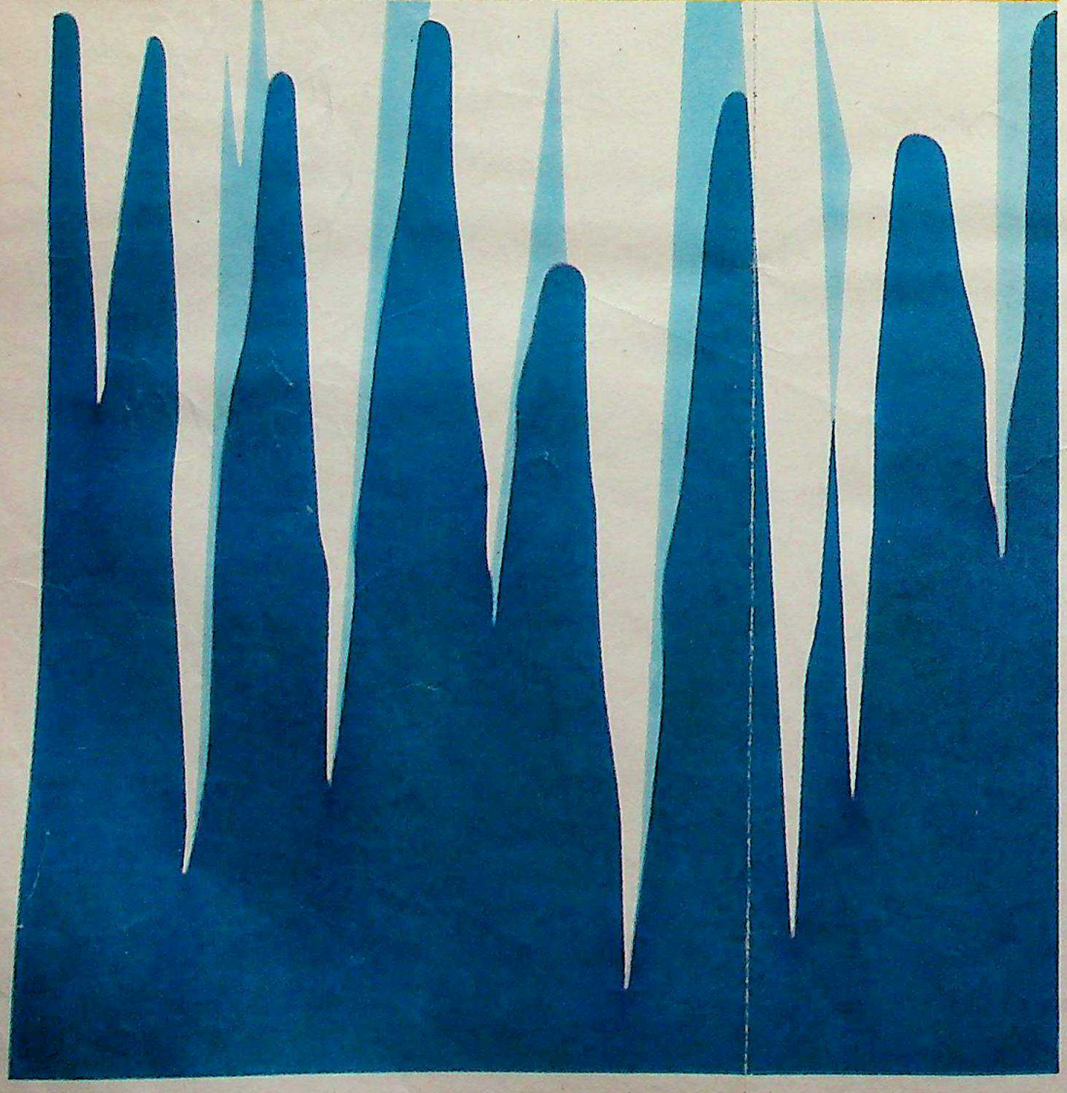

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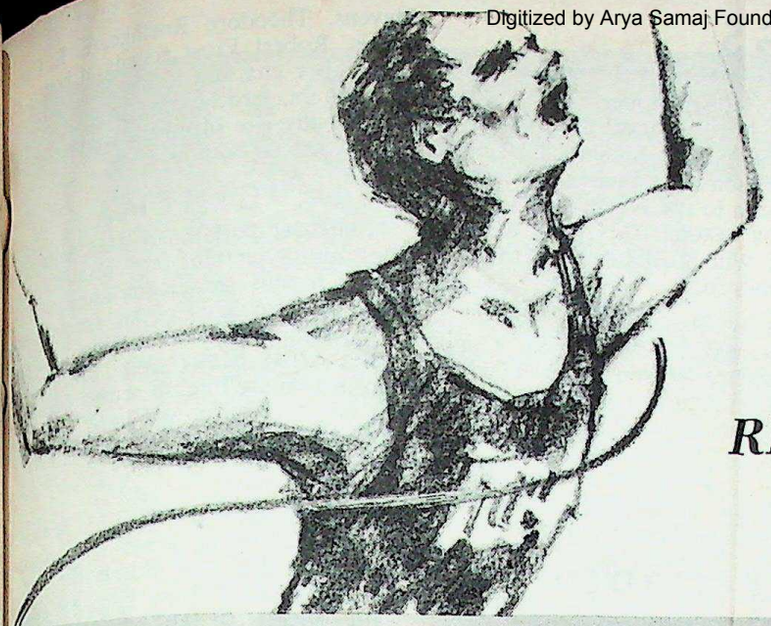

गुरुकुल कांगड़ी

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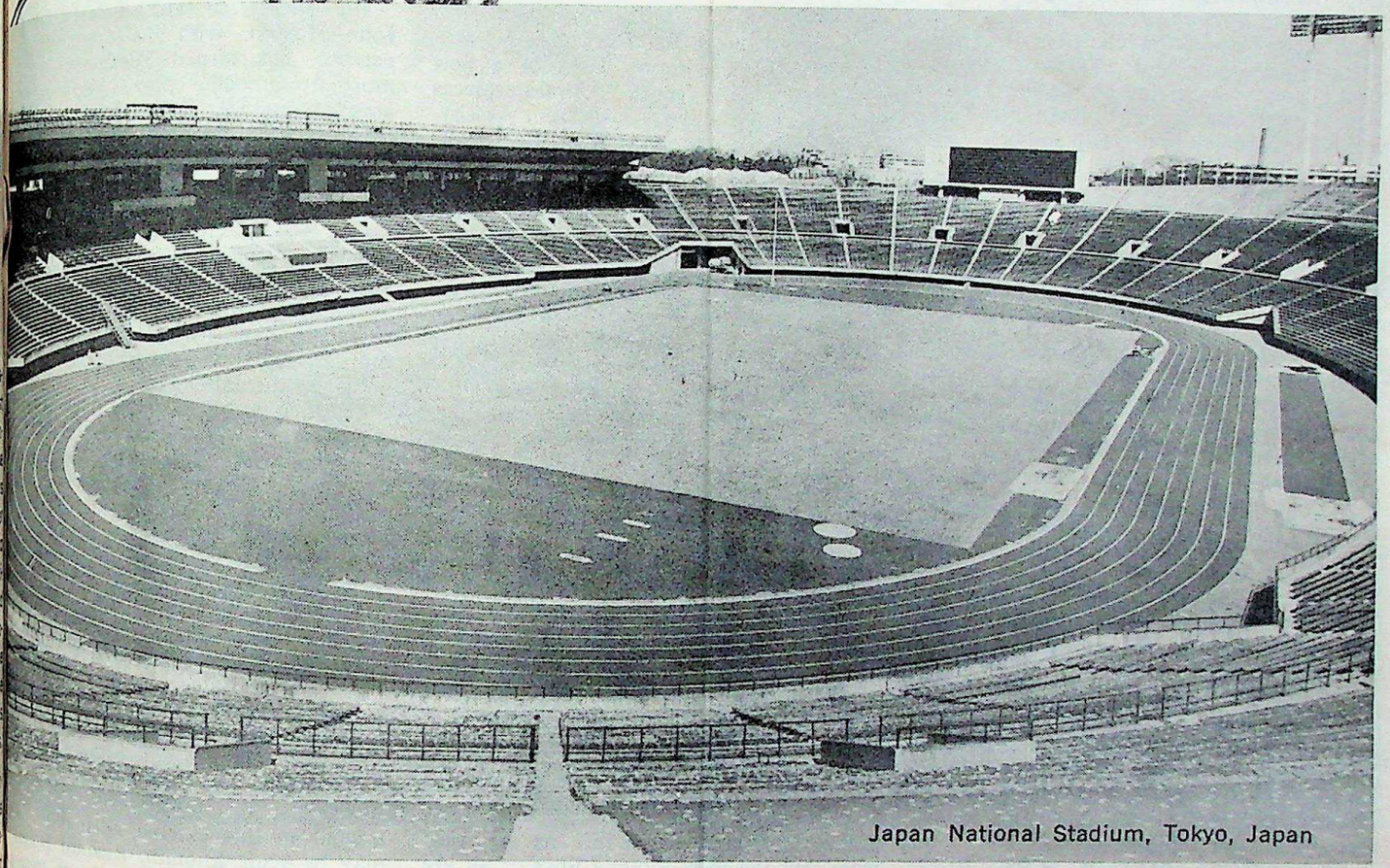
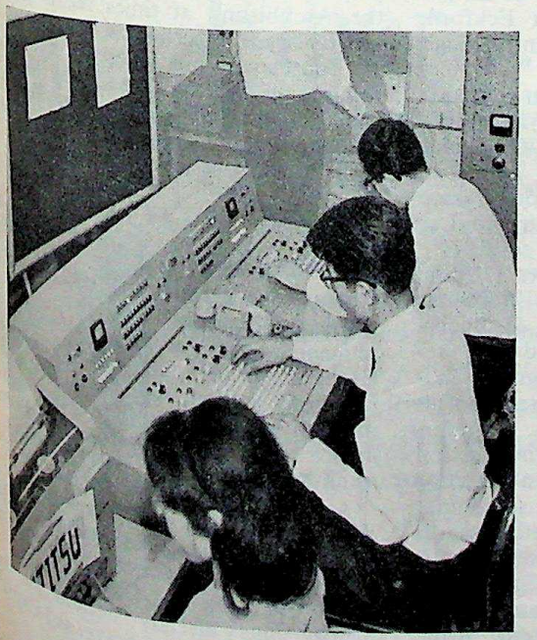


Japan National Stadium, Tokyo, Japan



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TELEVISION

After interminable months of reruns, the networks in the next weeks will show what they've been up to all summer. Sunday night, NBC premières a new suspense series, *The Rogues*, which follows the adventures of two families of well-mannered international con men and stars David Niven, Gig Young and Charles Boyer. On the same night, as a sort of house ad for its new season's stars, ABC stages an hour-long special. Then, using the buckshot approach, ABC will screen four of its new shows in the same week. They are: *Voyage to the Bottom of the Sea*, an adventure series detailing the missions of an atomic-powered submarine in the year 1973; *No Time for Sergeants*, based on the 1955 Broadway hit about a bungling Army recruit; *The Tycoon*, a comic look at the trials of a corporation chairman and his difficult president; and *Peyton Place*, a family-laundered version of the late Grace Metalious' bestselling dirty-linen list. CBS will be heard from in late September.

Wednesday, September 9

AT HOME WITH MRS. GOLDWATER (CBS, 7:30-8 p.m.).* The wife of the G.O.P. candidate conducts a tour of the family home outside Phoenix, chats about her life and children—and Barry.

Thursday, September 10

LETTERS FROM VIET NAM (ABC, 9:30-10:30 p.m.). Fifty combat missions and 20 days in the life of a young American helicopter pilot in South Viet Nam.

A CONVERSATION WITH MRS. GOLDWATER (ABC, 10:30-11 p.m.). Another face-to-face in Phoenix.

Friday, September 11

THE JACK PAAR PROGRAM (NBC, 10:05-11 p.m.). Guests include Author Mary McCarthy, Pianist Liberace, Fighter Cassius Clay. Color.

Saturday, September 12

SATURDAY NIGHT AT THE MOVIES (NBC, 8:30-11:30 p.m.). *The Diary of Anne Frank*, 20th Century-Fox's poignant 1959 film starring Millie Perkins, Shelley Winters and Joseph Schildkraut.

MISS AMERICA PAGEANT (CBS, 10-12 p.m.). The annual rite of autumn from Atlantic City will surely look better—at least—than the recent Democratic gabfest.

Sunday, September 13

NATIONAL FOOTBALL LEAGUE TELECAST (CBS, approx. 1:05-conclusion). First games of the season, televised regionally, feature Baltimore at Minnesota, Chicago at Green Bay, Cleveland at Washington, Detroit at San Francisco, Los Angeles at Pittsburgh, New York at Philadelphia.

NATIONAL SINGLES TENNIS CHAMPIONSHIPS (NBC, 2-4:30 p.m.). Men's finals telecast live from the West Side Tennis Club in Forest Hills, N.Y.

ABC'S WIDE WORLD OF ENTERTAINMENT (ABC, 9-10 p.m.). Bing Crosby plays host to Carolyn Jones, Jackie Coogan, Anthony Franciosa and George Burns.

THE ROGUES (NBC, 10-11 p.m.). David Niven and Robert Coote attempt to bilk a wealthy shipowner. Walter Matthau, Dina Merrill and Alfred Ryder guest-star.

* All times E.D.T.

Monday, September 14

VOYAGE TO THE BOTTOM OF THE SEA (ABC, 7:30-8:30 p.m.). Richard Basehart and David Hedison take their ship on an important mission to the North Pole.

NO TIME FOR SERGEANTS (ABC, 8:30-9 p.m.). Recruit Will Stockdale tries to improve the Army's food.

Tuesday, September 15

THE TYCOON (ABC, 9-9:30 p.m.). Corporation President Wilson clashes with Board Chairman Andrews (Walter Brennan) and other directors.

PEYTON PLACE (ABC, 9:30-10 p.m.). A New York doctor moves to a small New England town and lays siege to Dorothy Malone, a widowed bookstore owner.

RECORDS

Spoken

TENNESSEE WILLIAMS: THE GLASS MENAGERIE (2 LPs; Caedmon). First of a new series that aims to record "the masterpieces of all the great playwrights" from Aeschylus to Ionesco. Though it is a rather fragile choice, the play's apartment setting and small cast both lend themselves easily to recording. Montgomery Clift is the warehouse "Shakespeare," and Julie Harris plays the gentle keeper of the glass menagerie. Jessica Tandy does creditably as the genteel chatterbox mother, but the role created by Laurette Taylor seems to have shrunk. And David Wayne sounds too grandfatherly as the Gentleman Caller. Nonetheless, their overall performances recapture the poignancy of the 19-year-old play that was Williams' first success.

MARTIN DUBERMAN: IN WHITE AMERICA (Columbia). A sharply etched historical sketch of the U.S. Negro from slave days, drawn from letters, speeches and reminiscences. Narrated by six actors, it has been running off Broadway for nearly a year, and it makes compelling if painful listening. Thomas Jefferson describes the differences between blacks and whites as he sees them. During the Civil War, a South Carolina white woman nervously describes her slaves "going about in their black masks," sensing freedom in the air. John Brown, Booker T. Washington, W.E.B. DuBois, Father Divine, Walter White are all heard from, but the most moving lines of all are those of a teen-ager, Elizabeth Eckford, recalling the day she went to Central High School in Little Rock.

VINCENT VAN GOGH: A SELF-PORTRAIT (Caedmon). Credit for this vivid auto-analysis must go first to Van Gogh for writing such searching, searing letters to his brother Theo, second to Lou Hazam for an artful job of editing, third to Lee J. Cobb for reading life into the result.

AN ALBUM OF MODERN POETRY (3 LPs; Gryphon). Anthologist Oscar Williams has selected 76 short works by 45 British and American poets, a revised and re-engineered version of their original readings for the Library of Congress. The album's theme, Williams explains, is suffering and social involvement—"the passion of modern poetry"—rather than personal love. The selection is personal, sometimes questionable, but stellar nonetheless. It includes T. S. Eliot, Robert Lowell, W. H. Auden, Conrad Aiken, Robert Graves and Archibald MacLeish, plus many others whose voices will not be heard again, notably William Carlos Williams, Wallace Stevens, Theodore Roethke, E. E. Cummings. Robert Frost sounds as homey as a neighbor chatting in the kitchen; Robinson Jeffers, proclaiming that violence is "the bloody sire of all the world's valor," has a voice as deep as doom.

CINEMA

ROBINSON CRUSOE ON MARS. Science fiction and scientific fact plausibly combine mingle in this stimulating attempt to imagine the problems of an astronaut who is spaceship-wrecked on Mars.

GIRL WITH GREEN EYES. Rita Tushingham is a young English actress with charm and talent to burn, and in this story of a shopgirl's passion for a middle-aged author (Peter Finch) they give a light.

A HARD DAY'S NIGHT. The Beatles are here, they're really much more intelligent than they look, and this is the transparent proof way to see them.

THE NIGHT OF THE IGUANA. Director John Huston, with his customary competence, has turned Tennessee Williams' morbidly amusing play into a morbidly amusing picture. Deborah Kerr and Ava Gardner perform with skill, Richard Burton plays with style.

THAT MAN FROM RIO. A wild and witty travesty of the average film thriller, directed with way-out wit by Philippe (*That Five-Day Lover*) de Broca, from France, starring Jean-Paul Belmondo.

A SHOT IN THE DARK. Sellers of the Sûreté sets a new style in sleuthing: let the murderer get away, but try to make the audience die laughing.

SEDUCED AND ABANDONED. Director Pietro Germi, who made *Divorce—Italian Style* the most ferociously funny film of the decade, tells another story of life in Sicily. But this time there is less fun and more ferocity.

ZULU. A bloody good show based on an historical incident that occurred in 1879: the siege of a British outpost by 4,000 African tribesmen.

NOTHING BUT THE BEST. A lower-class clerk (Alan Bates) hires an upper-class crumb to teach him about Establishment snobbery in this stylish satire.

BECKET. The tragedy of St. Thomas à Canterbury, one of the great dramatic themes of the Middle Ages, is clearly treated in this cinema adaptation of the play by Jean Anouilh. Richard Burton as the Archbishop at times seems uncertain how to seem uncertain as he struggles with his conscience, but Peter O'Toole is consistently fascinating as the king. If the film lacks style, it certainly has manner, the graceful manner that makes a merely vivid picture seem in sections a remarkable one.

BOOKS

Best Reading

GERMANS AGAINST HITLER, by Terence Prittie. Historians have been curiously reticent about the Germans who fought Hitler from the pulpit, in pamphlets and by direct action—mostly at the cost of their lives. Prittie's book does belated justice to those who battled Nazi totalitarianism.

A COFFIN FOR KING CHARLES, by C. V. Wedgwood. This cool, precise account of the infamous trial and execution of England's Charles I does not take sides between the King and Oliver Cromwell, but history has already decided the issue. Charles is noble and brave, and Cromwell

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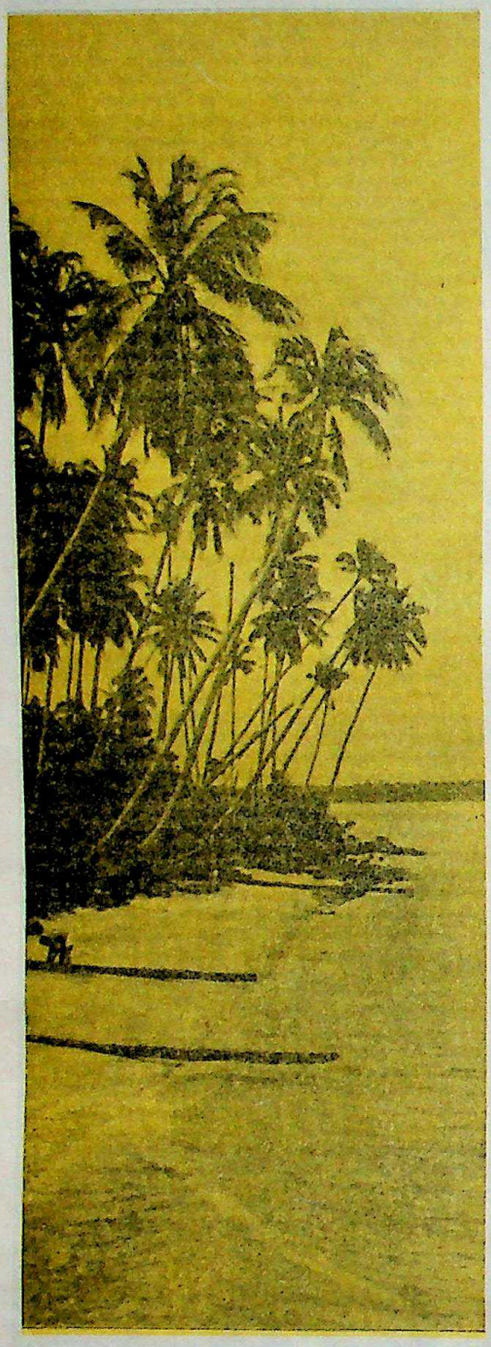

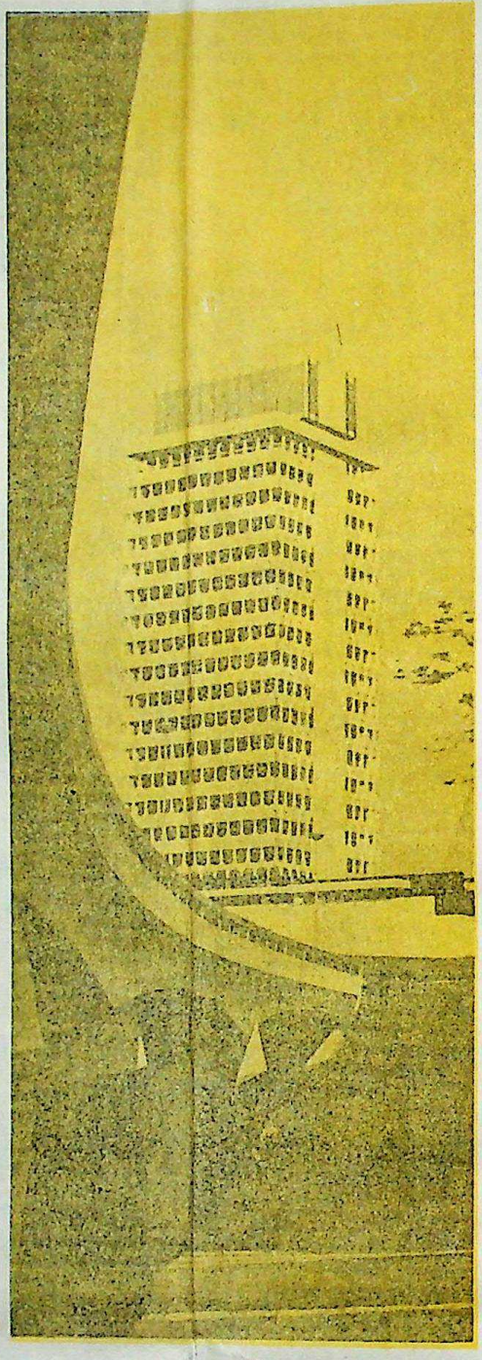

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Malaysia

remains the ambitious, dour man w made revolution and regicide popular.

MOZART THE DRAMATIST, by Brigid B phy. A brilliant interpretation of Moz operas, written so gracefully as to a arm criticism of their heavily Freu outlook.

A MOTHER'S KISSES, by Bruce Jay Fr man. The author of the widely pra *Stern* faced even worse problems t most second novelists in confronting cult. But *Kisses* is as funny as its pred sor on the same subject: a man domi by a driving mother.

THE COMPLETE WAR MEMOIRS OF CHA DE GAULLE (1940-1946). A moving ch icle of one man's fighting faith in Fra in his blackest hour. De Gaulle was gr aware of the price of total commitm and far more accurately than Roos and Churchill, he gauged the realitie the postwar world.

THE VALLEY OF BONES, by Anthony P ell. Though it is the seventh of a tw volume series, this novel about Eng between the wars is not so labyrin as it sounds. Readers who awakened to Powell's powerful work can still fo the characters. The earlier books Marienbad of time; from now on will follow it.

THE GAY PLACE, by William Bra Those who wonder if the energies of ear-pulling President have been exa ated in the press should turn to *roman à clef* about Johnson. Ex- Brammer has caught the voice, the id the excesses, but most of all the Pro vigor of the President.

THE OYSTERS OF LOCMARIAQUER, by E nor Clark. The history of oyster cu from Roman times to the present da told with accuracy and dedication Miss Clark. But her word portraits Bretons who do this arduous work p tically steal the show from the mollusk

CORNELIUS SHIELDS ON SAILING. With 1964 America's Cup races near the st ing line, the armchair skipper as well the sailor can bone up on the intrica of the sport. Shields, a great yachtsm writes plainly but never writes "down

Best Sellers

FICTION

1. Candy, Southern and Hoffenberg last week)
2. The Spy Who Came In from the C Le Carré (1)
3. Armageddon, Uris (3)
4. Julian, Vidal (4)
5. The Rector of Justin, Auchincloss (
6. Convention, Knebel and Bailey (
7. This Rough Magic, Stewart (7)
8. The 480, Burdick (8)
9. The Spire, Golding (9)
10. You Only Live Twice, Fleming (10)

NONFICTION

1. Harlow, Shulman (2)
2. The Invisible Government, Wise an Ross (3)
3. A Moveable Feast, Hemingway (
4. A Tribute to John F. Kennedy, Sa and Vanocur (4)
5. Mississippi: The Closed Society, Silver (5)
6. Four Days, U.P.I. and Am Heritage (6)
7. Diplomat Among Warriors, Murph
8. The Kennedy Wit, Adler (8)
9. Herbert Hoover, Lyons
10. Crisis in Black and White, Silberman (9)

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The Report of the Advisory Committee to the Surgeon General commented favorably on a method of gas phase removal in cigarette filtration that has had the effect of creating a strong consumer demand for cigarettes with filters incorporating activated charcoal granules. At the time the report was issued we had already gained a year's test-market experience with prototype charcoal filter cigarettes and were able to move to the production and introductory marketing of a new product that we believe to be superior to any charcoal filter product on the market.

Our new product, based on strong scientific research, is a triumph of product engineering and embodies desirable taste with the desired filtering characteristics. We call it **Philip Morris Multifilter.**

—From an address at the 1964 Annual Meeting of Stockholders, ***Richmond, Virginia,*** *by Joseph F. Cullman, 3rd, President of* ***Philip Morris Incorporated.***

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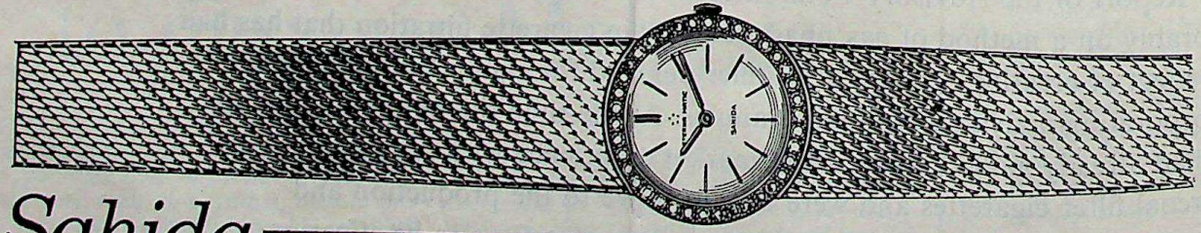
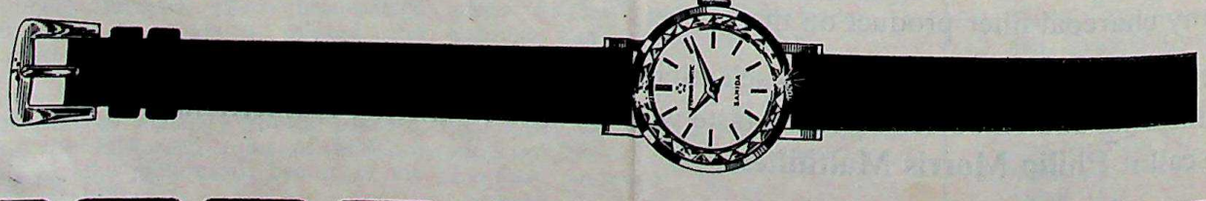


806 LE/125-1446
Sahida, extra-thin, case 18 ct. gold, 36 diamonds with heavy 18 ct. gold No. 119

—*Sahida*—



706 VS-1446
Sahida, extra-thin, case 18 ct. gold with diamonds sapphire crystal

ETERNA·MATIC

ETERNA S.A., GRENCHEN (SWITZERLAND)

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LETTERS

Lyndon's Convention

Sir: God help my country, my children and me if Lyndon Johnson is elected President. He is the biggest threat to come along since Franklin Roosevelt.

JOAN NAYLOR

Oklahoma City

Sir: After watching the oldtimers at the conventions, I've decided to wait until Bobby Kennedy is available in 1972.

EUGENE MCDONALD

New York City

Sir: The sight of Mississippi delegates withdrawing from the Democratic Convention is worthy of a salute to the Democratic Party from a lifelong white American Republican like myself. Now if we could entice Mississippi to secede from the Union . . .

MARY C. SUNDBLOM

Kansas City, Mo.

Sir: Imagine the vitriolic attacks upon the Republican Party by "sensation-seeking columnists and commentators" had the Republicans refused to seat the New York delegation without a signed pledge from Senators Keating and Javits to support the national ticket. Perhaps the actions of the Democrats in Atlantic City will show conclusively which party seeks a monolithic structure and which party offers diversity of opinion.

DAVID L. RICHARDSON

Burlington, Iowa

Sir: It would appear prophetic, though not surprising, that the party so dominated by the so-called "liberal elements" of this nation (the most vociferous and militant opponents of condemning and abolishing loyalty oaths to local school boards, city, state and federal authority) should demand a loyalty oath from fellow Democrats to the party.

JOSEPH A. CHESANEK

Rockville, Md.

Sir: Now we know why President Johnson walks with his hands folded behind him. He has his fingers crossed. And for good reason. Even though the Democrats' platform promises everything but green stamps, the memorials drew the most applause at the convention.

CHARLOTTE THOMPSON

Miami

Sir: As one who came of age four years ago in an atmosphere of some political hope and sensibility, I am appalled at the present proceedings of both conventions. No thinking person can take the Republicans seriously after the San Francisco debacle, and in Atlantic City the Democrats responded by fighting regression with regression.

JANICE SCHRAMM

Carmichael, Calif.

You're Welcome

Sir: You referred to the reception for Governor Connally "at Atlantic City's Haddon Hall [Sept. 4]. Having attended at this fine hotel, I merely wish to note that although it may have come of age, it has certainly done so gracefully. I have been in a hotel in recent years with employees as well-mannered or with as excellent service as at Haddon Hall.

J. W. FULBRIGHT

U.S. Senate
Washington, D.C.

Sir: Thanks so much for your dignified article on Atlantic City. Your glorification of the hot-dog and salt-water-taffy aspect of our resort was dear to the hearts of our residents who are spending millions for new hotels, motels, and new shops. Perhaps your staff and some of the convention delegates were so busy with the honky-tonk that you neglected to partake of the other sports we offer our other vacationers, such as fishing, boating, surfing, horse racing, golfing or trapshooting. Thank you so much.

MURRAY RAPHEL
President
Atlantic City Retail Merchants Association
Atlantic City

The Peddler's Episcopal Grandson

Sir: You quote Barry Goldwater as saying that regular church attendance is not necessary [Aug. 28]. Yet he disagrees with the Supreme Court's decision on prayers in public schools. This is the advocate of individual as opposed to governmental action?

LINDEN M. MALKI

Highland, Calif.

Sir: As for Goldwater's religion, I feel that the Jewish people made a good trade. We lost Barry Goldwater, but we gained Elizabeth Taylor.

LARRY GARDEN

Brooklyn

Sir: Please refer Mr. and Mrs. Barry Goldwater to the Episcopal Book of Common Prayer. Properly instructed, they vowed to "worship God every Sunday in His Church." And, from what I read in the press, Lady Bird, Lynda Bird and Luci Baines might also take note of the same instruction.

W. BENNETT PHILLEY

Skokie, Ill.

Barry's Boys

Sir: I may be only a delinquent kid who is not worth a darn, but I wish to enter a protest anyway against G.O.P. National Chairman Dean Burch's thoughtless slander against us kids [Aug. 28]. It seems a great shame that all kids are berated for the misdeeds of a few.

CHRISTI RAY

Los Gatos, Calif.

Sir: If the Republican Party cannot have faith in "kids," where are the young Republicans coming from? And since when did the problem of delinquency become either a Republican or Democratic problem? It is a problem of the home.

JUANITA P. GANTZER

Warrenville, Ill.

Lady Bird Watchers

Sir: For the likes of me, to whom Jackie Kennedy worship is just one more instance of mass subliminal brainwashing, your Aug. 28th cover story on the down-to-earth charms of Lady Bird Johnson was like a freshening wind through Texas loblolly pine. I can think of no happier new casts for the much-abused American-woman image here and abroad than the zest, common sense and candor of this new First Lady.

(MRS.) CATHLEEN BURNS ELMER

Boston

Sir: Oh, if only I could be a "flawless mediocrity" like Lady Bird! To make all the money she's made, to look the way she does at 51, to do the kind of job she's doing, to be so adored by her husband and family—that would be enough.

JUNE B. VENDEL

Minneapolis

Sir: Your customary cleverness, truthfulness, yet suave inoffensiveness were certainly qualities not evident in your article concerning Lady Bird Johnson. The subtle but savage criticism (especially the criticism of her physical appearance) was totally lacking in good judgment and respect. Although I greatly prefer the Kennedy style to the Johnson style, one must admit that, in her own way, Lady Bird has done a rather remarkable job.

JANE HADLEY

Kansas City, Mo.

Sir: Get your scalpel out for Mrs. Goldwater next time.

JULIA WHITE

Saginaw, Mich.

Sir: I did not know Bird until she was an upperclassman at the University of Texas. But she is one of the very, very few people I know who has never said an unkind, "catty" remark about anyone. She has no claws. She is a wonderful person, a constant friend, a most considerate and generous casual friend to many. Your article about her offended me deeply, as I am sure it will many of her friends when they read it.

(MRS.) JANET WOFFORD INGRAM

Gilmer, Texas

Sir: I have known Lady Bird since she was a baby. I was bookkeeper for her father for 20 years. He had from 125 to 150 tenants on his farms, both white and col-

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ored. I have never known him to evict anyone and never known him to refuse to furnish them with groceries, clothing and doctors when needed. I have known him to help people when he knew that he would never be paid. The ridiculous statements made about Mr. Taylor in your magazine could not have come from anyone who knew this charitable man.

JACK MOORE

Karnack, Texas

▶ *They did, indeed.* TIME *correspondents interviewed more than 20 friends of Mrs. Johnson. Among them were several whose memories of Lady Bird and her parents cover more than half a century.*—ED.

Sir: Our President is to be congratulated on his choice of a lady and your editors for a story that proves that the entire adult female population of the U.S. is not made up of movie queens and self-centered women.

ALMA A. JORDAN

Richmond

Sir: The fine photograph you printed of my mother in your last number can scarcely compensate for the ridiculous rubbish contributed by your commentator on the subject of her attending Cabinet meetings. Within two months of my father's inauguration, my mother suffered a brain hemorrhage which rendered her unconscious for four or five days and from the effects of which she never fully recovered. For the next two years she had, most unwillingly, to accept the role of invalid. During the whole period of my father's presidency I doubt whether she visited the executive offices half a dozen times.

I think she would like best to be remembered as the person who selected the site for the planting of the Japanese cherry trees, which were sent by the mayor of Tokyo as a personal tribute to her as well as a gift to the American people. During her convalescence at the White House, she drove daily to Potomac Park to assure herself that they were being placed exactly where she wanted them.

HELEN TAFT MANNING

Pointe au Pic, Que.

▶ *The "ridiculous rubbish" about Helen Taft came from the official program of the Democratic National Convention.*—ED.

Le Grand Charles

Sir: Your review of De Gaulle's book, *The Complete War Memoirs of Charles de Gaulle* [Sept. 4] was splendid. My first contact with De Gaulle was at Cherbourg, where I was in charge of civil affairs for the Americans and British—then in Paris, where I had the same task. His love of France and his good sense in domestic as well as international affairs outweigh the belittling cracks about him that were popular in some American circles at the time of the liberation of France. They were an injustice to him and a disservice to our understanding of the whole French Resistance movement.

FRANK L. HOWLEY
Vice President

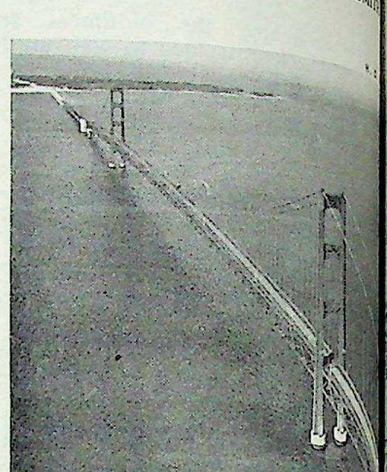
New York University
New York City

The Big Bridges

Sir: Your "Golden Age of Bridges" [Aug. 28] omitted that milestone, the Mackinac Bridge. "Mighty Mac" is the outstanding contribution to bridge history in the period between the Golden Gate Bridge and the yet to be completed Verrazano-Narrows structure. Completed in 1957, Mackinac far exceeds the Golden Gate in its leap across the Straits of Mackinac. Its total superstructure length is more than 3⅓ miles. Its suspension section between cable anchors stretches 8,614 ft., more than 1,000 ft. longer than the comparable dimension of the Verrazano Bridge. Only Mackinac's 3,800-ft. main span is shorter than those of Golden Gate and Verrazano.

PAUL D. SMITH

Cleveland



THE MACKINAC BRIDGE

Sir: Your article about bridges expresses my own feelings for them. They are more awe-inspiring than rockets to the mind. I have an almost reverent regard for the minds that conceive those beautiful, unbelievable bridges.

(MRS.) AGNES HODGE

Lexington, Mass.

Sir: I wish that those superengineers who weave those fabulous cables to support tremendous bridges would design a simple three-wire clothes line that will not sag.

MRS. V. O. FRITZ

San Antonio, Texas

Unsporty Entertainment?

Sir: All of us concerned with the integrity of sports are disturbed over the CBS purchase of the Yankees precisely because of the kind of thinking revealed by the television executive who said, "I can't see the difference between Mickey Mantle and Jackie Gleason. They're both entertainers" [Aug. 21]." If Mantle's new owners can persuade him that he is being paid to entertain, baseball can settle gently into its coffin. It is worth noting that some of these same executives a few years ago were unable to distinguish the difference between a Jackie Gleason show and a TV quiz contest.

RICHARD L. GAIN

Lawrenceville, N.J.

Sir: I heartily favor purchase of the Yankees by CBS. Perhaps professional entertainers can bring new life to baseball. It has become an exceedingly dull sport.

JOHN M. ERVING

Gulfport, Fla.

Ipousteguy

Sir: You featured the sculpture of Ipousteguy [Aug. 21]. The given name gives no trouble, but I would like to know how Sculptor Ipousteguy pronounces it.

J. D. H.

Tempe, Ariz.

▶ *It rhymes roughly with "he shoe be."*—ED.

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SEPTEMBER 11, 1964

A letter from the PUBLISHER

Bernhard M. Auer

MARSH CLARK was the star pitcher for the St. James School in Maryland, although all he really had was a curve. His fastball was so slow that it tended to delay the game. That hardly qualifies Chicago Correspondent Clark as an expert on baseball, but one thing that helped to make him the right man to report this week's cover story is the fact that he is the TIME editorial staff's No. 1 baseball fan.

Marsh has been going to ball games since he was old enough to tell a ball from a bat. He considers his first allegiance to the Cardinals, since he was born in St. Louis, and his second to the Senators, since he grew up in Washington.* But he has a transferred loyalty to the Baltimore Orioles, because—as many fans may want to forget—the Orioles are in fact the old St. Louis Browns gone east and up. So, in a way, Marsh could hardly call last week work. It was off to Baltimore for a game with the Chicago White Sox, then to Minnesota for the series with the Twins and out to Los Angeles for the games with the Angels. He talked to Hank Bauer and the birds, as well as Oriole General Manager Lee MacPhail, in the dugout, on buses, planes and in dressing rooms. And in the end he was showing symptoms of becoming an Oriole fanatic.

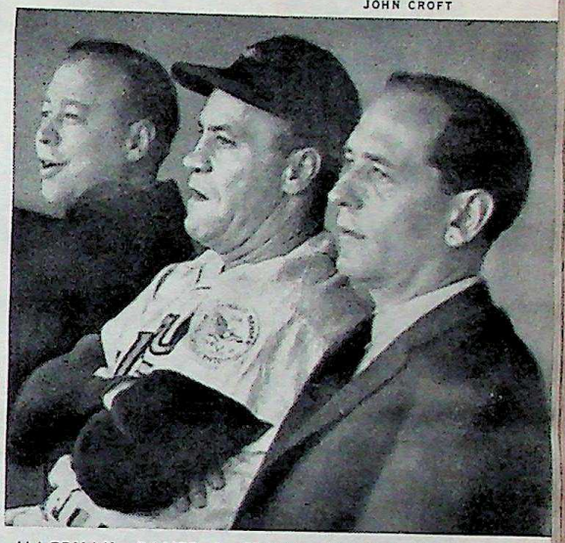
The rest of the cover-story team provided a considerable balance of sentiment. SPORT Researcher Geraldine Kirshenbaum was a baseball fan until she was twelve, but now she'd rather go sky-diving. SPORT Writer Charles Parmiter has become judiciously nonpartisan, although he has to control certain anti-Yankee tendencies. On the other hand, Senior Editor George Daniels, a sometime Little League coach, is a dyed-in-the-stripes Yankee man who can tell you about the day he saw Babe Ruth hit a home run.

Artist Boris Chaliapin, who painted the cover, frankly does not feel a very deep commitment to baseball. But he likes birds.

•

All of the pictures for this week's color pages in THE WORLD were taken by Manhattan Photographer J. Alex Langley who, in 17 days of shooting, found himself rained in almost half the time. That gave him time to shop in Tokyo, and guess what he bought? A Mamiya press model, which becomes the 15th in his set of working cameras. Just to break it in properly, he used it to take the picture that became the first color page, shooting from a helicopter at 200-ft. altitude with a 150-mm. telephoto lens.

JOHN CROFT



MACPHAIL, BAUER & CLARK IN DUGOUT

•

We're not making any promises, girls, but simply passing along a comment from Hans Stern, Latin America's leading jeweler (*see* BUSINESS, *A Man of Many Facets*), who married the girl after just three dates. Says the King of Diamonds: "I fell in love with her because she could beat me at chess and discuss TIME intelligently."

* Marsh is a grandson of Champ Clark, onetime Speaker of the U.S. House of Representatives, and a son of Bennett Champ Clark, onetime U.S. Senator from Missouri. He is part of a rare TIME pair: he and THE U.S. Editor Champ Clark are brothers.

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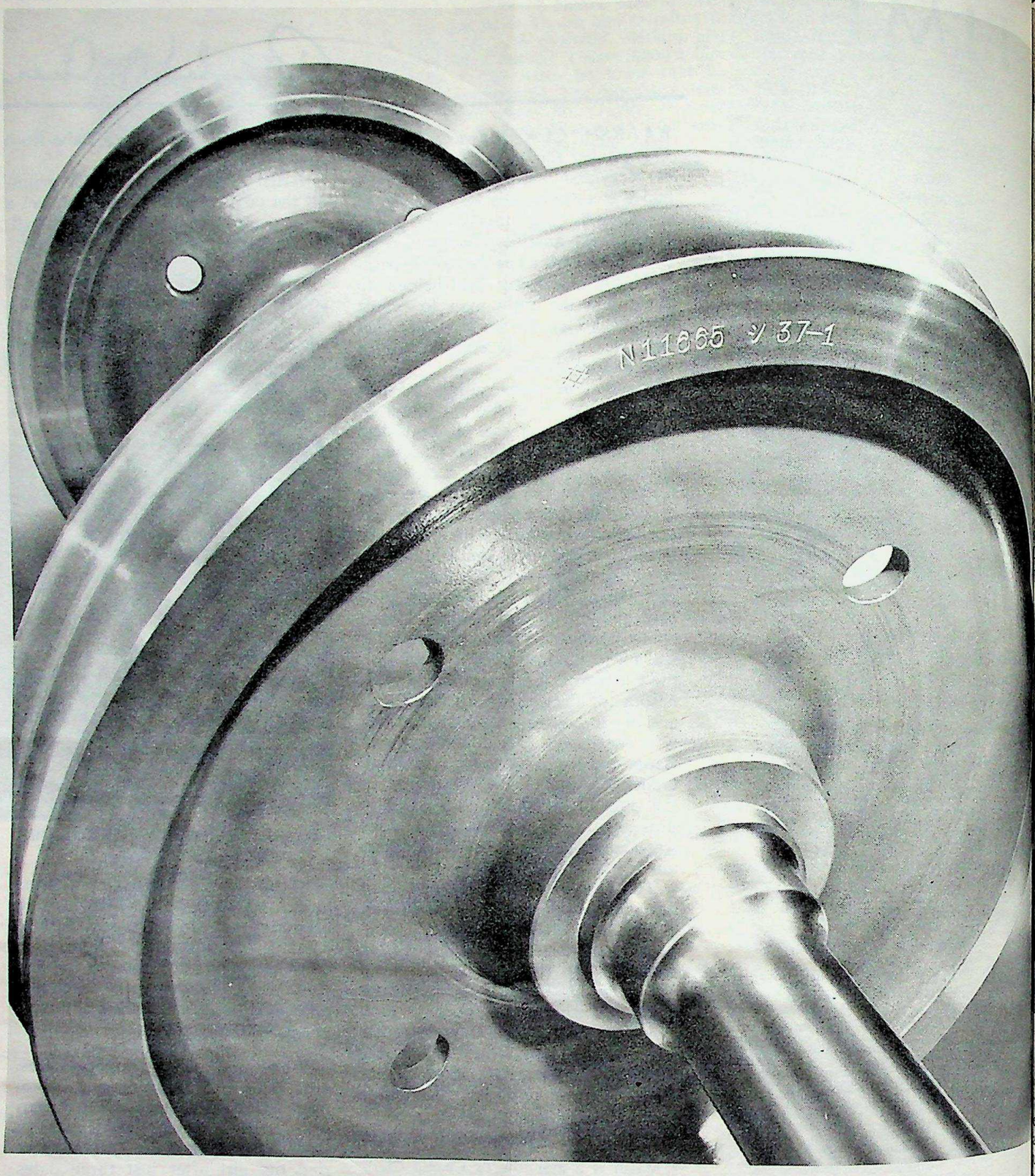

Big wheels from the east (One of the ways we work with steel)

They're the solid rolled steel wheels that carry Japan's new Superexpress down the tracks at 125mph (200kph). The Superexpress will cover the Tokyo-Osaka run, a distance of 320 miles (515km), in only three hours.

□It takes tough steel wheels to withstand high speed stress and strain like this. Both wheels and axles on the Superexpress and all other express trains in Japan bear the name Sumitomo, one of the largest steel producers in Japan.

□Steel wheels are rolled in one of four Sumitomo steel mills. Biggest of them is the new Wakayama Works. This mill alone produces 2,500,000 tons of steel per year. Production is controlled right down the line from iron ore to the finished product. It's one reason for Sumitomo's unmistakable quality.

□For superior steel competitively priced — tubes, pipe, sheets, plate, wire rods, castings, forgings and rolling stock parts — you're right with Sumitomo.

SUMITOMO METALS

OSAKA, JAPAN
SUMITOMO METAL INDUSTRIES, LTD.
NEW YORK/LOS ANGELES/DUSSELDORF

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TIME
THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE
September 11, 1964 Vol. 84, No. 11

THE U.S.

THE CAMPAIGN

Some of the Issues Are Missing

The candidates had been named, the campaign was formally under way, and now came that traditional time for politicians and pundits to draw up lists of the issues that would presumably dominate the U.S.'s political dialogue until November.

Inevitably, some of September's issues would wilt away before Election Day. Just as inevitably, others would sprout in full forensic flower. But last week, as what promises to be an extraordinary campaign began in earnest, perhaps the most extraordinary political fact was that some of the hardiest quadrennial issues did not figure to be issues at all.

There was, for example, the economy. Whoever heard of a U.S. presidential campaign without the economy as a major issue? This could be the year. Democrat Lyndon Johnson can claim prosperity, and although Republican Barry Goldwater may not think that that prosperity is free-enterprising enough, he can hardly mount a serious attack against it.

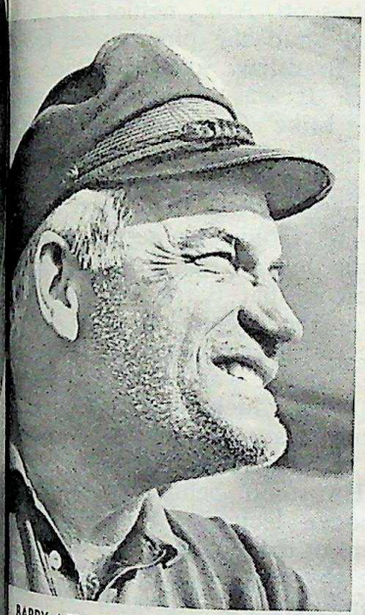
Slide-Rule Rebuttals. In the same sense, every four years there is a big argument about which is the party of business, and which is the party of labor. This year that argument also seems academic. Businessmen know they have nothing to lose at Goldwater's hands, but they also like Lyndon. Last week, as evidence, the President played White House host to a batch of leading businessmen who have come out for him. As for labor's leaders, they are almost unanimously anti-Goldwater. This does not, of course, necessarily mean that the rank and file of union members will follow the leaders, and the working man's vote remains one of 1964's imponderables.

Other tried and true topics do not seem to be developing in 1964. Goldwater would love to have a meaningful argument over Government spending. But Johnson, even while spending more than any peacetime President in history, has blunted the issue with a few military cutbacks and a general pose of thriftiness. Perhaps more than anything else, Goldwater deeply believes that the Johnson Administration is diluting the nation's military strength in the name of cost-performance analysis; but he has yet to prove his point against the slide-rule rebuttals of Defense Secretary Robert McNamara. Barry rails against the intrusions of big government into private life; but he has yet to make a winning issue of his complaints. The farm issue? It is quite conceivable that neither candidate will make a major speech about it.

Some Sweeping Statements. What, then, do shape up as the issues that will decide the election? In the most general terms, it seems likely that Johnson will concentrate on Democratic domestic achievements, ignoring the U.S.'s overseas dilemmas.

For his part, Goldwater will keep hammering away at U.S. failures abroad, particularly the costly, losing war in South Viet Nam. At home, he might be expected to profit from the civil rights issue. It will almost surely win him electoral votes in the South. In precampaign figuring, it was generally assumed that he would also gain in the North from the "backlash" of white resentment against excesses of the Negro revolution. But if there were any such backlash, it would have shown itself last week in a Democratic primary in Michigan's 16th Congressional District (*see story on Page 15*), and it failed to materialize.

But Goldwater has never counted on



BARRY AFTER YACHTING TRIP

AP

LYNDON WITH BUSINESS BOOSTERS*

Personal imponderables v. upper-case quadrennials.

* Seated, from left: American Machine & Foundry Chairman Carter L. Burgess, Merck President John T. Connor, L.B.J., Bankers John L. Loeb and Andre Meyer. Standing, from left: Phoenix Assurance Co. President Brian P. Leeb, General Cigar President Edgar M. Cullman, Hunt Foods Chairman Norton Simon, former Eisenhower Cabinet Member Marion B. Folsom, Ford Vice President William T. Gossett, Boston Investment Banker Paul C. Cabot, Tennessee Gas Chairman H. Gardiner Symonds, Lehman Brothers Partner Robert Lehman, former Kennedy Treasury Under Secretary Henry Fowler, Ford Chairman Henry Ford II, Nashville Banker Samuel M. Fleming, Litton Industries Chairman Charles B. Thornton.

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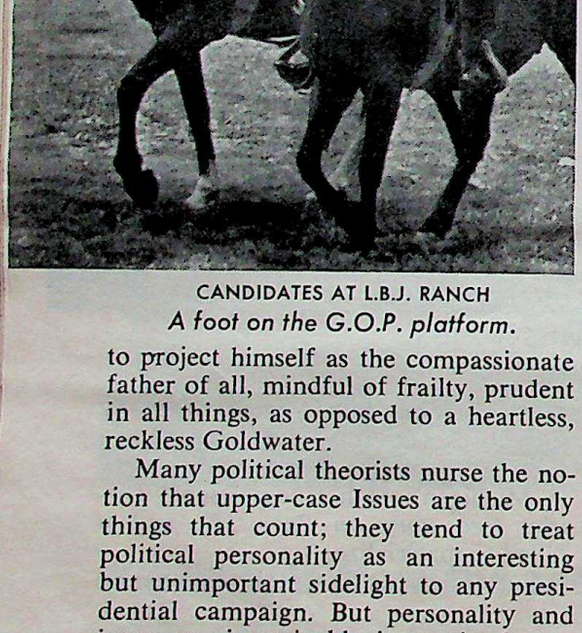
the backlash, or sought to take advantage of it. Rather, he has so far found his most effective domestic issue to be that of national morality. He made a big point of it in his Prescott, Ariz., kickoff speech last week. He argues for national leadership that will end lawlessness and violence on the U.S.'s city streets not merely by force but by example.

The Deciding Factor. So in the end the campaign may shape up not so much as a collision between sharply conflicting philosophies as between two sharply conflicting personalities.

Goldwater hopes to project himself as a man of strong convictions, gruff and honest, who is challenging many of the basic assumptions about recent American life and can supply the moral corrective, while he pictures Lyndon Johnson as too unconcerned with traditional values to be able to restore the country's real strength. Johnson hopes

DAN HARDY—© 1964, THE HOUSTON POST



CANDIDATES AT L.B.J. RANCH
A foot on the G.O.P. platform.

to project himself as the compassionate father of all, mindful of frailty, prudent in all things, as opposed to a heartless, reckless Goldwater.

Many political theorists nurse the notion that upper-case Issues are the only things that count; they tend to treat political personality as an interesting but unimportant sidelight to any presidential campaign. But personality and issues are inextricably intertwined.

It is the first order of business for any national candidate to establish a personal image that gives credibility to his stands on issues. He must also try to convince the American voter that his opponent is so wrong-minded, ignorant, incompetent, mendacious or just plain wishy-washy as to be disbelieved in any statement about the issues. In 1964, the election outcome could depend on whether Johnson or Goldwater best projects his intended image. In short, personality may be the biggest issue of all.

DEMOCRATS

"He Smelleth the Battle Afar Off"

Hardly had Hubert Horatio Humphrey been nominated as the Democratic candidate for Vice President than he managed to put his foot in it. During a weekend campaign-strategy-planning trip to the L.B.J. Ranch in Texas, Hubert was summoned by the President for a walk in a cow pasture. He promptly slipped on some cow dung, but recovering his balance, cried out: "Mr. President! I just stepped on the Republican platform!"

Since the whole scene took place in front of newsmen, some Johnson and Humphrey aides winced at the bad taste of it all, but the Boss himself thought it was about the funniest thing he had ever heard.

Loftier Level. In his loftier-level strategy talks with Humphrey, Johnson emphasized that he plans to devote most of his time to his White House job, playing the part of fulltime statesman. Only on key occasions, such as his Labor Day address this week in Detroit's Cadillac Square, would the President hit the campaign route.

Of course, nobody who has ever met Lyndon Johnson believes that he will actually stick to this stay-at-home schedule, but in the meanwhile Humphrey has been assigned to crisscross the nation in a continuous, hard-hitting campaign. He will concentrate on the Midwest, the Rocky Mountain states and the South, is already scheduling trips into North Carolina, Georgia, Arkansas, Tennessee, Texas, Florida and Louisiana. He may also whistle-stop in California, Illinois and Indiana.

When Humphrey returned to Washington from Texas last week, he got a hearty round of applause and much effusive speechifying upon entering the Senate chamber. Democratic Majority Leader Mike Mansfield, recalling photographs taken of Lyndon and Hubert riding horseback in their business suits, twitted his colleague: "You are better on your feet than in the saddle." Tennessee's Albert Gore quoted *The Book of Job:* "He smelleth the battle afar off, the thunder of the captains, and the shouting . . ."

And Illinois' Republican Everett Dirksen topped it off with some gentle joshing. "Mr. President," said Ev, "I am glad that a modest Republican can participate, and with some qualification can express his affection and love for the distinguished senior Senator from Minnesota." Dirksen then projected to next Jan. 20, when, as he foresaw events, the Republicans would have won the White House. Purred he: "I want to be able to say with a heart full of thanksgiving, 'Glory be! We love Hubert and we have kept him here!' "

On the Beam. As for Lyndon, well, he just could not help politicking. The A.F.L.-C.I.O. General Board met in Washington, agreed unanimously to support the Johnson-Humphrey ticket, trooped over to the White House 166 strong to tell the President about its unsurprising decision.

The President also played host to a score of U.S. businessmen who had signed on as members of the "National Independent Committee for President Johnson and Senator Humphrey." Beaming benignly at the presence of the blue-chippers, whom he has wooed with special ardor, Lyndon invited the group, which included former Eisenhower Cabinet Members Robert B. Anderson (Treasury) and Marion B. Folsom (Health, Education and Welfare), into the Cabinet room to pose for pictures, then sent them on their way with a rousing pep talk: "In the year of 1964 we are not determining the future of our parties. But we are determining the life and fortune of America itself—and the cause we are privileged to lead. I commend all of you not only on the choice you have made for your country but on your courage in now assuming the responsibility of your convictions."

REPUBLICANS

The Kickoff

Prescott, Ariz., nestles in a mile-high bowl amid the pine-covered knobs of the Bradshaw and San Prieto mountains. It was there that Grandfather "Big Mike" Goldwater, the Jewish peddler, settled in 1875, laid the foundation of a prosperous family merchandising business. It was in Prescott that Uncle Morris Goldwater served as a Democratic mayor for 26 years. It was in Prescott that Barry Goldwater himself made the opening speeches in his successful campaigns for the U.S. Senate. And it was to Prescott (pop. 14,000), his "lucky town," that Barry returned last week for the formal kickoff of his presidential campaign.

He stood behind an old-fashioned wooden lectern set up on the courthouse steps of the Yavapai County courthouse. Nearby were his wife, Vice-Presidential Candidate Bill Miller and Mrs. Miller. Across the lawn to his right was the old stucco building that for years has housed the family store. These days the Goldwaters' Prescott store occupies a more modern structure nearby. Off to Goldwater's left was "Whisky Row," dominated by the historic Palace Saloon, which still does a thriving business. Straight ahead was a bronze equestrian statue of "Bucky" O'Neill, a one-time Yavapai County sheriff who served as one of Teddy Roosevelt's Rough Riders. Barry is fond of saying that Bucky was the first American to lead the charge up San Juan Hill. But Prescott historians ruefully admit that Bucky actually died before the charge, the victim of a sniper's bullet while relieving himself at a slit-trench latrine.

The Indictment. Goldwater's speech was both reasoned and reasonable, and it was delivered with a rare verve. It began with a cadenced indictment of the Democratic Administration. Cried he: "Choose the way of this Administration, and you will

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BOB TOWERS

CANDIDATES AT PRESCOTT
An indictment in a lucky town.

...osen the way of the regimented so-
...ty with a number for every man,
...oman and child.

"Choose the way of this present Ad-
...inistration, and you have the way of
...ots in the street, restrained only by
...e plea that they wait until after elec-
...n time to ignite violence once again.

"Choose the way of this present Ad-
...inistration, and you choose the way
... unilateral disarmament and appease-
...ent in foreign affairs.

"Choose the way of this present Ad-
...inistration, and you make real the
...ospect of an America unarmed and
...nless in the face of militant Commu-
...m around the world.

"Instead, I ask that you join with me
... proving that every American can
...nd on his own, make up his own
...nd, chart his own future, keep and
...ntrol his own family, asking for help
...d getting help only when truly over-
...elming problems, beyond his control,
...et him."

The Threat. Goldwater made head-
...s with a pledge that if he were Pres-
...nt he would put an end to the U.S.'s
...utmoded and unfair military draft
...em." Actually, President Johnson
... months ago ordered a Pentagon
...dy aimed at completely revamping
... even eliminating the draft, and in
...escott, Goldwater was merely beating
...ndon to the political punch.

Barry also went out of his way to
...y fears that his itchy trigger finger
...ght set off nuclear war. "A major
...ncern of ours," he said, "has been
... military security of this nation.
...me distort this proper concern to
...ke it appear that we are preoccu-
...d with war. There is no greater polit-
...l lie. We are preoccupied with peace.
... seek a strong America because only
a strong nation can keep the peace. I do not intend to be a wartime President."

The Theme. But once again it was upon the subject of law and order in U.S. cities and morality in the country that Goldwater struck his main theme. "If the tone of America is not set by men in public service," he said, "it will be set, as unfortunately it is being set too often today, by the standards of the sick joke, the slick slogan, the off-color drama, and the pornographic book. It is on our streets that we see the final, terrible proof of a sickness which not all the social theories of a thousand social experiments has even begun to touch. Crime grows faster than population, while those who break the law are accorded more consideration than those who try to enforce the law. Law enforcement agencies—the police, the sheriffs, the FBI—are attacked for doing their jobs. Lawbreakers are defended. Our wives, all women, feel unsafe on our streets."

Then, in obvious reference to eruptions of racial strife, he added: "When men will seek political advantage by turning their eyes away from riots and violence, we can well understand why lawlessness grows even while we pass more laws . . . It is a responsibility of the national leadership, regardless of political gain, political faction or political popularity, to encourage every community in this nation to enforce the law, not let it be abused and ignored."

INVESTIGATIONS

That Lingering Aroma

With a sort of heh-heh-now-let's-see-what-you-Republicans-can-do-about-it air, the Democratic majority on the Senate Rules Committee last May declared its investigation into the shenanigans of former Senate Democratic Secretary Bobby Baker at an end. The majority report found no real wrongdoing on the part of Baker or, perish the thought, his longtime sponsor, Lyndon Johnson.

But the aroma from the Baker case has refused to fade away, mostly because of the efforts of Delaware's G.O.P. Senator John J. Williams, who has fashioned a highly successful Senate career from his lone-wolf investigative abilities. Among Williams' gumshoe disclosures: the Truman Administration tax scandal, which netted 125 convictions, including those of then Assistant Attorney General T. Lamar Caudle and Truman's White House appointment secretary Matthew Connelly; the Commodity Credit Corp. bookkeeping bollix, which brought to light a $96 million shortage in appropriated funds; and all sorts of chicanery in the farm soil-bank program, which was altered after Williams' disclosures.

It was Williams who first blew the whistle on Bobby Baker, and last week he was still blowing. In a Senate speech, he charged Baker with fixing a 1960 transaction in which Philadelphia Contractor Matthew McCloskey, now 71, a longtime Democratic fund raiser, former Democratic National Committee treasurer and former U.S. Ambassador to Ireland, paid a $35,000 kickback after winning the contract to build the $20 million District of Columbia municipal stadium.

Breakfast Meeting. Williams' main source of information was Silver Spring, Md., Insurance Man Don Reynolds, an old business associate of Baker's and, by his own account, a pretty shady fellow himself.

Reynolds told Williams that his "first contact" with McCloskey came at a breakfast meeting with Baker. If he were to land the stadium contract, McCloskey would have to pay a performance bond premium. "Bobby and Matt discussed overpayment above that of the premium charged, and the fact that by using me as a bonding agent, the amounts could be directed to other persons or funds, and could be made as a legitimate business expense to McCloskey & Co.," Williams quoted Reynolds as saying.

As a result, said Williams, McCloskey sent Reynolds a check for $109,205.60. Of this, $73,631.28 was for the premium. Another $25,000 was earmarked for the Kennedy-Johnson campaign fund, to be passed along by Baker. "In so doing," Williams told the Senate, "Mr. McCloskey could, first, circumvent the law, which prohibits political contributions in excess of $5,000; second, charge this item off on his books as an expense of doing business, and thereby deduct it for income tax purposes; and third, in effect charge it to the American taxpayers by adding this on as a cost item of a Government contract."

Calling the G-Boys. Still another $10,000 was for Reynolds himself, and a final $574.32 was added, as Reynolds explained to Williams, so as "to confuse anyone who might later try to audit the transaction."

After Williams made his charges,

IRISH TIMES

CONTRACTOR McCLOSKEY
A final $574.32 for confusion.

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Matt McCloskey, who is already being sued for $4,908,358 by the Justice Department for "defective workmanship" on an $11.8 million Veterans Administration hospital in Boston, denied everything, saying his company had sent a check only for the amount Reynolds had billed it. And with Republicans in full cry on the issue of morality in Government, President Johnson announced that he had ordered the FBI to investigate the McCloskey case. It was a pretty good bet that no FBI report would be made public before November.

THE SUPREME COURT

More than a Quiet Concern

Barry Goldwater was not the only one talking about decay in the nation's morality. Last week a group of highly respected clergymen, dismayed by Supreme Court decisions in obscenity cases, exploded in furious criticism of the nation's highest court.

What upset the clergymen was the fact that the court recently overturned three state court bans against the sale of Henry Miller's *Tropic of Cancer* and an Ohio ruling that forbade the showing of a French movie called *The Lovers*. In all, nine clergymen signed the public statement: Presiding Bishop Lloyd C. Wicke of the Methodist Church New York Conference; the Rev. Wilburn C. West, Eastern States Mission President of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints; the Rev. W. Scott Morton, Director of New York's Presbyterian University Christian Foundation; Catholic Bishops Leo A. Pursley of Fort Wayne, Aloysius J. Willinger of Monterey-Fresno, Calif., and John King Mussio of Steubenville, Ohio, and New York Rabbis Chaim Lipschitz, Julius G. Neumann and Jehuda Melber. Henry L. Lambert, President of the New York Board of Trade, added his name.

In its decisions, the statement charged, the "Supreme Court of the United States virtually promulgated degeneracy as the standard way of American life.

"In finding that the Constitution was intended as a guarantee for the dissemination of filth, and a device to deprive the public of the right to protect itself against vile and corrupt publications, the 'under God' foundations of the United States were implied to be irrelevant.

"These decisions cannot be accepted quietly by the American people if this nation is to survive. Giving free rein to the vile depiction of violence, perversion, illicit sex and, in consequence, to their performance, is an unerring sign of progressive decay and decline. Further, it gives prophetic meaning to the Soviet intent to 'bury' America.

"We urge that religious leaders of all faiths in all communities stand together in vociferously decrying the fact that the court has presumed to recast the moral law."

POLITICS

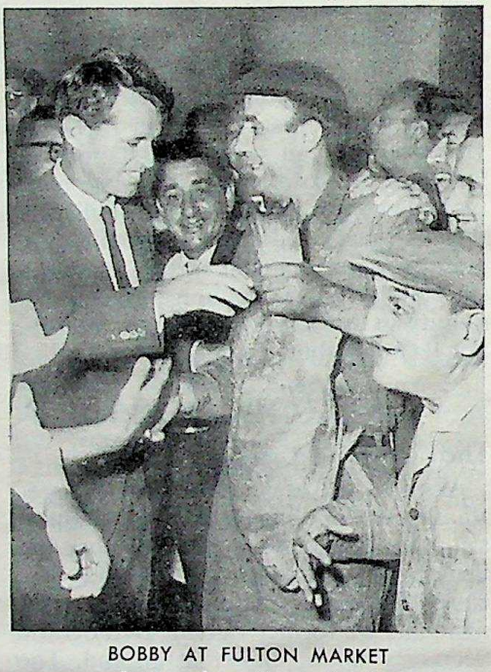
Unity, of Sorts

Overstressing the "unity" theme at their separate state conventions, New York Democrats and Republicans last week chose their candidates to run for the U.S. Senate. The Republicans renominated snow-thatched Incumbent Kenneth Barnard Keating, 64, and the Democrats named U.S. Attorney General Robert Francis Kennedy, 38.

For all the talk about party unity, both conventions were marked by a certain dissidence.

Friendly Fishmongers. At the Democrats' raucous caucus in Manhattan's 71st Regiment Armory, Bobby Kennedy won hands down over upstate New York Congressman Samuel Stratton. The 968-153 vote failed to reflect the resentment of many convention delegates that Bobby is by no stretch of the imagination a New Yorker. On hand to help Bobby, who has yet to win any elective office, were Wife Ethel and seven of their eight children. Daughter Kathleen, 13, promised to campaign for Daddy "if he asks me." Daughter Courtney, 7, was looking forward to residence in New York because she was tired of rainy weather on Cape Cod. "Here," she chirped, "it's sunny." Ethel, talking to reporters about her newly rented, 25-room house on Long Island, allowed as how there would be swimming-pool parties—but "just for the children." What she liked best about the house, she said, was that "it is in New York."

THE NEW YORK TIMES



BOBBY AT FULTON MARKET
Better than Cape Cod.

The "carpetbagger" charge was Bobby's biggest problem. To prove that he really cares about New York, he arose at 5:15 a.m. on the morning after his nomination, made his way to the famed and redolent Fulton Fish Market, where he shook hands with friendly fishmongers. Next day, he took time out for a quick trip to Washington to resign formally from his Cabinet job (his successor, at least temporarily, will be Deputy Attorney General Nicholas Katzenbach). With that out of the way, Kennedy returned once more to New York and to the pursuit of a vast number of voters who still regard him as a political playing outsider. So much an outsider is Bobby that he won't be able to cast a ballot in New York this fall, therefore has decided not to vote at all. "I could vote in Massachusetts," he said, "but as a resident of New York I wouldn't want to do that." Scratch one vote for Senator Teddy Kennedy, another for Lyndon Johnson.

Withheld Endorsement. On the Republican side, carpetbagging was not the issue, but there was plenty of dissidence nonetheless. Incumbent Keating with big convention send-offs from Governor Nelson Rockefeller, Senator Jacob Javits, Dick Nixon and Tom Dewey received his party's nomination by acclamation. Only the day before, Clare Boothe Luce had declined the New York Conservative Party's invitation to run as a third Senate candidate —one who might easily draw enough votes away from Keating to cause his defeat.

Now, under urging from Rockefeller, Nixon and Dewey (but not from Barry Goldwater or any of his advisers who advised her to do as she thought best), Mrs. Luce appeared before the G.O.P. convention with a plea for party unity. "All Republicans should be for one, and one for all," she said. "In a common cause, confronted with an enemy, what men of common sense do is close ranks, as I am doing today."

Still, Mrs. Luce carefully withheld her support from Keating—not even mentioning him by name—because he has yet to indicate that he himself will support Republican Presidential Nominee Goldwater.

THE CONGRESS

Just for the Record

For more than two decades, Congress has been wrangling about federal medical care for the aged. In his 1960 campaign, John Kennedy vowed without qualification that his Administration would persuade a Democratic Congress to pass a medicare bill to be financed under the social security system. But Kennedy reckoned without the opposition of Arkansas' Democratic Representative Wilbur Mills. Mills was not against medicare itself, but he certainly was against any sort of program that would—as he thought—upset the sound financing of the whole social security program. And as chairman of the House Ways and Means Committee, Mills could and did prevent passage of the Kennedy program.

Prognosis: Poor. This year, preceding the national campaign, Lyndon Johnson was painfully aware that Kennedy's medicare pledge remained unfulfilled. If for nothing but the record, he had to make one last, desperate try. Last week he did. In the Senate, Administration forces won approval

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social security-financed medicare plan a nip-and-tuck vote of 49 to 44. the prognosis for House approval the Senate's action was poor.

As passed by the Senate, and attached to a House-approved bill raising social security taxes and benefits 20 million Americans, the plan calls 1) hospitalization for those over ; ranging from 45 to 180 days a year, a total cost to the patient ranging m nothing to $92.50 annually; 2) sing-home care up to 60 days with- cost; 3) home visits by nurses, ther- sts and other specialists, except phy- ans, up to 240 times a year without t; 4) outpatient diagnostic services, the patient liable only for the first cost in each 30-day period; and 5) lan under which those on social se- y who care to may pay about $2 eek for a private insurance plan nding medical and surgical care by sicians of their own choice. To pay the program, the Senate voted to the social security tax, paid half he employer, half by the employee, m the present 7.25% to 10.4% of ry.

ome Republicans. As usual, the te's lopsided Democratic majority d not impose its will without help tame Republicans. Joining 44 ocratic Senators in voting for the care package were New York's Javits and Kenneth Keating, New y's Clifford Case, Maine's Mar- Chase Smith, and California's mas Kuchel. Voting no were 16 ocrats—all Southerners, with the ption of Ohio's Frank Lausche— 28 Republicans, including G.O.P. idential Nominee Barry Goldwater, flew in from Phoenix to cast his then flew out again.

ow the plan goes to a House-Senate erence, where Old Medicare Foe s will probably thwart the Admin- tion's plans. Even so, Candidate nson will be sure to blame Republi- during the next few months.

MICHIGAN

Listening for the Lash

or months, Democrats and Repub- s alike have waited warily to hear first crack of the white "backlash" against the excesses of the Negro olution. And if such a vote were ever ake its sting felt in U.S. politics, it ed certain to do so in last week's ocratic primary in Michigan's new- eated 16th District.

e Obvious Issue. There, after re- cting last April, Incumbent Con- men John Dingell, 38, and John ski, 49, found themselves running nst each other. Both men are of sh extraction. Both are the sons Congressmen: Dingell's father served old 15th District from 1932 until death in 1955; Lesinski's father rep- ented the old 16th from 1933 until death in 1950. The Dingells were erals and champions of the Negroes, comprised some 46% of the pop- ulation in their longtime constituency. The Lesinskis stood fast against any Negro penetration of their own home ground of Dearborn, a virtually all-white city of 115,600.

Predictably, Dingell this year voted in Congress for the civil rights bill, while Lesinski was the only Northern Democratic Congressman to vote against it. Dingell's vote took some courage. In Michigan's redistricting, he lost most of his old Negro constituency, faced Lesinski in a new district that included 80% of Lesinski's old territory and was 90% white.

In the new district, bordered by Negro neighborhoods and beset by fears of black incursions, the backlash, so everybody thought, was an "obvious" issue. Dingell accused Lesinski's followers of

J. EDWARD BAILEY

WINNER DINGELL IN DEARBORN
Besting the bogeyman.

"trying to use it. They're raising the bogeyman, telling people that if I'm elected there will be two Negro families on every block in Dearborn." Lesinski indeed raised some bogeymen. "The other day," he cried in a typical speech, "a 35-year-old man was set upon and stabbed by four colored fellows. He was stabbed to death. It didn't appear on TV or in the papers. They hushed it up. Now that's the kind of thing that the people are worried about."

Time to Count Again. To believers in the backlash theory, Lesinski's victory seemed a cinch. But Dingell won by a vote of 30,791 to 25,620. In a district that was clearly liberal on almost every issue other than civil rights, his liberal record was the big difference. Moreover, as Dingell himself said, with more accuracy than modesty: "I can make an understandable and intelligent speech, where my opponent, frankly, cannot."

Some Detroiters thought they heard a flick of the backlash when voters in a citywide referendum approved an ordinance that would, in effect, give property owners the right to refuse to sell or lease to Negroes. The referendum certainly did indicate that whites were not anxious to have Negroes move into the block. But it hardly amounted to backlash in the sense of whites turning against one of their own simply because he had espoused the civil rights cause.

In short, the backlash issue may yet have some effect somewhere this year —but any politician who counts on its being a decisive factor had better start counting again.

GEORGIA

"An Extreme Case"

Inside the second-floor Madison County courtroom in Danielsville, Ga. (pop. 362), the air was hot and humid. On the narrow balcony overlooking the courtroom a dozen Negroes silently watched the proceedings. Below, the seats in the whites-only section were jammed. All had come last week to see the murder trial of *State of Georgia* v. *Joseph Howard Sims and Cecil William Myers.*

Sims, 41, an Athens machinist, and Myers, 25, a yarn plucker at an Athens textile mill, were charged with the senseless shotgun slaying last July 11 of District of Columbia Educator Lemuel A. Penn, 49, who was driving home after a training stint as an Army Reserve lieutenant colonel at Fort Benning, Ga. A third defendant, Gas Station Attendant James S. Lackey, 28, had been granted a separate trial. All three are Ku Klux Klansmen.

A Chilling Story. For the better part of two days, Special State Prosecutor Jeff Wayne and Defense Attorney Jim Hudson argued about the admissibility of an eight-page, handwritten confession given to the FBI, and later repudiated, by Lackey. Finally, white-haired Judge William Carey Skelton ruled: "I'll admit it." Wayne, a tall, rangy Gainesville lawyer, cleared his throat and began to read Lackey's chilling story.

"At some time between 4 a.m. and 4:30 a.m., we spotted a 1959 Chevy occupied by several colored men. We trailed the car and noticed the Washington, D.C. plates. I believe Mr. Sims said, 'That must be some of President Johnson's boys.' I was driving, and I began following the car as directed by Myers, who was sitting alongside of me up front. Sims was sitting in the back. Sims told me to fall back and follow the Negroes, and I stayed back 100 to 200 yds. I asked the others what they were going to do, and Sims said, 'I'm going to kill me a nigger.' Both Sims and Myers told me to pass the car occupied by the Negroes from Washington. When I came alongside the Negroes' car, both Myers and Sims

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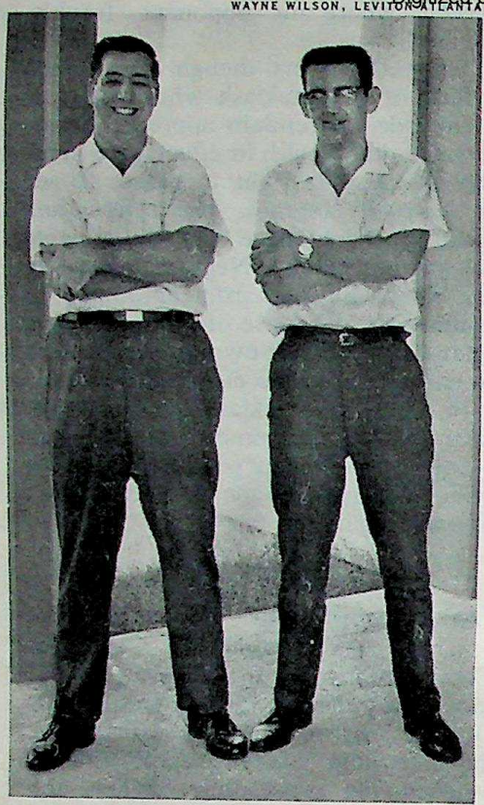
WAYNE WILSON, LEVITON-SAYAG



ATHENS' SIMS & MYERS
Someone shot another nigger.

fired shotguns into the Negroes' car."

Lackey had told how the three white men returned to an Athens garage operated by Herbert Guest, 37. Guest had been arrested with the others but a Madison County grand jury failed to return a murder indictment against him. Continued Lackey's confession: "The double-barreled shotgun used by Cecil Myers was the shotgun usually hanging on the wall of Guest's garage. The shotgun used by Sims is his own gun. As soon as we got back to Guest's garage, both Myers and Sims cleaned the shotguns in the garage. They wiped the guns off with a rag. Guest asked what had happened, and Sims said, 'We shot one, but don't know if we killed him or not.'

"The original reason for our following the colored men was because we heard that Martin Luther King might make Georgia a testing ground for the civil rights bill. We thought some out-of-town niggers might stir up some trouble in Athens. We had intended scaring off any out-of-town colored people before they could give us any trouble. When the car from Washington was spotted on July 11, we thought they might be out-of-towners who might cause trouble."

A Short Defense. Later, when called to the witness stand, Garage Owner Guest took the Fifth Amendment 16 times. But he had already made a statement to the FBI, and it too was admitted into evidence by Judge Skelton. In it Guest told of overhearing a conversation between Sims and Myers the day after Penn's killing: "I overheard one of them say that they thought the car they had shot had gone into the river," said Guest. Next night, he said, "they told me that they were the ones that shot at the car in which Penn was killed."

With that, the state rested. The defense took 1 hr. 40 min. to present its case, which consisted chiefly of unsworn testimony by both Sims and Myers that they were innocent. "I believe I was in Athens at the time," said Sims. Parroted Myers: "I do believe I was in Athens at this time." State Solicitor-General Clete Johnson demanded the death penalty, told the jury: "This is an extreme case and demands the extreme penalty. It was cold-blooded assassination."

But Georgia juries are not in the habit of convicting white men for killing Negroes, and at week's end, after deliberating for 3 hrs. 15 min., the all-white, all-male jury found Klansmen Sims and Myers not guilty.

PENNSYLVANIA

"The Goddam Boss"

When Philadelphia Negroes went on a rioting, looting rampage that ended only last week, there was only one Negro leader who could conceivably have stopped them. He is Cecil Moore, 49, president of the Philadelphia chapter of the N.A.A.C.P., the city's busiest Negro criminal lawyer, and a brilliant but frightfully demagogic man.

"Cecil has a Jesus Christ complex," said a critic recently. "He thinks he is the self-appointed savior of the Negro in Philadelphia." Retorted Moore: "I'm not self-appointed. I was elected." A committee of 16 Negro leaders last year called him "a man bereft of reason." Two of the 16 were Judge Raymond Pace Alexander, the man who had sponsored Moore for admittance into the Philadelphia Bar Association, and Alexander's wife Sadie, who is chairman of the city's commission on human relations. No sooner had they spoken when Moore got up a sign reading: 15 UNCLE TOMS AND AN AUNT DINAH DON'T SPEAK FOR THE N.A.A.C.P.

"Get." Six months after his 1962 election to the Philadelphia N.A.A.C.P. chapter presidency, Moore broke into print with some remarkable outbursts against Jewish leaders in the civil rights field. He knew of none, he said, who was not "a goddam phony." Later he claimed that he had been misquoted, said that he had really been castigating the whole lot of "so-called Northern white liberals," who are "all a bunch of phonies. I accuse anybody who exploits another group as anti-American. This includes Negroes, Catholics, Jews, newspapers, everybody."

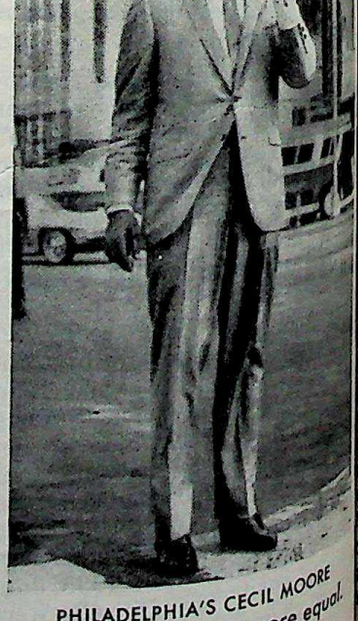
Moore is proud of being "ruthless" when it comes to protecting his dominion. He once got a local CORE group to cancel a demonstration by threatening to send a gang of girls through a CORE picket line. "You won't look very good fighting girls," he warned. And when a Harlem envoy came to Philadelphia to organize a rent str... Moore gave the man 24 hours to ... out of town. The man got. It was M... who instituted the court battle to ... the city's famed New Year's Day M... mers' Parade participants from we... their traditional blackface. Moore ... his point, but the Mummers got ... last laugh by parading in pink, ... green, orange and purple faces.

On the Corner. What makes C... run? Not money, for despite his ... law practice he is forever broke, s... ing thousands of dollars to repre... indigent Negroes. Personal ambi... Perhaps. Twice he has run for Cong... and twice he has been defeated, b... might try again. Yet what obvio... drives him is an inner anger com... with the sharp joy of combat.

Moore comes from West Virg... graduated from Bluefield State ... lege there, and got his law degre... Temple University in 1953. He fo... with the Marines in the Pacific ... World War II, turned down a b... field commission because "second ... tenants don't live long in the Mar... His career as an attorney is fle... with contention. He has been reb... by judges, fined for contempt of c... both the city civil service commi... and the state liquor control board ... asked that he be barred from p... ticing before them.

The N.A.A.C.P. consumes most ... Moore's out-of-court time. Tw... months ago, his chapter had a m... bership of 7,000. Today it is clos... 30,000. Ten thousand new mem... have signed up in 1964 alone. ... Moore cares not about mere num... and he is contemptuous of all Ne... who do not join him in his own c... bative spirit.

FREDERICK A. WES...



PHILADELPHIA'S CECIL MOORE
Some Negroes are more equal.

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"I run a grass-roots group," he says, not a cocktail-party, tea-sipping, fashion-show-attending group of exhibitionists. That's the difference. Those things divide the Negro, separate him into classes. I want nothing to divide the Negro; I want a one-class Negro community. Your so-called middle-class Negro is a 'professional Negro' who doesn't come into contact with the masses. I'd be lost if I had to move up to Mount Airy or one of those places where I'd have to be so damned respectable that I couldn't go out and stand on a street corner on Saturday night. The Negro is always on the corner on Friday or Saturday night. That's where you go to talk."

Moore's chief enemy is "thieving merchants." "Don't mention exploitation to me, I've seen the worst of it. I mean when a man buys a pair of $5 shoes for a dollar a week, he winds up paying $12 for the shoes. And the rotten meat, the packages of chicken that say 5 lb. and weigh 4½ lb., the stale bread and the high rents. I warned them in 1959 that the exploitation was going to blow the top off. I told them again in 1963, but the merchants did nothing to stop it. Well, the people up there won't wreck those stores again. We'll just boycott them. The only Negro store that got wrecked was owned by a man named Richberg. They thought he was a Jew. A Chinaman up there put a sign on his store saying, 'I'm colored too!' "

"I Do." Last week 90 white and Negro leaders met to form an emergency committee to prevent future riots. "So," sneered Moore, "now the ministers and the liberals and the professional parties Negroes want to form an emergency committee to stop riots. What the hell do they know about it? Do you know that not one of those bastards even asked me to attend that meeting? I invited myself, so's I could walk out if it didn't go my way."

As it happened, the meeting did not go Moore's way, and Moore walked out. "They don't speak for the Negro," he insisted. "I do. The riots proved it. But not a living soul from my group was there. Those bastards don't want to help the Negro. They just want to perform."

Moore scarcely cares that the national leaders of the N.A.A.C.P. blanch with dismay whenever he moves into action. He just wants equal rights—or maybe a little bit better than equal rights—for Negroes. Gazing around his shabby office near the city courthouse one day last week, Cecil Moore sighed: "I'm sick, I'm tired, I'm bankrupt, and I'm weary of the venality I see on all sides of me." But he is not about to give up. For better or for worse, his cause is his life. And as far as Philadelphia Negroes are concerned, again for better or worse, he expresses his position accurately. "I," he says, "am the goddam boss."

NEW YORK

Unanimous Decision

With a crowd of excited Negro youths at his back, the off-duty cop held his badge in one hand, his .38-cal. revolver in the other, and advanced toward the doorway to face a Negro boy who was holding a knife. "I'm a police lieutenant," said Thomas R. Gilligan. "Come out and drop it." James Powell, 15, kept the knife chest-high, lunged at Gilligan. The policeman fired a warning shot to the left, into the building. Powell swung the knife. Gilligan blocked the blow with his right hand, but the blade scraped his arm. Powell slashed out again, and Gilligan fired at his raised hand. The bullet went through Powell's arm just above the wrist, lodged in his chest. Powell lunged again, still stabbing with the knife. Gilligan stepped back, fired into Powell's abdomen. The youth fell to the sidewalk and died.

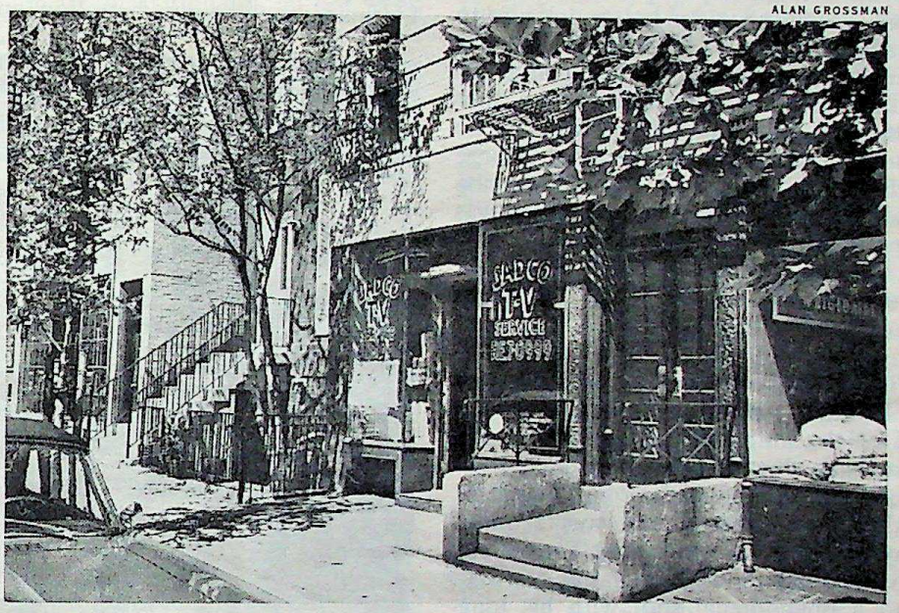
That was New York Police Lieut. Thomas Gilligan's version of an incident last July that exploded into five days of Negro rioting in Harlem and Brooklyn's Bedford-Stuyvesant section. And last week, after taking 1,600 pages of testimony from 45 witnesses, a New York county grand jury decided that Gilligan's account was essentially correct, ruled that he was not criminally liable for James Powell's death.

The jury's toughest job was to detect the credible in a welter of conflicting testimony. About the only thing most witnesses agreed upon was that the trouble began when the superintendent of an apartment building across the street from Robert F. Wagner Junior High School sprayed a group of summer-school pupils with a hose and that the kids retaliated by throwing garbage-can covers and bottles at him. The superintendent, Patrick Lynch, fled into the building, and Powell followed him. Gilligan, who had just taken a radio to a repair shop in the building, heard the noise, ran out to the sidewalk to see what was going on.

Contradictions. The basic contradictions in testimony lay in the claims of 15 teen-agers, most of whom knew Powell, that Powell had not attacked Gilligan with a knife. Most of them said that Powell had fallen to the sidewalk after the first shot. Then, claimed ten of these witnesses, Gilligan fired two shots into Powell when he was down on the sidewalk.

Yet two adult passersby reported that Powell definitely had wielded a knife and described the action much as Gilligan had. Another adult witness said he was sure that Powell had "an object" in his right hand. Two Negro friends of Powell testified that on the way to school, Powell had shown them two knives, given one to each to keep for him. After the superintendent fled into the building, said one friend, Powell asked him for a knife and declared: "I'm going to cut that . . ." The friend pretended that he no longer had the knife. The other youth said that he gave Powell the second knife. Powell walked toward the building, opening and closing the blade, while a girl tried to restrain him. This knife was found near Powell's body.

ALAN GROSSMAN



MANHATTAN APARTMENT WHERE POWELL WAS SHOT
They can explain until they're blue in the face.

Police could find no bullet marks in the recently cemented sidewalk to indicate that Gilligan had fired at Powell as he lay prone. One bullet was found in Powell's body, one passed through it, the third lodged in a doorjamb of the building. When one youth was confronted by evidence of this shot, which had taken an upward course, he recanted his testimony that Gilligan had fired at the fallen Powell, admitted that he had not even seen the shooting at all. Other youngsters conceded that a truck and spectators blocked their views.

"It Doesn't Go Down." Inevitably, some Negro leaders termed the grand jury action a "whitewash." Declared

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James Farmer, national director of the Congress of Racial Equality: "CORE is astonished that the grand jury, with the compliance of the District Attorney's office, has seen fit to exonerate a 200-lb. police lieutenant in the slaying of a 122-lb. Negro youngster." Said N.A.A.C.P. Executive Secretary Roy Wilkins: "An experienced police officer should be able to arrest a 15-year-old boy without killing him. They can explain and explain until they're blue in the face, but they'll never explain why it's necessary for a police officer to shoot a 15-year-old kid. It just doesn't go down."

A police department board is still investigating the case to determine whether Gilligan, a 17-year police veteran with 19 citations for meritorious police work, violated any department regulations. It will be under heavy pressure to find against him. Yet it should go without saying that anyone being attacked with a knife has a right to defend himself—and the grand jury displayed no doubt at all about that. Declared George Schuyler, one of two Negroes serving on the 23-man jury: "Our decision was unanimous. I did the right thing, and so did the rest of the jury."

HEROES

One Day's Work

In the life of Alvin Cullum York lay all of the authentic folk-hero elements that have since become clichés.

As a strapping (6 ft. 2 in., 200 lbs.), likker-lovin' youth, York was a Saturday night hell-raiser around Tennessee's tiny Cumberland Mountains towns—and a phenomenal shot with his long-barreled rifle. Yet at the mere sight of a church-going girl, Gracie Williams, whom he wanted to marry, he put away his jug, joined the Possum Trot Church choir, turned piously religious. Above all, he took to heart the Sixth Commandment: THOU SHALT NOT KILL.

In 1917, York twice appealed for exemption from the World War I draft as a conscientious objector. Twice denied, he trained reluctantly in the Army, faced a religious dilemma when ordered overseas for combat duty. With his Bible in hand, he climbed into the Cumberlands on furlough, pondered the problem for two days, came down to announce: "I'm goin'." That decision, as it turned out, led to his becoming the most celebrated G.I. in America's military history. Of such legendary stuff was York made that Gary Cooper easily parlayed an unusually accurate film biography into a 1941 Academy Award-winning role.

York's only complaint about the film was over its portrayal of how he "got religion." According to Hollywood, he was knocked off a mule by a bolt of lightning. But York explained it differently: "That weren't the rightdown facts of it. You see, I had met Miss Gracie. Miss Gracie said that she wouldn't let me come a-courting until I'd quit my mean drinking, fighting and card flipping. So you see I was struck down by the power of love and the Great God Almighty, all together. A bolt of lightning was the nearest to such a thing that Hollywood could think up."

Mud & Blood. Despite all of the hillbilly trappings, the essence of Alvin York's life was compressed into four hours of Oct. 8, 1918 in the mud and blood of the Argonne Forest. In the war's last big push, York was a corporal in Company G of the 82nd Division's 328th Infantry Regiment, perched atop Hill 223 on the front line at Châtel-Chéhéry. At 6:10 a.m., G Company was ordered to advance two miles and to seize a German-held rail point. Hidden in woods overlooking a valley, a German machine-gun battalion opened

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YORK & MOTHER NEAR POSSUM TROT
The power of God and Miss Gracie.

up on the company, killed most of its forward ranks.

York was part of a 17-man detail ordered to seek out the machine guns. The detail pursued two Germans into thick underbrush, suddenly burst into an open space—which happened to be occupied as a battalion headquarters of the enemy. Startled while lounging around after their breakfast, most of the Germans started to surrender. Then German machine guns started raking the area from only 30 yds. away. Of the Americans, only York and seven privates survived. While the seven privates scrambled into the brush, York, still surrounded by some prostrate, ready-to-give-up Germans, crouched in the mud, quickly went to work with his Springfield.

"Jes' Teched Him Off." The enemy gunners could not hit York without wounding some of their own soldiers. And no German who peered over his gun to figure out what to do lived long enough to regret it. "Every time one of 'em raised his head, I jes' teched him off," York later explained. He fired [illegible] times—and 17 enemy soldiers died. Finally, German officers on the hill realized that York was virtually alone—eight men charging him with bayonets. York had used up all his rifle [illegible] but he took out his pistol and picked off eight off, firing from rear to front—as he had often potted a flock of turkeys back home.

That was too much for a German major lying on the ground near [illegible]. He figured York was backed by Yanks in the brush, said he would order his men to surrender if York would just stop shooting. Ninety Germans promptly lined up by twos for York and his bare band of seven [illegible]. "How many men have you?" asked the startled major. "I got aplenty," replied York. With himself at the head of the column and his men strung along both sides, York marched off his catch. [illegible] more machine-gun crews loomed ahead. York put his pistol to the German major's head, got him to order them to surrender. Eventually, York herded his prisoners into his American battalion field headquarters.

Army investigators later found 28 German bodies, counted 35 machine guns put out of action by York. General John J. Pershing described York as the greatest civilian soldier of the war. Marshal Ferdinand Foch told him: "What you did was the greatest single accomplished by any private soldier of all the armies of Europe." York returned back to the U.S. a sergeant with the Medal of Honor, received a wild hero's welcome.

"Not for Sale." For York, everything was anticlimactic after that. He [illegible] rejected every offer to capitalize on his heroics, declared: "This uniform is not for sale." He returned to a simple life in the mountains with his wife Gracie and reared seven children. He made speaking tours in the early '20s to raise money for a grammar and high school at his only yielded to repeated pleas to permit the movie of his life when convinced that it might inspire patriotism. The movie brought him some $15,000—plus a yen for philanthropy, confidence spongers he was too soft to turn down, and eventually a $172,000 bill in back taxes and interest from the Internal Revenue Service, which he never could pay. After ten years of litigation, IRS settled for $25,000, which was paid in a fund-raising directed by the late House Speaker Sam Rayburn.

For a long while, it seemed that Alvin York was determined to confirm to another Army legend—that old soldiers never die. He had begun to fail as early as 1949, when he suffered a stroke, was repeatedly hospitalized thereafter, but he clung to life. Then last week did death, of "general debility," finally come in a Nashville Veterans Administration hospital to Alvin York, 76.

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FRANCISCO VERA

WINNER FREI AT POLLS
For unregimented reform.

CHILE

ristian & Democratic

Shortly before Chile's presidential ctions last week, Salvador Allende, Marxist candidate, received a "good " telegram from João Goulart, the tily deposed far-leftist President of zil. That kind of luck was not what nde needed. In a striking manifes- on of democracy, Chile's voters over- lmingly rejected Allende, rejected he talk of Cuban-styled socialism, ted all the Communists and leftists supported him. By a vote of about 0,000 to 970,000, or 56%, they ted Eduardo Frei, 53, the tall, elo- nt Christian Democrat, to be their sident for the next six years.

romise of Revolution. It was sup- d to be a close election. The cam- n started almost two years ago, and louder with each passing month. ng come within 29,000 votes of ing incumbent President Jorge ssandri in 1958, the demagogic nde blitzed Chile's poor and un- loyed with grand promises of "revo- on within the law." "From the south he north," he cried last week at a in Santiago, "there is a rebel at- e that will win our destiny." "And shrilled a Communist leader oing the microphone, "Cuba will be alone."

rei offered no revolutions. The tall, v-nosed Senator said he would work slum redevelopment, tighter regula- of the U.S.-owned copper mines, e diversified industry, land reform all within a pro-West, democratic ework. "There is no need to regi- the life of the nation under the fist of dictatorship," he said last k. "Much less do we need an ideol- that is deeply split between Mos- and Peking."

As election day drew near, most ob- ers favored Frei, expecting him to by 100,000 to 200,000 votes. Allen- supporters loudly insisted that their would be elected, promised mass demonstrations "to proclaim our victory." Fearing that the demonstrations might turn into full-scale riots, the government sent troops to guard every polling place.

"President for All." The talk of trouble was merely talk. All remained quiet, and from the start, Chileans made clear their choice. Frei got an estimated 50% of the men's vote, 65% of the women's vote. Barely four hours after the polls closed, Allende was forced to concede defeat.

Thus when he takes office on Nov. 4, Eduardo Frei will become the first Christian Democrat ever to be elected a President in Latin America. Eight years ago, when he founded his party, Frei's Christian Democrats commanded less than 7% of the national vote; last week they won an absolute majority. "This is a victory for Chile," sighed an exhausted Frei. "I want to say that I will be President for all Chilenos, not just those who voted for me."

SUBVERSION

Breath of the Dragon

The names sounded strange in a Brazilian courtroom: Chu Cheng-tung, Ho Fa-tsung, Wang Wei-cheng, Su Tse-ping. The charge against them was "conspiracy against the regime, envisaging the implantation of Chinese Communism in Brazil," and it was well documented. The Red Chinese "journalists" and "trade promoters"—nine in all—had been arrested in Rio during last April's anti-Communist revolution. In their apartment and hidden in a Jeep, the cops found $100,000 in cash, plus enough letters and papers to prove that the Chinese and their Brazilian leftist friends were deep in a campaign of subversion. On trial in Rio last week, the nine faced up to 30 years in prison.

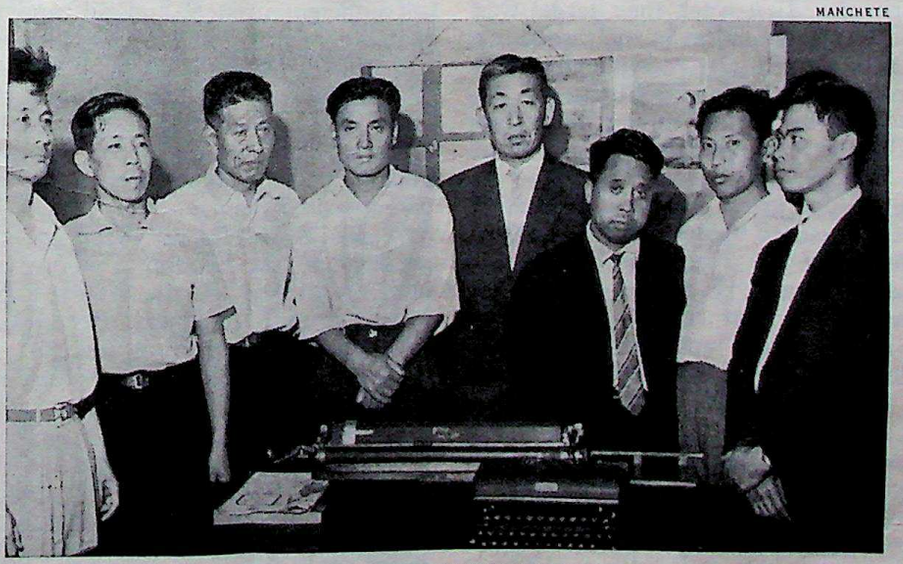
The case provided added evidence of a growing Red Chinese effort in Latin America—an effort designed to undercut Moscow's leadership of Latin America's Communists, win control of the movement and touch off a series of bloody, Chinese-styled "liberation" wars up and down the hemisphere. The Red Chinese have been at it for only a few years, but they have built up a surprisingly broad panoply of activities.

Foxes & Friendship. Using commerce as a toe hold, Peking has established trade missions in Mexico and Chile. Last year Mexico sold an estimated 500,000 tons of wheat to China, plus 22,000 bales of cotton; a 500,000-bale deal is pending for this year. Chile is selling nitrates and a small amount of copper. Roving teams of Chinese businessmen have bought wheat in Argentina, arranged to sell some textiles in Haiti. But so far Latin Americans have generally bought little. U.S. estimates put Chinese sales to Latin America at only $25 million last year.

The major effort, of course, is propaganda and contacts with Latin American leftists. Sino-Latin American "Friendship Societies" have sprung up in Mexico, Colombia, Peru, Venezuela and, of course, Cuba; Argentina, Bolivia, Brazil, Chile, Ecuador and Uruguay harbor "cultural" and "youth" groups linked with Red China; the New China News Agency (Hsinhua) had "foreign correspondents" in eleven hemisphere countries at last count. From Peking itself comes 38½ hours of powerful short-wave radio broadcasts each week —in impeccable Spanish and Portuguese—railing at U.S. imperialism, urging violent revolution, sniping at the Russians and crooning about Red China's Great Leap Forward. Added to that is a growing stream of printed material, including such glossy magazines as *China Reconstructs* and the fortnightly air-mailed *Peking Review*.

The Latin American headquarters for all this is Cuba, whose Fidel Castro often sounds like Mao Tse-tung in Spanish. A year after Castro came to power,

MANCHETE



RED CHINESE PRISONERS IN RIO
For Latin leftists, the right emotional approach.

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he gave the Red Chinese their first (and so far only) embassy in Latin America. Under Ambassador Wang Yu-ping, 54, a veteran Communist who emerged from the Chinese civil war with the rank of general, the embassy has become a springboard for Chinese subversion in Latin America. Last year no fewer than 37 Chinese "cultural" and "technical" delegations visited Latin America. In return, 90 different groups of Latin Americans visited China in 1963, often on all-expense-paid tours. Most were students and intellectuals, but not all were Communists.

Talking the Language. The effectiveness of the campaign is difficult to judge. Yet there are indications that a growing number of Latin American leftists, as one Bolivian says, "feel closer to poor struggling China than they do to rich, powerful, bourgeois Russia." Chinese-oriented Communists now reportedly outnumber the Moscow followers among Peru's party members. And in Venezuela, Peking certainly talks the right emotional language for the F.A.L.N. guerrillas fighting in the hills. Last month a Venezuelan delegation of F.A.L.N. supporters traveled to Red China, where they were received by Mao Tse-tung. They then traveled on to North Viet Nam for a visit last week with Ho Chi Minh—and presumably some instruction in guerrilla warfare.

CUBA

Pulling the Tail

With little support either inside or outside Cuba, the 275,000 Cuban exiles in the U.S. and around the Caribbean have long since ceased to pose a serious military threat to Fidel Castro. But they do manage to tweak the dictator's beard from time to time. The most successful of them seems to be Manuel Artime, 31, a leader of the abortive Bay of Pigs invasion who heads an exile group calling itself the Revolutionary Recovery Movement. Last May, Artime's men blew up a sugar mill at Cabo Cruz on the south coast of Oriente province. Last week their target was a coastal radar station in the same area manned by Russian technicians and guarded by 150 Castro militiamen.

As told by Artime in Panama afterwards, the men landed at night from two heavily armed torpedo boats. At a signal, one group attacked the militia garrison assisted by machine gun and recoilless rifle fire from the boats, thus pinning down most of the troops. Another group then fought its way to the radar station and destroyed most of the equipment with antitank weapons. The action lasted 55 minutes before the commandos escaped safely out to sea and back to "a secret base somewhere in the Caribbean." His own group suffered no losses, Artime claimed; but he could not be sure about Castro casualties. "We have shown," said Artime, "that we can pull the tail of the Russians."

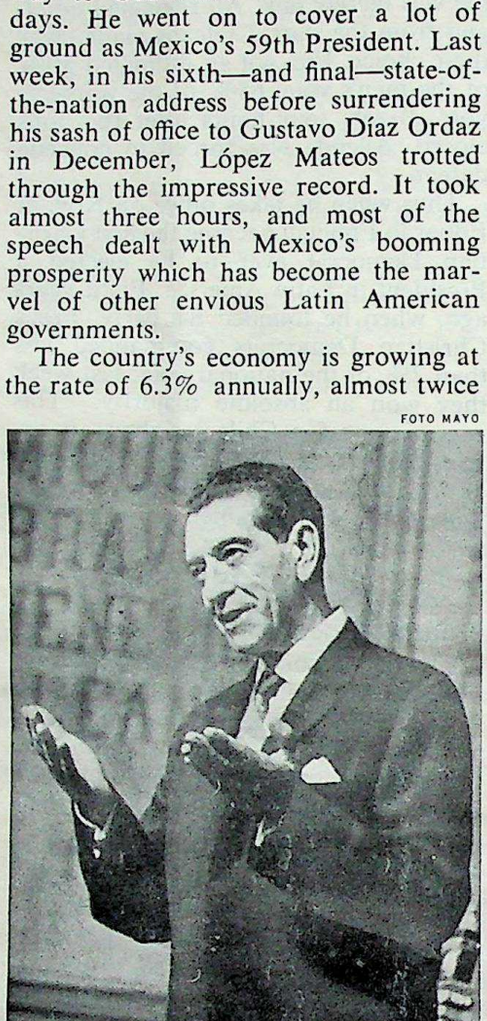
MEXICO

Record of Success

In his student days, Adolfo López Mateos was a tireless hiker who thought nothing of tramping 35 miles between school and home to visit his mother on weekends. Once he even walked all the way to Guatemala—700 miles—in 36 days. He went on to cover a lot of ground as Mexico's 59th President. Last week, in his sixth—and final—state-of-the-nation address before surrendering his sash of office to Gustavo Díaz Ordaz in December, López Mateos trotted through the impressive record. It took almost three hours, and most of the speech dealt with Mexico's booming prosperity which has become the marvel of other envious Latin American governments.

The country's economy is growing at the rate of 6.3% annually, almost twice as fast as its exploding population. Its prospering industry has diversified into everything from petrochemicals to textiles and electronics, has made Mexico self-sufficient in steel and oil, and this year is expected to turn out 80,000 cars and trucks. Tourism, which brought in $463 million in 1963, is up more than 10% so far this year. López Mateos predicted that the year to come will be better still—and no one was prepared to doubt him.

FOTO MAYO



PRESIDENT LÓPEZ MATEOS
Independent and impressive.

A Mellowed Fervor. One priceless product of the economic boom is a new confidence on the part of both Mexicans and foreigners. Born of the 1910 revolution, Mexico's one-party regime has often frightened investors with land seizures, expropriation and talk of leftward drift. But time has mellowed revolutionary fervor. Though the government still controls such basic industries as oil, railroads and electric power, Mexico's present political leaders have created a healthy climate in which private enterprise is actively encouraged. As a result, Mexicans have taken their money from Swiss and U.S. banks ... invested it at home; savings acco... have doubled in three years; and ... year foreign investment soared at ... rate of $2,275,000 a week. No w... der: profits on investment range f... 15% to 20%.

With its prosperity, the Mexican g... ernment has been able to accom... many of the things other countries ... talk about:

• FEDERAL SPENDING. The national bu... during López Mateos' term has ... 132% over the previous six yea... a record $5.2 billion. Education ... gets $362 million annually, three ... as much as in 1958. Teacher sa... have gone up as much as 160%, 2... new classrooms have been built ... more than 100 million free texts ... have been distributed. Result: Mex... illiteracy rate has dropped from ... to 28.9%.

• AGRARIAN REFORM. Since 1958, L... Mateos has deeded peasants near... million acres of land—fully one-f... of all the acreage thus far doled ... under the country's 50-year-old ag... ian reform law.

• WORKER BENEFITS. General salaries ... gone up 97%, and last Decem... the government approved an indu... profit-sharing plan, adding another ... million thus far to fattening wo... pay envelopes.

• ELECTORAL REFORMS. To encourage ... tle more political opposition ... Mexico's one-party "guided demo... cy," López Mateos last year sign... new law guaranteeing any political ... ty five congressional seats for e... 2½% of the popular vote it gets, wi... er its candidates win or not. Last ... the new 210-member Congress w... López Mateos addressed included ... opposition members elected under ... new law. "Order without freedom ... dictatorship," said López Mateos, ... as freedom without order is anarc...

Too Small to Upset. On the im... tant matter of relations with the U... López Mateos feels that mutual res... and genuine friendship have rarely b... higher. One of the "happy results" ... the friendship was the settlement ... the century-old El Chamizal border ... pute, centering on a 600-acre patch ... land between El Paso and Ciudad J... rez (TIME, July 26, 1963).

There is, however, the touchy issue ... Mexican-U.S. disagreement over w... to do about Communist Cuba. Mex... has defied the recent OAS vote req... ing all hemisphere nations to br... diplomatic and economic relations w... Cuba. It stands virtually alone (E... guay was the only other country to ... ing off by last week). But in his spe... to his fiercely proud and independ... countrymen, López Mateos said t... Mexico intended to maintain its ... tacts and handle Castro in its ... fashion. The U.S. doesn't really ... that much but with López' Mexico ... ing so well, it seems too small to ... very upset about.

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THE WORLD

SOUTH VIET NAM

"New Phase"

As abruptly as he had left, Nguyen Khanh boarded a plane in the resort town of Dalat and flew back to Saigon last week, drove to his office and resumed his work as Premier of South Viet Nam. His arrival passed almost unnoticed; there wasn't even a photographer at the airport. In view of the fact that Khanh had abandoned Saigon amid bloody riots only a week before, it all seemed slightly bewildering. But there was an explanation: U.S. Ambassador Maxwell Taylor had simply put on his toughest pressure to reinstall the little general.

Lingering Anarchy. Taylor, who was to return to the U.S. this week for consultations, had no real alternative. Though the mobs were off the streets, anarchy had lingered in the wake of Khanh's departure. Harvard-educated acting Premier Nguyen Xuan Oanh (known as Jack Owen) had only been going through the motions of governing; in fact wielded no real authority. The "triumvirate" of Khanh, General Duong Van ("Big") Minh and Defense Minister General Tran Thien Khiem, which supposedly replaced Khanh's junta, was not really working. The students were still restive, and the Buddhists were demanding—successfully, as it turned out—that all of their partisans jailed during the demonstrations be freed.

Aware that all this drifting anarchy could spell the end of the war effort through the rise of a "neutralist" regime, Taylor flew to Dalat to urge Khanh to reassert his already severely damaged authority. Khanh hemmed and hawed, protested to reporters that he was not mentally ill, as had been suggested, but admitted that he did suffer one malady: "I have hemorrhoids." Nevertheless, he finally agreed to return to the capital.

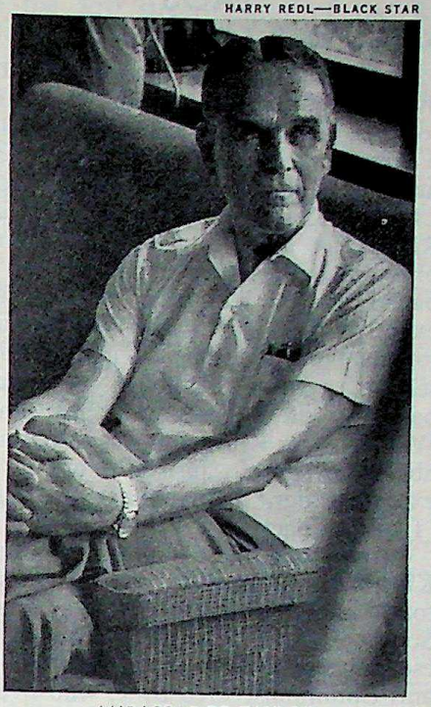
Back in Saigon, Khanh won signed pledges of support from key military commanders, started pasting together still another proposed solution to South Viet Nam's unrest. Unable to reassume the strong-arm role of President that he had overconfidently relegated to himself only last month, Khanh was more than content to go back to his former title of Premier, returning Oanh to his regular post as Deputy Premier. Khanh even shaved off his famed goatee to mark "the start of a new phase."

His new phase sounded almost as confusing as the old. At a press conference, Khanh announced that he would appoint an "advisory council" to select a group of lawyers who would draft a provisional constitution and supervise the convening of a national assembly. The assembly would draw up a new set of laws, and the whole package —constitution and statutes—would be submitted to a referendum in 1965. Khanh would oversee everything in the meantime, with one proviso: if at the end of 60 days "the chief executive still has the confidence of the government, he will go on with his work. Otherwise he will step down." But confidence in South Viet Nam is a singular commodity.

AP

PROTESTING BUDDHIST MONKS
Impossible to satisfy, impossible to ignore.

HARRY REDL—BLACK STAR



AMBASSADOR TAYLOR
Inescapable decisions.

Endless Disunity. The key to whether Khanh survives is, of course, the Buddhist hierarchy, which influences a majority of the populace. And it seemed impossible to satisfy the monks. They wanted more and more concessions. But hardly was one demand met when the Buddhist clergy whipped out another. At week's end, for example, they were clamoring for the head of the national police chief, who they said should be fired for having arrested Buddhists during the riots. Saigon's head monk, Thich Tam Chau, handed the government his umpteenth ultimatum: If all Buddhist grievances were not resolved by Oct. 27, the religious community would call a general strike. What were the grievances? Said Chau, with deliberate vagueness: "Provocations and oppressions." Announced one influential monk, with his usual beatific smile: "Not a single Buddhist is satisfied." Out went the word to the *bonzes:* Begin a 48-hour period of prayer. Yet Khanh, by striving to placate the Buddhists, had aroused alarmed rumblings from Catholics, who charged that the Buddhists were using him to take over the country.

As for the war, the Viet Cong for the most part lay low, taking full advantage of the chaos. The way things were going last week, they really did not need to keep fighting; South Viet Nam seemed to be paralyzed by its own endless disunity.

CYPRUS

Report from the Dean

Returning to Washington last week after two months of difficult mediation between Greece and Turkey, Lyndon Johnson's troubleshooter, Dean Acheson, declared that the Cyprus situation was "very critical indeed. War could break out in 25 minutes."

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LAOS

A Long Walk Home

Every day for more than two months, five soldiers in the black-and-khaki uniform of the Pathet Lao stood guard at a large mud hut in a Red-held village near the Plain of Jars. Inside, Lieut. Charles Klusmann, 30, whose Navy RF-8A jet had been shot down on a photo-reconnaissance mission June 6, paced the 20 feet from wall to wall exactly 264 times a day—just enough to make the mile he had allotted himself as exercise. Although he limped painfully on a badly wrenched knee, War Prisoner Klusmann was in remarkably good spirits. "Just think of it as an extended tour," he wrote his wife, Sara. "I will be back."

It was not an idle promise. Chuck Klusmann, a graduate of the Navy's tough course on survival and escape in Southeast Asia, was already plotting his escape. According to officers of the anti-Communist Meo tribe, who live in the Pathet Lao stronghold, Klusmann's first step was to cultivate the friendship of his Communist guards. Using sign language and charades, he slowly won them over, at last persuaded them to help him escape.

Together they slipped out of the village, headed for the forested hills bordering the Plain of Jars. Well aware that the Pathet Lao would soon be on their trail, the six walked as quickly as Klusmann's injured knee would permit. It was a long, hard haul to reach the purple plain. On the third night, Klusmann and a guard named Boun Mi stopped to rest in an abandoned hut; the others, foraging for food, ran into Pathet Lao pursuers instead.

Alarmed by the resulting commotion, Klusmann and Boun Mi fled at full speed, finally stumbled into a Meo village north of the Plain of Jars. There word was flashed to the U.S. Air Force at Udon base in neighboring Thailand. Within hours, a helicopter was flying Klusmann to safety; and last week, 30 lbs. lighter, but in excellent health, Chuck was reunited with his wife and two children in San Diego. He arrived scarcely two weeks after his letter.

AP

CHARLES KLUSMANN & WIFE
Opting out of captivity.

RED CHINA

Looking for Chou

China watchers like to keep tabs on the top dozen men of the Communist Politburo. Last week they were asking each other, "What has happened to Chou En-lai?" Peking's Premier has not been seen at a public function for more than a month. He returned from his tour of Africa last February looking tired and sickly, and he is known to have rested for two weeks in southwestern China before resuming his duties.

In Hong Kong, en route home, the leader of a Nigerian delegation to a Peking science conference said that he was told that Chou En-lai was "on a holiday." As evidence that Chou is not in disgrace or about to be purged, his wife, Teng Ying-chao, was official hostess last week to the wives of a visiting Cambodian delegation, and Chou's name recently appeared in its proper official order in a congratulatory cable sent to Ho Chi Minh in honor of the 19th anniversary of North Viet Nam's independence.

Many China watchers conclude that Chou may be seriously ill, and perhaps is under treatment by the Italian specialist in heart ailments who was recently summoned to China supposedly to treat Party Boss Mao Tse-tung. There remains one other possibility: Chou En-lai may be in seclusion preparing the groundwork for the often postponed party congress, which has not met since 1956, though supposed to assemble every four years.

AUSTRALIA

A Special Island

Many a pygmy-size paradise of late has attained the badge of nationhood—such as Cyprus, Rwanda, Burundi, Zanzibar. But all stand as giants beside a midget that last week clamored to join the gang: the Pacific island of Nauru.

A coral-and-palm flyspeck 1,300 miles northeast of Australia, Nauru has an area of 8½ square miles and a population of 2,700. Only 100 years ago, it was a virtually unknown battleground of savages who guzzled coconut toddy and sported necklaces of human teeth; in 1852 the Nauruans inhospitably chopped up the entire crew of the visiting American brig, *India*. Since the turn of the century, however, life for the islanders has been one long enchanted evening.

No Taxes. In 1900 a British engineer assayed a Nauru rock being used as a doorstop in his Sydney office, discovered that the island was richly overlaid with phosphate. With Britain, Australia and New Zealand extracting the deposits, royalties have showered down on the

HAMMER deROBURT
Running out of royalties.

Nauruans to the tune of half a m dollars a year. Today the dark-sk natives pay no taxes but enjoy sch hospitals, running water, electric l and movies.

A few years ago, it became ev that the phosphate would run ou fore long. Nauru's three concessio and the U.N., of which the island trusteeship, rushed solicitously t rescue. Last year Australia took natives' head chief, Hammer deR to look over Australia's Curtis I off the Queensland coast, offere underwrite a $22.4 million resettl of the Nauruans there. Curtis Isl larger than Nauru, has abundant plies of fish offshore, and its w would even permit the Nauruans t sue their favorite pastime of t noddies and frigate birds.

Color Bar. But last week the collapsed, for the Nauruans wer sisting that they get sovereignty the island in exchange for moving Australia had no intention of givi complete control of a territory so to its shores. An alternative sche resettle Nauru's minuscule popula Australia was rejected by the islanders for fear of race discri tion by the Australians, who fr practice the color bar.

In Canberra, burly Head Chie Roburt stomped out after confer with Australia's Minister for Te ries Charles Barnes and Prime Mi Robert Menzies, vowing: "The w world will know how you've tr us!" With that, DeRoburt announ that his people would now remai Nauru and seek to have it filled crop-growing soil, take over the maining phosphate deposits—and come an independent state by Whether the latter will come to remains to be seen. But clearly the Nauruans want is just what *Pacific's* Bloody Mary recommend their own special island.

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GREAT BRITAIN

Tory Tide?

Prime Minister Sir Alec Douglas-Home's Conservatives got some more cheery news last week: a Daily Express poll of voters giving the Tories a 2.3% lead equal to a 75-seat majority in the new House of Commons that is to be elected next month. The poll returns suggested a continuing shift away from Labor's once-commanding margin, sent London stocks shooting ahead, caused bookmakers to revise their odds against the Tories from 2-1 to 6-4, moved Laborites to grumble about the effect of England's halcyon summer upon public sentiment. Labor took some comfort from the fact that the latest Gallup poll still found the Tories 6% behind, although admittedly coming up, as the race entered the last stretch.

PARAMOUNT FROM AP

HITLER IN POLAND
Not all accept the lesson.

WEST GERMANY

Taboris Remembered

Twenty-five years ago, Hitler's planes and *Panzers* invaded Poland, plunging Europe and eventually some 53 nations into the planet's bloodiest war. At the time, Hitler pretended that the Poles had forced him to fight. But in ceremonies across the nation last week commemorating the ugly anniversary, West German leaders were in no mood to brush off their country's responsibility for the war.

In Aachen, West Berlin Mayor Willy Brandt unveiled a memorial to European unity with the plea that "the dead nations of Europe shall not have passed into nothingness." Free Democratic Party Leader Erich Mende in a broadcast beamed into East Germany reminded his listeners that it was Stalin's pact with Hitler a week earlier that had made the rape of Poland possible.

The most forthright remarks came from Chancellor Ludwig Erhard: "Today we Germans are reminded of the calamity of 1939 with special force because it was unleashed in our name by a brutal ruler. It is quite clear that Hitler carries the prime guilt for World War II . . . The words which the German leadership then spoke in blind arrogance, hatred and megalomania betray such *hubris* and gross disregard for realities that this happening must remain a constant lesson and warning to future generations."

Not every German agreed. A public opinion survey last week indicated that only 30 out of 100 West Germans felt that the Nazi regime was solely to blame for World War II. Seven percent put all the blame on other countries, and the majority (51%) felt Germany and its former enemies equally to blame.

FRANCE

A Nicean Standoff

In the Riviera resort city of Nice last week, the *poulets* were being nasty to the *poules* and the *maquereaux* were being nasty to everybody.

In the argot of the French underworld, a *poulet* (chicken) is a cop, a *poule* (hen) a prostitute, and a *maquereau* (mackerel) a pimp. What caused the commotion this summer was the invasion of Nice by a band of *poules* and *maquereaux* who had left their native Algeria in the exodus of French settlers when the country became independent. The invaders found a friend in Nice—Gangster Ange Bianchini, 48, who dabbles in the manufacture of *pastis*, the licorice-flavored *apéritif*, as well as in crime.

They found enemies in the other gang leaders of Nice, who ordered Bianchini to appear for disciplining. He haughtily refused, declaring "I am the viceroy!", and threatened to bust up his ex-cronies if they caused trouble. A few days later, as he was leaving a bar, Bianchini walked into a nonfatal blast of buckshot. Soon afterward, two of the Algerian *maquereaux* were driving through the heart of Nice when another car pulled alongside and riddled them with tommy guns. Then two more of Bianchini's henchmen were disposed of: one was found dead at the bottom of a ravine with four bullets in his head; the other staggered into a bistro with his stomach full of shotgun pellets and groaned, "Take me to a hospital. I've just had an auto accident."

Police decided that things had gone too far when two of Bianchini's rivals were gunned down in Nice's Place Masséna in full sight of dozens of startled tourists. Word went out to the warring gangs to stop shooting it out in downtown Nice and frightening visitors. To emphasize their concern, the police called for reinforcements from Paris and Marseille, and last week rounded up a swarm of clucking *poules*, from the $5 girls who hang out at the railway station to the $50 streetwalkers of the Rue Halévy. After a night in the *violon* (clink), the *poules* were warned to make themselves scarce. A bistro proprietor was gloomy about the police crackdown. "You watch," he said. "When the *maquereaux* run out of money, they'll take to robbing villas. It's better for Nice to have idle pimps than active robbers." He knew his *maquereaux*. No sooner were the *poules* off the street than a Paris industrialist on holiday in Cannes was robbed of $40,000 in jewels, and an American matron lost $120,000 in gems from her Cap Ferrat villa.

MIDDLE EAST

The Unlove Feast

With a burst of furious energy, Egyptian workmen last week completed a three-story, air-conditioned hotel in Alexandria. They raised some 12,000 flags over lampposts and public squares, built 200 triumphal arches, and draped buildings with hundreds of banners carrying slogans of Arab solidarity. As special beach cabins went up on the golden sands of the Mediterranean shore, other workmen dusted and polished furniture and chandeliers in the vast Muntazah Palace and tended 325 acres of gardens.

Pledged Lives. All was finally ready for the second Arab summit conference, which Egypt's President Gamal Abdel Nasser hopes will be an even greater triumph than the first, held at Cairo last January (TIME, Jan. 24). But some top faces will be absent. Pleading illness, Tunisia's President Habib Bourguiba retired to a Swiss clinic and sent his Premier in his place. Morocco's King Hassan II did not even bother with excuses, and dispatched his younger brother, Prince Abdallah. Saudi Arabia's Prince Feisal grumbled that Arab Kings and Presidents "need to stay home and attend to more serious matters," but finally agreed to put in an appearance.

The main item on the agenda is the pious wish to "establish relations among the Arab countries on the sound basis of love and genuine cooperation." But in the Arab world, love is a many-splintered thing, what with 40,000 Egyptian troops fighting a bloody guerrilla war with royalist tribesmen in Yemen, Morocco and Algeria still squabbling over their disputed border, and jails in almost every state jammed with Arab dissenters.

Last January all the Arab nations enthusiastically agreed to shelve their own disputes and gang up on Israel. They pledged their fortunes, honor and lives to prevent Israel's using the water of the Jordan to irrigate the Negev desert. Yet last week Israel's $150 million diversion project was routinely at work, and the Arab states' counter-projects, intended to cut off the headwaters of the Jordan, had not even begun building.

One good reason: Israel has warned

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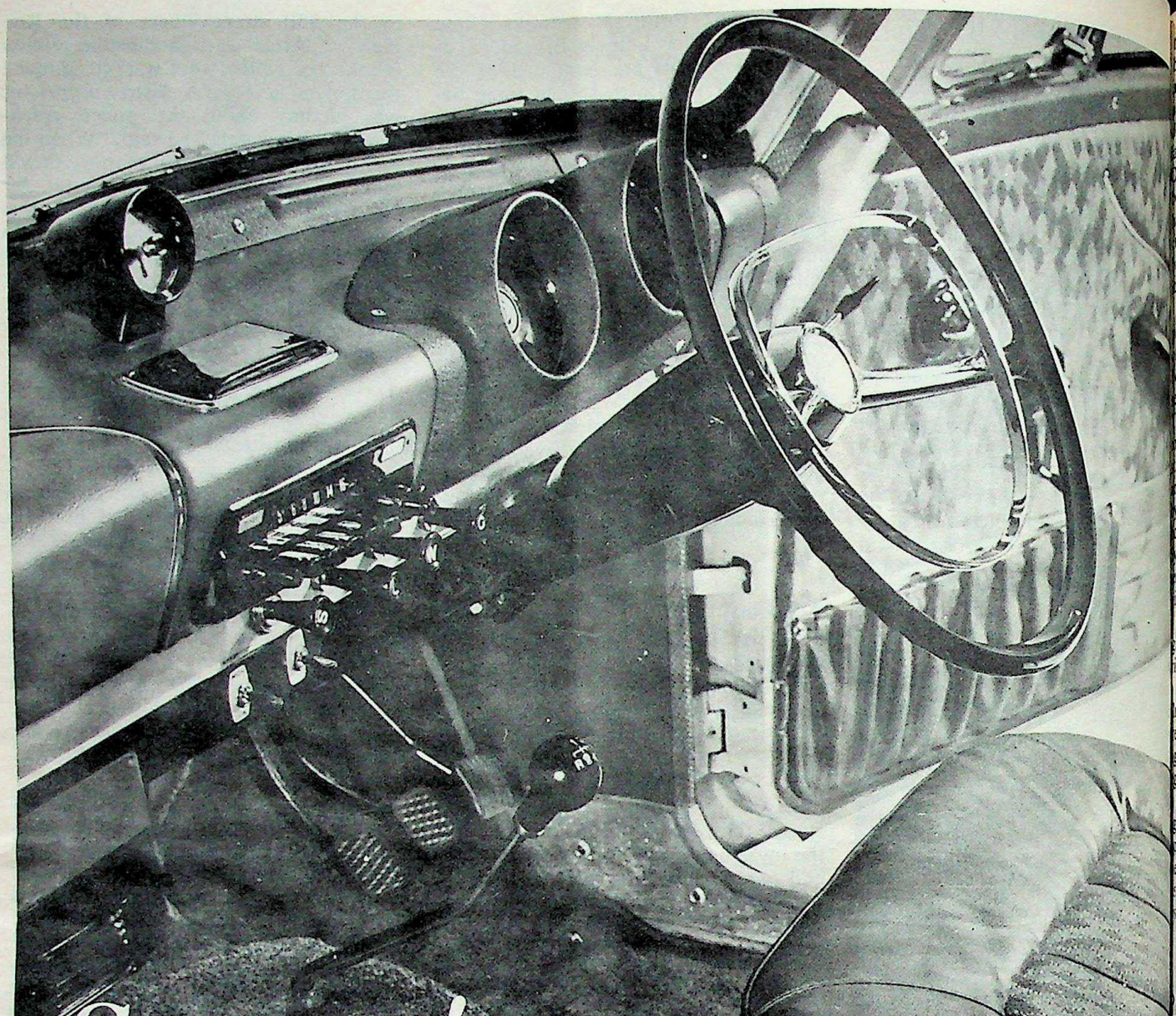

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that any such counterdiversion would be cause for war, and the Arab states are unlikely to invite attack while fully a third of Egypt's armed forces are tied down in Yemen. The United Nations last week wearily gave up its 14-month Observation Mission in Yemen because both Egypt and Saudi Arabia, which have been bankrolling the operation, put off funds, and Egypt had also gone back on its many promises to withdraw its troops.

Purposeful Arms. Prince Feisal will probably try to keep the Yemen issue off the Arab summit's agenda and may be supported by the more or less conservative Arab states of Sudan, Libya, Tunisia and Morocco. Nasser's effort to get Arab backing for his Yemen and against "the British imperialists and Saudi infiltrators" may be backed by Algeria, Kuwait, and his new-found Hussein friend, King Hussein of Jordan. Syria, whose Baathist rulers detest Nasser, and Lebanon, which hates quarrels, will probably stay on the sidelines.

Despite the festive flags and floodlights, the summit meeting in Alexandria may bring more joy to Israel than any of the associated Arab states. Almost as if anticipating failure, Egypt's press and radio have again been attacking Nasser's pet targets: 1) the Baathist regime in Syria, 2) Saudi Arabia, and 3) Lebanon, which is castigated as being too pusillanimous "even to accept offered armaments." Retorted a Lebanese paper: "The arms which Cairo has acquired have not served any purpose so far except to kill other Arabs."

ALGERIA

The Wall

To the French soldiers who opposed him during Algeria's war of independence, Colonel Mohammed Chaabani was "the seigneur of the sands." A tough, canny guerrilla leader, he dominated a sere swatch of the Sahara and the rugged Aurès Mountains of northeastern Algeria. After independence, Chaabani joined Premier Ahmed ben Bella's Politburo and the army's general staff, but quickly grew restive under Ben Bella's heavy-handed Marxist dictatorship. Last June that uneasiness boiled over into open rebellion, and Chaabani took to the hills with a hard core of his veteran troops.

Equipped with armored cars, tanks and artillery, Chaabani's force posed a serious threat to Ben Bella, who at the same time faced growing opposition within his party and another rebellion in the Great Kabylia range east of Algiers. But treachery finally saved the day. Informers led government troops to an oasis where Chaabani was resting, and forced him to surrender without firing a shot.

Last week Chaabani appeared before a newly established military court on charges of counterrevolutionary activities. The verdict was inevitable. Within an hour, as dawn broke over Oran, Mohammed Chaabani went to the wall. But even as the rifles of the firing squad barked, Chaabani's men were still dug in on the mountains to the east. They had lost a leader, but they may have gained a martyr.

THE CONGO

Elation for Moise

No one needed a victory more than Moise Tshombe, and last week he could revel in a big one. His army had retaken Albertville, the first major city captured by the rebels, who for more than two months had used its Lake Tanganyika port to ferry in arms and supplies from their headquarters in Burundi.

To soften up the city, B-26 fighter-bombers, piloted by anti-Castro Cubans supplied by Washington, relentlessly blasted strategic targets. Then a force of 1,000 Congolese army troops launched a two-prong invasion which caught the rebels by surprise. Coming from the north, one column overran the port area and airfield. The other column skirted the city, attacked from the south. When the rebels tried to counterattack, a government armored car's machine gun was waiting for them. The battle raged on for eight hours before the rebels finally fled, but it was one-sided all the way: more than 450 rebel dead littered the streets. The Congolese army claimed that only two of its troops had been killed.

Hats in the Streets. When the good news reached Leopoldville, Tshombe was so elated that he personally delivered a victory message to the government radio station, then flew off to Albertville to congratulate the victors. He found the city a shambles. Its dusty streets were strewn with the abandoned hulks of autos, dozens of the rebel warriors' leopardskin hats, and here and there a mutilated body. All shops had been looted, many buildings gutted, rail and shipping centers all but wiped out. In addition, the rebels had driven away or killed the city's whole police force.

As Tshombe inspected the ravaged city, he grew so emotional that at one point he stopped to embrace a Belgian priest who had survived the ordeal. He also gathered some much-needed evidence to present to the Organization of African Unity at its emergency Congo conference in Addis Ababa. To reply to the inevitable demand that he get rid of his white mercenary troops, Tshombe needed solid proof that the rebels were indeed bad medicine for the Congo. At Albertville, he picked up at least three valuable exhibits: a series of photographs showing the rebels executing leading citizens, a 22-year-old Burundi prisoner who, Tshombe claims, was a "captain of the rebel general staff," and a symbol of revolutionary arrogance—a rubber stamp marked *"République Révolutionnaire du Congo, Secteur Albertville."* Evidence in hand, he took a much more important step toward winning African sympathies: as he left for Addis Ababa, Tshombe ordered the hated white mercenaries shipped home.

UPI

TSHOMBE ENTERING ALBERTVILLE
Bad medicine and sweet success.

Hostages in the City. But success was hardly the whole story in the Congo last week. The important river town of Stanleyville was still firmly in revolutionary hands—and with it some 300 white residents who had been trying desperately to get out since the rebel invasion five weeks ago. Concerned for their safety, U.N. Secretary-General U Thant last week cabled his personal "urgent appeal" to Lieut. General Nicholas Olenga, Stanleyville's rebel commander, to allow the U.N. to send planes to evacuate them.

At first Olenga agreed, announced his airport would reopen to commercial traffic. At last, he fired off a violent message charging the mercy flights were "an imperialist plot," ordered "all soldiers of the Popular Liberation Army to shoot on any plane—military or civilian—that approaches Stanleyville." Most ominous of all, he said that whites would have to remain in the city—as hostages against air bombardment.

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The short-pants set won't remember him, but those who pause for breath after climbing a flight of steps recall **Jesse Owens**, the Negro track-and-field star whose four gold medals left his Aryan hosts at the post during the 1936 Berlin Olympics. Owens is 51 now, a Chicago marketing consultant, but, torch in hand, he puffed a few Manhattan blocks in track shorts to set the pace for 3,500 relay runners in a 3,100-mile cross-country "Run for the Money," to raise $1,000,000 for the 1964 U.S. Olympic team.

. . .

Bearded Irish Cinemactor **Peter O'Toole**, 31, plays the messenger of God who gets saved from a fete worse than death in Sodom in John Huston's *The Bible*, now afilming in Rome. Off the set, he rains sulphur and brimstone all by himself, according to the *paparazzi* who tried to snap him downing some friendly firewater with comely British Starlet Barbara Steele. "He charged me, punched me in the face, grabbed my camera, smacking it against my ear," related one razed lensman. "I had to have five stitches taken." Tinkled O'Toole, with the tongue of an angel: "He fell over one of the flower pots that line the avenue."

. . .

She came, was seen by and promptly conquered French cinematographiles last August, and they styled her *la B. B. américaine*. Now, after a brief period of adjustment, Vassar-bred **Jane Fonda**, 26, is taking a walk on the wild side with the original Bardolator, Director **Roger Vadim**, 36. The man who discovered Brigitte's charms bundled Hank's lanky daughter into his favorite costume, a bed sheet, tousled her hair and led her intently through the scenario of his movie version of *La Ronde*. And, even though the picture is finished,

PARIS-MATCH

VADIM & FONDA
Sheet repeat.

from St. Tropez comes the word, as he did with B. B., Vadim has become very Fonda Jane.

. . .

In *Barefoot in the Park*, the show that made her a star, her stage mother had this advice: "Make him feel important. If you do that, you'll have a happy and wonderful marriage—like two out of every ten couples." Broadway's barefoot girl, **Elizabeth Ashley**, 25, sure wants to make him feel important—no, not her husband, whom she plans to divorce, but Cinemactor **George Peppard**, 36, whose wife is divorcing him. So, borrowing $35,000 to buy six months left in her Broadway contract, Elizabeth ("Bessie" to good friends) lashed on winged sandals and deparked for London, where Peppard is filming *Operation Crossbow*. "Here

WALTER DARAN

ASHLEY AT HOME
Beau dough.

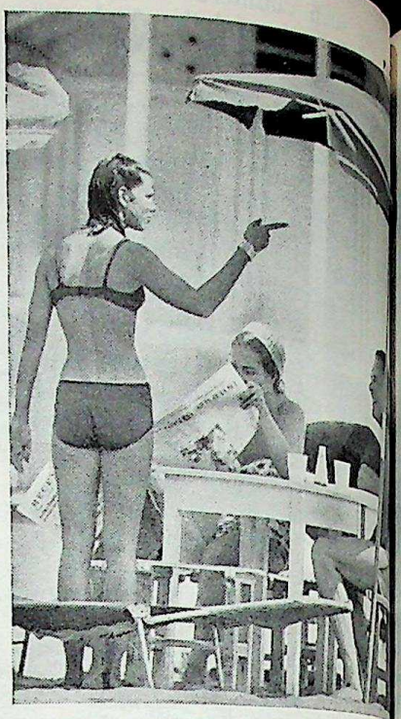
I am, poor but happy," she sighed. "What I've done is to buy freedom. I wanted to be near George."

. . .

Forget the status, we need the ante. So quoth **Thomas Pickford**, 41, founder of the Quorum Club, the dimly lit nob nook in Washington's Carroll Arms Hotel where Bobby Baker pursued his hobbies (and stood them to drinks). Ever since Bobby moved into the spotlight, the Q. Club has had difficulty getting its members to form a Quorum. Now Pickford has dispensed with Robert's Rules of Order. "Your admittance card is your wallet," he assures John Q. Public. "View the celebrated nudes. Wine and dine in one of America's most famous clubs." For $2.50 you can even get a Bobby Baker Steak Sandwich.

. . .

Touring European capitals to explain U.S. policies in Viet Nam is rather too apt a way to spend those lazy, hazy,



LODGE & FRIENDS
Saigon bygone.

crazy days of summer. So U.S. Em**Henry Cabot Lodge**, 62, found it traordinarily pleasant to take a day from his mission for a visit to Rom Ostia Beach with Italian Protocol C Guerino Roberti and his family. latest details in the daily papers on shifting sands in Saigon could only trate what a grind diplomacy is. Bu Roberti's noble Roman daughter C tina pointed out, there are compe tions—and Lodge needed only to at her to agree.

. . .

Burly Chicago Engineer **Ted E son**, 36, looked at the English Cha and said: "I can't afford to swim than 30 hours. I have an impor business appointment in Spain day tomorrow." Then he waded in, hop to become the second man to comp the 44-mile round trip to France back. He took 12 hr. 35 min. to halfway, was back to within eight of Dover when the channel tur against him, forced him to quit. California Schoolgirl **Leonore Mos** 14, doesn't have to worry about boss. So she swam the chilly cha against the tide in 15 hr. 30 min. came the youngest person in history make the crossing.

. . .

Ill lay: **Stan** ("The Man") Mus 43, at his home in St. Louis follow his collapse from exhaustion at a Ca nals-Braves game brought on by coast-to-coast labors as director of nation's physical fitness program; He**A. Barnes**, 57, New York City's c troversial traffic czar, in Manhatta Columbus Hospital with his second h attack in eight days (fourth in a ye smitten while attending the opening a police academy. Cracked Barnes, er cops gave him emergency oxyg "I'm lying at death's door, but the trying to pull me through—but I don't say which way."

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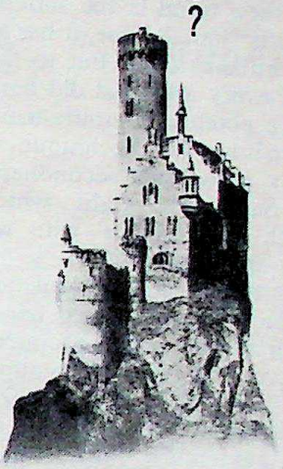
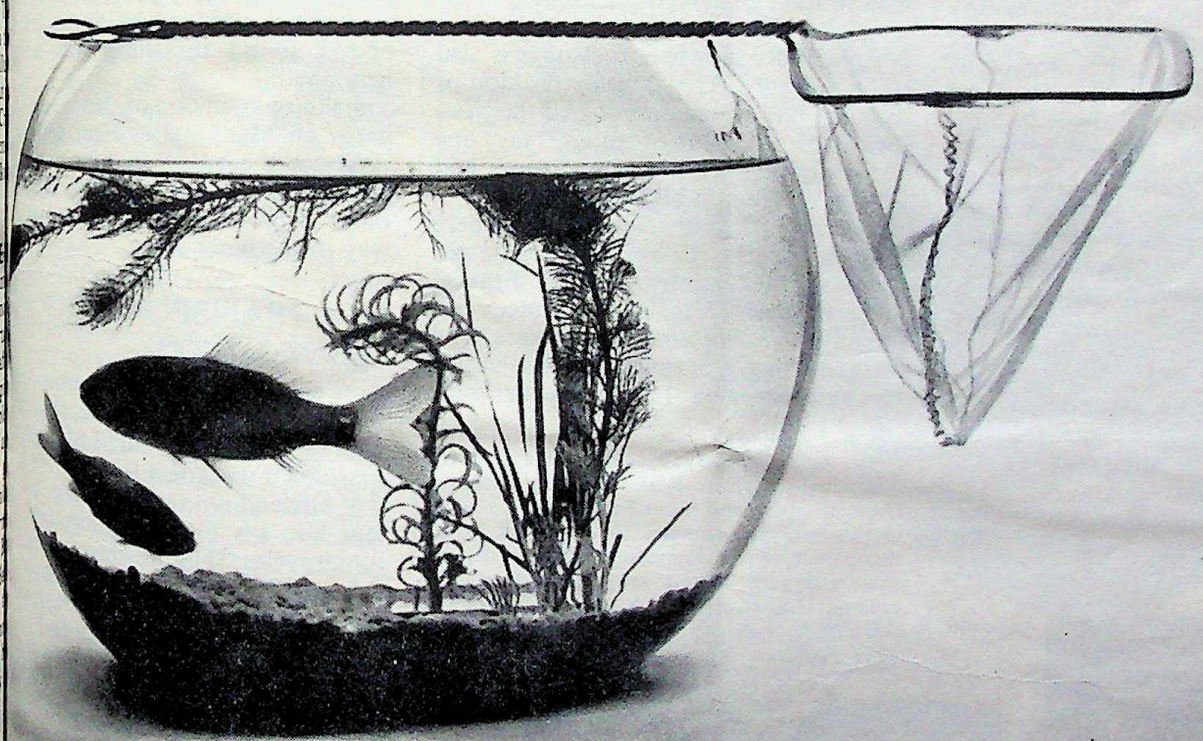
Plastics for your home ?



Fibers for fishing nets ?



OECHST HAS IT

These little fish have never seen the sea. In the peace and quiet of their bowl they will never know the ever-present danger that threatens their ocean-going brothers — the remorseless, ravenous fishing net! An unescapable, knotless net. Resistant to salt water and sunlight alike. Made of high tenacity, Hoechst-made ®TREVIRA. Poor fish, perhaps, but fortunate fishermen. Thanks to Hoechst. And if, instead of a fisherman, you are a handyman whose home is his castle Hoechst makes many, many things to serve you: plastic panels, domestic equipment, paints, binders, solvents. Remember, whether it's man-made fibers or plastics . . . Hoechst has it.

Farbwerke Hoechst AG.
Frankfurt/M. Germany

Hoechst can help you – in over 100 countries.

HOECHST

A century of Chemistry

Hoechst produces dyestuffs, textile auxiliaries, intermediates, pharmaceuticals, sera and vaccines, chemicals, raw materials for the paint industry, solvents, plastics, fibers, films, fertilisers and plant protection agents; designs and constructs chemical plants.

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THE HOME

The New Old

By one rule of thumb, an antique is anything that costs more used than it did new. The standard is more esthetic than functional: a Louis XIV chair is often a precarious support, and a 1926 Packard roadster may be a ruinously expensive way of getting down to the supermarket. But esthetics have nothing to do with the new trend in the antique trade. Its name is "junk." True, it has to be out-of-the-ordinary junk. But to the expert spotter, every attic and old barn in the U.S. is a potential treasure-trove of salable detritus. The technique is summed up by a roadside secondhand store south of Santa Rosa, Calif., which advertises with unconscious wit: WE BUY JUNK. WE SELL ANTIQUES.

The reasons for the rise of junk are not hard to find: a yearning for handcrafted individuality in a mass-produced world, the increasing rarity of genuine antiques of all kinds, and the prohibitive cost of beautiful ones. So, as Mme. de Sévigné might have put it, "If one can't be beautiful, one can at least be amusing." And, used sparingly and with imagination, these humble relics are often amusing indeed.

Vanishing Indians. In many a subdivision house and functional apartment, the most cherished object is an old store sign or a circus poster, a shaving mug, a spinning wheel or an ornate mailbox, a collection of cast-iron toys or a bridal bouquet under glass. Many once worthless objects, such as Victorian dolls and samplers, brass coal scuttles and decorated washbasins, are greeted with glad, excited cries of discovery. A cigar-store Indian in good condition—if you can find one—fetches up to $1,500 today.

Manhattan is riddled with cute shoplets run by cute young men who know just how to turn Grandmother's laundry hamper into the most amusing planter for the living room. Real brass bedsteads might as well be made of solid gold, and signed Tiffany lamps, which sold for $100-$150 ten years ago, now cost $1,500-$2,000.

This apotheosis of the castoff has had worldwide repercussions. Paris' famed Flea Market is no longer a romantic shambles reminiscent of *The Beggar's Opera* but is getting to be more and more like a shopping center. It even has a parking lot. Flea Market stalls now sell for as much as $50,000 each and are often manned by antique dealers from the fashionable faubourgs, St.-Germain and St.-Honoré. Their wares are mostly remarkable for their prices. On sale there last week was a velvet dog under glass for $100, a screen commemorating the 1900 Floradora Sextet for $80, a portrait of Lord Kimberley on glass for $160 and a small silver-plated coin case for $20.

No Haggling. Who pays? Parisians and tourists and antique dealers from the U.S.,* who have helped bid up French prices so astronomically that Flea Market dealers are beginning to do some of their own shopping on London's Portobello Road, where the spiral is also coiling upward. The oldtime tradition of haggling has become a thing of the past. "We know the value of things," says one dealer stiffly. "We mark our prices and we don't expect to bicker."

Many U.S. tourists think that there are still bargains to be had in little old shops in the country. But in France, at least, there is a good chance that the shop owners are city slickers who have cunningly disguised themselves as hick storekeepers in shawls or wide suspenders. London Antique D... George Knapp sells Americans ... of Victorian pianos. "Preferably ... the works," he says. "American ... to make them into bars, or ... hi-fi inside."

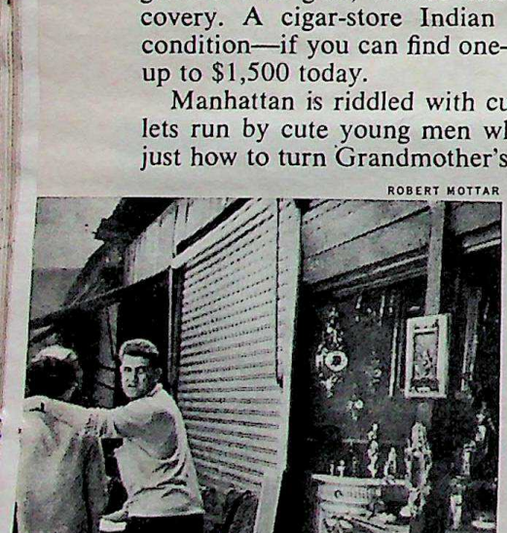
The profitable trade of forging ... tiques has happily adapted itself ... manufacturing of old junk—so ... easier than turning out an 18th ce... piece of marquetry. To satisfy a ... craze for phrenologist's heads, an ... lent fake is now circulating heav... London and New York in three ... Advertising the phrenology clinic ... C. Fuller and dated 1882, the por... is artificially cracked in a cobwe... tern and the printing is a tastefull... ed blue. One of the first of them ... up on Manhattan's Third Avenu... winter, selling at $125; in June ... were dozens around London at $7... week they hit the Flea Market ... same price.

Other popular fakes are trade... signs and old dolls, toys and jelly ... Most of the forgeries are made ... U.S., where signs and wooden ar... are aged half a dozen decades in ... as many hours by the time-honore... plication of shellac and sizing, ... leaf and umber, topped off with ... wormholes supplied by an electri... and a sound thrashing with a ... iron chain.

Fake or real, one of the most p... items on Manhattan's First and S... Avenues these days is a pointing ... Some people seem to think it a ... ously original way to show gues... way to the bathroom.

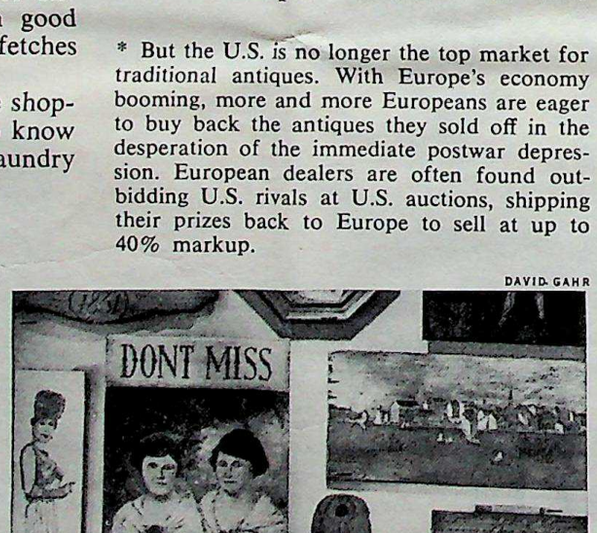
* But the U.S. is no longer the top market for traditional antiques. With Europe's economy booming, more and more Europeans are eager to buy back the antiques they sold off in the desperation of the immediate postwar depression. European dealers are often found outbidding U.S. rivals at U.S. auctions, shipping their prizes back to Europe to sell at up to 40% markup.

ROBERT MOTTAR



FLEEING THE FLEA MARKET

DAVID GAHR



VICTORIANA IN MANHATTAN

If you can't be beautiful, be amusing at a price.

TRANSPORTATION

Two-Wheeled Chic

A couple of years ago, Star K... was a 33-year-old Chicago ba... with a prosperous life-insurance ... ness and a weakness for sports cars ... day a friend who was going out of ... lent him his little lightweight Jap... motorcycle. "The first two nights ... it," says Koerner, "about 18 girls ... me to take them for a ride. I s... myself, 'My God, I've got to have ... of these.' " Since then he has ac... not one but three and not at all ... dentally a wife. The Koerners belo... a motorcycle club called the Sta... ville Scramblers, whom Koerner ... scribes as "the most unlikely m... cyclists you ever saw, mostly profes... al people and businessmen who ... ways had the forbidden-fruit des... try it, but were afraid of the imag...

Forbidden fruit or not, the ... look in motorbikes is a hot new ... in U.S. transportation. They are ... ing all over the place—putt-putting ... and down San Francisco's hills, ... ing doctor, lawyer and merchant ... through the thromboid Los An... freeways, threading Chicago's Lo... rush hour, beating the parking pro... on Manhattan's Madison Avenue ... suburbs, they bring home the bacon ...

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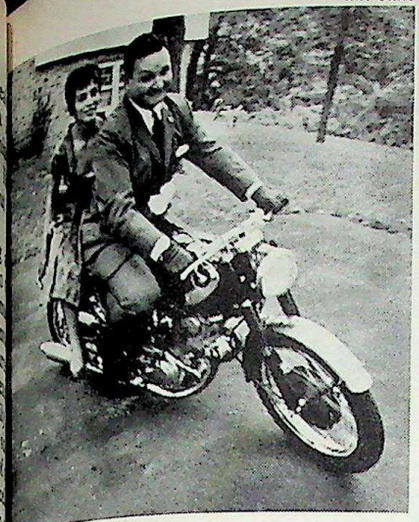
ART SHAY



THE WHEELING KOERNERS
Forbidden fruit for Beautiful People.

...zz off to the neighbors. In hunting ...untry they go camping and trail-rid... ...g. On campus they go on dates and ...en (when it rains) into dormitories. ...est Coast beaches have been swarm... ...g points for these polychrome mos... ...itoes all summer long.

Tweeds & Pinstripes. The single man ...st responsible for the craze is an ...rgetic, 58-year-old blacksmith's son ...med Soichiro Honda, who began put... ...g motors on bicycles after World ...r II, soon developed a lightweight ...torbike of his own design. Honda ...chines beat the best in Europe's ...nd Prix races in 1959; then, under ... high-octane direction of U.S. Sales ...nager Jack McCormack (now with ...l firm Suzuki), Honda went after ... U.S. civilian.

...cCormack was not interested in ... black-leather-jacket set. He peopled ... ads with hair-in-the-wind young lov... ... bowler-hatted executives and pert ...ndmas—along with the slogan: ...ou meet the nicest people on a Hon... " From a standing start, sales revved ... to $31,921,995 last year and an esti... ...ted $67 million this year. Two other ...anese firms (Suzuki and Yamaha) ...e jumped in to share the bonanza, ...d their combined sales will amount ...about $28 million by year's end.

All three make a light, 50-cc. model ...h a top speed of 60 m.p.h. in a ...ice of snappy colors for less than ...0. This is the most popular model ... obvious reasons, such as the ability ... say "fill her up" for 30¢ and cover ...ut 180 miles before fishing for an... ...er 30¢. Other models range up to ...) cc.—well under the roaring 350-...-cc. behemoths turned out by U.S. ...anufacturer Harley-Davidson who, not ...prisingly, last month rushed out its ...n $225 lightweight, made in Italy.

Plumes & Horns. The little buzzers ...e in; *Vogue* has started photograph... ...Beautiful People sporting the latest ...eech in two-wheeled chic. But there ...ne jarring note: the unesthetic crash ...chet, with its implications of immi... ...nt catastrophe. Perhaps plumes would ...p—or, for the aggressive male on the ...ter-powered model, Viking horns.

DE PLAS

E. Du. 155

WHAT IS THE FRENCH FOR MARVELLOUS ?

Dubonnet

DUBONNET IS A PRODUCE OF C.D.C. EXPORT DIVISION 30 AVENUE KLÉBER PARIS

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ORCHESTRAS

A Leader of Equals

Conductor William Steinberg is a threat to American musical tradition. For one thing, he is downright chummy with his Pittsburgh Symphony musicians. For another, he blatantly delights in performing "the music nobody wants to play, nobody wants to conduct and nobody wants to hear."

The traditional image of the successful symphony conductor is a shaggy-haired despot who rules with an iron fist and remains disdainfully aloof at all times. But Steinberg treats his musicians with courtesy and respect, regales them with a rich sense of humor, rides in the bus with them on tour, and preaches such heresies as "gaiety is the only atmosphere for music making." As for the age-old maxim that deviations from the standard classical repertory spell box-office suicide, Steinberg persists season after season in offering one of the most adventuresome and widely varied programs in music.

Broken Rule. Such maverick practices are getting Steinberg everywhere. Since he took over the listless Pittsburgh Symphony in 1952, he has molded it into a musical instrument of precision and depth; it now ranks as one of the five or six best orchestras in the country. Last week the Pittsburgh Symphony was embarked on a twelve-week tour of Europe and the Near East sponsored by the State Department. Its two performances at the Herodes Atticus amphitheater in Athens drew 9,000 listeners. At the Lucerne Festival, the audience awarded the orchestra such a thunderous ovation that the festival management broke a longstanding rule and allowed an encore. The Pittsburghers' triumphant week was climaxed by a tempestuous reception for its Edinburgh Festival debut, with the Queen leading the applause.

The son of a textile manufacturer, Steinberg, 65, was born in Cologne, Germany. After graduating from the Cologne Conservatory of Music, he served as conductor of the Cologne and Frankfurt opera houses, came to the U.S. in 1937 at the behest of Arturo Toscanini to be his assistant conductor of the NBC Symphony. In 1945 he was appointed conductor of the Buffalo Philharmonic and held that post for seven years before going to Pittsburgh.

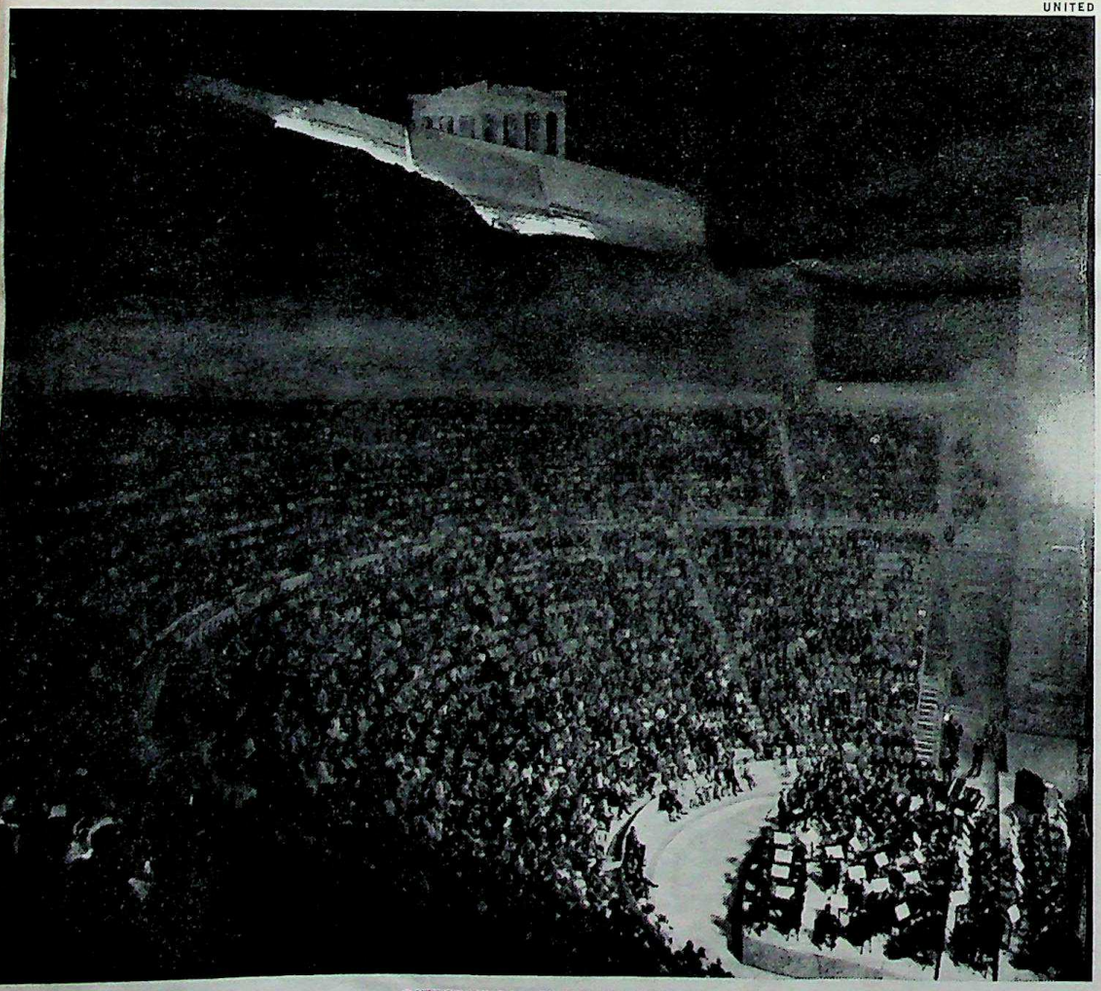
In Pittsburgh, he found an orchestra with a skimpy budget of $400,000, a season of 26 weeks, and only lukewarm support from the community. After the departure of Fritz Reiner in 1948, the symphony had gone four years without a permanent conductor; morale was low and performances inconsistent.

The autocratic Reiner had made a practice of firing 25 to 40 orch... members each year. Steinberg e... lished a "stick-together" policy an... the annual turnover rate to less ... ten. "Within just a few seasons," he plains, "experience, confidence and pleasure of making music made ... musicians into excellent musicians."

Steinberg likes to describe his ro... a *primus inter pares*—a leader of e... —and he takes great pains to let his ... sicians share in the sense of accom... ment that most conductors reser... themselves. And he is known as a ... ductor who religiously does his h... work. Steinberg often rehearses ... out a score, and continually amaze... players by humming his own inter... tation of each instrument's part.

Bright Future. Steinberg is also a ... orous fund raiser and public rela... man, once promoted a concert by ... ning a fireman's helmet and red ... penders to tear around town on a ... engine, gaily clanging the fire bell. ... result, the Pittsburgh Symphony n... enjoys a 30-week season, a budg... nearly $1,000,000, and a base of c... munity support so broad that there ... been some talk of rechristening it ... Tri-State Symphony. Prospects for ... future are exceptionally bright, th... to a grant of $5,000,000 from F... and Mellon funds, which the orch... is in the process of matching.

This coming season Steinberg ... take a year's sabbatical from his P... burgh post to conduct 48 concerts ... the New York Philharmonic ... Leonard Bernstein is on his sabba... Steinberg will also make his debut ... the Metropolitan Opera, conducting ... performances of three operas. "I ... some real killers arranged for ... York," he says gleefully, referring ... Berlioz' rarely performed *Symp...* *Funèbre et Triomphale*, a work for ... musicians that will require the ... Point Band as well as the Philharm... Leon Kirchner's *Second Piano Co... to*, and the American première of B... tok's *Scherzo for Piano and Orch...* "Then I have something for the ... York snobs—an all-Mendelssohn ... gram. This is really the height of s... bishness, the wonderful answer to ... question of just what do the snobs ...



UNITED

PITTSBURGH SYMPHONY IN ATHENS
Gaiety is a way to greatness.

QUEEN & STEINBERG
Heresy gets him everywhere.

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'THE BIG IDEAS ALWAYS FIND THE MAN WHO'S LOOKING FOR THEM'

–that's the MF 'stay first' philosophy

People get hit on the head by apples every day.
It takes a head like Isaac Newton's to make a profit out of it.
Same with baths and Archimedes, stale cheese
and Fleming, weight transfer and Harry Ferguson.
The Massey-Ferguson weight transfer system
came about as the result of years of research
into tractors and the jobs they do.
Massey-Ferguson intend to be first with the next
big advance in mechanised farming, too.
In order to ensure this, they spend millions
on development and research
throughout the world.
Hush! There's an apple dropping somewhere.

Massey-Ferguson

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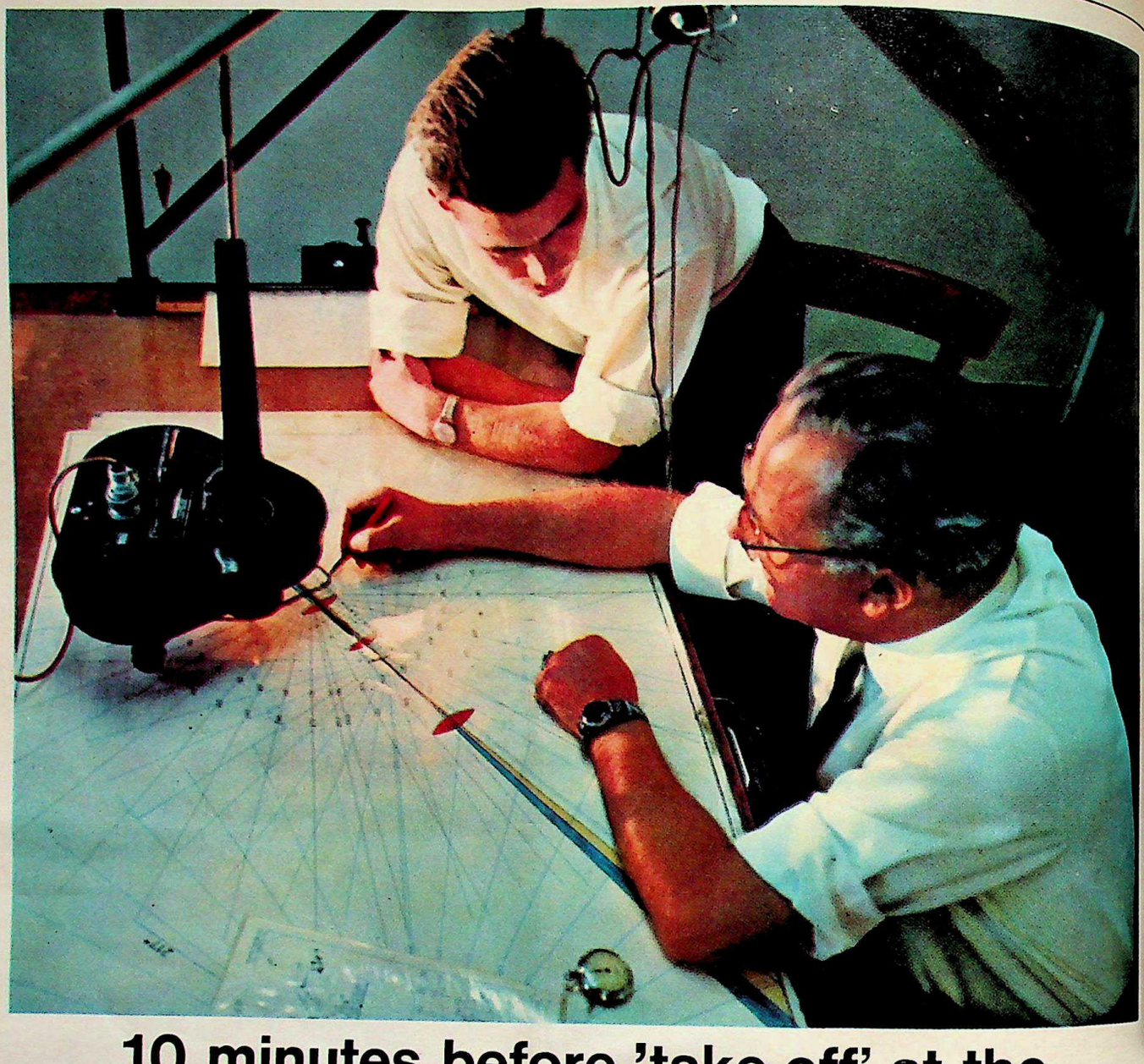
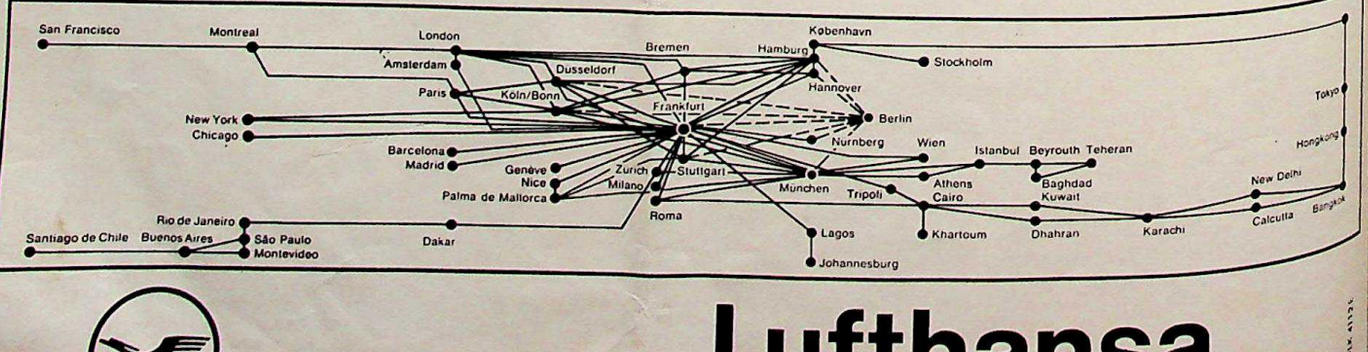


10 minutes before 'take off' at the Lufthansa flying school

The student pilot is getting his instructions for the next flight. Soon he will be circling the airfield. And then preparing to land.
In fact, he won't have left the ground at all.
His machine is a Linktrainer, and it is in the Lufthansa flying school at Bremen. All the instruments of a real plane are duplicated in the Linktrainer. Every Lufthansa student "flies" in it for at least 100 hours. He also does 250 hours in a flying schoolroom, in the air. And gets 1700 hours' teaching in navigation, mechanics and a dozen other subjects.
Only then is the Lufthansa student ready to spread his own wings. And only after a further 5–7 years' flying experience can he become a Flight Captain.

Next time you see a Lufthansa pilot, remember that he has gone through one of the toughest schools on earth. And in the sky.



Lufthansa
German Airlines

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DOMESTIC RELATIONS

The Picnic Trial

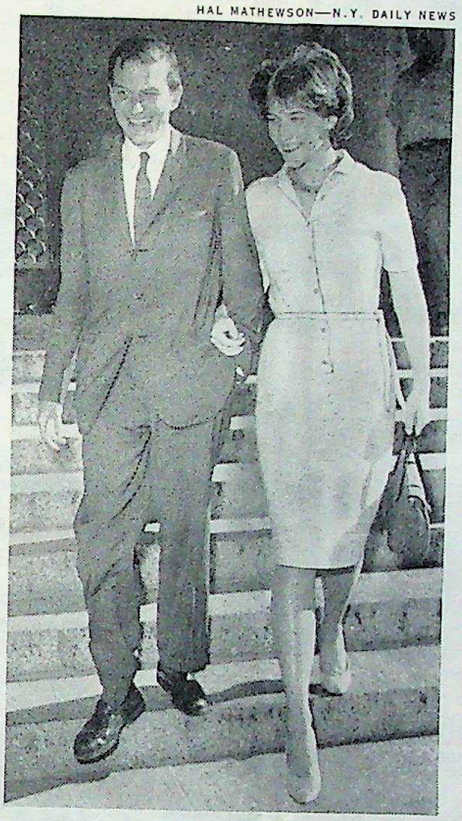
"Courtroom drama," that trite darling of novelists and dramatists, has authentic origins: civilized mankind's transforming willingness to submit its disputes to third parties for impartial judgment. The ritual can impart strength to the weak, modesty to the immodest, and equality to the powerful and wealthy.

So last week the courtroom drama of *Rockefeller* v. *Murphy* unfolded behind closed doors in White Plains, N.Y. Only the disputants knew just why Mrs. Nelson Rockefeller yielded custody of her four children—James, 13; Margaretta, 11; Carol, 8; and Melinda, 4—to virologist James S. Murphy when she divorced him in Idaho last year. The public knew only that "Happy" was now demanding custody and that Dr. Murphy, himself recently remarried to a pretty former teacher of his children, was unwilling to give it up.

HAPPY — —N.Y. WORLD TELEGRAM & SUN

GAGLIARDI — ALFRED STATLER

THE MURPHYS — HAL MATHEWSON—N.Y. DAILY NEWS



In and out, with motives invisible for hundreds of pages.

Blue for Battle. To apply the law and the facts to whatever emotions were involved was the prickly task of New York State Supreme Court Justice Joseph F. Gagliardi, 52, a former national amateur golfer who once reached the final round of the U.S. Amateur championship, a onetime Westchester County judge appointed by his fellow Republican, Governor Rockefeller. As he pondered all custody cases, he was solely concerned with the children's welfare. Firmly shutting his courtroom door to all but the witnesses, the parties and their lawyers, Gagliardi summoned Plaintiff Rockefeller to prove what he cryptically called her "allegations to the effect that the personalities and even the health of one or more of the infants are being adversely affected."

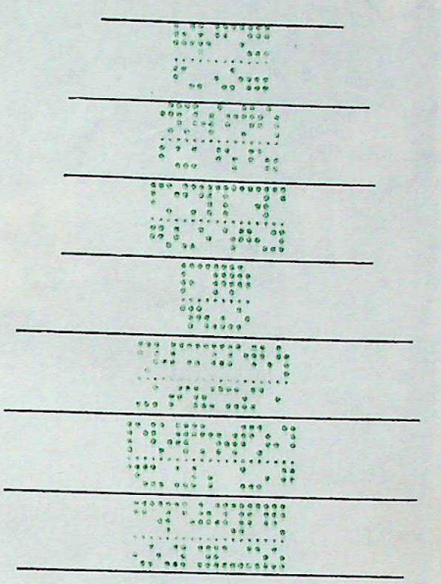
As newsmen hovered, the opponents moved in and out of the closed courtroom like Henry James characters, their real motives invisible for hundreds of pages. Mrs. Rockefeller arrived on the first day with her husband's state police bodyguard and Chrysler Imperial. She graciously smiled her way into battle in a blue sheath dress, bare legs and black flat-heeled shoes, accompanied by four lawyers, a nursemaid and Mrs. Peter Iselin, one of her Philadelphia cousins. Dr. Murphy, his new blonde wife in demure beige, said, "I can't smile." In they walked, past a wall plaque reading:

Not flesh of my flesh
Not bone of my bone
But still miraculously my own.
Never forget
For a single minute
You didn't grow under my heart
But in it.

Humble Thanks. Through a window, newsmen watched Murphy scribbling on a yellow pad as his ex-wife took the stand. Still smiling, she emerged at noon for a storybook picnic lunch (ham, roast beef and chicken-salad sandwiches on white bread with trimmed crusts) in the sheriff's office. Still unsmiling, Murphy and his wife ate in a bar and grill down the street.

By the time Happy had been in court three days, Dr. Murphy's cold silence had gradually melted, to the point where he smilingly walked across the courtroom and greeted her, and thereafter kept glancing in her direction. "This was the first sign of friendliness," said a deputy. "Until now, they've been cutting each other dead."

THE AUTOMATED LANGUAGE OF MODERN BUSINESS AND BANKING — a punched tape reproduction of the advertising message contained herein.



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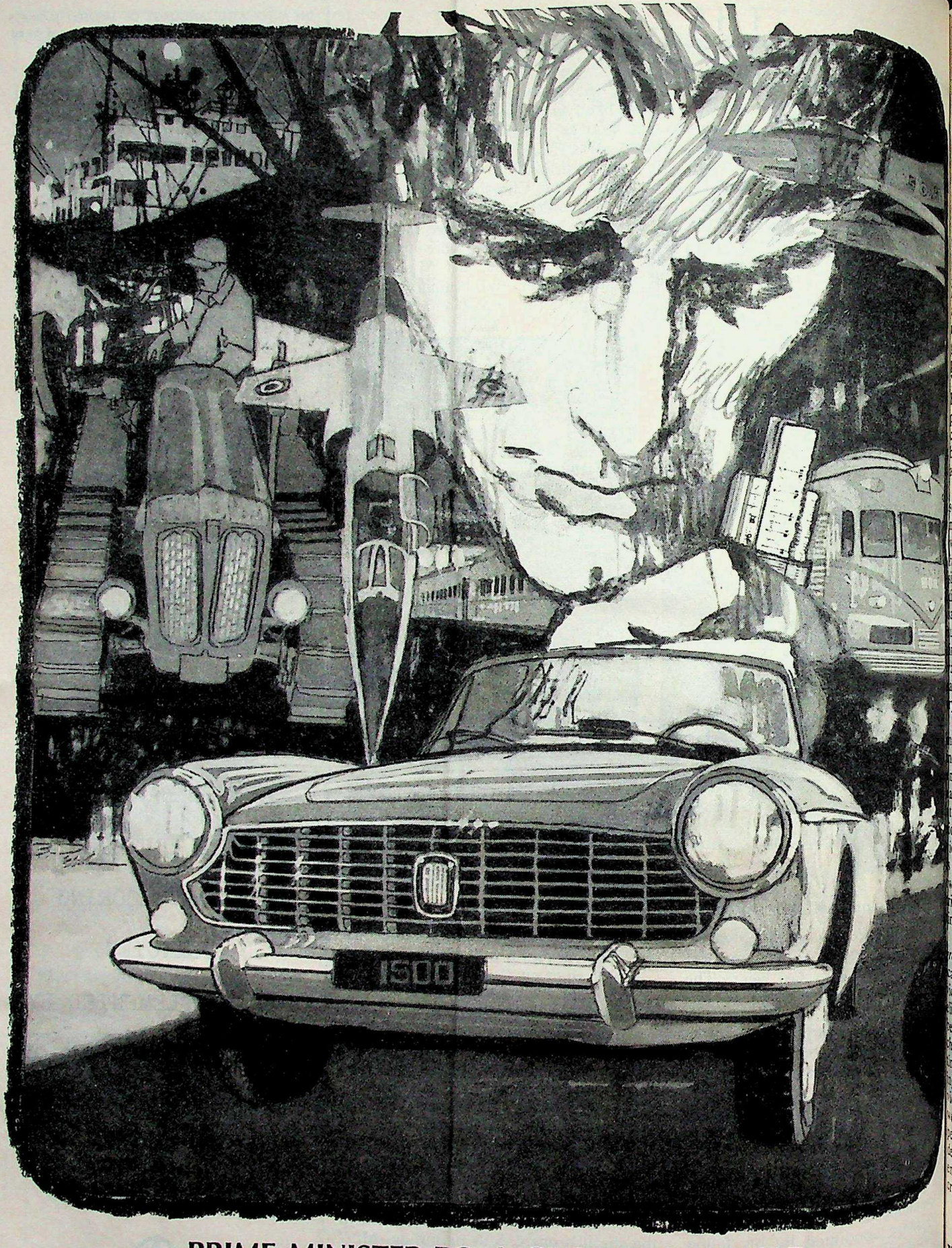

PRIME MINISTER TO A GROWING WORLD

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CRIMINAL JUSTICE

Paying the Victim

If the brigand be not captured, the man who has been robbed shall, in the presence of God, make an itemized statement of his loss, and the city and the governor shall compensate him.
—Code of Hammurabi, circa 2250 B.C.

Is a government responsible for crimes committed against its citizens? Yes, say victims of New York City's recent Negro riots, who by last week had sued the city for $1,500,000 under an old state law making cities liable for riot-incurred property damage on the ground that police failed to keep the peace (TIME, Aug. 7). Yes, says New York's Republican Senator Kenneth Keating, who urged the U.S. to compensate crime victims because "every crime represents, in one sense, a failure by government to provide protection and security to law-abiding citizens."

Making his case, Keating cited a scheme launched by the British government last month to compensate people who have suffered physical injury at the hands of wrongdoers. From now on, a six-lawyer committee with the forbidding title of Criminal Injuries Compensation Board will pay off Britons who successfully argue that they have been financially undone by perpetrators of a vast array of offenses, from arson to assault, including anyone injured while trying to make a citizen's arrest.

To warrant compensation, an injury must be reported to the police or result in criminal proceedings, and be serious enough to cost three weeks' loss of earnings or lead to a civil judgment of at least $140. The board, whose decisions are not reviewable, examines the victim at a closed hearing. If payment is approved, the sum must not exceed twice the average weekly rate of industrial earnings of people over 21 at the time of the injury.

The state makes its payments *ex gratia* (by favor), and is not automatically liable for failing to protect the victim of each and every crime. Not eligible for benefits: all victims injured before the new plan went into effect, children born of sexual offenses, victims who provoked attack, victims living in the assailant's household, auto victims (unless the car was used as a weapon) and claimants for "loss of expectation of happiness." Payments for dead victims go to spouses or dependents. If the victim successfully sues the criminal, the board gets its money back.

CONSTITUTIONAL LAW

The G.I. Vote in Texas

One of U.S. history's most enduring trends is the ever-expanding right of suffrage. To be sure, almost every state still denies the vote to felons and mental defectives; eight states also exclude paupers. The same goes officially for Mississippi's nontaxed Indians and unofficially for most of its Negroes, who comprise 45% of the population. Still disqualified in Nevada and Virginia are "those engaging in duels" and in Florida "persons interested in any wager depending on the result of any election." But more typical of the trend is a new federal court order forbidding Texas to disqualify thousands of regular residents who happen to be U.S. servicemen from other states.

The only state enforcing this policy, Texas has disenfranchised such voters ever since the Texas Republic's early 19th century founders worried that U.S. soldiers might be marched in to vote them out. Though it counted servicemen as part of its population in congressional apportionment, Texas extended suffrage only to the minority who entered the service from the Texas county in which they were stationed. As recently as last April, the Texas Supreme Court upheld the state's right to "prevent concentrations of military voting strength in areas where military bases are located."

All this seemed "like a slap in the face" to Staff Sergeant James R. Mabry, 27, who entered the Air Force from Wisconsin. Like most non-Texan servicemen in Texas, Mabry did not vote by absentee ballot in his home state. Moreover, he has been stationed in Bexar County (San Antonio) since 1959, owns a home there on which he pays taxes like any other resident. Yet last January, when he and his wife paid poll taxes, Mabry's receipt (unlike his wife's) was stamped "not eligible to vote." Precisely the same thing happened to his friend, Air Force Lieut. David M. Sneary, 26, a former Oklahoman.

With the aid of 100 friendly Texans who donated $500, Mabry and Sneary appealed to a three-judge federal court in San Antonio. Result: an injunction, based on the 14th Amendment's equal-protection clause, forbidding Texas to deny suffrage to anyone "entering military service as a resident citizen of another state, who otherwise in good faith meets all of the requirements of a qualified elector in this state." Texas may appeal to the U.S. Supreme Court, but meanwhile at least 25,000 servicemen hope soon to exercise the right to vote in elections in Texas.

God & Peyote

The art of deciding constitutional questions commonly means weighing competing values. The balance is often delicate, as the California Supreme Court has just shown in answering yes to a weird question: Can a man beat a narcotics rap by pinning it on God?

While performing a religious ceremony in a desert hogan near Needles, Calif., three Navajo Indian members of the Native American Church were arrested for possession of peyote, a non-habit-forming cactus derivative that stimulates visions for those who chew it. Convicted, the Indians carried a novel appeal to the state's highest court. As honest seekers of spiritual hallucination, they claimed exemption from California's drug laws under the First Amendment clause guaranteeing free exercise of religion.

Did the drug laws really abridge the defendants' religious freedom? Yes, found the court. "Peyotism" goes back to at least 1560; it is the central sacrament of a semi-Christian church whose members (estimated at anywhere from 30,000 to 250,000) believe that peyote puts partakers in direct contact with God. As the court put it: "To forbid the use of peyote is to remove the theological heart of Peyotism."

Even so, the Supreme Court has long held that government can abridge religious practices (but not religious belief) when a "compelling state interest" demands it. In 1878, the court thus upheld the banning of Mormon polygamy as antisocial (*Reynolds* v. *U.S.*). California's attorney general marshaled a similar argument against Peyotism. It not only subverts narcotic-law enforcement, he said, but also "obstructs enlightenment and shackles the Indian to primitive conditions."

CARL IWASAKI

NAVAJO HALLUCINATORY RITE
Better than polygamy.

Ruling that California has no right to make Navajos conform to "mass society," the court added that peyote is harmless, is permitted in other states and is religiously more crucial than polygamy, without which modern Mormons are thriving. Since Peyotism "presents only slight danger to the state," the court voided the Navajos' convictions. Balancing its dictum, the court simultaneously rejected the appeal of a white, "self-styled 'peyote preacher'" who made the same claim as the Indians. He must stand trial again, ordered the court, because he "has not proved that his asserted belief was an honest and bona fide one." How far a court should go in exploring the good faith of religious belief may itself raise further legal perplexities.

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THE UGLY & THE BELOVED

This abode of mine
Adjoins a pine grove,
Sitting on the blue sea,
And from its humble eaves
Commands a view of soaring Fuji.
—A Samurai's *Waka* (A.D. 1460)

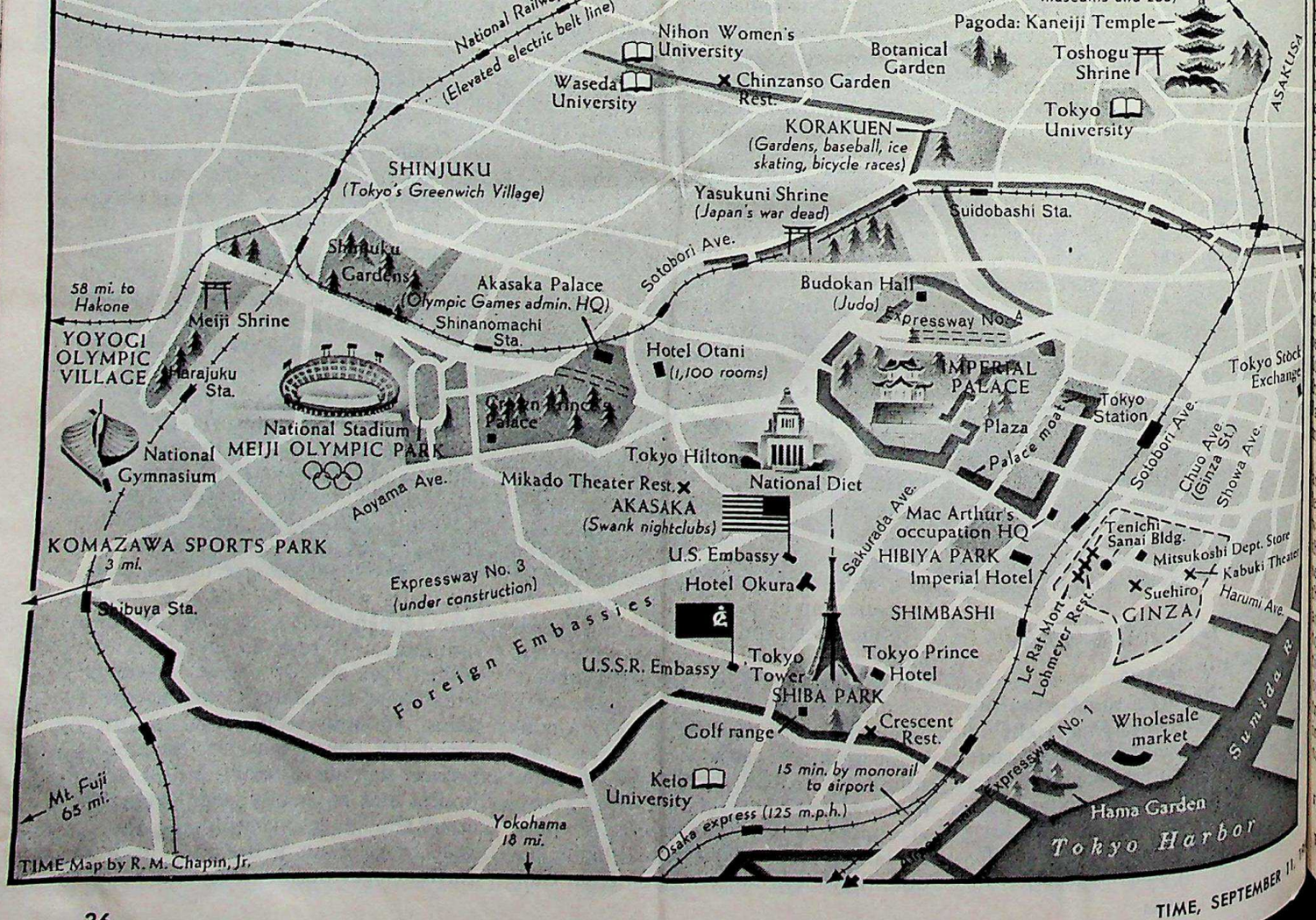
On wintry mornings, when the sun burns off the pearl and filthy mist, Fuji still soars beyond the freeway. And every week a dozen tank cars rumble through the pine grove of the Imperial Palace, hosing dust and soot from the drooping needles. The harbor itself, and the once limpid Sumida River where warrior-poets repaired, are now thick with wastes—both human and industrial. Yet there is scarcely a resident of Tokyo who could not compose a stately, sympathetic *waka* in the shade of his humble eaves.

Tokyo, the world's largest and ugliest city, is at the same time its most dynamic. Founded in the 15th century by a poetically minded samurai named Dokan Ota, it wore the name of Edo during its early, bucolic years. Then the populace found its major thrill in watching whales cavort through the clear, blue waters of the bay. But by 1720 Tokyo had attained a population of a million—making it the largest city in the pre-Industrial Revolution world, and whale-watching gave way to more active pursuits. With the Meiji Restoration in 1868, Tokyo came into its own. It assumed the status of seat of government, as well as its new name, which means simply Eastern Capital. It has dwelt for nearly two decades beneath a cloud of dust that hid its expansion—a trebling growth that took the city's 3,500,000 population at war's end to a current 10.6 million. In the process Japan became the world's fifth largest and Asia's only industrial power. Five years ago, when Tokyo won the bid to host the XVIII Olympiad, the furor of that growth redoubled. And next month, when the Games open, Tokyo will clearly show that the sound and fury of its past signify something.

"All for the Olympics." Japan has spent nearly $2 billion to refurbish Tokyo for the Olympic Games. Last week, as the finishing touches were applied, the dust and din of the past three years began to lift, revealing shiny new buildings, glistening overhead superhighways and a network of fine, wide roads that is already speeding up traffic considerably. Four superexpressways slash like sword scars through 62 miles of the once impenetrable capital, while 25 miles of new subway bore beneath the random, rickety scab of slums, pachinko parlors and noodle shops that is home to most of the city's population.

Nearly 10,000 buildings, ranging from four to seven stories in height, have mushroomed near the city's center. And many more have come down, for "transitory" is Tokyo's middle name. Even Frank Lloyd Wright's earthquake-proof Imperial Hotel, built in 1922, is threatened with replacement by a high-rise, moneymaking skyscraper. Already most of the buildings razed have been scabrous shanties along the narrow, unnamed streets trod by geta-ed feet which comprise most of Tokyo's congested byways. The new roads—$5 million worth of them—will ease the burden of Tokyo's cab drivers, who have a hard time finding their way around and usually require written directions (in Japanese) to reach a destination. The reek of setting cement permeates Tokyo like a geisha's scent, and roadside cafés are mounted with plastic shields to ward off the dust stirred up by building.

But it is after dark, when traffic diminishes, that Tokyo really begins to build. Bulldozers and steamrollers emerge like nocturnal predators; the smell of hot tar and the chatter of jackhammers shatter the night. In Shinjuku, Tokyo's Greenwich Village, and along the Ginza, an army of or-



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helmeted workmen swarms out to remove temporary planks covering the streets, while trailer trucks roar up to dump fuming loads of fill into yawning caverns. Thousands of lights sway in the evening breeze, sending crooked shadows under the neon. At dawn, the trucks and workers disappear like cockroaches. Then the city's kamikaze cab drivers emerge and proudly tell their fares: "All for the Olympics."

Lonely Are the Brave. To the 6,624 athletes who will soon swoop into Tokyo, the city has indeed offered its all. Fully $65 million has been spent to renovate and erect sports facilities, as well as an Olympic Village replete with trees and ornamental shrubs. In the Olympic Cafeteria, 150 separate menus will provide 520,000 lunches, suppers and breakfasts of champions. Dominating the Olympic Tokyo is Architect Kenzo Tange's shell-shaped National Gymnasium complex, where swimmers and basketball players will vie, while the first judo competition in Olympic history will be conducted beneath the cut-winged roof of the Budokan Hall. Last week teams from 96 nations were forming for the Tokyo Games, and sports buffs the world over prepared to descend on the city by sea and air. At least 20,000 of them a day will make the scene during the Games' two-week run.

The scene has been well prepared. Tokyo officials feared that there would not be enough hotel space for all the visitors, so they pumped $93 million in loans into the city's hotel industry. Two new hotels—the Otani, with a revolving cocktail lounge on its roof, and the Tokyo Prince to boast 1,600 rooms between them, to add to the facilities of the huge new Okura and Tokyo Hilton hotels. In addition, eight ships will anchor in Tokyo Harbor to provide floating accommodations. Other tourists will be housed at Hakone, the coolly beautiful mountain resort 58 miles west of the city. Improvements to the *ryokan*, Japan's traditional inns, have added 4,000 more rooms to the total.

Travel in Tokyo has always been—and will continue to be—a major problem. The best way is clearly by subway, which costs only 8¢ at most, and takes the traveler under the most congested sections of the city. In preparation for the Olympics, the subway has put out an English-language guide. Worst way to travel is by foot: at many intersections the Japanese have placed bundles of yellow flags, and the braver pedestrians hopefully wave them at oncoming drivers in order to secure safe passage. Lonely are the brave.

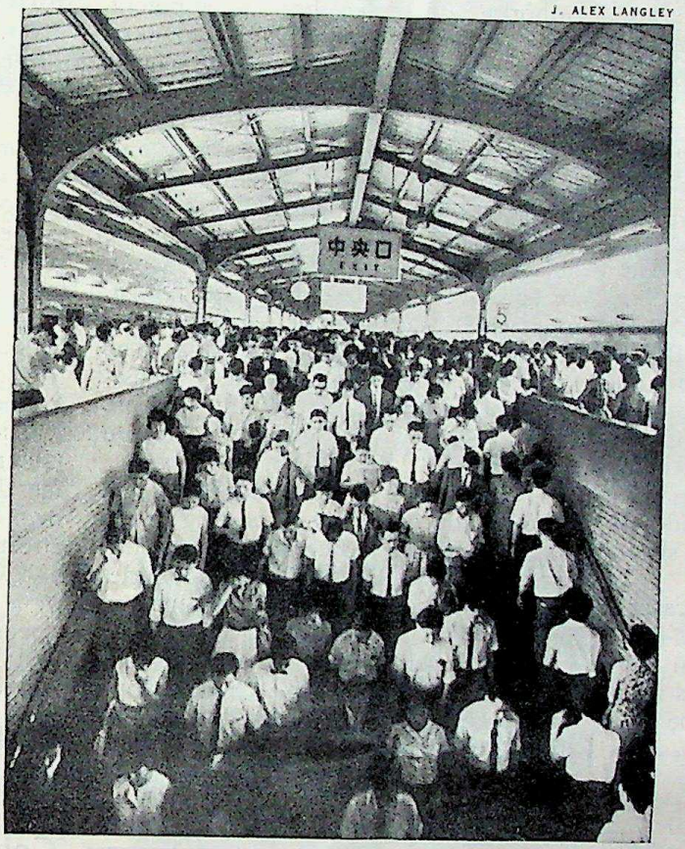
A spanking new Wenner-Gren monorail, costing $55 million, will soon whisk tourists from Haneda Airport to downtown Tokyo, while the world's fastest railroad, the 125-m.p.h. *Hikari* Express (TIME, Sept. 4), runs via artful Kyoto to bustling Osaka in four hours—almost half the time it took before.

Pachinko & Prices. But fleeing Tokyo by train is the last thing Olympic visitors will want to do. The city itself offers more action and interaction than any other major conurbation outside New York. There are 1,052 pachinko parlors constantly pocking the air with the jangle of small metal pinballs, 527 movie houses, 30 bowling alleys, a triple-decker golf driving range near the Tokyo Tower, four full-scale symphony orchestras, three opera companies, three baseball parks (drawing as many as 45,000 spectators a night) and well as Liu Yuan, a four-story Chinese restaurant that ranks with the best in the world.

At a minimum, Tokyo boasts 30,000 establishments where a man or woman can have a drink. Prostitutes used to be everywhere, but a 1958 anti-prostitution law scattered them to the winds, except for those who reappeared as "bar hostesses." In the Ginza, Akasaka, Shimbashi, Shinjuku and Asakusa districts, such swank bars and nightclubs as *Le Rat Mort* offer unusual entertainment at prices that can be as exorbitant as anywhere in the world.

But the vices of Tokyo have been toned down for the Games. Lady Diet members pushed through a law requiring the masseuses in Tokyo's "hotsie bath" emporiums to wear robes instead of bikinis, and the police have enacted a midnight curfew that has already gone into effect.

J. ALEX LANGLEY



TOKYO'S CENTRAL STATION AT RUSH HOUR
From Lohmeyer's to Liu Yuan—don't walk.

"Prone to Feel Lonely." Despite all the efforts to primp for the Games, Tokyo remains the world's most primitive megalopolis. Less than a quarter of its 23 sprawling wards have sewage systems, and all efforts at city planning have failed in the discussion stage. Twice in its history—after the 1923 earthquake that took 100,000 lives and leveled half the city, and after World War II when it lay again in ruins—Tokyo had a chance to rebuild itself into a cohesive metropolis. Indeed, Ichiro Kono, the stocky, 66-year-old State Minister in charge of the Olympics and the man who is largely responsible for Tokyo's face lifting, blames General Douglas MacArthur and the U.S. occupation for the latter-day failure. "Once we had a powerful agency known as the Home Ministry," he explains, "which had the power to step into local problems and solve them. The Americans abolished it as not democratic. Thus, this summer."

But in their ebullience, the Japanese have preferred merely to grow, and so Tokyo continues to spread over the once green Kanto Plain like lava from an erupting volcano. As one Japanese psychologist wrote: "The Japanese is by nature prone to feel lonely, and he cannot bear to lead a solitary existence. He does not wish to live except where he is constantly surrounded by people." The adhesive that holds this mass together is the atmosphere of security in numbers so vast that mere compression affords privacy, of a sophistication and toughness that set Tokyo above and beyond any other Asian city. Even the delightfully wicked quality of its night life helps to weld the city. More than anything else, it is a city of people, of crowds, of action. It is bound to emerge from this Olympiad uglier than ever, but beloved of its people nonetheless.

of course there is the Kabuki Theater.

There is also Tokyo's industry to be seen—the vast Honda plant that cranks out motorcycles of all sizes and speeds (*see* MODERN LIVING); the glittering edifices of the banking and manufacturing cartels; the movie industry that has given the screen the best and cheapest imitations of U.S. cornball westerns ever made, as well as great directors such as Akira Kurosawa. Tokyo has 32,000 restaurants—nearly twice as many as New York. The best of the Japanese establishments can cost as much as $30 per person for food and geisha entertainment, but at sukiyaki and tempura houses like the Ginza's Suehiro and Tenichi, prices are moderate. Tokyo also has excellent Western dining spots, such as Lohmeyer's (German) and the Crescent (French), as

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ACTORS

The Bedroom Pirate

Charles Boyer is 65, having reached retirement age at the end of August, and he has accepted it in much the same way that Maurice Chevalier did eleven years ago, Albert Schweitzer 24 years ago, Jack Benny five years ago, and Bernard Baruch in 1935.

Next week he opens in a new weekly TV series called *The Rogues*. Meanwhile he is at work on a new movie called *The Favor* with Leslie Caron and Rock Hudson.

The TV series is being produced by Four Star Television. Boyer is a co-owner of Four Star, along with David Niven. They are both in the series, which NBC describes as "a comedy-melodrama about a family of jet-set jewel thieves and con men who are masters of separating the pompous rich from their ill-gotten gains . . . played against a backdrop of Riviera beaches, palatial villas, beautiful women and green felt gaming tables."

All this has a familiar purr. The beautiful women now have names like Brooke Hayward and Senta Berger, but the whole scene recalls the young Boyer of *Algiers*, the fathomless possibilities of Hedy Lamarr, and the line he is legendary for whispering to her: "Come wiz me to zee casbah." Actually, there was no such line in the movie, nor in any other movie Boyer ever made. It came from an old comedy-radio show. But Boyer wears it gracefully.

Salvaged Superiority. The casbah line and the other trademarks—the voice of a cello and the bedroom eyes—bore him, in fact. But he knows what he owes to them. Once, when he was urged to play a piratical swashbuckler in *Frenchman's Creek*, he refused, saying: "I'm not a seagoing pirate. I'm a bedroom pirate."

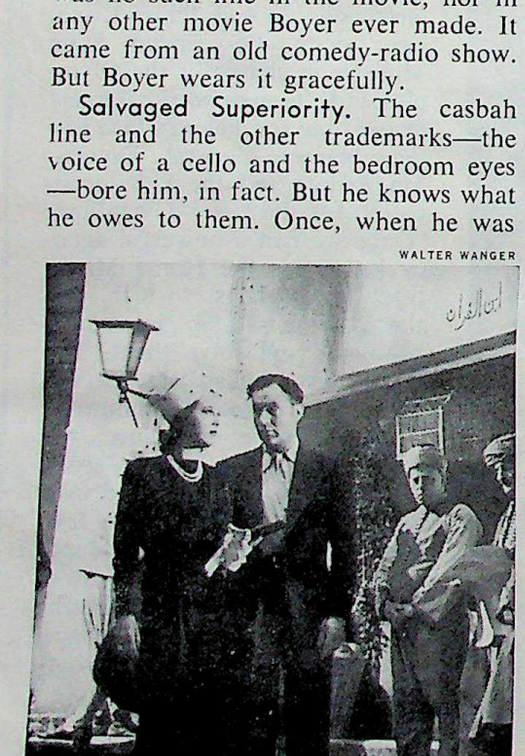
This was a frank and French appraisal of Hollywood practicalities, but it belies what he really thinks of himself as an actor. Trained at the Paris Conservatory, and an early success on the Parisian stage, he sees himself as an artist of stature and he has repeatedly proved it, most notably in the 1951 Broadway production of *Don Juan in Hell*, two years later in *Kind Sir* with Mary Martin, and in 1962 in *Lord Pengo*, a bad play from which he salvaged superior notices.

Too Busy to Listen. With such earned authority, Boyer has become a potent force on TV and film sets. He makes directors flinch. He watches rushes each day. If he does not like a scene, it is shot again. He gives stage directions, changes scripts, talks rapidly and is too busy to listen. When he happens to own the company that is doing the shooting, all this is his privilege; but he acts the same way when he is merely an employee. In *Hold Back the Dawn*, he played a European refugee trying to get into the U.S. from Mexico. The script called for him to address a passing cockroach bitterly, saying: "Where do you think you're going? Have you a visa?"

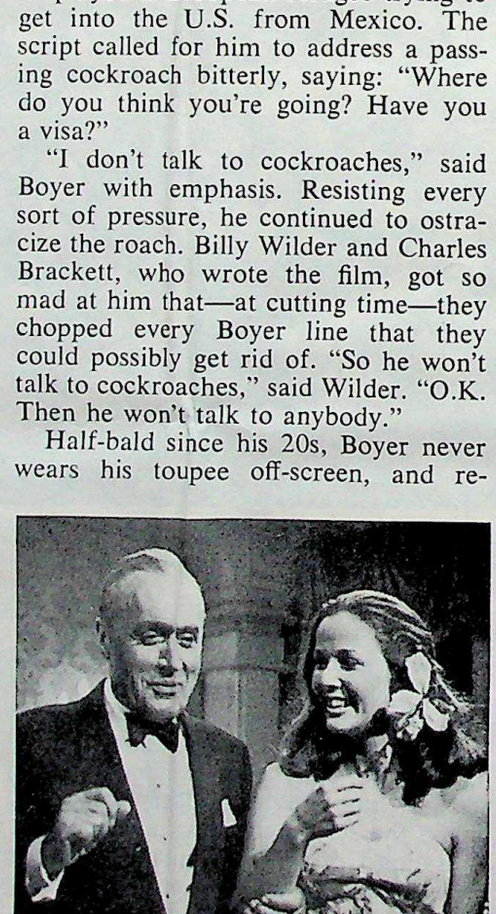
"I don't talk to cockroaches," said Boyer with emphasis. Resisting every sort of pressure, he continued to ostracize the roach. Billy Wilder and Charles Brackett, who wrote the film, got so mad at him that—at cutting time—they chopped every Boyer line that they could possibly get rid of. "So he won't talk to cockroaches," said Wilder. "O.K. Then he won't talk to anybody."

Half-bald since his 20s, Boyer never wears his toupee off-screen, and recently—as his parts have aged—he [illegible] been leaving it off while performing [illegible] well. He is a sleepless man—an hour [illegible] tossing for every five minutes of sl[illegible] ber. He has been married for 30 yea[illegible] and has been an American citizen [illegible] 22. His wife was an English actress [illegible] gave up her career soon after their w[illegible] ding. Because of his stability and [illegible] gevity, Boyer is presumed rich, and [illegible] probably is by anyone's standards [illegible] his own. "I'm not rich because in m[illegible] most prosperous days salaries were [illegible] what they are now," he says. Rich [illegible] Boyer's vocabulary must be a stupe[illegible] dous word indeed, since Boyer is rep[illegible] edly worth $3,000,000 or $4,000,0[illegible] "Charles," a friend says, "is a tightwa[illegible]

WALTER WANGER



WITH LAMARR IN THE CASBAH



WITH HAYWARD IN "THE ROGUES"

Women? Toujours. Roaches? Jamais!

BROADWAY

Stars & Bars

Among the pleasures of playgoing [illegible] Europe is the privilege of buying a d[illegible] at a theater bar during the interval [illegible] the U.S., theater patrons have to que[illegible] intermission thirst with a wax-enric[illegible] fruit drink, or else dash out to a ne[illegible] borhood bar, there to fret about mis[illegible] the second-act curtain. In an attempt [illegible] get around the New York law prohi[illegible] ing the sale of liquor where no food [illegible] served, a Manhattan theater last y[illegible] decided to give free drinks to its [illegible] trons. This largesse was quickly stopp[illegible] by the State Liquor Authority.

Then the New York legislature fin[illegible] relented last April. For a $1,700 ann[illegible] fee, theaters will be able to operate th[illegible] own bars. The new law will not go in[illegible] effect until Oct. 1. This was a l[illegible] awkward for Arthur Cantor, produ[illegible] of a revue called *The Committee* t[illegible] opens next week. His solution: gue[illegible] will be served drinks in "unlimi[illegible] rounds" on the house before the curt[illegible] and during the 20-minute intermiss[illegible] during the two weeks before t[illegible] opening time. "No exotic cockta[illegible] says Cantor, "just hard liquor and bee[illegible]

Cole Mine

The lonesome oyster got sadder [illegible] moister. Like the Theodore Roosev[illegible] and the A. G. Vanderbilts, he lived [illegible] Oyster Bay, but not at the same [illegible] tude. He longed for the high life. Ev[illegible] tually, on a round silver platter, he [illegible] his wish.

See that bivalve social climber
Feeding the rich Mrs. Hoggenheim[illegible]
Think of his joy as he gaily glides
Down to the middle of her gilded
insides—
Proud little oyster.

But not even Mrs. Hoggenheim could stomach the little o's nauseat[illegible] ambitions, and up she chucked [illegible] into Oyster Bay, where he was at [illegible] content to stay, for he had had his [illegible] of society. And vice versa.

Such a snob on the half-shell co[illegible] only have been dredged by a great gifted hand. Yet Cole Porter's *Tale[illegible] the Oyster* has never been publishe[illegible] Nor, until now, has it ever been reco[illegible]

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KARGER—PIX

PORTER WITH MERMAN (1939)
What DuBarry really was.

ed. It is only remembered by those Broadway theatergoers who, in 1929, happened to see Porter's *Fifty Million Frenchmen.*

But this month any record buyer can savor it in a new album called "Cole Porter Revisited." It has been assembled by Ben Bagley, an off-Broadway producer (the *Shoestring* revues) who has unearthed eleven Porter songs that have been hitherto unrecorded, plus three recorded only on now-unavailable 78 r.p.m. Some were cut from shows while they were still on the road. Others were never published at all, or if they were, the lyrics were often changed. In all cases, Bagley has revived the originals. One song from 1939's *DuBarry Was a Lady,* for example, illustrates just what sort of lady DuBarry was. Called *But in the Morning, No,* it is a seduction duet in which a man and woman practically stage an exhibition as they woo in questionable metaphor.

All the songs are timeless Porter but, given so, some of them are as datable as coins. *I'm Throwing a Ball Tonight,* for example, was first sung in 1940's *Panama Hattie,* by Ethel Merman:

I invited Wendell Willkie
I invited F.D.R.
And for photographs
I asked the staffs
of *Life, Look, Peek, Pic, Snap, Click,* and *Harper's Bazaar.*

Ben Bagley has already issued a similar collection of artifacts from Richard Rodgers and Lorenz Hart. After Cole Porter, he plans to revisit Noel Coward and Jerome Kern. He has two recondite versions of Kern's *Smoke Gets in Your Eyes,* which was an early failure, having begun its existence, startlingly enough, as a military march called *I'm Marching Off to War.* Bagley also has some high-powered Coward, most notably an item called *Carrie Was a Careful Girl,* which is, of all things, a ballad about contraceptives.

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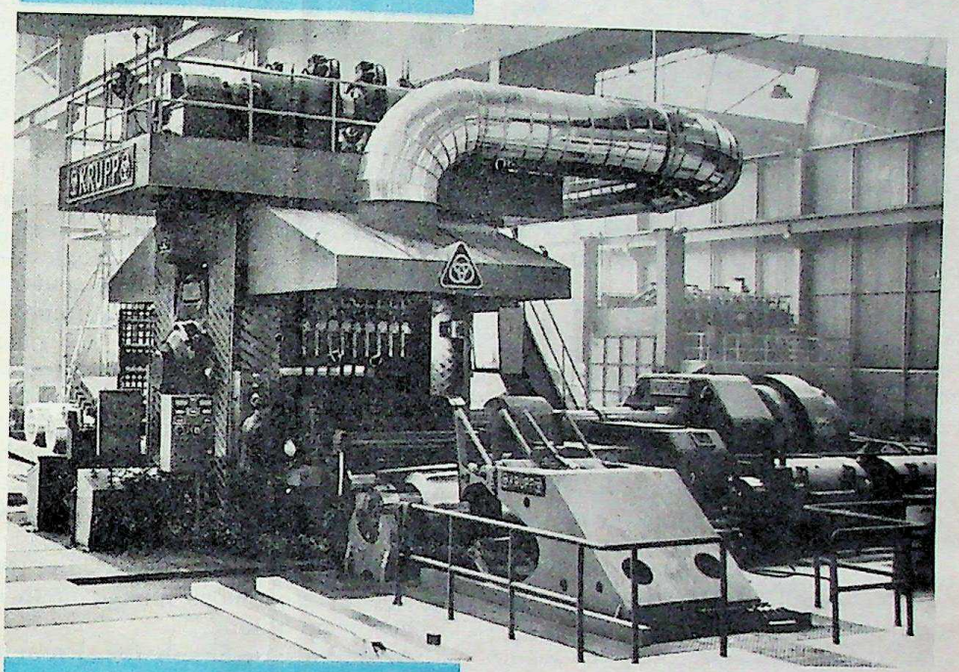

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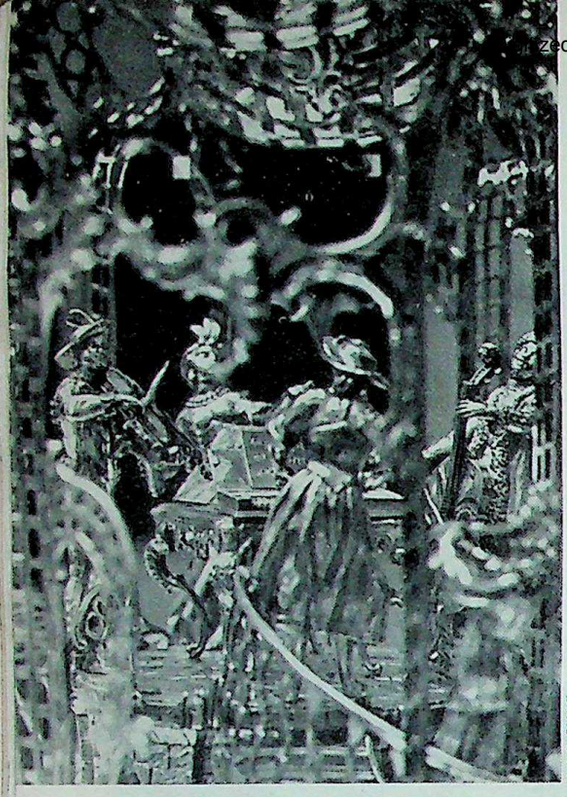


DAVID GAHR

CENTERPIECE AT HARTFORD
Asymmetry in goldwork.

STYLES

The Curve of the Sea Shell

Every beachcomber knows that sea shells are beautiful, yet few know they are so beautiful that once their shape inspired a style that spread across half of Europe. During the 18th century, painters, sculptors, even candlestick makers all followed the curve of the sea shell. The style was called rococo—itself an onomatopoeic image of the art—from the French word *rocaille*, meaning fancy-work in rocks and shells.

Profuse with *C* scrolls and *S* curves, rococo has often been labeled an interior decorator's art. In courtly architecture, such as Munich's dainty Amalienburg palace, plaster tendrils so slather the rooms that the ceiling is inseparable from the walls. Rococo was ornament become form, rather than the link between forms. It added asymmetry to the earlier style of baroque art, as one would add fantasy to fiction. Where the baroque was epic, rococo was lyric. It had a horror of straight lines, as if such were the symbols of reason and order.

This week in New England, rococo makes good viewing at an informative exhibit in the Wadsworth Atheneum in Hartford, Conn., and at the Sterling and Francine Clark Art Institute in Williamstown, Mass., which has a new acquisition (*see opposite page*) by the rococo painter Jean Honoré Fragonard.

Hems Heavenward. Fragonard, who flippantly signed his works "Frago," was an exemplar of the rococo age. Born in 1732, he studied under François Boucher. He was befriended by the American minister in Paris, Benjamin Franklin, and by Madame du Barry, who commissioned him to do the series called the *Progress of Love* that is now in Manhattan's Frick Collection. One of his best-known works shows a girl on a swing, her hems heavenward, being pushed while her lover looks up.

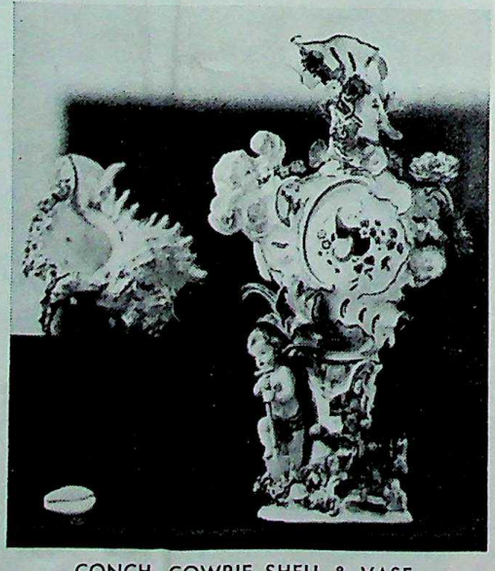
Although Fragonard is best known for his sensual vignettes of dalliance, he rarely reached such peaks of rococo rendering as in his *Fantasy Portraits*. Dating from the late 1760s, they are a series of 14 portraits of actual people in disguise—often in the ruffs and cuffs of the preceding century. His *The Warrior* is sterner than the rest, but still as theatrical as grease paint.

The Warrior's flamboyant pose, exaggerated sword, and improbably wrinkled clothes express the rococo flight from reality. The far-off glint in his eyes suggests the coming romantic cult of genius, the idea that reverie is greater than reason. Fragonard even more daringly juxtaposes colors, such as the reds on the yellow cheek, without transitions of tone—a foretaste of impressionism. Yet the painting's casualness—revered in its day as sublime and picturesque—is a pure rococo attitude.

Rococo flourished mostly in France. The English, with fewer aristocrats, boast little more rococo art than Hogarth. In southern Germany and Austria, the style showed itself in churches whose walls dripped with absurd cockleshell trappings: in the 1770s, the Archbishop of Salzburg had to ban all "distracting pious trumpery and theatrical representations repugnant to the true worship of God."

Aristocrats as Shepherds. From the porcelain, etchings, and gold- and silverwork at the Atheneum, it is evident that rococo was a way of life, abandoned, whimsical, undemanding. Artisanship lavished on a table centerpiece produced a jungle of gilt. The etchings tell of nature tamed in a palace park, where artificial ruins and Chinese pagodas were built to provide fantasy.

Rococo was a royal style, yet one born of relief at the passing away of the splendor and pomp of Versailles and Louis XIV. Aristocrats yearned to lay aside their powdered wigs and p... peasant. Marie-Antoinette's fake ha... let in the Trianon park was a do... house for kings in fustian and que... in dirndls. Watteau and Boucher dr... members of the nobility in shepher... clothing. But aristocracy saw pov... as happy simplicity, not as a wretch... problem. Came the French Revolu... of 1789, and the wistful sound in ... sea shell was no longer heard.



CONCH, COWRIE SHELL & VASE
Onomatopoetry in porcelain.

PAINTING

What's Art, Pop?

"By viewing nature, nature's ha... maid, art, makes mighty things fr... small beginning grow," wrote Dryd... In the Manhattan cabaret called S... ond City, Satirist Severn Darden, p... ing as a mad Germanic art profes... explains in effect what the poet mea...

"Imagine a painter wants to pain... rather simple, ordinary landscape, s... some cherry trees in blossom with lea... and grass and sky and a couple of l... clouds and, to balance the sky, ma... a basketball court, and playing on t... court are several nuns and one of t... nuns is wearing an ape suit with l... red fur and spangles—forget that. N... to get the color of the blossoms, do... he go out into the orchard and rip fr... the tree the blossom and bring it ba... with him to his atelier—or pad, as y... say—and look at it under the nak... light bulb? No. He does not. He g... out into the orchard with his equipm... —*i.e.*, his eyes—and he sees the bl... som in its natural state, with the refl... tion of the green of the grass, of t... seeming blue of the sky.

"And if there is something near t... the blossom, for example, a bee—... bumblebee—which is yellow and bla... that is reflected in the blossom. And ... hanging from the anterior, the front e... of the bee, is a drop of honey, that al... is reflected in the blossom. Now, reflect... in the honey is an eagle, and in t... mouth of the eagle is a ferret, and in t... mouth of the ferret is a stoat, and ... the mouth of the stoat is a shrew, a... in the mouth of the shrew is a mar... and on the outside of the marble is ... American flag, for example, and in ea... one of the 48 stars of the flag—it's ... old marble—is a map of a differe... district of Persia in the 14th centu... with a little symbol showing where ... produced the oil, the wine, the cam... dung, and so forth. All of these are ... flected through the drop of honey ... come back on to the blossom. Now, ... artist works for years to get this ex... color, and—marvelous to relate—he ... able to. But does he paint that ex... color? No. Because that is nature, ... he is an artist. And to show this ... paints it some other color, such a... black, or orange, or blue."

In sum, there's a lot of art in natur... and a little Dryden in Darden.

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A FRAGONARD FANTASY

"THE WARRIOR," newest acquisition of Clark Institute in Williamstown, Mass., shows idealized soldier just before French Revolution.

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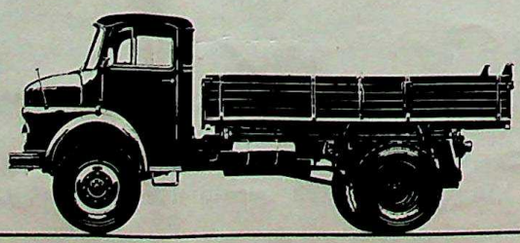

LAK 1113
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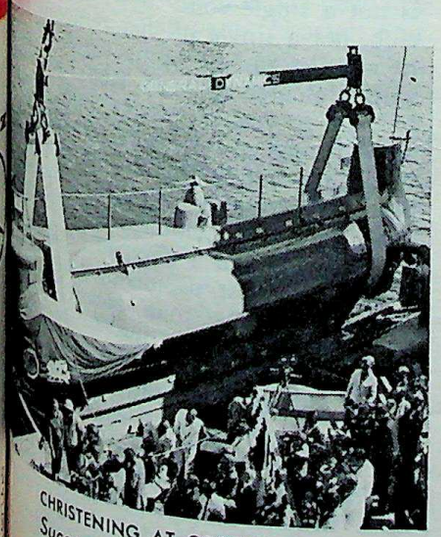
OCEANOLOGY

Aluminaut & Aquanauts

Studying the depths of the sea by sonar, dredging, and instruments lowered from ships, oceanologists have so far gained about as accurate an idea of what lies below as man had about the continents back in 1750. The obvious need has been for more precise exploration of the deep. And the obvious lack, until now, has been ways and means to plunge to great depths, remain there for days or weeks at a time and explore such mysteries as the exact topography and geological composition of the ocean floor.

Fatheaded Whale. Last week a deep-diving laboratory was launched by the Electric Boat Division of General Dynamics Corp. in Groton, Conn. Christened the *Aluminaut* and looking for all the world like a fatheaded sperm whale, the craft is the world's first aluminum submarine. Its 51-ft. hull consists of eleven forged cylinders. Since aluminum's strength-to-weight ratio exceeds that of steel, the *Aluminaut's* 6½-in.-thick shell will withstand pressures of 7,500 lbs. per sq. in. at the sub's 17,000-ft. maximum diving range. At the same time, the craft is buoyant enough to surface, submerge and operate easily under its own power.

Boasting a cruising speed of 3.8 knots and an operating range of 80 miles, the *Aluminaut* will be able to stay submerged for up to 72 hours and explore 60% of the oceans' floors. Its three-man crew—a captain and two scientists—will have two tons of scientific gear at their disposal. All of this should lead to important new discoveries in oceanology, marine biology and undersea geology—plus practical profits. The *Aluminaut* may hold out interesting possibilities in ship salvage, in drilling for oil and mining from the bottom of the ocean, says Reynolds Metals Executive Vice President J. Louis Reynolds, who conceived the aluminum submarine idea back in 1942.



CHRISTENING AT GROTON, CONN.
Success and a promise of more.

Helium Quack. Oceanologists, meanwhile, have not been idly waiting around for the *Aluminaut* to show up. This summer, in waters off Bermuda, the U.S. Navy has carried out an experiment in underwater living. For nine days last month four U.S. aquanauts lived in a cigar-shaped, 40-ft.-long contraption named *Sealab 1*, resting in the coral-covered crater of an extinct volcano 192 ft. below the surface. The experiment proved that aquanauts could live and work for long periods of time hundreds of feet below the surface, thus eliminating the need for repeated and lengthy decompressions and making practical such sustained jobs as oil-well drilling and underwater mining.

The next step for *Sealab* is a deeper dive, possibly 300 ft. next summer, and then a month's stay at 600 ft. And this fall Reynolds Metals' *Aluminaut* is scheduled to undergo intensive sea trials off the Bahamas.

STANDARDS

For a Second

Time was when a second was 1/60th of a minute. Or 1/3600th of an hour. Or 1/86400th of a day. But all of this assumes that the earth takes 24 hours to turn on its axis, which it does not. By scientists' standards, not only is the earth's spin uneven, it is positively erratic. Between 1680 and 1800 the earth slowed down enough to lose 27/100ths of a second. During the 19th century it picked up nearly 31/100ths of a second. Then it slowed down again between 1900 and 1920. And lately the giddy old world has been speeding up again.

So, for science's sake, the International Bureau of Weights and Measures will discuss at its meeting in Paris next month the adoption of a new official standard for measuring a second. If a new standard is adopted, a second will be as long as 9,192,631,770 cycles of vibration of a cesium atom. No more, no less. Well, perhaps.

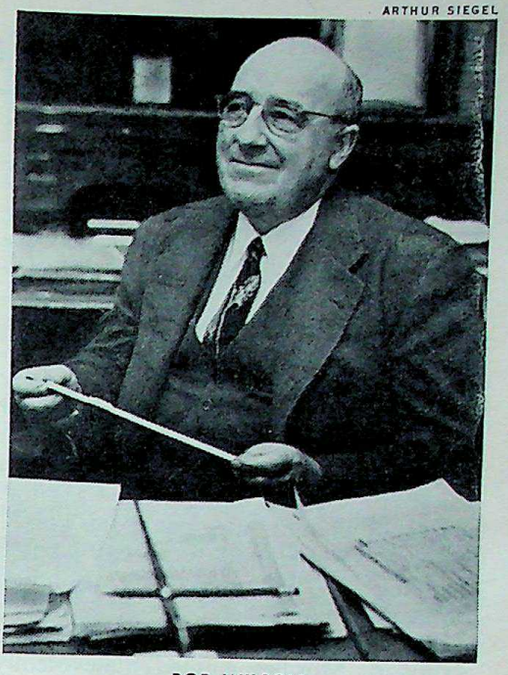
APPLIED SCIENCE

The Man with the Powerful Kick

Robert E. Wilson liked to joke that "I pose as a businessman when talking to scientists and as a scientist when talking to businessmen." The confusion was natural. Over the years Wilson was a research chemist, the chairman of the board of the Standard Oil Co. of Indiana, a member of the Atomic Energy Commission, chairman of the American Oil Co. Occupational pigeonholers marked him down as an applied scientist—a term that in Wilson's case meant a complete man using his varied talents completely.

In the Family. Wilson won scientific credentials aplenty—a B.S. from M.I.T. (1916), an M.I.T. associate professorship in chemical engineering, 90 patents for petrochemical inventions, 120 scientific papers. But even more winning was his impact on other men. Presenting him with the Society of Chemical Industry's Perkin Medal in 1943, American Chemical Society President Thomas Midgley Jr. couldn't help recalling an 1895 picnic in Beaver Falls, Pa., where both he and Wilson were born. Midgley was being bullied by a gang of "incipient hoodlums." Up came Mrs. Wilson with two-year-old Bobby. "Kick the naughty boys," commanded mother, and Wilson kicked. "Everybody laughed, including me," reported Midgley. "The operation was a huge success."

ARTHUR SIEGEL



BOB WILSON
Complete, and completely fulfilled.

Wilson kept on kicking. While board chairman at Standard of Indiana, he kicked a group of industrialists into starting a program of corporate support for private colleges and science graduate students. He kicked his own company into adopting Ethyl gasoline. And he then kicked himself into public service.

Down with Monopoly. A double-threat scientist-administrator on the Atomic Energy Commission from 1960 until early this year, Wilson fought to end Government monopoly in the atomic-energy field—and was largely responsible for legislation, passed last month, permitting private ownership of atomic materials.

Winding up his stint as an AECommissioner, Wilson got a grateful letter from President Johnson: "Your outstanding performance and the high esteem with which you are regarded as a scientist, a businessman and a public servant must be a source of satisfaction to you as your years of public service come to an end." But somehow Bob Wilson never settled down. Last month he journeyed to Geneva to work as an adviser to the U.S. delegation at the U.N. International Conference on Peaceful Uses of Atomic Energy. There, last week, still in the public service, he died of a stroke at 71.

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BASEBALL

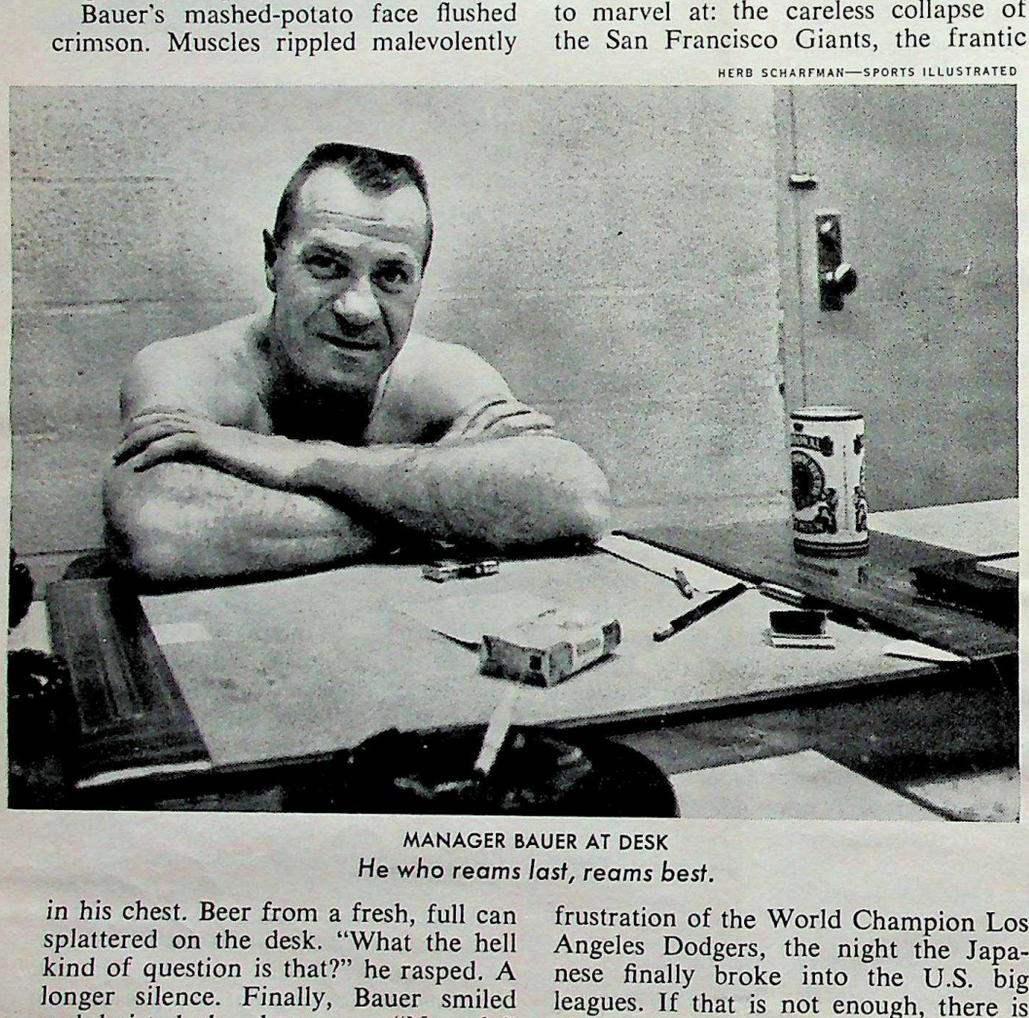
Old Potato Face

(See Cover)

It was a ritual to which he had become accustomed and which he accepted, unwillingly but gracefully. Grouped around the desk in the Baltimore clubhouse were half a dozen reporters for the usual post-mortem. They watched Hank Bauer reduce an empty beer can to tin foil with one quick crunch of his hammy fist. "They gotta catch us," Bauer announced. "And if we keep winning, they can't, can they?" Silence. "But Hank," somebody wanted to know, "is the long summer beginning to get to your players?"

Bauer's mashed-potato face flushed crimson. Muscles rippled malevolently in his chest. Beer from a fresh, full can splattered on the desk. "What the hell kind of question is that?" he rasped. A longer silence. Finally, Bauer smiled and hoisted the dewy can. "Naaaah," he said. "The heat don't bother them, 'cause they drink this here good beer." And with that, the manager of the Baltimore Orioles marched off, stark naked, to the shower.

HERB SCHARFMAN—SPORTS ILLUSTRATED



MANAGER BAUER AT DESK

He who reams last, reams best.

Haunting Melody. It started back in April, while the buds were still hard on the maple trees and the New York Yankees were losing four of their first five games—the first faint notes of a haunting melody. It grew steadily in volume through the summer, while the Orioles and the Chicago White Sox jockeyed back and forth for the lead. Last week it reached its shimmering, cymbalistic crescendo as all three teams entered the last, climactic month of the 1964 baseball season, locked in a death-or-derring-do battle for the American League pennant. Call it the year the American League made a game out of baseball again.

It is the year the Christians eat the lions, the year the worms grow teeth, the year the sharecroppers foreclose on the banks. The National League race, too, has provided its share of thrills—even if it is winding up as quietly as a Quaker meeting. For two weeks it has been clear to all but bitter-enders and Cincinnatians that Gene Mauch's amazing Philadelphia Phillies—the laughingstock of the league just three years ago—are too far ahead to be caught. But there are other mysteries to marvel at: the careless collapse of the San Francisco Giants, the frantic frustration of the World Champion Los Angeles Dodgers, the night the Japanese finally broke into the U.S. big leagues. If that is not enough, there is always the curious sale of the Yankees to CBS and the wondrous hitting of Minnesota's Tony Oliva, a champion in his rookie year.

But not since 1948, when the Cleveland Indians and the Boston Red Sox wound up deadlocked for the lead at season's end—with the Yankees a bare two games behind—has the American League had a pennant race to compare. In five months the lead has changed hands as often as an Indian-head penny. Yogi Berra's Yankees, crippled as they were by injuries, have been in first place seven times; Al Lopez' White Sox, the punchless wonders, have visited there on eleven separate occasions; and Hank Bauer's Baltimore Orioles have tried twelve times to build themselves a permanent nest on the slippery top most branch. With just 27 games to play, it is still anybody's race—and the fans love it.

The pennant-fever bug is even infecting the also-rans—for the simple reason that the three top teams have already played each other all the times the schedule calls for. Now the decision is in the hands of the Angels—or so thought the midweek crowd of 25,[illegible] that turned out to watch Los Angeles play the New York Yankees last week. The same weekday night, up at Minnesota, the Twins packed them in for a game with the league-leading Orioles and so did the White Sox when they entertained the Detroit Tigers.

Nowhere has the disease struck with more violence than in Baltimore, where the cops patrol their beats with wires to transistor radios dangling from their ears, and a stripper on "The Block" stops in mid-bump to ask, "Any score on the Birds yet?" On urbane Boltonia Hill, superstitious fans sit nervously in front of TV sets, crossing left legs over right when a lefthanded Oriole comes to bat, right over left for righthanders. And in a midtown advertising agency Copywriter Robert Goodman sits down and in four days knocks out music and lyrics for his *Pennant Fever* record album:

We've got a do-the-impossible Oriole team,
We've got a palpitating, Yankee-hating Oriole team,
We've got a clutch-hitting, never-quitting Oriole team.

In four weeks the album has sold 14,000 copies to the fans who are flocking into Memorial Stadium in such numbers that the team is certain to break its alltime attendance record this year, all of them cheering and hollering and clapping so wildly that no one thought it strange recently when one enthusiastic lady dislocated her shoulder and had to be taken to the hospital.

If the Orioles do win the American League pennant, they will be the most improbable champions in years. There is not a single solid .300 hitter on the club, not a single pitcher remotely able to win 20 games, not a single slugger with a chance for 125 RBIs. The best pitcher, 19-year-old Wally Bunker (season's record: 14-4), worked only [illegible] big-league innings before this year. The best run producer, hulking Outfielder Boog Powell (31 home runs, 80 RBIs) is sidelined with a chipped bone in his wrist. The most promising newcomer, First Baseman Norm Siebern, is suffering through the worst season of his career at the plate. The No. 1 relief pitcher, Stu Miller, a $30,000 man, has given up 10 runs in his 17 innings.

Then what do the Orioles have? They have Brooks Robinson, the best third baseman in the American League, who almost singlehanded beat the Chicago

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White Sox three out of four last month, clouting eight hits (including two homers) and driving in six runs. They have Pitcher Steve Barber, who can't lick anybody else but has won three apiece from the White Sox and Yankees. They have Rookie Outfielder Sam Bowens, who hits one home run for every four times he strikes out (19 HRs, 84 Ks), and Shortstop Luis Aparicio, who leads both leagues with 50 stolen bases, and Milt Pappas (né Miltiades Stergios Papastedgios), who might be the best pitcher around if he weren't bored by the ease of it all.

They also have Henry Albert Bauer, 42, the brightest and ugliest face in baseball, who should be a cinch for Manager of the Year, even if the Orioles lose all their remaining games and wind up 25 games out of first.

Gorgon & Thor. Hank Bauer is the kind of man everybody wants for a friend—because only a suicide would want him for an enemy. When he frowns, Gorgon shudders. When he talks, Thor answers. He is all bituminous at heart, but he is hewn of anthracite. Bauer looks, says one Oriole player, "like an M-1 ready to go off." He commands respect, he commands obedience, and he commands a certain amount of controversy. His own boss, Oriole General Manager Lee MacPhail, calls him "no great shakes as a baseball strategist" and says that he "manages by instinct." But Third Baseman Robinson, who prides himself on being a strategist, says: "On the plays Hank has pulled that I don't agree with, he has proved to be right 95% of the time." One thing is certain: if the Baltimore Orioles do win the pennant, they will win it because of Bauer. Just a year ago, essentially the same Oriole team was stumbling along in fourth place, 14½ games off the pace.

For Baltimore, winning the American League pennant—or just beating those Double Damn Yankees—would be sweet revenge indeed. Baltimore and baseball once went together like Boston and beans: the original Orioles won three straight National League pennants in the 1890s. Then came disaster: Star players John J. McGraw and Iron Man Joe McGinnity jumped their contracts, and in 1903 the franchise was sold to a group of New Yorkers for $18,000. Renamed the Highlanders, the migrating Birds sang no songs in New York either —until they began calling themselves the Yankees and hired a kid from the sandlots of Baltimore named George Herman Ruth.

It took Baltimore 51 years just to get back to the big leagues. Finally, in 1954, the St. Louis Browns packed up and moved East. Browns or Orioles, they were still the worst team in baseball, but Baltimore greeted them like champs. ON TO THE PENNANT, whooped the normally staid Morning Sun, and a monumental welcoming parade tied up traffic for hours. Baltimore Poet Laureate Ogden Nash dashed off a ditty to celebrate the frabjous day:

Wee Willie Keeler runs through the town,
All along Charles Street in his nightgown,
Belling like a hound dog gathering the pack,
Hey, Wilbert Robinson, the Orioles are back.
Hey, Hughie Jennings, hey, John McGraw,
I got fire in my eye and tobacco in my jaw.
Hughie, hold my halo, I'm sick of being a saint;
Got to teach the youngsters to hit 'em where they ain't.

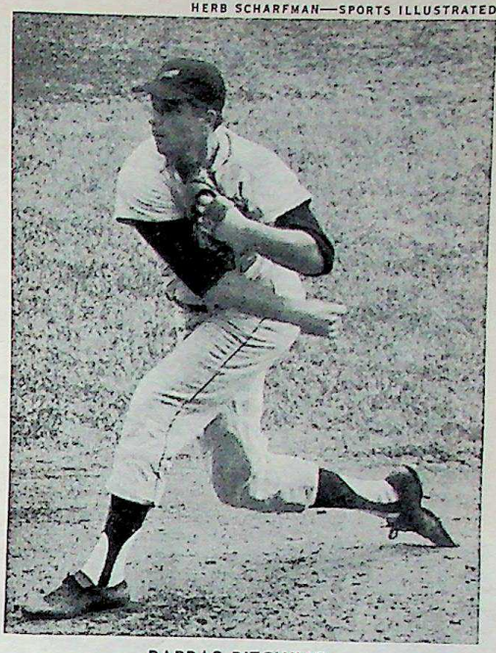
Fair or Foul. The fledgling Orioles needed teaching, all right. That first season they wound up 57 games out of first place. Next year they finished seventh; then sixth. Baltimore fans hardly seemed to notice: "Bushers," visiting players called the crowds for screaming like banshees at every ball the Orioles hit—fair or foul. At last, in 1960, there was something worth cheering about: under Manager Paul Richards, that old shrewdie, the Orioles flew all the way up to second place. In 1961, after a bad start, they won 95 games—a club record. Aha, said the never-die fans—just wait till next year. But then Richards quit to become general manager of the Houston Colts, and the job of winning a pennant went to Billy Hitchcock, softhearted Southerner who had never managed a big-league team.

Quick to take advantage of Hitchcock's easygoing ways, the Orioles became the playboys of the league, yukked it up at night—and skidded back to seventh place. Attendance plummeted —off 160,000 in 1962, another 16,000 last year. Hitchcock quarreled bitterly with sportswriters, insisting: "They're trying to get me fired." Oriole players were openly contemptuous of Hitchcock. "What kind of manager does that?" snorted one player, after the Orioles dropped five straight, and Hitchcock cheerfully announced: "Boys, the beer's on me." Says General Manager Lee MacPhail: "I don't think everything that happened was Billy's fault. But a change had to be made."

MacPhail put in a call to Yankee Owner Dan Topping. Was Yogi Berra available for the job? No, Topping replied: Yogi was going to manage the Yankees in 1964. Then MacPhail sounded out Eddie Stanky—but Stanky wanted a long-term contract. Finally, MacPhail found his man right in the Baltimore dugout: Oriole Coach Hank Bauer. Said Bauer, "I don't know whether I'm the first, second, third or 20th choice for this job, but I'll say one thing—if it was offered to anyone else, they were crazy not to accept. It makes me feel good."

Make It Hurt. And Bauer obviously intended to keep that happy feeling. To make sure the Orioles knew how

HERB SCHARFMAN—SPORTS ILLUSTRATED



PAPPAS PITCHING

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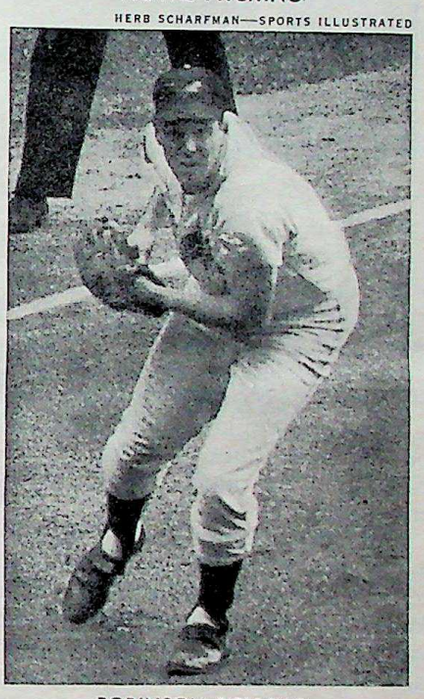

ROBINSON FIELDING

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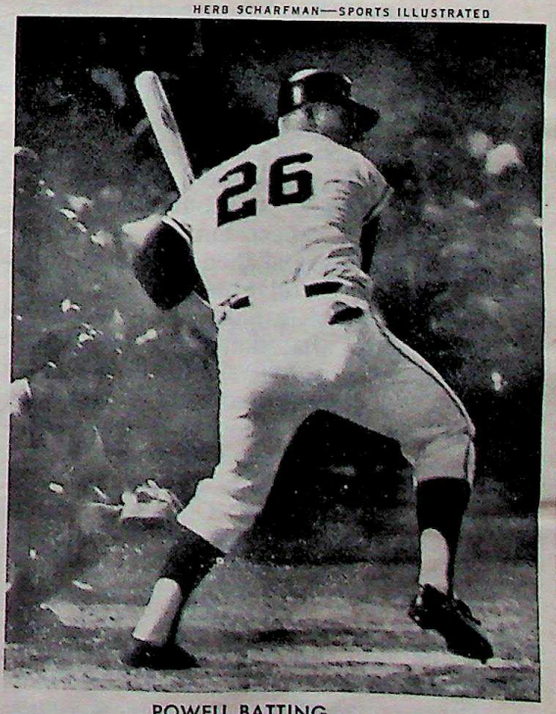

POWELL BATTING

They stop the stripper in mid-bump.

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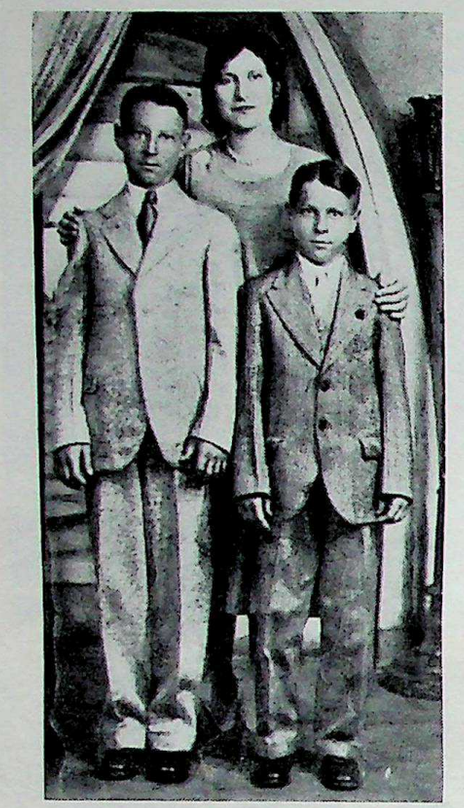


HERMAN, MARY & HANK (1932)
Fire in the eye.

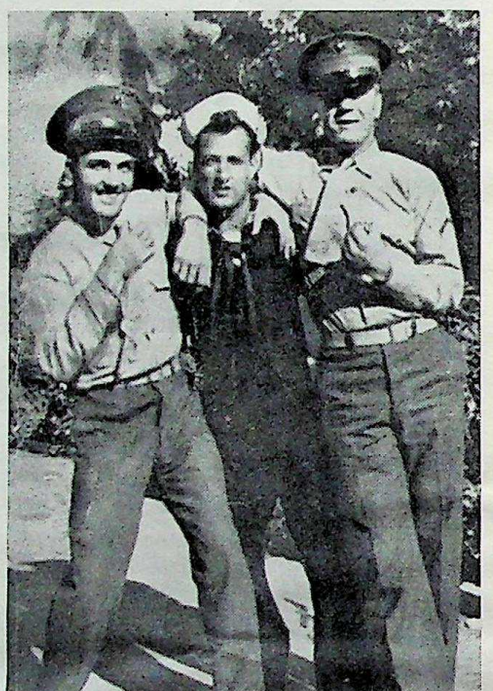
to spell boss, he made it extra-clear in his first and just about only clubhouse meeting. "I've got a job to do, and you've got a job to do," rasped Bauer. "I'm paid to manage, and you're paid to play." Next came Bauer's Rules of Behavior: a midnight curfew, jacket and tie at all times on the road, no drinking at the hotel where the team was staying.

Then there were Bauer's Rules of Play—no cute stuff, no tricks, just straightforward baseball. For pitchers: "When I come out to that mound, don't give me a lot of bull; just give me the ball." For outfielders: "Make damn sure you don't miss that cutoff man with your throw." For base runners: "Break up the double play. Go in hard. Make it hurt." Labor-management relations would remain cordial, he said, just so long as the employees remembered their place: "If I'm out somewhere and a player comes in, I don't want him to turn around and walk out just because I'm there. I expect him to say hello, have a drink—and then get out."

Standing there, studying that face, watching those traplike hands, the Orioles decided that Bauer was for real—at least, most of them. First Baseman Jim Gentile probably thought he was being funny when he walked up to Bauer last winter and grinned: "Hello, Hitler!" Gentile now labors for last-place Kansas City. Outfielder Willie Kirkland showed up three days late for spring training. Bauer fined him $100 for each day, then sold him to Washington—a comedown that could cost Willie approximately $10,000 in bonus money if the Orioles win the pennant. Three young players who missed a midnight curfew by 20 minutes got off with lighter sentences: two laps around the field, double time. "Just remember," said Bauer, "if you ream me, I got the last ream."

Always a Bloody Nose. Tough words. Tough man. He has to be, growing up as he did in East St. Louis, Ill., the youngest of nine children born to John Bauer, an Austrian immigrant who turned to bartending after he lost a leg working in an aluminum mill. Money was scarce around the Bauer household: he wore baby clothes made out of old feed sacks. In junior high school, Hank weighed only 102 lbs., and his sister Mary begged him to give up smoking: "That's the reason you're not growing," she insisted. Hank kept right on smoking—and wading into street fights. "He was a real dead-end kid," says Brother Joe, 58. "Always going around with a bloody nose."

At Central Catholic High School,



WITH WARTIME BUDDIES
Shrapnel in the back.

Bauer won his Cs in baseball and basketball—plus a permanently misshapen nose (the result of a collision with an opponent's elbow under the basket). After graduation, Hank worked for a while repairing furnaces in a beer-bottling plant. In 1941 his older brother Herman, a White Sox farm hand, wangled him a pro tryout. Hank landed with Oshkosh in the Class D Wisconsin State League. But he hardly burned up the bushes. Alternating between infield and outfield, he batted a measly .262. The manager thought he might be a pitcher. Earned-run average in three games: 5.03. "I tried a curve once," grins Bauer, "but nothing happened."

"I Can Swim." Bauer never went back to Oshkosh. One day in January 1942, he stopped by the local courthouse and enlisted in the U.S. Marine Corps. Boot camp was a breeze ("I never had to scrub a barracks with a toothbrush or anything"), and there was even a baseball team at Mare Island, Calif., where Hank was awaiting shipment to the Pacific. But the easy life came to an abrupt halt. "One morning," says Hank, "this sergeant came up to me and said, 'Why don't you volunteer for the Raider battalion?' I said okay. But the first thing they told me was, 'You've got to swim a mile with a full pack on your back.' I said, 'Hell, I can't even swim,' and they turned me down. I told the sergeant what happened. He said, 'You gutless s.o.b., go back down there.' So I told them I knew how to swim. They took me."

Bauer came down with malaria almost as soon as he hit the South Pacific. "My weight dropped from 190 lbs. to 160 lbs.," he says. "I was eating atabrine tablets like candy." Temporarily recovered (over the next four years Bauer had 24 malarial attacks), he fought on New Georgia, was hit in the back by shrapnel on Guam. (Years later in New York, Yankee Relief Pitcher Joe Page delighted in picking small pieces of debris out of Bauer's back.) Next came Emirau off New Guinea, then Okinawa. Sixty-four men were in Platoon Sergeant Bauer's landing group on Okinawa; six got out alive. Hank himself was wounded again. "I saw the reflection of sunshine on something coming down. It was an artillery shell and it hit right behind me." A piece of shrapnel tore a jagged hole in Bauer's left thigh. His part of the war was over —after 32 months of combat, eleven campaign ribbons, two Bronze Stars, two Purple Hearts.

"Damn, You've Growed." Baseball, as far as Bauer could see, was best forgotten. Who wanted a shrapnel-pocked outfielder with malaria? He joined the pipe fitters' union in East St. Louis,

THE BAUERS AFTER '58 WORLD SERIES
Bats in the basement.

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a job as a wrecker, dismantling an old factory. His Brother Joe Bauer was tending bar at a neighborhood pub, and Hank started dropping by for a beer after work. That was where a roving baseball scout named Danny Menendez found him. "Menendez was asking Joe whatever happened to his 'little brother, Hank,'" laughs Bauer, by then a strapping 190-lb. six-footer. "I tapped him on the shoulder. 'That's me.' He took one look and said, 'Damn, you've growed.'" Menendez instantly offered him a tryout with the Quincy, Ill., Gems, a Class B Yankee farm club. Terms: $175 a month, a $25 raise if he made the team, plus a $250 bonus. Bauer went home to pack.

Bauer stayed at Quincy just long enough to demonstrate that the Marines certainly do make men out of boys. His .323 average put him up with the Triple A Kansas City Blues, where he responded by hitting .313 in 1947, .305 in 1948, and batted even higher with the pretty club secretary, Charlene Friede; they were married in the fall of 1949. By then, Bauer was already the proud possessor of the most cherished emblem in baseball: a set of pinstriped Yankee flannels. Called up in the final weeks of the 1948 pennant race, he arrived like a rookie's dream: three singles in his first three trips to the plate. The sad awakening came later. In all of September, Hank managed to collect just six more hits. At season's end his average was .180.

Everything Hard. Around the Yankees, .180 hitters usually catch the first milk train back to the farm. Not Bauer; he was around for eleven years, nine pennants and seven world championships. He was no DiMaggio, no Ruth, no Gehrig, no Mantle. He never hit more than 26 homers in a single season, never made more than $34,500 a year, never led the league in anything—except bustle. And that made him a Yankee great.

When it came to crunching into the stadium wall after a fly ball, sliding on a raw strawberry to bulldoze a double play, or just plain terrifying the opposition, Bauer was the man. His strength was the talk of the league: in a playful scuffle one day, he popped a friend on the chest—and sent him to the hospital with a broken rib. His base running was murderous: "When Hank came down that base path," shudders ex-Boston Shortstop Johnny Pesky, "the whole earth trembled." His will to win was awesome. "It's no fun playing if you don't make somebody else unhappy," he once said. "I do everything hard." Even Manager Casey Stengel tipped his cap: "That fella Bauer, he had qualities of which there were four. He'd report on time. He was there for practice, and he would fight the whole season—with all that was in his body."

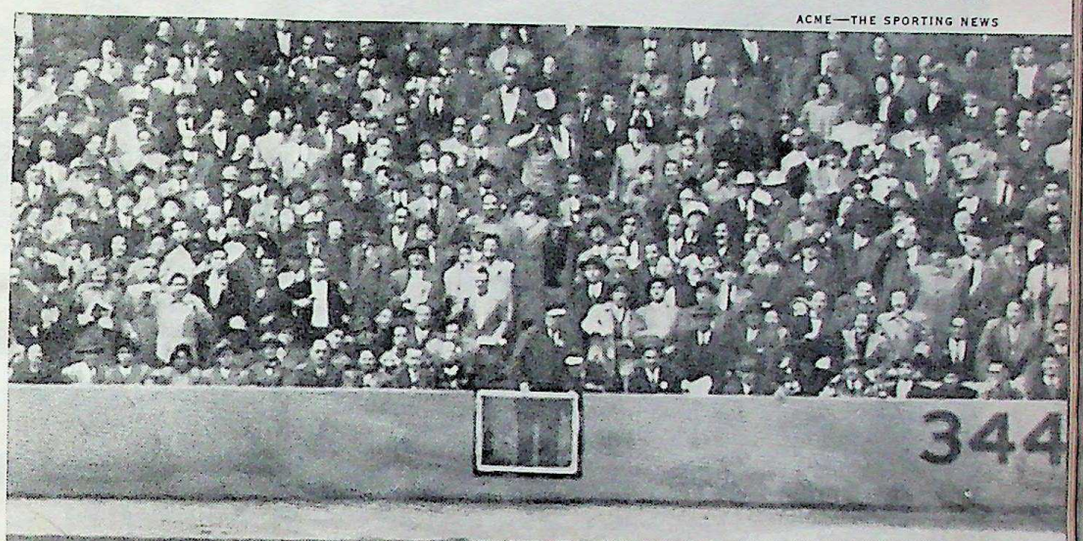
Baseball men still talk about two incredible plays. In 1955 the Yankees were playing the Detroit Tigers when Pitcher Bob Turley served up a gopher ball to the Tigers' Harvey Kuenn. "It was right at the Yankee Stadium scoreboard," says Turley, now a pitching coach with the Boston Red Sox. "Hank couldn't quite catch up to the ball. But somehow, God only knows how, he got close enough to tip it with his bare hand —and flip it right into Mickey Mantle's glove. Hank crashed into the scoreboard, bounced off and trotted back to rightfield." Then there was the last game of the 1951 World Series, against the New York Giants. Bauer had put the Yankees ahead with a bases-loaded triple. But the Giants rallied in the ninth inning. Two men were on, two were out, and the score was 4-3 when the G[iants] sent up Sal Yvars as a pinch hi[tter]. Yvars blooped a sinking liner into ri[ght] field. The sensible thing would have b[een] to play it on one hop, let the tying [run] score, and hold the other base run[ner]. A misplay could mean the ball ga[me]. Rushing in, Bauer lunged, stumbled to his knees, slid a good 10 ft. and [stuck] out his glove. Then, like a gladiat[or] playing the sawed-off head of hi[s] my, he triumphantly held the glo[ve] in the air to show everyone [the] nestled snugly in the pocket.

How to Drink. On or off the [field] value to the Yankees was [beyond] "Bauer taught me how to dres[s], talk—and how to drink," sa[ys] Mantle, remembering how [Hank] from Commerce, Okla., we[nt] hat and carrying a $4 car[d] case. "I'll never forget the [day] pitched for the Yankees," s[ays] Ford. "I came flying into [the] room at 1 p.m. I had ove[r] body said anything, but Ba[uer]

that look of his. I dressed and ran. As it turned out, I won the game. Afterward, Bauer came over. 'Whitey,' he said, 'if you'd lost that game, you'd been dead.'"

There were bad moments too. There was, for instance, the celebrated "Copacabana incident" in 1957. A Bronx delicatessen owner sued Bauer for $250,000, claiming that Hank had punched him and broken his jaw. That was silly; a Bauer punch would have broken him into little pieces. But Hank was still hauled off to a police station, photographed, fingerprinted and booked—"just like a criminal." Partly on the strength of Yogi Berra's now-classic tes-

ACME—THE SPORTING NEWS



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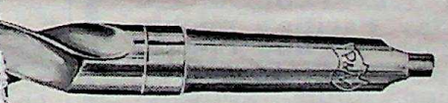

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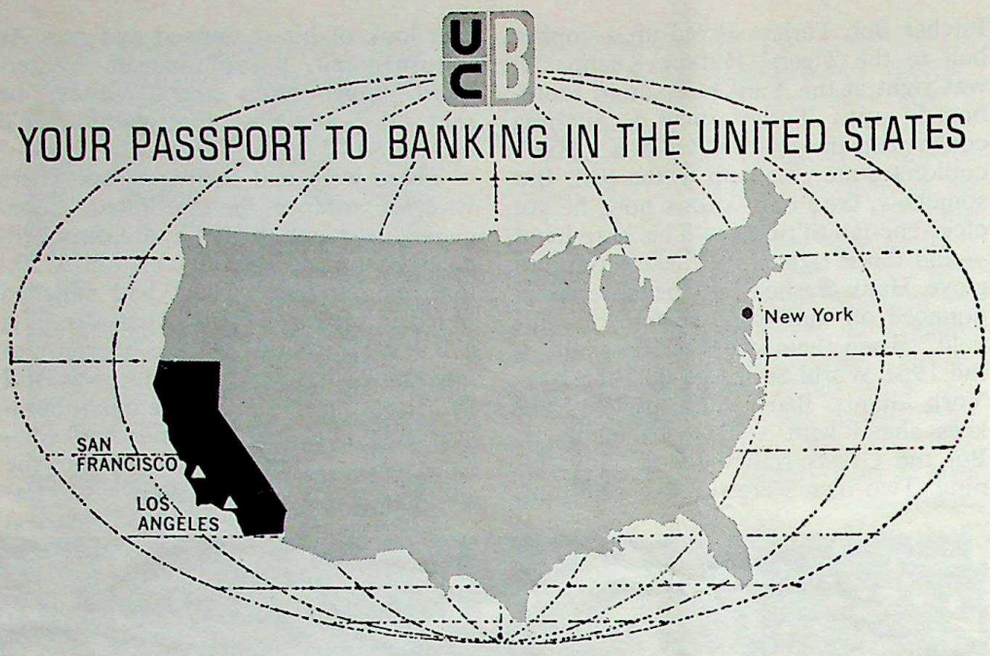

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with a Roger Maris Baseball Game. H
battles constantly with sportswriters,
val owners, league officials. And he d
cards managers the way women thro
away hats.

In 1961 Bauer's Athletics won
games—their second-best showing ev
Finley still insisted that Bauer pl
certain men, bench others, order
him to tell Manny Jimenez, the club
rookie sensation (.301, eleven hom
ers in 1962), to stop slicing singles a
start swinging for the fences. Ba
ground his teeth—and followed
ders. Last Jimenez' average plu
meted 20 points, and he did not
a single home run. Bauer, grateful
had long since left. There were
two days to go in the 1962 seas
when he announced that he was q
ting: "When a man loses his pri
he loses everything." Then He sign
on with the Orioles as a coach und
Billy Hitchcock.

Nine Black Bats. Hank Bauer m
have quit the A's—but not Kansas Ci
It has been his off-season home e
since he arrived in 1947, a young p
fitter who figured himself "good enou
to play Triple A ball, nothing more
The Bauers' neat grey-brick house
suburban Prairie Village is stocke
with the usual mementos of Hank's pla
ing career: bronze-dipped spikes a
gloves, plaques, pictures, and a rack
nine shiny black World Series bats, o
for each of Hank's years as a member
the champion Yankees. But it is also
repository for athletic equipment o
more humble nature. There are t
gloves and bats that belong to H
Bauer Jr., 13, slugging first baseman
and outfielder for Malliar's champi
of the Johnson County Colum
League, and Herman Bauer, 8, winn
of the 1964 "Hustle Award" on t
Hot Stove League team sponsored by t
Johnson County Y.M.C.A. There is
bowling gear of Daughter Bebe Ba
10, and the toys of Kelly Bauer.
Then there is Papa Bauer's proud
possession: the gunrack, with its e
shotguns, all oiled and ready for Ha
annual fall pheasant-hunting trip
South Dakota.

But fall, for Hank Bauer, may co
a little late this year. Way back in J
the Baltimore Orioles reserved 47 roo
at Philadelphia's Warwick Hotel
the second week in October. By week
end it looked as though they might
be picking up the keys. But it
going to be a battle all the way.
second-place Chicago White Sox s
with Detroit and beat Cleveland
The third-place Yankees lost two out
three to Los Angeles, mostly becau
they scored only six runs in 27 innings
none at all in the nine pitched by
Angeles Ace Dean Chance, who won
17th. But they rebounded against K
sas City 9-7. Hank Bauer's Orioles
all they could do to stay in first pla
They took two out of three from Min
sota—one of them on a magnific
one-hitter by Miltiades Stergios Pap

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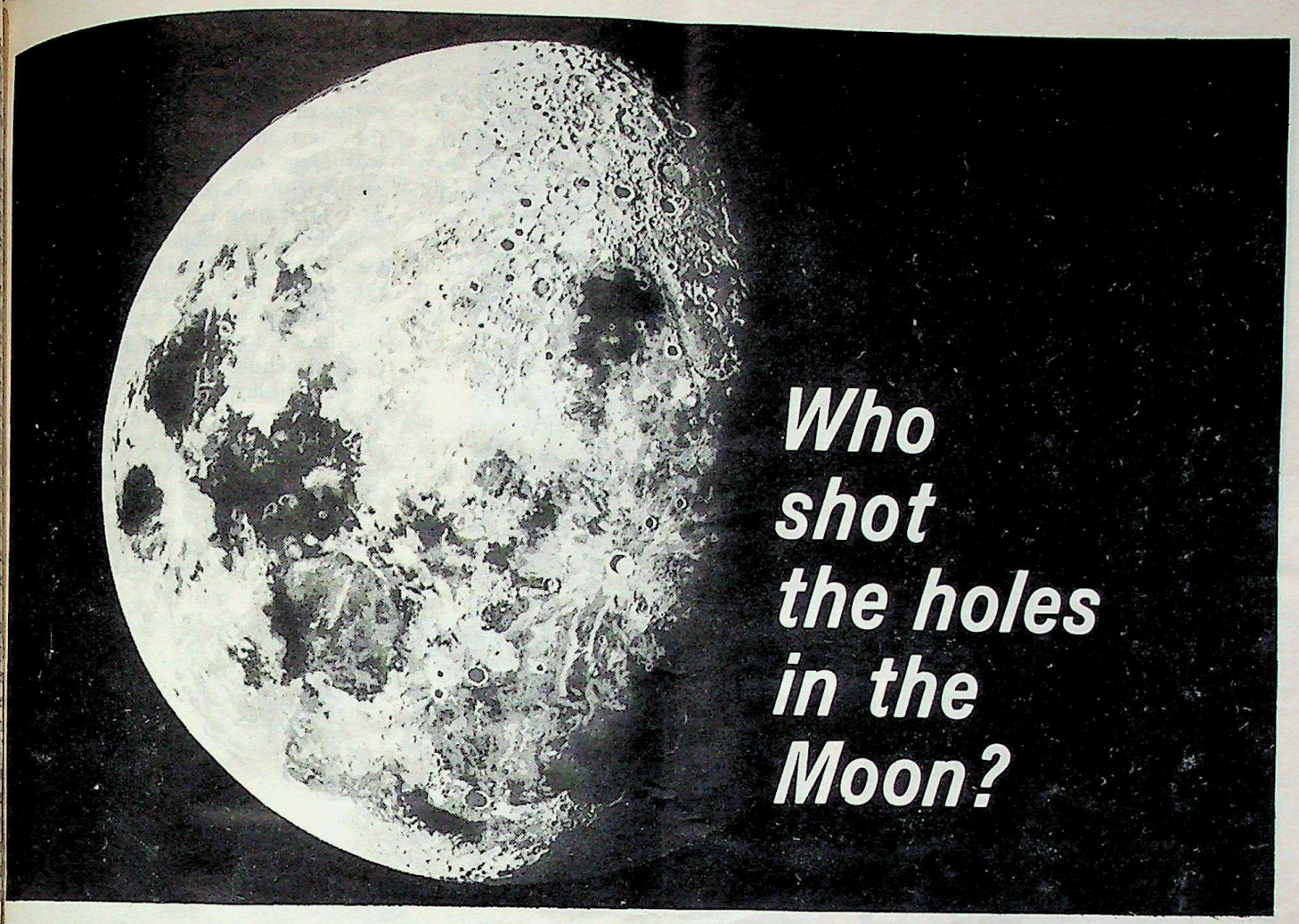

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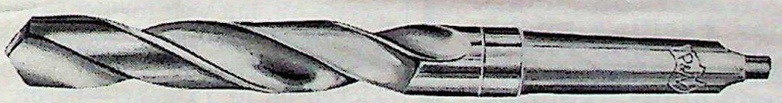

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USA—147

stedgios—only to run into the red-hot Angels and get burned 7-1. Bauer took the loss in stride. "This is the way I see it," he said. "We'll take four out of six against Washington, Kansas City, Minnesota and Los Angeles. We'll take two out of three from Cleveland. We'll split four with Detroit. That gives us 99 wins —and that's enough."

Hey, Hank, wait a minute! But Hank Bauer had already picked up his towel, slung it over his shoulder, and was striding toward the shower.

SAILING

Connie to the Defense

Day after day in the final America's Cup trials, only the lightest of breezes rippled Rhode Island Sound, and day after day *Constellation* gently wafted to victory on the 7- and 8-knot whispers. "Ah, but wait for the heavy weather," smiled *American Eagle* fans.

One afternoon last week the wind kicked up to 15 knots—hardly a roaring nor'easter but plenty stiff for *Eagle* to show what she had. And that was not enough. *Constellation* boomed out ahead after the start, tucked *Eagle* neatly into her backwind, was 43 sec. ahead rounding the first mark, and wound up clobbering *Eagle* by 4 min. 29 sec. Less than two hours later, Commodore Henry Morgan, chairman of the New York Yacht Club Selection Committee, stepped aboard *Connie* at her moorings. "It is my very happy duty," he said, "to announce that *Constellation* has been selected to defend the America's Cup in September."

Sailor & Sportsman. It was a long sail for the newly built 12 meter. In the opening sets of trials, *Eagle* and her skipper William Cox seemed able to beat anything without wings. What made *Connie* the better boat eventually was a difficult—and genuinely sportsmanlike—move on the part of Eric Ridder, 46, her skipper and part owner. Though Ridder is a crackerjack blue-water sailor, he never could get the better of *Eagle's* Bill Cox. So he turned the start and the all-important windward legs over to his second in command, Bob Bavier, 46. "It takes a big man to remain in the background while another man steers his dream," said a crew member, but Ridder wanted the cup more than the dream.

Bavier's special excellence is getting the last fraction of a knot out of the sails and hull. Not a man for complex tactics, he left most of the maneuvering to Cox, instead concentrated on speed. With that strategy, he lost only once in seven races—and then in fluky breezes that wandered all round the compass. Five of the six wins were not even close. That still left *Eagle* with the better overall record for the trials (19-10 *v. Connie's* 18-11), but there could be no question as to which was now the faster, better-crewed boat.

GEORGE SILK—LIFE

CO-HELMSMEN BAVIER & RIDDER

A master at the helm, a big man in command.

"In Gorgeous Shape." *Constellation's* next appointment is Sept. 15, in the best four out of seven races against Britain's *Sovereign*, the boat picked two days later to become the 19th challenger in the 113-year history of the America's Cup. She has done well, too—sounding thrashing rival *Kurrewa V* in six of eight races in their final trials.

The plan for *Connie* will be the same: Bavier at the helm, Ridder probably spelling him on some off-the-wind legs. The boat itself is just about perfect. "We've got our sails in just gorgeous shape," says Bavier. Some have gone back to the sailmaker as many as six times; they will all be stored away until the big day. "I think we have the best 12 meter that ever floated," said the proud helmsman. "Well, don't be the first to lose to the British," laughed *Eagle* Skipper Cox, offering his congratulations. "My God," said Ridder, "what an appalling thought."

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EDUCATION

INTEGRATION

Cooling It in the Schools

"It has been so quiet that I'm afraid to say anything," commented a Chicago school-board member, foreseeing that schools would open without racial clashes. Knock-on-wood optimism was the prevailing mood among local officials last week, as the first of 41.2 million American public-school children bustled into classrooms for the 1964-65 term. Having obstreperously demanded more integration and better schools in boycotts and demonstrations over the past year, responsible Negroes are now mostly satisfied with quiet but significant improvements all over the country—and they do not want to stir up more white resentment before the election. Among Negroes, the word is to "cool it"; the protests over integration are coming from whites.

"Gains Already Made." It is in the big cities of the North, with their impacted Negro slums, that the easing of pressures is most urgent—and visible. Detroit has spent two-thirds of a $90 million bond issue on new and improved schools in Negro neighborhoods. A biracial committee quietly formed in Cleveland has won a six-month moratorium on demonstrations for that city's new school superintendent, to give him "time to implement his program." In Los Angeles, an energetic new urban-affairs director named Sam Hammerman has brought about a close understanding between civil rights groups and the school board.

Oakland is giving its teachers lectures on anthropology, psychology and sociology to help them comprehend the Negro position. In Englewood, N.J., scene of violent Negro protests in 1962 and 1963 but 100% desegregated since then, Superintendent of Schools Mark R. Shedd reported: "We've turned the corner." Even in Boston, where the school board still refuses to admit that the system harbors *de facto* segregation and Negroes are restive, a state-appointed advisory committee gives promise of finding solutions. San Francisco Negro Leader Terry François says: "There is a growing feeling in the Negro community that more time and effort ought now to be devoted to implementation of the gains already made."

White Boycott? But planned integration of the classrooms has not proceeded without white opposition. Last month Chicago finally agreed to experimental "clusters" of schools that draw students from white and Negro neighborhoods. When the plan's author, University of Chicago Sociologist Philip M. Hauser, visited the city's Bogan district to explain the project, he was greeted by 500 white pickets, who hooted and cursed him from the audience. In riot-rocked Philadelphia, the school board plans to bus Negroes from overcrowded slum schools to white schools that are half-empty as a result of a big Roman Catholic school-building program. Whites are preparing a suit to block the proposed bussing on the ground that the $220,000 annual cost would be a waste of taxpayers' money and Negroes threaten to boycott if the bussing is blocked.

CHICAGO SUN-TIMES

SOCIOLOGIST HAUSER (LEFT) & HECKLER IN SOUTHWEST CHICAGO
In most cities, a welcome moratorium.

In the nation's biggest school system, two citizens' groups, claiming a combined following of nearly 1,000,000, have sprung up to challenge the New York City board of education's policy favoring integration. One, calling itself the Parents and Taxpayers, is led by a formidable woman lawyer, Mrs. Rosemary Gunning, who vows: "We're not going to have totalitarian decrees forced down our throats." P.A.T. & Co. mobilized 15,000 mothers on a sleety day last March to descend on city hall and sent 500 women swarming onto the floor of the state assembly.

Last week a state supreme-court justice rejected a P.A.T. petition to force, in effect, a referendum on the board's plan to integrate ten schools this year by "pairing." P.A.T. promptly threatened a white boycott of the schools on opening day next week—a move that would counterpoint the Negroes' paralyzing one-day boycott last February.

EDUCATION ABROAD

The Wave People

As every fan of Japanese movies knows, the hordes of feudal samurai warriors who lost their masters and sought a new place in society were called *ronin*—literally, "wave people." The people that modern Japan calls *ronin* wear not swords but the black caps of students. They are high school graduates who fail to survive the staggering competition for entrance to top universities—100,000 this year—and go on to study on their own or attend high-priced cramming colleges to prepare for another feverish try. *Ronin* who have made three or four yearly attempts are not uncommon, and the despair of constant rejection often leads to suicide, the leading cause of death among Japanese between the ages of 15 and 24.

In a new White Paper, the Education Ministry bewails the plight of the *ronin*—and passes the blame on to Japanese social rigidity. The country has 72 states and 188 private colleges, but the *ronin* aspire chiefly to get into only four of them: the state universities of Tokyo and Kyoto and the two leading private universities, Waseda and Keio. Because old school ties at these colleges are so strong—stronger than in the U.S.'s Ivy League and even than at England's Oxford and Cambridge—graduation from one of the four is a ticket of admission to good jobs in government and industry.

Tokyo University averages nine job offers for each graduate, who is thus assured a place on the escalator that produces the nation's leaders; Premier Hayato Ikeda himself was a two-time *ronin*. Yet Tokyo now turns down four applicants for each one it accepts, and some *ronin* have been trying to get into that school for as much as eight years. Michio Nagai, a former visiting professor at Columbia who teaches sociology at Tokyo's Institute of Technology, proposes a law limiting the percentage of graduates that a company can hire from topflight Tokyo or Kyoto universities. He also suggests a nationwide system of entrance exams, like the U.S. College Boards, which would rank students by ability so that the less qualified would accept admission at less-than-Ivy schools, thus giving every roaming *ronin* a home.

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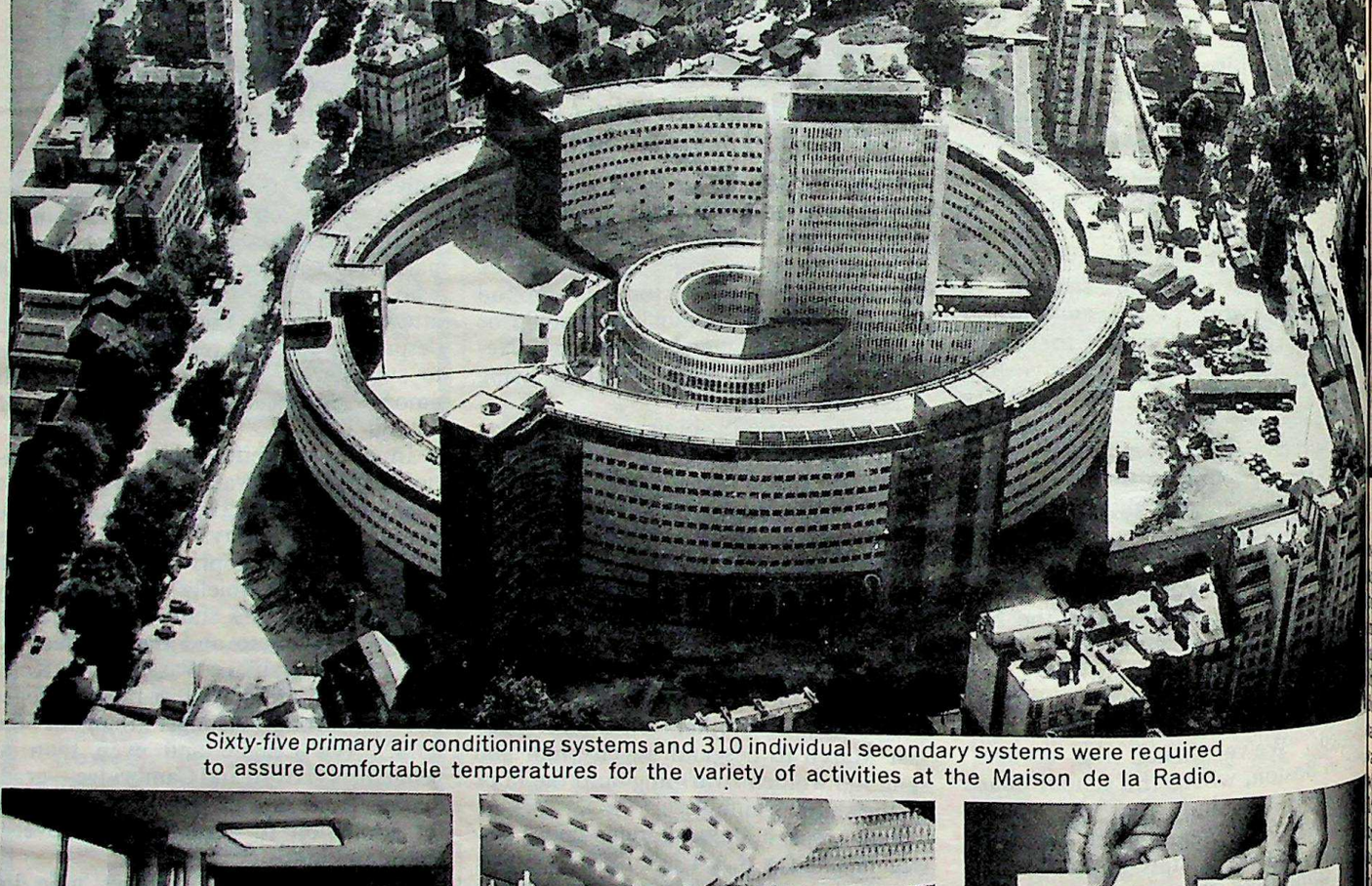
BUILDING AUTOMATION REPORT FROM HONEYWELL

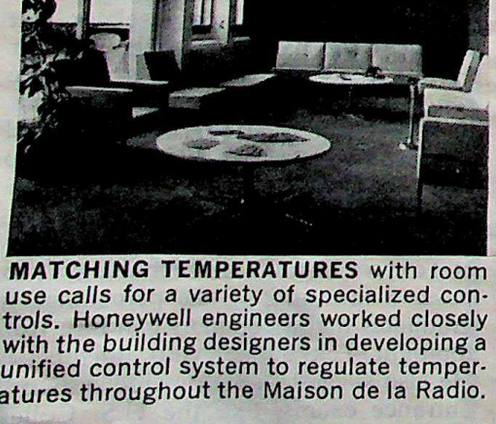
IN THE MAISON DE LA RADIO . . .

65 air conditioning systems – one control source!

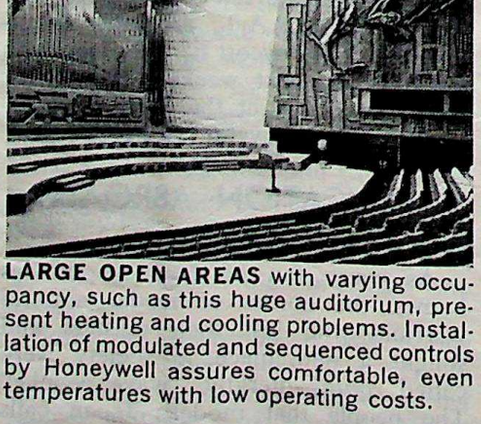
How do you provide automatic control of air conditioning for a building containing 310 separate studios, 20 public auditoriums and a 19-story tower? The designers of the beautiful new Maison de la Radio in Paris found the solution: call in Honeywell. A trained group of experienced Honeywell technicians handled the entire job, involving the installation and startup of over 1,000 control devices providing automatic regulation of temperatures throughout the huge structure.



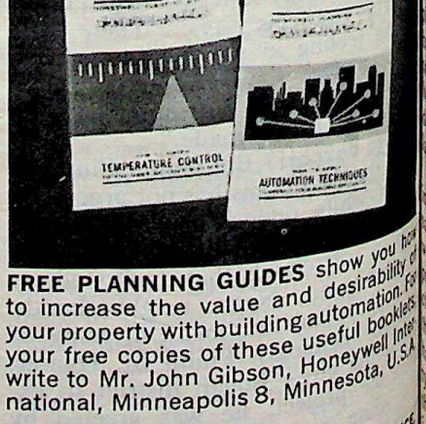
Sixty-five primary air conditioning systems and 310 individual secondary systems were required to assure comfortable temperatures for the variety of activities at the Maison de la Radio.



MATCHING TEMPERATURES with room use calls for a variety of specialized controls. Honeywell engineers worked closely with the building designers in developing a unified control system to regulate temperatures throughout the Maison de la Radio.



LARGE OPEN AREAS with varying occupancy, such as this huge auditorium, present heating and cooling problems. Installation of modulated and sequenced controls by Honeywell assures comfortable, even temperatures with low operating costs.



FREE PLANNING GUIDES show you how to increase the value and desirability of your property with building automation. For your free copies of these useful booklets write to Mr. John Gibson, Honeywell International, Minneapolis 8, Minnesota, U.S.A.

Honeywell

WORLD LEADER IN CONTROLS AND SYSTEMS FOR HOME, INDUSTRY AND SCIENCE

HONEYWELL INTERNATIONAL: Sales and service offices in all principal cities of the world. Manufacturing in Canada, France, Germany, Japan, Netherlands, United Kingdom and United States.

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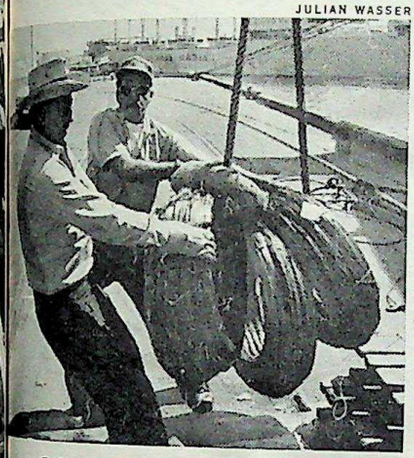
LABOR

Doubts Amid Plenty

U.S. labor has never had it so good —nor been so troubled in the midst of plenty. As orators across the nation delivered their Labor Day speeches this week, a far more eloquent statement of labor's healthy condition could be found in the statistics. The average weekly manufacturing wage has risen to an all-time high of $103. Despite a slight August rise in unemployment to 5.1% of the work force—mainly among young, unskilled, nonunion workers—employment has risen to 72.1 million, and some 275,000 factory jobs have been created in the past year. Strikes during the first six months of 1964 were at one of the lowest levels since World War II.

Submerged Problems. Despite all this, the American labor movement in 1964

JULIAN WASSER



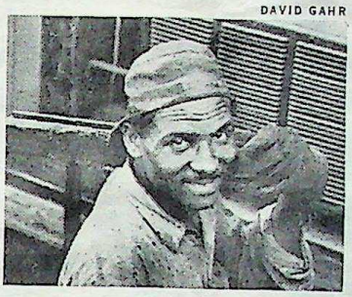
CALIFORNIA DOCK WORKERS

is haunted by anxiety about the future and by a conviction that prosperity has only succeeded in submerging, not eliminating, its nagging problems. Organized labor considers automation a constant threat, particularly in such declining industries as coal and shipping. At the same time, there is the prospect of a vastly increasing influx of teen-agers, whose unemployment rate has reached 17%, into a job market that is already crowded. Age is also a problem in the unions, where labor leaders have grown old, tired and divided, generally failing to groom young men to take their places. Unimaginative union leadership has failed to organize the growing ranks of white-collar workers, and union membership—now on the rise after a long decline—stands at about 22.2% of the labor force *v.* 25.2% in 1953.

Amid these portents, the U.S. laborman in his great variety—from the sandhog in the bowels of a city to the window washer high above, from the production line worker to the sedentary clerk—has taken a historic step. Now that he has more money than ever, he has turned to the next need: security. In current contract negotiations throughout the U.S., the stress is on job security, early retirement and increased pensions. A contract signed last week between Armour and two meat-packing unions guarantees that workers displaced by machines will continue to earn their previous wages—even if their jobs are reduced to simple button pushing. A local union survey at Ford showed that among 15 critical issues workers ranked early retirement and better pensions first, higher wages 13th.

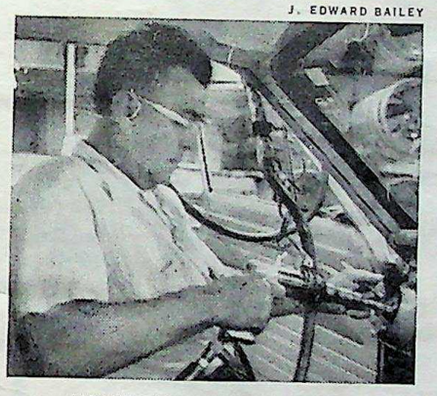
With Chagrin. In 1964, while grappling with its own problems, labor also sees its political influence waning, and is watching with some chagrin as a Democratic President woos businessmen as ardently as he seeks labor's support. On the other hand, few businessmen care to underestimate labor's still considerable power—particularly the power to disrupt. This week Walter Reuther is scheduled to decide whether to take the United Auto Workers out on strike. On his decision depends whether the U.S. economy will be shaken by the effects of the year's first major strike.

DAVID GAHR



NEW YORK CONSTRUCTION WORKER

J. EDWARD BAILEY



MICHIGAN AUTO WORKER

Bigger pensions sooner.

AUTOS

The Thundering Herd

Ford's Mustang, introduced only last April, has become one of the hottest selling brand-new models in history. In August's second ten-day selling period, it ranked in third place among all auto sales for the first time—behind only the standard Chevrolet and Ford. And it is still galloping. Last week Ford announced that Mustang sales in August reached 35,299, the highest for any month. Sales so far: 132,905, which have provided the extra horsepower to boost Ford's share of the total auto market by one and a half points to 26.3%. For 1965, Ford plans to introduce a fastback version of the Mustang in addition to its present models.

ADVERTISING

Who's for Whom

As Madison Avenue sees it, the main campaign of Election Year 1964 will pit Doyle Dane Bernbach against Erwin Wasey, Ruthrauff & Ryan. Doyle Dane, the imaginative agency celebrated for its Volkswagen and El Al ads, has landed the prized account to merchandise Lyndon Johnson to the U.S. public; Erwin Wasey, whose accounts stretch from Gulf Oil to Olga Girdles, has edged out Leo Burnett, Inc. and several other eager contenders to win Barry Goldwater's business. Beyond those two, hundreds of agencies this year have gone into politics for pay—and just about every major candidate has engaged some advertising and public-relations men.

PENNSYLVANIA WELDER

Money Is Bipartisan. In an age when TV advertising eats up one-third or more of campaign budgets, politicians feel a need for the professional touch in creating and placing ads. The agencies do everything from decorating platforms to turning out "victory kits" for local workers. Using their good contacts, they also dicker to get their clients' commercials wrapped around the most popular shows. Some agencies do chores that candidates themselves dare not do, such as soliciting editorial support at the very same time that they buy ad space from the publishers of hand-to-mouth ethnic papers, or paying local authorities not to tear down the candidate's posters. Political accounts pay handsomely in terms of the usual 15% commissions—and in useful contacts.

For all the rewards, the candidates are not always vote getters among the admen, who claim that politicians are often suspicious and unsophisticated in the arts of promotion, demand too much. Says Los Angeles' Sanford Weiner, who handles much of the local Republican advertising: "A political ac-

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Our captain, the Captain

Pictured here in sporting attire, a man of many facets—Capt. K.R. Gazder, formidable batsman, distinguished pilot, and chief of AIR-INDIA's transatlantic operations.

Like all the personnel who regularly fly our New York-to-London runs, Captain Gazder lives in London. And like most Indians, he cherishes a lifelong enthusiasm for cricket. In fact, for the past 15 years he has nobly (albeit modestly) captained AIR-INDIA's own cricket team in London.

"Of course, we don't really play *test* cricket," he says, "only club cricket."

Well, cheers for team spirit, we say. Even though they may never be champions on the playing fields of Sussex, AIR-INDIA's crews bow to no one when it comes to their achievements in the air. From pilots to ground personnel, their skill and precision have given AIR-INDIA an enviable record of dependability throughout the world.

This splendid assurance, coupled with the delightful arts of opulent Indian hospitality, make AIR-INDIA the pleasantest possible way you can fly to any part of the world.

Why not pitch your wicket at your travel agent today?

Asia-East Africa-Australia-Middle East-Europe-U.K.-U.S.S.R.-U.S.A.

AIR-INDIA.

The airline that treats you like a maharaja

Over 31 Years of Flying Experience

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count takes three times the effort, three times the time, three times the wear and tear." Political accounts are rejected entirely by some agencies, notably the nation's biggest, J. Walter Thompson, which holds that they are short-term affairs, and might provoke criticism from the agency's commercial clients.

The chiefs of agencies that handle political accounts are often party faithful: Doyle Dane's William Bernbach is a devout Democrat, and Erwin Wasey's David B. Williams is a Republican regular. But many agencies are pragmatically bipartisan. Bobby Kennedy has placed the ad end of his New York campaign with Manhattan's Papert, Koenig, Lois because his advisers were impressed by its work for Republican Senator Jacob Javits in 1962.

Packaging Johnson. Kennedy's opponent, Senator Kenneth Keating, last week hired small Weiss & Geller to handle his ads. In Chicago, Needham, Louis & Brorby is carrying the banner of Republican Charles Percy against Governor Otto Kerner's agency, Kenedy & Heyne; in California, Pierre Salinger has engaged the Walter Leftwich Organization against George Murphy's Sanford Weiner. Other candidates dispense their business to home-state agencies, almost as a form of patronage, and many also take on public-relations agencies to prepare press kits, write speeches and help the campaign manager form the candidate's image.

On the national level, the Republican and Democratic committees claim that each will invest $3,000,000 to $4,000,000 in advertising this year, but admen estimate that the real figures will be much higher. Madison Avenue denizens report that Erwin Wasey will seek to give Goldwater an "institutional" image, using him in serious five-minute TV spots that will run around such shows as the *Lawrence Welk* hour, *Hollywood Palace* and *Today*, which will be shortened to make time for the ads. Barry will show his handsome face on screen more often than Lyndon, who will rely more on his voice as background to filmed situations. For Johnson, Doyle Dane is taking a "packaged-goods approach," with hard-selling, brief commercials. From an office sealed off from the rest of the staff, 40 Doyle Dane admen are preparing a series of quickly one-mintue spots that begin this week. They will be placed on such shows as *Ben Casey*, *Wagon Train* and the *Addams Family*, a new horror comedy.

Bringing Home the Duck

Soaring sales and earnings usually induce businessmen to spend more money promoting their products. Since business is at its best in many years, the spenders are breaking all records. Advertising expenditures in 1963 rose 6% to reach $13.1 billion—the first jump beyond $13 billion. *Advertising Age*, the journal of the ad world, announced last week that the 100 leading national advertisers alone spent a record $3.17 billion on ads and sales promotion, up 10.5% from the previous year. Procter & Gamble, the nation's largest soapmaker, pulled ahead of General Motors to become the No. 1 U.S. advertiser. The top ten (in millions of dollars):

Procter & Gamble	200
General Motors	160
Ford Motor	101
General Foods	101
Sears, Roebuck	87.5
Lever Bros.	82
Bristol-Myers	76
Colgate-Palmolive	74
American Home Products	70
General Electric	67

The biggest advertiser of them all uses ten different ad agencies, advertises 42 different products, spends 10.4% of its $1.91 billion in sales on pushing its products (*v.* G.M.'s 1%). Procter & Gamble lays out a hefty $20 million per year to promote Tide, and Tide has captured 17% of the lucrative heavy detergent market. P. & G.'s Crest ($16 million for advertising) accounts for almost 33% of all toothpaste sales, Gleem for another 17%. Ivory Liquid ($8,500,000) has cleaned up 18% of all liquid detergent sales, Joy and Thrill another 12% and 8% respectively. Duncan Hines cake mix has 27% of the ready-mix cake market. Introduced only last fall, Head & Shoulders already accounts for 23% of all shampoo sales, thanks to the $12 million in advertising P. & G. shelled out to promote it.

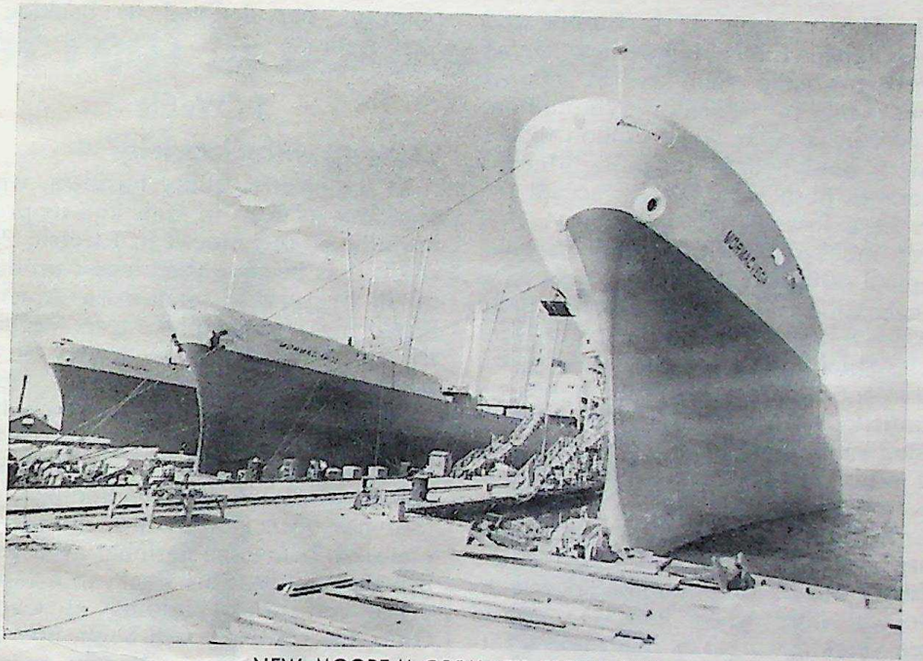
P. & G. believes in pouring in ad money disproportionately to sales until a new product gets to the point, as a P. & G. executive puts it, where "it brings home the duck to dinner." The success of this formula makes P. & G. confident that the unfamiliar products it is test-marketing today—Velvet Skin soap, Top Job liquid cleanser and The Max blue detergent tablet—will also become household words tomorrow, thanks to the power of advertising.

SHIPPING

At Low Tide

The first fully automated ship ever built in the U.S. steams into Manhattan harbor on her maiden voyage this week. Launched by Mississippi's Ingalls Shipbuilding for the Moore-McCormack Lines, the $10 million, 12,100-ton *Mormacargo* has an electronic system that enables one officer on the bridge to control the main engines and boilers, move the ship from a dead halt to top speed of 24 knots within five minutes.

Ingalls is building five more such ships, and New Orleans' Avondale Shipyards is working on twelve highly automated freighters for the Lykes Bros. line, the first of which was christened last week. An automated tanker, the *Texaco Rhode Island*, has just completed sea trials off Bethlehem Steel's Sparrows Point yards in Maryland. Several other companies are also building push-button vessels. This full turn to automation represents a brave effort by the $2 billion private U.S. shipbuilding industry to regain the seagoing supremacy that it has lost to foreign competitors.



NEW MOORE-McCORMACK FREIGHTERS
But the sharp and careful can ride high.

Inflation from Wages. Once first, the U.S. has sunk to tenth place among world shipbuilders, barely ahead of Yugoslavia. Since the end of World War II's building boom, 20 U.S. shipyards have folded, leaving only 21 private yards and eleven Navy yards; the private operators have orders for fewer than 50 merchant ships a year. Meanwhile, world-leading Japan is working on orders for more than 200 merchant ships, and Britain, Sweden and Germany have more than 100 each. Not a single foreign-flag ship is being built in the U.S.; the U.S.'s 15 subsidized lines place their orders at home only because the Government obliges them to do so.

High cost is the principal cause of the U.S. troubles, and wages are a major factor. They average $3.16 an hour

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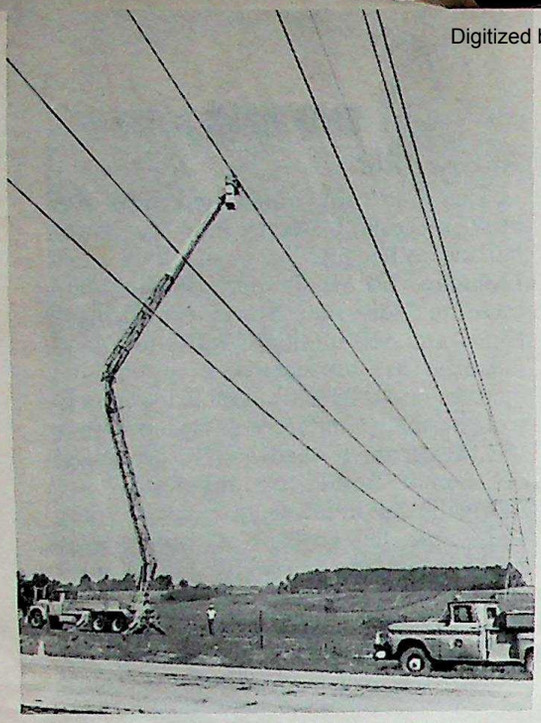
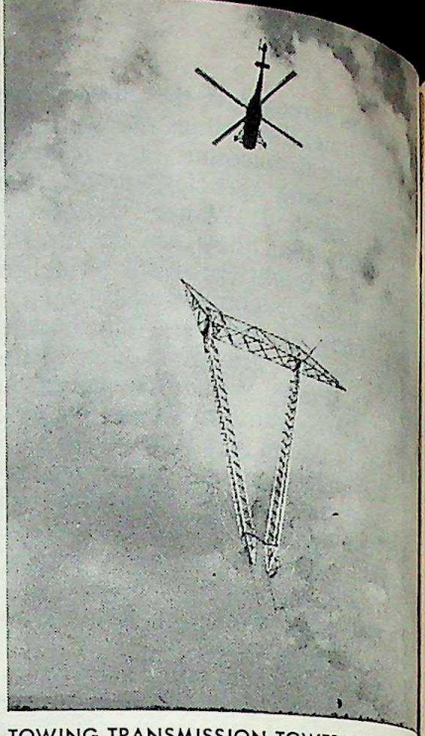


FIXING LINE FROM AERIAL BOOM

AP

DONALD COOK
An admirer in the White House.



TOWING TRANSMISSION TOWER WITH COPT

in the U.S. *v.* about $1 in Europe and 73¢ in Japan. Expenses have swollen so fast that a ship such as the *United States*, built in 1949 for $70 million, would run to some $130 million today. Some U.S. shipyards, including Maine's venerable Bath Iron Works, accept orders at a loss just to keep busy. One result: stocks of U.S. shipbuilders have dropped 40% since 1961.

Invasion from Space. Despite these gloomy figures, Edwin Hood, president of the Shipbuilders Council of America, finds "one development that makes me optimistic." The development: a surprising number of aerospace, electronic and other technically oriented companies are branching into shipbuilding, figuring that their scientific talent and sharp cost accounting can bail out the industry. Ingalls Shipbuilding got a technological fillip when it was acquired three years ago by Tex Thornton's Litton Industries. Aerojet-General recently bought Jacksonville's Gibbs Shipyards, and General Dynamics last January picked up Bethlehem Steel's huge yard at Quincy, Mass. Lockheed's highly efficient subsidiary in Seattle, Puget Sound Bridge & Dry Dock, has raised its payroll from 600 to 4,000 since 1960, expects that its sales will rise 75% this year, to $76 million.

One proof that builders who are shrewd and careful can ride high in spite of low tides has been provided by the Avondale yards, owned by Manhattan Financier Charles Allen's Ogden Corp., a widely diversified industrial complex (scrap iron, mining equipment, etc.). Avondale has developed a unique mobile assembly line for ships, even builds them upside down so that a welder can work in "downhand" comfort instead of a back-aching "overhead" position. In bidding for orders, Avondale's treasurer, Mrs. Hettie Dawes Eaves, employs a computer that figures the costs of 4,000 operations, is far more efficient than the usual method of calculating only 30 different costs. Thanks to its imaginative methods on the line and in the office, Avondale has won 15 of the 39 major ship contracts awarded in the U.S.'s current rebuilding program, has doubled its backlog to $250 million.

POWER

Cooking with Electricity

In the electric utility business, which measures its costs in mills and its profits in millions, the American Electric Power Co. has become the biggest producer of all by serving small-town America. Stretching from southwestern Michigan through the rich Ohio Valley to depressed Appalachia, it serves nearly 2,400 towns, only four of which have a population as high as 100,000. A.E.P. has prospered mainly because it has invested wisely in new technology, and thus has been able to drop its rates to one-sixth below the national average for private utilities. This week, in a fallout-proof red brick building at Canton, Ohio, the company will begin operating a remarkable system that will open the way to still lower costs. Minute by minute, three computers will monitor both power production and power demand at 14 of A.E.P.'s 20 plants. When extra power is needed in an area, the computers will not only figure out which plants can supply it most cheaply, but will automatically order them to produce it and transfer it to homes and factories across the company network.

Thanks to bargain prices, the company's 1,500,000 residential customers use 25% more power than the national average. One-third of them have electric water heaters and two-thirds have electric stoves—nearly double the national average. Cheap power has also attracted industry. Last year more than 400 companies established or expanded plants along A.E.P.'s power lines. A.E.P. has increased its dividend every year since 1953 and has doubled its revenues to 1964's expected $417 million

Well Connected. Powering A.E.P.'s drive is President Donald Cook, 55, a financial expert who also has a lively interest in sales, technology, law a government. He works at his job h hours a day in his Manhattan office a another three hours at home, freque ly tours his bailiwick; last week he w off on a Cook's tour of facilities Indiana and Virginia. An ardent ad cate of private power, he believes th cutting costs and passing the savings to consumers is a form of public servi As it happens, he is also well connect in Washington.

Cook came to A.E.P. in 1953 fro the Securities and Exchange Comm sion, where he had worked up fro financial analyst to chairman und Harry Truman. Along the way, earned two law degrees from Geor Washington University, became C.P.A., and struck up a close friend ship with a young Congressman, Ly don Johnson. When Johnson becam a Senator, he drafted Cook to becom counsel to his famed Senate Prep edness subcommittee. Said Johnson the "He's rough, but he's fair. I don think there's an abler man in Gover ment." Don Cook is now one the President's most-heeded business a visers and is talked of in Washing as a possible candidate for Secreta of the Treasury in a new Johnson A ministration.

Cut & Spend. Cook confesses th the prospect of a Washington job hol "a fatal fascination." But whether not he returns to Washington, he w continue to have some influence on th U.S. economy. Shortly after the ta cut, Cook told Johnson at the Whi House that over the next seven year A.E.P. will spend $1 billion to bu new plants, dams and lines, which w bring down electricity costs even furthe Businessman Cook also argues vigorous ly for still another tax cut, and, lik his mentor, is unworried about unba anced budgets. "A.E.P. has grown fro $100,000 in assets to $2 billion, and can't remember when we ever had balanced budget," he says. "Every year we have had to borrow to grow."

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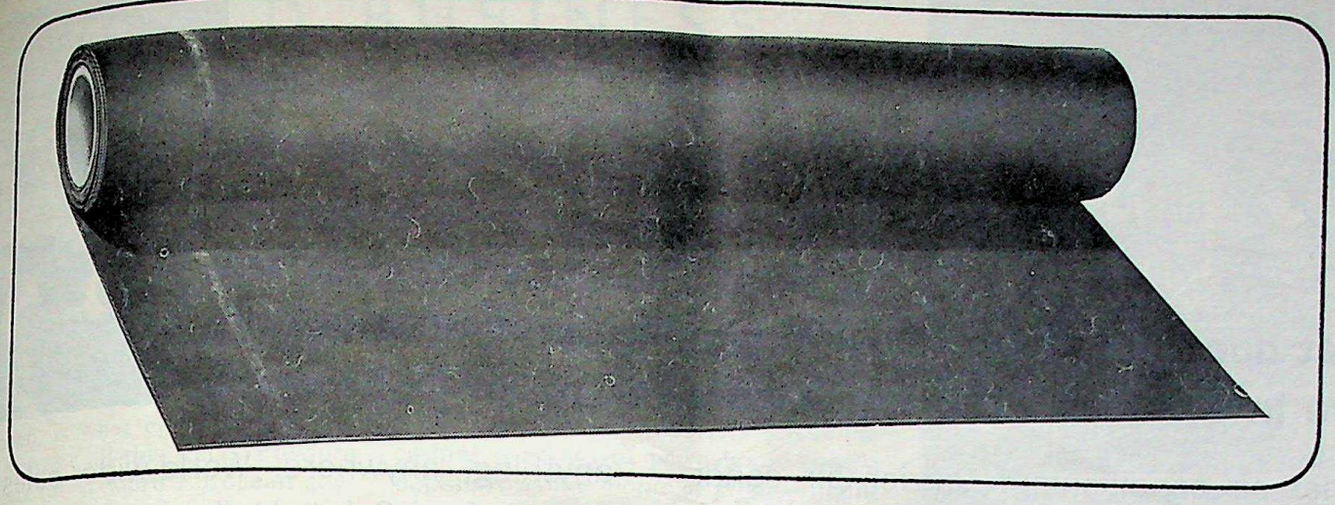
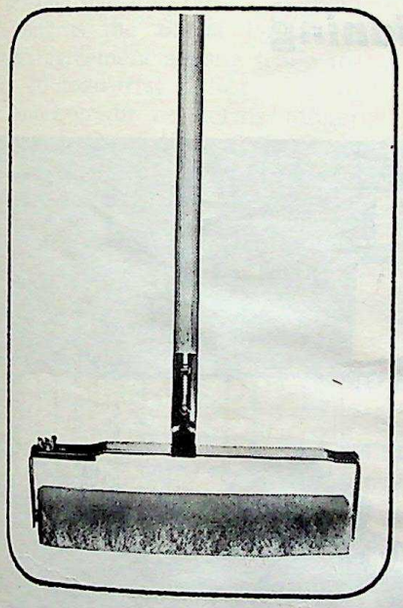
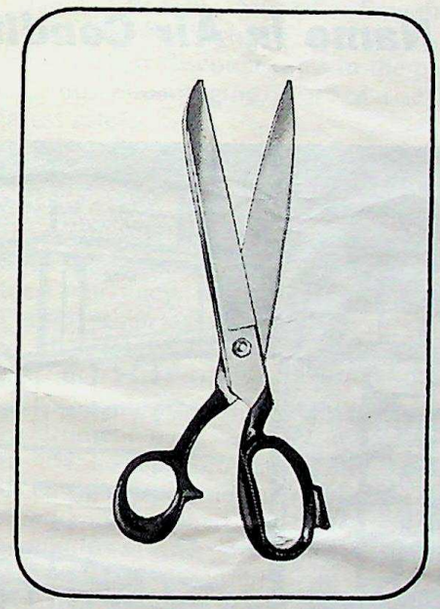


What do you need to convert this POLYSAR Butyl membrane into the most weather-tight roof in building history?





these

POLYSAR Butyl membranes promise to make life less complicated for people who build roofs and more comfortable for people who live under them. Roofs made of this versatile new material will stand up to anything—sun, wind, rain, hail, snow and ice. Even boiling water won't penetrate. Butyl membranes can be cut into irregular shapes, joined permanently with a cold adhesive and patched as easily as a tire tube. They will accommodate movement in the roof deck and remain flexible from −65°F to +250°F. They are less than one-tenth the weight of conventional built-up roofing, so that freight savings can be substantial in the case of remote building sites. Butyl membranes are another example of the continuous development work carried out by the POLYSAR organization to improve existing products and to develop new ones. For more information, let us put you in touch with the Polysar technical service representative or distributor nearest you. Write: Polysar International, S.A., Fribourg, Switzerland.

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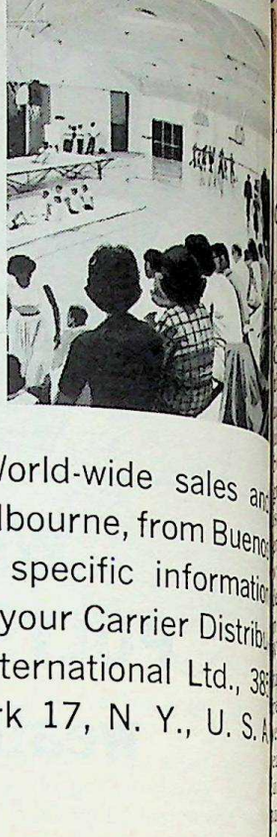

What does Del Webb House's gymnasium-auditorium have in common with Hotel Okura in Tokyo?

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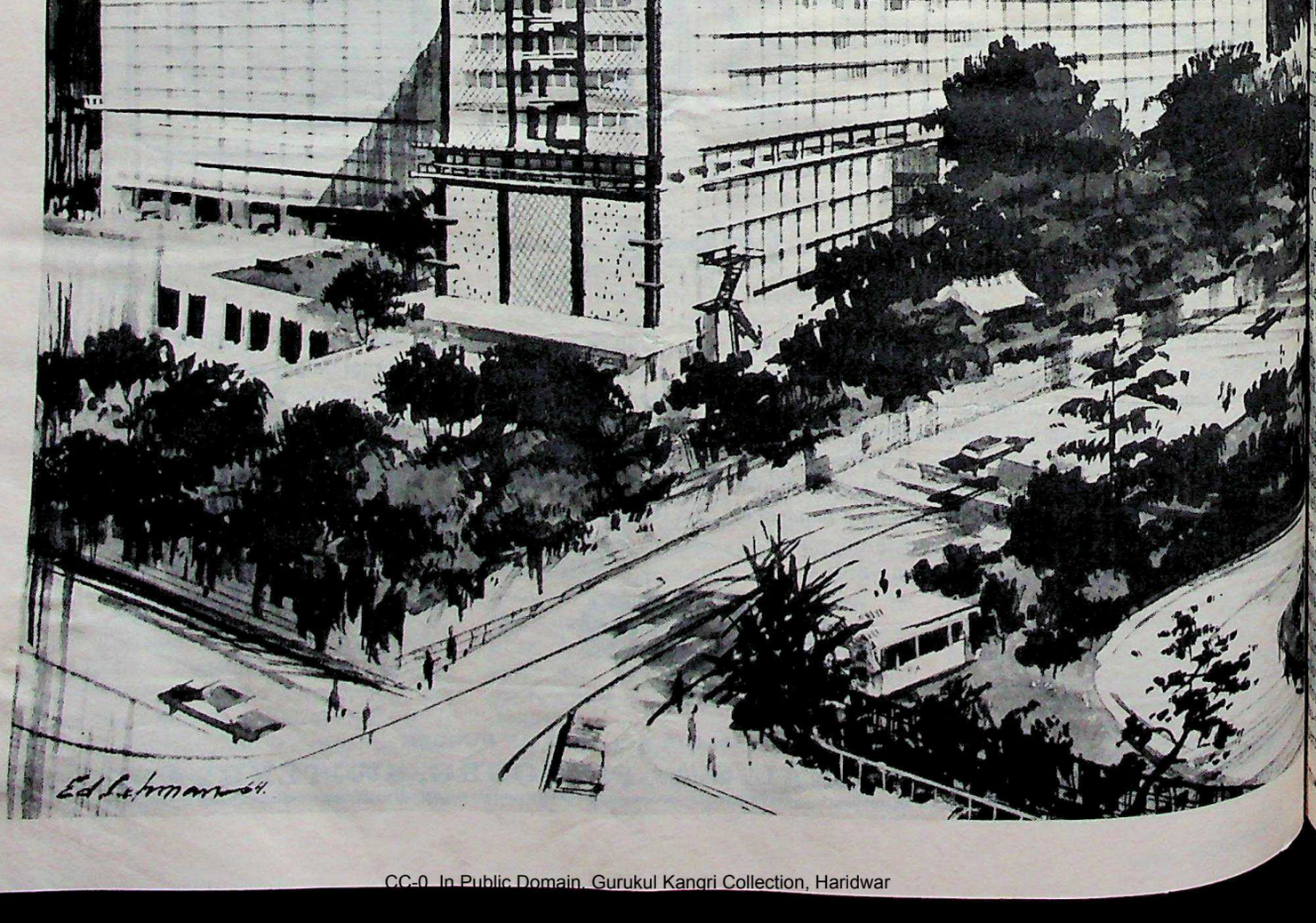

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WORLD BUSINESS

WESTERN EUROPE

Calculated Risks

Western Europeans long ago settled the issue of whether to trade with East- rn Europe and the Soviet Union. Last ear their transactions through the Iron Curtain amounted to $3 billion—and ey are scrambling for more. The new gument, which divides governments d stirs the competitive instincts of usinessmen, is what credits should be anted to cover all this trade. Pressure mounting for Western European gov- rnments to trust Communist countries ith easy, long-term credit instead of manding, as in the past, repayment five years or less. Despite U.S. and est German protests, Britain and ly have already given in to long-term edits, and the French government last ek appeared ready to back a seven- ar loan to Russia. Of all the major ropean trading nations, West Ger- ny alone is still holding out.

One reason that the West has held this long is the Berne Union, a ntleman's agreement among trade in- ers of 20 industrial nations not to nd export credit on terms longer an five years. Over the years, count- s exceptions were made, but never to mmunist countries. Then, in June, the itish government agreed to guarantee welve-year credit of $10 million to echoslovakia for a fertilizer plant— d that set the precedent. Since then, tain has opened negotiations for a 2 million, 15-year credit so that ssia can buy a prefabricated chemi- plant. Italy granted a ten-year credit the Czechs for a metal-galvanizing ant. Not to be outdone, a powerful sortium of French banks recently anged to grant the Soviets $380 mil- n worth of seven-year credits, pend- almost certain approval by the ench government.

Considering the danger of a turn for worse in East-West relations, such g-term credits are a definite gamble. t Western businessmen are eager to e the risk to get a firm toe hold in potentially enormous market in Rus- and its European satellites. So far, of the main attractions has been kita Khrushchev's seven-year program spend $42 billion developing Russia's ging chemical industry. Even the est German government is under con- erable pressure from businessmen to d to such commercial temptations. Berthold Beitz, Krupp's general anager: "We are excluding ourselves m this big market in the future un- we offer the same terms as our stern competitors do." And Rus- n trade commissars, knowing a good t when they see it, are hopping m capital to capital with a not- ble threat: either extend long- rm credit or no deal.

MONEY

What It Costs

Arabs in dusty white robes queued up outside a government bank from sunup to sundown in Cairo last week. In the back streets of Hong Kong, men ducked through the beaded curtains of dingy little stalls, later reappeared clutching envelopes. And in Rome, workers with small salaries and large families stood hopefully before the cashier windows of pawnshops, known popularly as the *monte di pietà*—mount of pity. All of them had one quest in common—money—and they were willing to pay a price to get it.

Just how much money should cost—the interest paid on loans—has been fiercely argued from Aristotle to Aquinas to Adam Smith. The cost varies by the time and the place: in 1964 money is generally becoming more expensive to obtain. Under pressures of inflation or economic expansion, central banks in Japan, Britain, Sweden, Belgium, France, The Netherlands and the U.S. increased their discount rates in the past year, thus encouraging a broad rise in interest rates.

Farther from Wall St. Where inflation has taken hold—as it has in many parts of the world—lenders charge higher and higher rates as protection against being repaid in drastically devalued currency. Credit is so scarce in Latin America that borrowers consider themselves lucky if they pay only 60%, and rates in Brazil go as high as 20% a month. In Argentina, when a government bank recently announced that it had secured an international loan to finance home building, money-seeking mobs rushed the bank, smashing windows and overturning desks. The Southeast Asian pays up to 20% for prime business loans, and Iranians pay anywhere from 8% to 15% in Teheran. Most well-connected Middle Eastern businessmen get their loans in Lebanon at 5½% to 12%. As a rule, says U.S. Treasury Economist Henry Bittermann, "the cost of money is liable to increase with the distance one goes from Wall St."

The world's cheapest money can be found in Switzerland (4% to 5% a year on low-risk business loans) and the U.S. (5%); similar loans cost most Western European businessmen 7% to 9%. Though their interest rates are still well above those in most industrial nations, the cost of money has been declining in Taiwan, Mexico, Thailand and India, thanks to commercial development and increasing stability. Paradoxically, by trying to make money cheap enough to lure investors, some developing countries have set rates too low to attract working money from such safe havens as Zurich and New York. In the Soviet bloc, economic planners have a genuine

KHAMIS ABDEL LATIF

BANK LINE IN CAIRO

ROMA'S PRESS

PAWNSHOP IN ROME

BORROWERS IN TEHERAN

It pays to be a Moslem.

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and matching Parker T-Ball Ball Pen!

Mr. Inch has a gleaming chrome-plated case tastefully stamped with your name. Slim silhouette (just 5/16" wide). White-faced rule printed with easy-to-read black graduations up to 6 feet. Also available with graduations in feet *and* meters.

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dislike of paying any interest at all on loans, but are forced to when they go shopping for credit in the West.

Religious Reasons. A number of developing countries have launched credit unions to encourage savings and specialized agricultural and development banks to provide low-cost loans. But they run into all manner of cultural hindrance. Turkey has resorted to a lottery with savings accounts numbers, but many peasants still bury their money rather than trust it to a bank. Egypt now gives farmers no-interest loans—but that is for religious as well as economic reasons. Though most major religions condemn usury, Moslem traditionalists believe that charging any interest is wrong. Regularly, the Pakistani National Assembly debates a proposal to ban all interest rates as in violation of Koranic law. So far, the commercial "nays" have won out.

The cost of money also depends on who the borrower is, how much he needs and why he needs it. By borrowing millions of dollars at a time, modern corporations can usually get lower interest rates. A Ruhr industrialist can often negotiate a 4½% loan, but a Bavarian woodcarver might have trouble whittling down the rate even to 7%. A New Wave film producer in Paris must pay about 32% for a loan that an established French producer could get for only 14%.

Every country has its loan shark—cursed, legislated against, but regularly patronized. Peasants in India prefer to get their money without delay from the village moneylender rather than go through the red tape of a low-cost government loan. The price is high, as much as 75%, including all sorts of hidden costs. And in New York City shady money dealers have been known to charge as much as 25% a week, or theoretically, 1,300% a year. That is something of a present-day record, but it comes nowhere near history's high interest rate: the 10,000% charged in Berlin after World War I.

BRAZIL

A Man of Many Facets

Wherever they wander in Latin America, travelers can seldom escape the enticements of a short, slender Brazilian named Hans Stern, the continent's king of diamonds. At the most important South American airports, the best hotels and on the broad boulevards of cities from Buenos Aires to Caracas, Stern's jewelry showrooms are in glittering evidence. His 136 boutiques span from the Sugar Loaf peak to the depths of the Amazon Valley (at Manaus, Brazil), also floats on 37 ships at sea, where Stern gems are planted among the passengers to talk up lapidary lore. Stern has already opened a shop on Manhattan's Third Avenue, is the only Brazilian businessman represented at the New York Fair. Last week, ready to [illegible]

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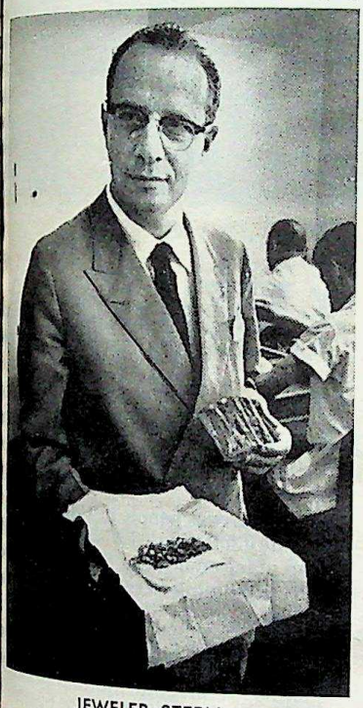
and further, he flew across the At-
lantic to negotiate for his first shops
in London, Lisbon, Rome, Frankfurt
and Tel Aviv.

Money-Back Guarantee. Brazil pro-
vides a rich base for an international
jewel millionaire. Its gummy subsoil
yields more gems than any other na-
tion except South Africa (including
such stones as the 120-carat Southern
Star diamond), and it is unrivaled for
the infinite variety of colored semi-
precious gems that are scattered from
Rio Grande do Sul northward to the
state of Piaui.

Stern, now 41, discovered this bright
world when he traveled to Brazil's in-
land mining regions after fleeing the
Nazis in his native Germany in 1939.
He decided to exploit what he found.
He opened a small shop in Rio, bought
rough stones directly from friends at
the mines and polished them himself.
Developing this unique mine-to-show-

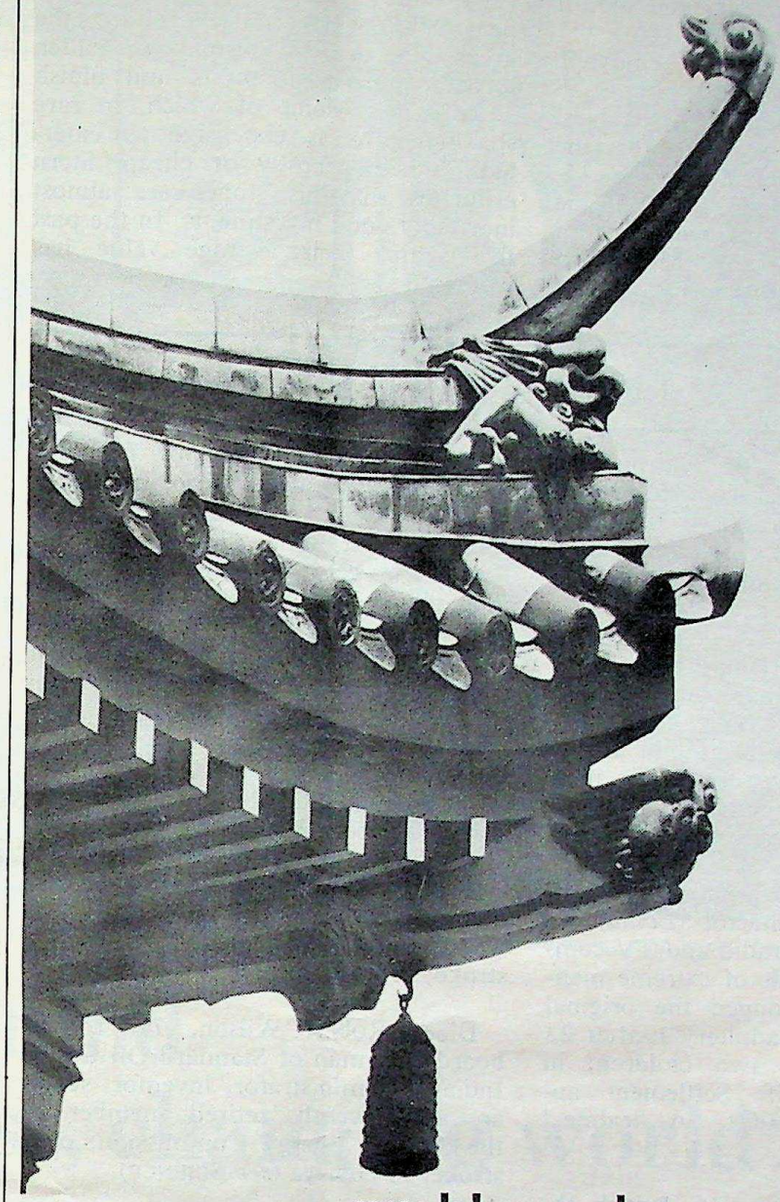
PAULO MUNIZ



JEWELER STERN
A personality in every stone.

room integration as well as a flair for
promotion, Stern gradually outshone
better-established jewelers to become
the world's largest dealer in semipre-
cious stones. Now he has exclusive
work contracts with many mines,
puts out work to 5,000 craftsmen
and dominates 70% of Brazil's jewelry
trade, which runs to uncounted mil-
lions of dollars a year.

Stern's aggressive marketing has of-
fered his competitors into a ruby
stage, and his publicity barrage at first
made many tourists suspect that they
would have to pay Tiffany prices for
discount-house merchandise. But he
has steadily burnished his image by
such devices as sponsoring art displays
for jewelry-design contests, holding
street weekly luncheons for leading
physicians, and offering to refund to
any discontented customer the full pur-
chase price of any piece of jewelry
within a year of the sale. Now half of



problems have a way of dissolving under our roof

The Hotel Okura welcomes the members attending the Annual Meetings of the Board of Governors of the International Monetary Fund and the International Bank for Reconstruction and Development and its Affiliates. We sincerely hope the congenial atmosphere, surroundings and service of our hotel where the old and the new are so artistically blended, aid in solving the pressing economic problems of the day.

The nerve center of the conference where the more than 2,000 dignitaries will gather is the elegant Heian-No-Ma (Grand Banquet Hall). We call it the Heian Hall because it was designed to represent all the nobility and good taste of a time in Japanese history when culture was in full bloom—the eighth to the twelfth centuries. The Hotel Okura is happy to be your host in Japan.

Hotel Okura

The Distinguished Hotel of Tokyo

Iwajiro Noda, President & General Manager CABLE: HOTELOKURA TOKYO
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his customers are tourists, and almost none ask for a refund.

Bestsellers. Though Stern enjoys a brisk business in diamond pieces, he prefers to deal in semiprecious baubles. Recently he paid $75,000 for the world's largest aquamarine, a 15-pounder (35,000 carats) that will be sliced into thousands of pieces. Stern himself sometimes mans the cutting wheel, exhorts his craftsmen to study each stone "to uncover its individual personality." His bestsellers are the green, blue or pink tourmalines, golden topazes, purple amethysts and bluish aquamarines—some of which, in rare shadings, are as expensive as emeralds. Whether costly or cheap, Stern estimates that his stones are almost inevitably good investments. In the past five years, their average value has increased 100%.

MILESTONES

Born. To Rod Taylor, 34, onetime Australian artist turned Hollywood heartthrob (*Sunday in New York*), and Mary Hilem, 26, former Manhattan model: their first child, a daughter; in Hollywood.

Married. Gloria Richardson, 42, the nation's No. 1 woman integrationist, spearhead of the civil rights demonstrations in Cambridge, Md.; and Frank Dandridge, 32, Negro freelance photographer from Manhattan; she for the second time; in Norwich, Conn.

Divorced. James Mason, 55, etched-in-acid British cinemactor (*Lolita*); by Pamela Mason, 46, radio and TV commentator; on grounds of extreme mental cruelty (she dropped the original charge of "habitual adultery"); after 23 years of marriage, two children; in Santa Monica, Calif. Settlement: approximately $1,500,000. "A fleabite," said James.

Died. Peter Lanyon, 46, British abstract painter, who drew inspiration by soaring over his native Cornwall in a red glider, then came down to record his sensations in whirling masses of rust reds, lichen greens and salt whites that vigorously joined the rugged earth below and the dazzling sky above; of injuries sustained when his glider nosedived into a macadam airstrip in Somerset, England.

Died. Perpétuo de Freitas da Silva, 51, better known as Bulletproof Perpétuo, Rio de Janeiro's greatest detective, who for 30 charmed years outdrew, outpunched and outtalked the most fearsome *bandidos* in Rio's slums; of a bullet wound inflicted by a jealous fellow officer who shot first, at point-blank range; in a dingy Rio bar.

Died. Dr. Norman Welch, 62, president of the American Medical Association since June, who dutifully took up the A.M.A.'s longstanding fight against medicare, but lacked the fiery rhetoric and unrelenting determination of former President Dr. Edward Annis; of a stroke; in Jackson, Wyo.

Died. Moe Gale, 65, co-founder and longtime proprietor (1926-54) of Harlem's once famed, now torn-down Savoy Ballroom, where happy feet first stomped out the Lindy Hop, Big Apple and Susie-Q, and such cats as Ella Fitzgerald, Count Basie, and Chick Webb first strutted their swinging stuff; after a long illness; in Manhattan.

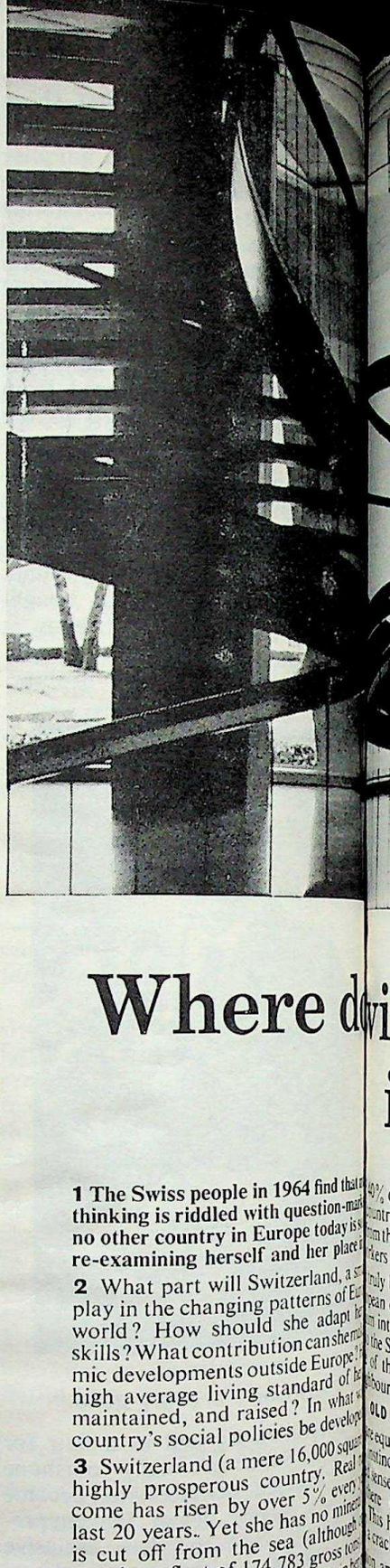
Died. Stewart Holbrook, 71, author and historian, a salty New Englander who in 20 fast-moving, informative volumes on early America (*The Age of the Moguls, The Yankee Exodus*) often found the human side more interesting than the heroic, serving up such tidbits as Ethan Allen's incurable love of "stonewalls" (cider laced with rum) and the fact that Billy the Kid in real life was a bucktoothed adenoid case; of a stroke; in Portland, Ore.

Died. Robert Wilson, 71, former board chairman of Standard Oil Co. of Indiana, administrator, inventor, scholar, and recently retired member of the Atomic Energy Commission; of a stroke; in Geneva (*see* SCIENCE).

Died. Sergeant Alvin York, 76, World War I Medal of Honor winner, one of the U.S. infantry's great heroes; after a long illness; in Nashville, Tenn. (*see* THE U.S.).

Died. Dr. Carlton Joseph Huntley Hayes, 82, longtime Columbia University history professor (1907-50), wartime ambassador to Spain (1942-45) and lifelong enemy of nationalism, who devoted the better part of 43 years of teaching and 27 books (*Essays on Nationalism, Nationalism: A Religion*) to warning of the dangers of the all-powerful modern state, writing on the eve of World War II that "nationality, the national state and national patriotism are the source of intolerance, militarism and war"; in Afton, N.Y.

Died. John Adams, 89, patriarch of the Massachusetts Adamses, a descendant of Presidents John and John Quincy and nephew of Historian Henry, himself a longtime president of the Massachusetts Historical Society who in 1954 first opened for public view the Adams family papers, a priceless collection of handwritten books, diaries and letters that offers a unique survey of the nation's first century; of a stroke; in Concord, Mass.



Where d

1 The Swiss people in 1964 find that t thinking is riddled with question-mar no other country in Europe today is s re-examining herself and her place i

2 What part will Switzerland, a sm play in the changing patterns of Eu world? How should she adapt he skills? What contribution can she ma mic developments outside Europe? high average living standard of he maintained, and raised? In what w country's social policies be develop

3 Switzerland (a mere 16,000 squa highly prosperous country. Real come has risen by over 5% even last 20 years. Yet she has no mines is cut off from the sea (although merchant fleet of 174,783 gross ton wide diversity of ethnic groups in he of 5½ million.

4 This diversity, in fact, accounts her innate strength. Within her German, French, Italian and Ro guages and a variety of cultures exi foundation of mutual respect.

THE IDEA OF INTERNATIONA

5 Two factors have formed the Switzerland's stability and orderly First, a federal constitution basic democracy (the people must be a referendum on every major governm Second, centuries-old neutrality in economic strength.

6 Unfettered relationships with other are essential to the Swiss. They have lowest tariff structures in the wo them the largest *per capita* importers They impose no foreign exchange re

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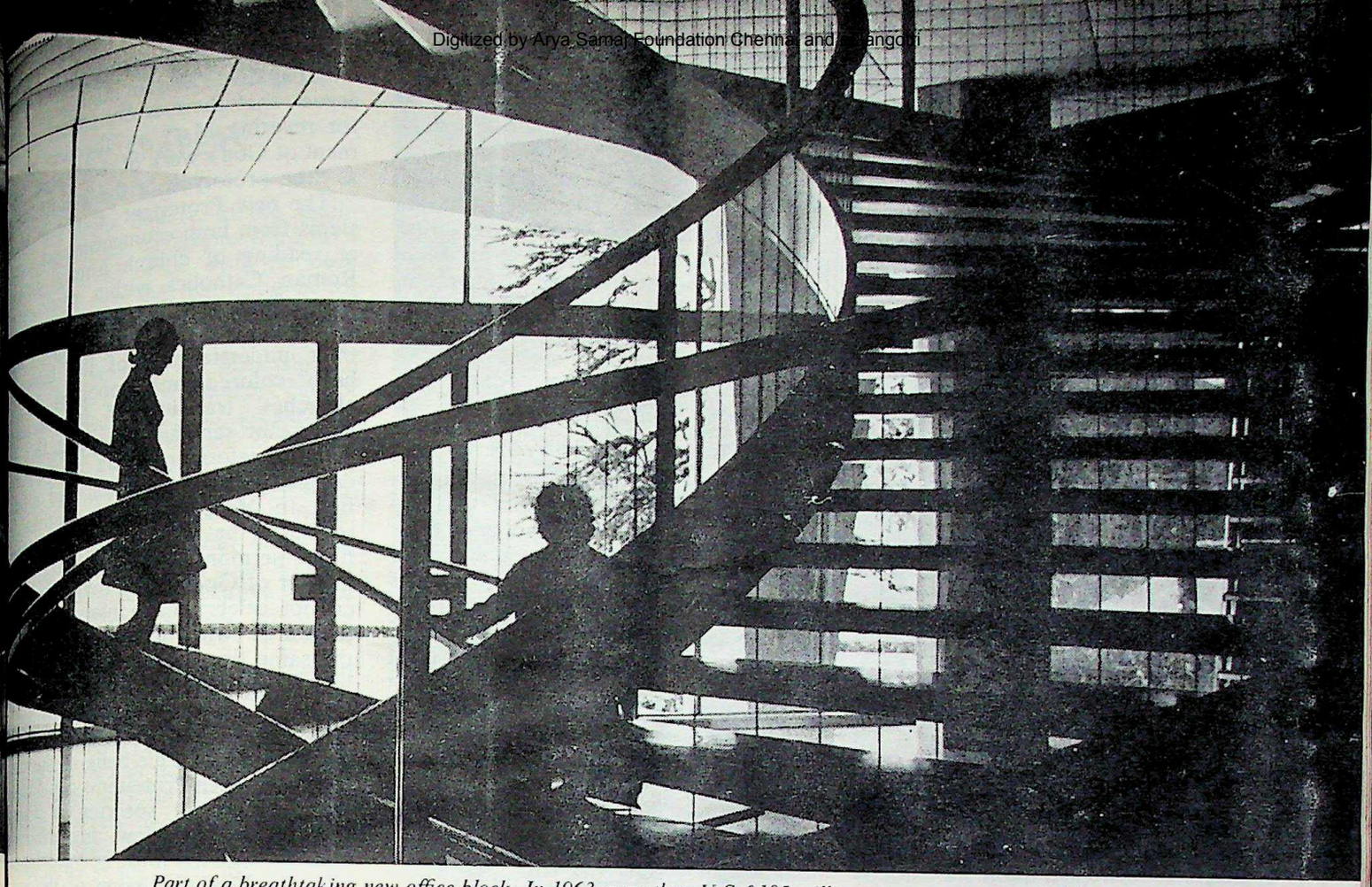

Part of a breathtaking new office block. In 1963 more than U.S. $185 million were spent on new buildings in Switzerland.

dwitzerland stand in a restless, changing world?

40% of their exports to the Common
countries, and buy over 60% of their
om them. And almost 30% of Switzer-
kers are immigrants.

ruly be said that Switzerland was the
pean country to put the idea of inter-
n into practice. And as the idea has
ne Swiss have prepared for the great
of their own new relationship with
bours.

OLD SKILLS, NEW IDEAS

e equipped to meet this challenge with
stinct for conciliation, and a highly
ense of social responsibility. For in-
ere have been almost no labour
This has enabled the economy to ad-
cracking rate since 1945.

n and concentration are distinctive
ualities of the Swiss—which have
en to become experts in research and
of 90% of the country's exports are of
ed goods. Among them are machine
ronic equipment, atomic and space
uments, and (of course) watches of
eauty. In all of these, the Swiss are
world's leaders.

igh on this export list are chemicals.
ry employs some 45,000 people in
companies. Swiss exports of chemicals
U.S. $280 million in 1963—about
of the country's export total. And
ous manufacturing and sales net-
e Swiss are well placed to hold their
ion.

OVERSEAS CO-OPERATION

ompanies have always found it natural
d. Many of them have thus become
international marketing techniques,
which will be a growing asset to them in the years ahead.

12 In the world at large, the Swiss enjoy immense goodwill. The work of the International Committee of the Red Cross (formed solely of Swiss nationals) has won particular recognition overseas.

13 Switzerland is also the seat of many international bodies: the European Centre for Nuclear Research, the Universal Postal Union, the International Telegraph Union, as well as the European office of the United Nations. In the work of many of these, she has often been called upon to play a leading role.

SWISS NATIONAL EXHIBITION 1964

14 Once every 25 years the Swiss hold a national exhibition. It is an occasion not so much for showing the country to the world as for holding a mirror before themselves and taking a good, long, critical look. This year provides such an opportunity.

15 In seeking the answers to urgent questions, the Swiss are finding new sources of strength. But the pavilions at Lausanne this year are, of course, no more than a focal point for discussion. It is clear that the spirit of self-examination will continue long after workmen have dismantled the exhibition.

SHELL AND WORLD OIL

SHELL

Having no mineral supplies of her own, and with ever-increasing mechanisation, Switzerland will need more and more oil to power her industries. So will the rest of the world. Oil is one of the fastest-growing sources of energy and demand is expected to double within 15 years.

Meeting this demand has to be an international operation because no other commodity is moved in such tremendous volumes, across so many frontiers, broken into so many products, planned so far ahead. It needs a complex, world-wide organisation—the kind Shell has built up over the years.

FACTS AND FIGURES

For Shell, getting oil to the markets means operating over 11½ million tons of tanker shipping, and 32,000 miles of pipelines over the great land routes. Establishing marketing companies in over 100 countries. Doing business in nearly every major language. And encouraging 6,000 research men to find new and useful products—new fuels, plastics, resins, fertilisers and insecticides.

YOU CAN BE SURE OF SHELL

Shell is dependable because it is in the whole oil cycle. It looks for oil, finds it, raises it, transports it, breaks it down into products, and gets them to market as regularly as a metronome. In doing so, it averages about 1¼ US cents profit per gallon on its sales.

Shell is useful. It gets the right product to the right place at the right time. **It serves consuming countries by finding dependable energy, producing countries by finding dependable markets. Year after year.**

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ECUMENISM

What Catholics Think About Jews

A broad spectrum of Roman Catholic opinion holds that the Vatican Council must make a pronouncement on its relationship to Judaism. German bishops, aware that Catholic references to "perfidious Jews" encouraged Nazi anti-Semitism, strongly support the proposal. So do U.S. bishops, who are eager for their church to speak out on matters that concern harmony in a pluralistic society. Last fall's session of the council received a draft proposal that Jews found pleasing, but never got around to debating it. Since then the proposal has been rewritten—and weakened so much that when Jewish leaders read it last week they were appalled.

Guilty of Deicide? The original draft was composed by Augustin Cardinal Bea of Rome's Secretariat for Promoting Christian Unity, and declared that guilt for the death of Jesus was borne by all mankind. Therefore, it said, sermons and catechism lessons should not misuse the Gospel accounts of the Crucifixion to imply that the Jews were guilty of deicide. This declaration was bitterly opposed by Catholic bishops from the Middle East, who share the anti-Israel feelings of their Moslem neighbors, and by many European conservatives, who argued that Bea's text ran counter to what the New Testament plainly says.

The revised statement on anti-Semitism still warns that Jews should not be regarded as "an accursed people" and acknowledges Christianity's roots in the faith of the Old Testament. But instead of clearing the Jews of deicide, it says that sermons and catechisms should "refrain from accusing the Jews of our times of what was perpetrated during the Passion of Christ." The declaration also prays for the conversion of the Jews to Christianity, and has been expanded to include a word of good will for other non-Christian faiths, notably Islam.

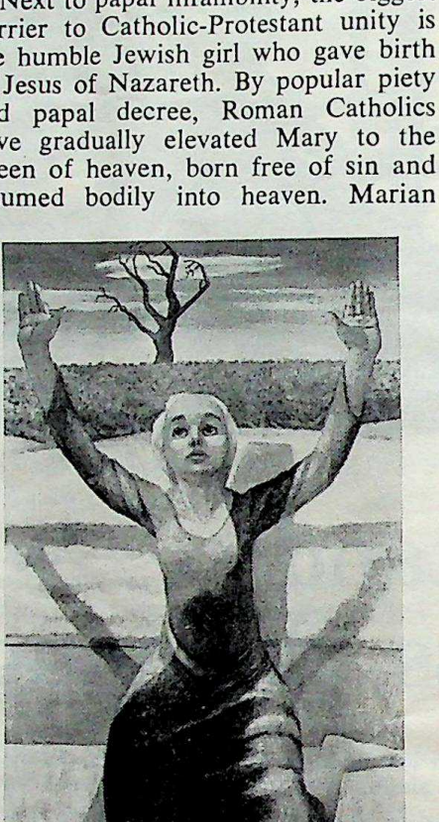
Distrust & Resentment. U.S. Jews were dismayed by the tone and spirit of the revision. Particularly offensive to them was the reference to conversion, which was not matched by any call for Moslems to become Christians. Perhaps the most telling criticism came from Rabbi Abraham Joshua Heschel of Manhattan's Jewish Theological Seminary, a good friend of Cardinal Bea's, who has worked long and hard for better Christian-Jewish relations. "A message that regards the Jew as a candidate for conversion and proclaims that the destiny of Judaism is to disappear is bound to foster reciprocal distrust as well as bitterness and resentment," he said. "As I have repeatedly stated to leading personalities of the Vatican, I am ready to go to Auschwitz any time, if faced with the alternative of conversion or death."

A number of influential U.S. Catholic prelates, including Richard Cardinal Cushing of Boston, have indicated that they will fight for a strong declaration at the third session. The odds were that a better draft would be voted; even so, some felt that no statement at all might have been better than the spectacle of Christendom's largest church backing and filling over how it should condemn anti-Semitism.

THEOLOGY

What Mary Means to Protestants

Next to papal infallibility, the biggest barrier to Catholic-Protestant unity is the humble Jewish girl who gave birth to Jesus of Nazareth. By popular piety and papal decree, Roman Catholics have gradually elevated Mary to the queen of heaven, born free of sin and assumed bodily into heaven. Marian



MADONNA, BY ARTHUR FRETWELL
A summary of the Christian life.

"maximalists" even yearn for the day when a Pope will promulgate new dogmas that in union with her son she is redemptress of the human race and mediatrix of God's grace to men. For centuries, Protestants have reacted by condemning Catholic "Mariolatry" as paganism and ignoring the Virgin as much as they decently could.

"The Elect Instrument." Protestant laymen still generally feel this way but, says Lutheran Theologian Joseph Sittler of the University of Chicago Divinity School, "there is new thinking on the part of Protestant scholars about Mariology." In the latest issue of *The Journal of Religion*, Princeton's W. Paul Jones, a Methodist, points out that "Mary stands at the very inception of Christian revelation as sign and representative of the human context in which the Christ-event is received, then and now." In the interdenominational *Journal of Ecumenical Studies*, Harvard's Heiko Oberman, a Dutch Reformed pastor, warns Protestants against a [illegible] tally negative "Marian minimalism." He argues that there is Scriptural warrant for revering Mary as "the elect instrument of God's work of redemption" and as "the prototype of the faithful."

The new Protestant interest in Mary stems from both ecumenism and a deeper reading of church history. Just as Roman Catholics within recent years have been rediscovering Scripture, Protestants have begun to study history for their understanding of the Bible has been colored and modified by the churches' tradition of interpretation. Protestant scholars note that the 16th century reformers, even as they condemned Roman excesses, had a devotion to Mary that their spiritual descendants have lost. Some of Luther's finest sermons treat of Mary as the mother of God, and Calvin wrote: "We cannot celebrate the blessing given us in Christ without commemorating at the same time how high an honor God has granted to Mary when he chose to make her the mother of his only son."

Flesh of Our Flesh. Lutheran Jaroslav Pelikan of Yale believes the time is long past when Protestants could content themselves with sneering at Catholic Marian idolatry. Now, any criticism of Roman doctrine must be "accompanied by a positive discussion of the motif of our Lord as viewed from a Biblical and evangelical perspective." Pelikan argues that Mary cannot be ignored because she is the "warrant for the Christian declaration that our Lord was true man, flesh of our flesh and bone of our bone." She also has a significance for the church: "the brief description of her career in the New Testament is a summary of the Christian life in its exaltations and in its depressions." Dr. Albert Outler of Perkins School of Theology in Dallas, a Methodist observer at the Vatican Council, agrees that "we've got to take seriously the whole idea of the maternal dimension of Christian life. Protestantism has stressed to an almost exclusive degree the paternal and fraternal dimensions of religion."

Non-Catholic scholars point out that any Protestant Mariology would have to be subordinated to the doctrine of Christ and closely tied to the New Testament witness. Thus the emerging Protestant interpretation of Mary is considerably more modest than her exalted place in Catholic teaching. Nonetheless, says Chicago's Sittler, Mary may be the center from which we could penetrate one another's thoughts," since Rome is in the midst of a Marian reconsideration all its own. Recent Popes have warned against excessive devotion to Mary that obscures the uniqueness of Christ, and many Catholic thinkers are earnestly seeking to relate their church's Marian doctrines to Biblical theology. And in one of the key votes of the Vatican Council's second session, the bishops voted to reject a separate schema on Mary and instead incorporate it into a schema on the church.

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THE PRESS

NEWSPAPERS

View from the Heights

Just off Times Square, at the southwest corner of the cavernous third-floor newsroom, in an office with the door usually open, sits the managing editor of The New York Times. Turner Catledge's office is as functional and unpretentious as its tenant, a tall Mississippian of 63 whose courtly manner cannot entirely conceal a natural gregariousness. There, every afternoon at 4, Catledge musters his department heads around a big oval table to set the course of the next day's editions. And there, at such a conference one day last week, Managing Editor Catledge took a larger role and command: executive editor of one of the world's most important newspapers.

Unprecedented Changes. As executive editor Catledge assumes direct editorial charge of both the Sunday and the daily Times. The consolidation is unprecedented as the title. Until last week, responsibility for the Sunday paper rested largely in the experienced hands of Sunday Editor Lester Markel, who who in 41 years at the job polished a product that some readers considered superior to the daily Times. Markel becomes a somewhat emeritus associate editor.

To replace Catledge as managing editor, Publisher Arthur Ochs Sulzberger named Assistant Managing Editor Clifton Daniel, 51, who is better known outside journalism as Margaret Truman's husband than as the competent newsman he has been for 21 years. Named Markel's successor as Sunday editor was Assistant Sunday Editor Dan Schwarz, 56, who is accountable to Catledge.

Sulzberger also appointed White House Correspondent Tom Wicker, 38, to the Times's Washington bureau chief, succeeding James Reston, who asked to be relieved of this duty to devote more time to his column and to developing front-page news. Reston's new title: associate editor. Unaffected by Sulzberger's "structural changes": John Oakes's supervision of the Times's editorial page.

Comparative Reading. However lofty, Turner Catledge's new assignment is not likely to change materially the work pattern fixed by 13 years as managing editor. "More often than not, I get up in the morning about 7:30 or 8," he says. "I spend about two hours on the New York morning papers, all of them, including the Wall Street Journal—two hours of comparative reading, often talking into a Dictaphone.

"I generally go to the office about 11:30. In good weather I walk—it's two miles. First thing, I have my notes transcribed, call in the assistant managing editor, Mr. Daniel, and go over those things with him, leaving him with the responsibility of seeing that they get done: mistakes in the paper, this story is not developed properly, this story was a honey—that sort of thing. When they're good things, I give the publisher credit. If they're bad, I take the blame.

"At 1 every afternoon we have an executives' luncheon in a private dining room up on the eleventh floor. There are six or seven regulars: the Sunday editor, Mr. Oakes, Mr. Bancroft [Executive Vice President Harding Bancroft], the publisher, the chairman of the board if he's around, and myself. Everything's very free and easy. Everybody talks, especially about what the other man is doing.

"At 4, there's the news conference in my office of all the desk heads. They present what's coming up in the way of news, make suggestions for future stories, and the like. Summaries of their reports are sent to the news editor's bullpen, and from these the front page, the split page,* the sports page are laid out, so on down the line. The publisher drops by every day before going home, and we sit down and chew the fat. Shop talk. There's a very intimate and continuing contact with the publisher, so much so that when the publisher isn't there, the contact is there in spirit just the same.

"I usually stay till 6:30 or 7 to see a dummy of the front page. But two or three times a week I'll stay down till the first edition comes out—about 9:30. That means I get out about 10 o'clock. I always stay Wednesday night because my wife goes to bridge club, and usually Monday night too. On the nights that I don't stay I always try to check the first edition before I go to bed. It's delivered to my home about 11 o'clock."

News-Gathering Army. If it all sounds very much like a general surveying the battleground from a distance, it is because Catledge's way may well be the only practical approach to editorial leadership of the Times. On smaller dailies, down-in-the-trenches control by the managing editor is both common and feasible. On the Times, it is virtually impossible. Catledge commands a news-gathering army of 850 far-flung hands. Some denizens of the Times's newsroom sit so far from the boss that when Catledge became managing editor his staff whimsically presented him with binoculars. This crew, with help from wire services, generates some million words of copy each day—of which the daily Times, for all its bulkiness, can find room for only 170,000. No one on the paper, including Turner Catledge, reads all 170,000 words.

High Recommendation. "I don't see any of the copy unless I ask for it," says Catledge. "But any time there's a

* The front page of the second section.

BEN MARTIN

TIMESMEN MARKEL, SCHWARZ, DANIEL & CATLEDGE
More authority for the man with the binoculars.

BEN MARTIN

WALTER BENNETT

RESTON WICKER
More a part of them than they know.

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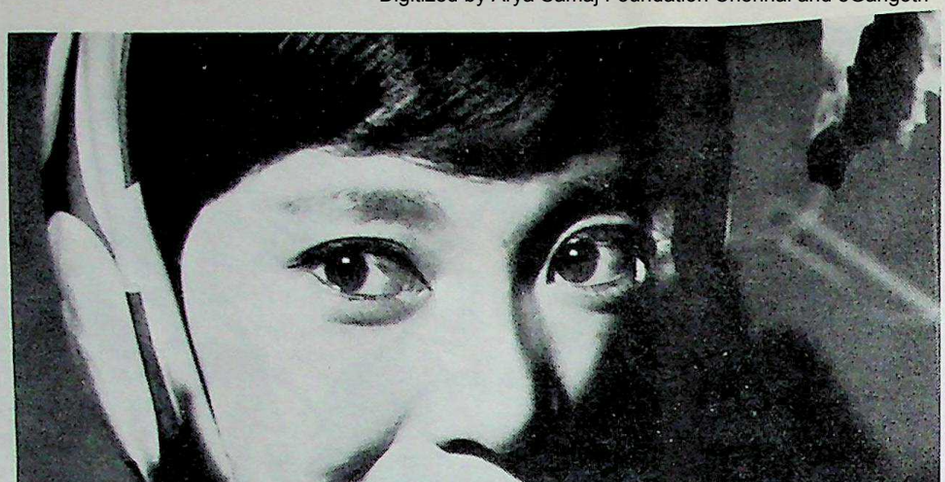
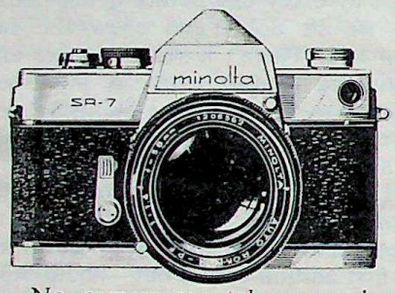


stop taking snapshots
[*and start taking photographs*]



If you are really serious about photography you want more out of your photographs than mere snapshots. You want pictures that are exciting to look at *more* than once, pictures that reflect the true nature of the subject and its surroundings, colors that come alive.

No camera can take a good picture. Only the photographer can do that. A camera can, however, help you avoid mistakes, give your photographs the mark of experience. Here is how the new Minolta SR-7 does just that:

SR-7 is equipped with a powerful CdS light meter. And you'll notice it's built in (all the way in). The meter is highly sensitive, measures anything you can see, and is every bit as accurate as the hand-held meters the professionals use.

The world-famous F1.4 Rokkor lens is treated with Achromatic coating, a patented process which brings a new faithfulness to color photography.

The significance of the Minolta SR-7 is obvious when you see it, test it, compare it. Take a look. You'll see why this camera is used by serious photographers throughout the world.

Minolta
MINOLTA CAMERA CO., LTD.

TIME's job, in a world that gets more complex all the time, *is* to sort out the essential from the transitory, to get to the bottom of conflicting claims, to pierce through the propaganda and the puffery, to try to get the facts right and to make the conclusions sound. (*from TIME Publisher's Letter*)

big development, they'll come and me. One of the chief functions of managing editor, of course, is to ideas, and this will continue, both the managing editor and the exec editor. In my new job I'm the pub er's agent, to spark and manage interesting paper. But anyone can a good time with this staff. They make anyone look good."

Catledge joined the staff in 192 young Southerner whose profess qualifications had preceded him to York by two years. His entrée was complished by none other than Her Hoover, who had gone South to inspe damage done by the great Missis flood of 1927. Impressed by Catled flood stories in the Memphis Com cial Appeal, Hoover mentioned to his friend Adolph Ochs, then T publisher. Ochs acted, and Catledge on his way to Manhattan.

Except for one brief and unhap stint as editor of the Chicago Sun 1941-43, Catledge has been a Tim man ever since. "I was the most lu able man on earth," he says of Chicago experience. "I discovered I was more a part of the Times and Times was more a part of me tha realized." To his mind, that part volves the shirtsleeve aspect of jour ism, for which Catledge feels so str an affinity that it has survived his st climb to executive rank.

"I was a reporter," he says. "I th reporters make excellent news exe tives." It is a theory that Catledge cessfully tested last spring when called in Foreign Correspondent Rosenthal and made him metropol editor, in charge of the Times's local newsmen. "This man is now di vicariously what he did personally," Catledge. "He's not just one man h he's 160 men."

From a rather higher altitude, Tu Catledge has sought to adopt the st approach. "I don't even consider my much of an executive, in the Harv Business School sense," he said week as he began his new duties. my job, you have to be a combina of coach and cheerleader."

Scotching a Rumor

So parlous are the finances of News-Call Bulletin, Hearst's afterno paper in San Francisco, that recent rumors of doom wheel above it vultures. Only last month, a new r began circling: the News-Call Bull would soon be absorbed by Hearst's er San Francisco paper, the Examin which would then switch from a.m. p.m. to avoid unprofitable competi with the city's third daily, the morn Chronicle. Last week, with weary ir nation, the Examiner took to print try to shoo off the rumor: "There is solutely no foundation in any rep that the two separately published managed papers will merge—today, morrow, next week, next month, o any time in the foreseeable future."

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Smight Makes Right

I'd Rather Be Rich. There must be some mistake—this can't be a good movie. It was produced by Ross Hunter, a man who makes bad movies (*Magnificent Obsession, Imitation of Life*) on principle—the principle that most moviegoers are housewives and most housewives don't care if the story is dull so long as the furniture is interesting. What's more, the picture stars Sandra Dee, a young woman who looks like everything the sociologists say is wrong with American teen-agers and acts as though she can't wait to get the picture over with and count her salary.

Nevertheless, *Rich* is a good movie—essentially because Producer Hunter hired a talented TV director named

DEE & GOULET IN "RICH"
A case of cured Dee tease.

Jack Smight, and Smight makes right. He makes, in fact, a continually lively and sometimes raucously hilarious situation comedy in which two hearty oldtimers (Maurice Chevalier, Hermione Gingold) and two vigorous newcomers (Robert Goulet, Andy Williams) really set up the producer's fancy furniture and even manage to make Sandra sometimes act like an actress instead of a dumb kid with the Dee tease.

Sandra plays the granddaughter of a long plutocrat (Chevalier) who insists on seeing her fiancé before he "joins the Board up yonder." Since her fiancé (Williams) is fogbound in Boston, Sandra seizes the first presentable passerby (Goulet) and tells her grandfather that he is the man she loves. Turns out he is too, but it takes Sandra 95 minutes to find out she wasn't lying.

Chevalier is sly and charming as the invalid invalid. Gingold is pure gold as the nutty nurse, a suspicious spinster who sleeps with a large sheepdog in her head and keeps giving her patient am-

biguous invitations—"If you want a pill," she murmurs, "call me." Fast company, that, but Goulet somehow contrives to stay with the pace. And Williams, a young singer who looks like Bing Crosby and sounds like several other people, carries off the wackiest sequences in the picture.

"What a nice cabin," Andy murmurs to Sandra as they arrive for an assignation. But wait. The place has been booby-trapped by a buddy of Goulet's. When Andy opens the front door, a full-grown black bear strolls out. When the lovers sit on the couch, springs boing in all directions. When they start upstairs, the stairs collapse. When Andy lights a fire, the house fills up with smoke. When he runs to the well for water, the cap collapses, and he lands in the drink. When he tries to barbecue a chicken, flame shoots out of the bird's behind and whoosh! it takes off like a rocket.

Hunting with a Hypodermic

Rhino! is a brilliantly scenic, instructive, timely and entertaining tale of African adventure. The hero (Robert Culp) is a zoologist who dedicates his skills to the preservation of African wildlife; the villain (Harry Guardino) is a poacher who devotes his energies to their annihilation. Told that the villain is an excellent guide, the hero in all innocence hires him to hunt down a pair of rare white rhinos and transport them to a game preserve. The villain, of course, secretly intends to make off with the hero's pharmic rifle, a device that fires hypodermic darts, and bag the rhinos for a fence who has promised him $20,000 for the pair.

This standard situation gets anything but standard treatment from Director Ivan Tors and his two scriptwriters (Art Arthur and Arthur Weiss). They have moderated melodrama to the requirements of realism, and they have punctuated their safari with some glorious fun. The episode in which the friendly enemies get looped on native liquor and then go bungling through the boondocks in search of a lone leopard ("You take uh one on uh lef', pal, an' I'll take uh one on uh right") is one of the sappiest hunting scenes ever written. Thanks mostly to the vivid work of the principal players, the central characters come off as wonderfully real and specific people, so much themselves that they couldn't possibly be anybody else.

Rhino!, however, is not fundamentally a picture about people. It is a picture about animals and the latest techniques of stalking and taking them. The processes and instruments—dart guns, synthesized animal odors, tiny transmitters attached to the quarry's body—are studied in detail. And the animals themselves are examined with wonder and with love. They are all there—hippos that seem to hang by their eyes from the water's surface, gazelles that dart above the grasslands like big, golden bees, leopards that grow on trees like spotted, alarming fruit—and they are there in hundreds. But most remarkable of all is an old male lion who, after a visit from the zoologist, rises with indomitable dignity and turns his back to the curious camera. Startling indeed to see the King of Beasts with a neat little Band-Aid on his backside.

Brown Orpheus

Dragon Sky. Lady Luck, like most females, needs to feel needed. When Marcel Camus, a middle-aged Frenchman whose first movie had flopped, laid his last sou on the line for a far-out film about the slums of Rio de Janeiro, the lady smiled on every scene he shot—*Black Orpheus* is a cinemusical masterpiece. But when he lazily decided to remake the same movie in the slums and ruins of Cambodia, the lady gave

EL & HEM IN "SKY"
A sense of déjà vu.

him a sharp slap in the face—*Dragon Sky* is just an interesting failure.

At first it's hard to see why. The story, in which two star-crossed lovers relive an old Cambodian legend, is almost the same as the story of *Orpheus*. The lovers themselves (Sam El and Narie Hem) are even more beautiful than the lovers in the earlier film—they look like oriental deities sculptured in living flesh. The color is rich and sensuous, and the camera catches dim disturbing glimpses of Angkor Wat, the great stone temple that lies sleeping in the jungles of Cambodia like a monstrous unimaginable spider.

Nevertheless, as the story unfolds the beauty becomes a bit boring, the sense of *déjà vu* insists, the characters swell into symbols, the symbols dissolve into words and the words fall on the ear with a soft, fruity thud. "I have waited so long." "I have searched so long." "One cannot choose in life, my son."

One can choose to see only the first half of this film.

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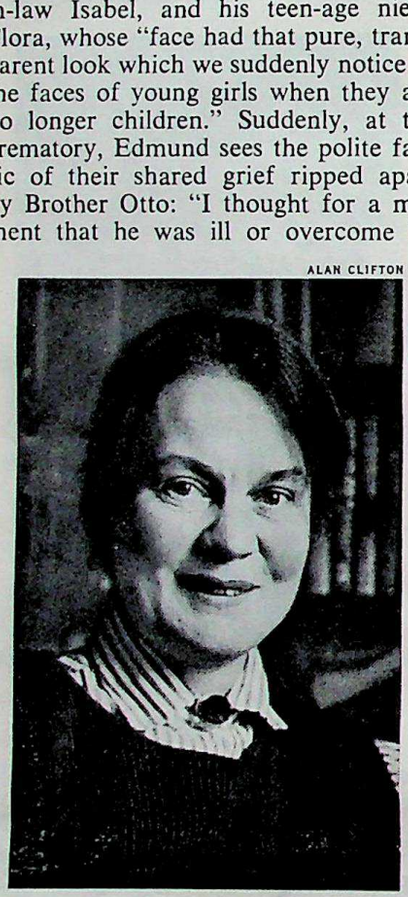
Circle of Hell

THE ITALIAN GIRL *by Iris Murdoch.* 213 pages. *Viking.* $4.50.

A reader is never safe with Iris Murdoch. What she best enjoys doing—and does better than any writer now working—is setting traps for her readers, baited with wit and camouflaged with urbane prose that all but conceals the bite of a gleefully seditious mind.

Her eighth novel opens on a scene of quiet domestic sorrow. Edmund Narroway, an early-middle-aged bachelor, has returned to the drab coal-mining town in northern England where he grew up, to attend the funeral of his widowed mother. Waiting for him are his brother Otto, a sculptor, his sister-in-law Isabel, and his teen-age niece Flora, whose "face had that pure, transparent look which we suddenly notice in the faces of young girls when they are no longer children." Suddenly, at the crematory, Edmund sees the polite fabric of their shared grief ripped apart by Brother Otto: "I thought for a moment that he was ill or overcome by

ALAN CLIFTON



IRIS MURDOCH
Release for a chastened innocent.

tears: but then I saw that he was laughing. He choked. Then, abandoning all attempt at concealment, he went off into a fit of Gargantuan mirth. He laughed. He roared. The chapel echoed with it. Our communion was at an end."

Sexual Gavotte. The shocked Edmund returns home with the family, and Otto retreats in a drunken stupor to his studio. Isabel pleads with Edmund to stay with them ("You are the only person who can heal us"). But Edmund, already suspecting that "there was no dignity, no simplicity in their lives," decides to leave by the afternoon train. "Perhaps you're right," says Isabel. "It's just that I'm caged, bored. I want emotion and pistol shots."

In the garden after lunch, Flora confides to Edmund's shocked ears that she is pregnant and asks him to find her an abortionist. He decides to stay and help her—and soon learns that there is enough unfettered emotion in the house to satisfy even bored sister-in-law Isabel. The inhabitants mix, mate and mismate in a series of scabrous sexual exercises as complicated as a gavotte. Otto confesses that he has been sleeping with the sister of his young assistant, a Russian Jew named David Levkin. ("Otto is a wet-lipped man, I am a dry-lipped man," says Edmund primly.) And Levkin, it turns out, has deliberately made Flora pregnant in order to arouse the jealousy of Isabel, who is his mistress and insanely in love with him.

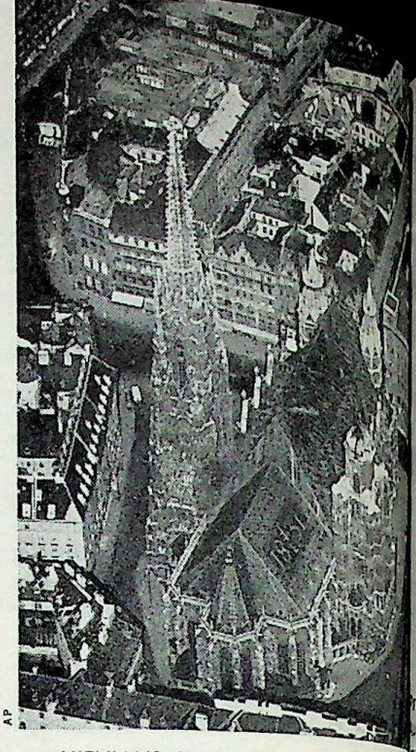
Comfort & Commitment. As blow after blow falls, Edmund begins to doubt his sanity and to lose his control. Scarcely realizing his intention, he makes a clumsy pass at Flora and is discovered by Levkin, who jeers: "You are a buffoon just like your brother but you don't even know it! He, at least, knows that he is a perfectly ludicrous animal." In desperation, Edmund turns for comfort to his old nurse, the Italian girl of the title. "I haven't touched a woman in years!" he shouts. "No girls at all?" she asks. "And no boys either?"

Finally, even Edmund grasps the simple truth that he is sick with jealousy: "Yet surely I did not want to be inside such a circle of hell." Ironist Murdoch finally releases her chastened innocent —but not before she is sure that he has been "broken and made simple," as the other characters have been, "by the real nature of the world." A commitment to life of any kind, her sly moral seems to say, is better than a refusal to live at all.

Fast Company

THE LOST CITY *by John Gunther.* 594 pages. *Harper & Row.* $5.95.

For a brash young Chicago Daily News correspondent named John Gunther, Vienna in the early '30s was about the most exciting assignment on earth. The city was charmed and doomed, as elegant, perverse and scandal loving as an aging archduchess. Though tiny post-Versailles Austria (pop. 6,760,000) teetered perennially on the edge of bankruptcy, the ancient Hapsburg capital was still the political and financial nerve center of the Balkans. As Europe slid into the chaos of depression and approaching war, the Viennese reveled in the musicmaking of Richard Strauss, Lotte Lehman and Bruno Walter; they entrusted their psyches to Sigmund Freud and his rivals, and indefatigably dissected Stefan Zweig's novels or Joseph Schumpeter's economics in the city's celebrated cafés, fueling the endless talkfest with the best beer and coffee in the world.



AP

VIENNA'S ST. STEPHEN'S CATHEDRAL
Nostalgia for an aging archduchess

Golden Age. For Gunther, who a rived there in 1930, it also meant s pretty fast journalistic company. S famed Vienna hands and visiting c respondents as Vincent Sheean, Will L. Shirer, the New York Evening Po roving Dorothy Thompson and its r dent Balkanologist M. W. ("Mi Fodor, I.N.S.'s H. R. Knickerbock the Chicago Daily News's Negley F son—and many other now-legend figures—were Gunther's cableh competitors and constant café comp ions. Together, they zestfully cre the profession and the mystique of U.S. foreign correspondent, and b the by-lined reputations that made era a golden age of American repor from abroad. Now, three decades two dozen books later, Gunther retu to those glamorous years in nost fiction. It is an Inside job.

The hero of the novel answers to name of Mason Jarrett, but he stro ly resembles guntherized Gunther rumpled bear of a man, working a Chicago paper, he covers all so eastern Europe from Istanbul to Pra Jarrett also has Gunther's herculean pacity for hard work, his shrewd jo nalistic intuition, the same flair for timate background stories about nati and their leaders; and he is in on ev major event from Austria's abor 1931 attempt to form a customs un with Germany to its four-day civil in February 1934, when the fa *Heimwehr* militia crushed the social Despite Gunther's insistence that all characters are imaginary, readers sure to be chewing for some time o the strong resemblances between M Jarrett's colleagues and Gunther's What is clearly not at all fictional the authentic flavor and loving deta the city, the times, and the corresp ent's life.

Shoveled Cream. If Gunther had it at that, his book would be a fascin ing fictionalized reminiscence. Unf

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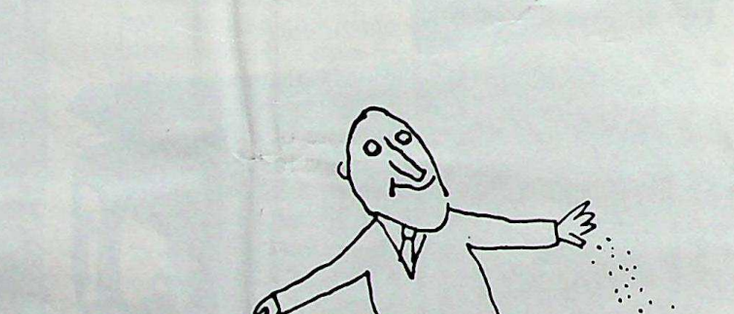
How much did world business invest in TIME's International Editions last year?



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mately, he succumbs to the Viennese
eakness for whipped cream, moun-
ains of it, wherever possible. After a
onnubial kiss on page 20—"Bending
ver and with his hand cupped like
trowel he lifted her chin"—Jarrett's
and more often resembles a shovel.
is amatory adventures are mawkish,
s professional exploits downright un-
elievable: before the book's end he
s even manned a machine gun to help
ght off the *Heimwehr*.

Journalist Gunther, who wrote two
st-forgotten novels when he was Ma-
Jarrett's age, has yearned for years
bring off a fictional *tour de force*.
is is not it, though it is sometimes
sorbing when it approaches the fac-
l memoir of vintage Vienna that he
ght have written instead—and still
uld. As Gunther himself put it some
rs ago, "How can you write about
meets girl when you had Hitler
Mussolini next door?"

ght Foot Forward

START IN FREEDOM *by Sir Hugh*
256 pages. *Harper & Row.* $4.95.

I am one of the last of an almost
ct species," admits Author Foot,
British Colonial Governor." Few
bers of the species have worked
r toward self-extinction than Sir
, who spent 30 years in the colonial
ce and was Britain's last Governor
ral in Cyprus before independence.
his sprightly autobiography, which
ines exploits worthy of James Bond
a scholar's critical look at current
ry, Foot draws some important les-
from Britain's race to haul down
lag.

sed on Burke. Ex-Governor Foot,
is now an adviser to the U.N., be-
s that the rising tide of animosity
e world's poor nations for the
will eventually displace the cold
as the greatest threat to peace.
in, too, once rowed on this flood
he says, "but we rowed with it,
against it. The most important thing
take and hold the initiative. The
ple must be given a lead, a hope,
surance that orderly and construc-
effort will be worthwhile."

en among the many superbly qual-
colonial administrators that Britain
uced, Hugh Foot is a standout.
s a "slightly out of step" member
England's most brilliant nonconform-
mily. His late father, Isaac, a deep-
dicated man who raised his family
Edmund Burke and amused himself
reading the Bible in Greek, was a
eral Party member of Ramsay Mac-
ald's 1931 coalition Cabinet. His
er Dwight was a Liberal M.P., and
er brother, Michael, is the *enfant*
e of Labor's left wing. "We liked
work to the rule, 'Let not the left
not know what the right Foot doeth,' "
ks Hugh. Yet the family always pre-
ed a merry unity through a running
e of intellectual one-upmanship.
's famous parry came in 1958, when

Sir Hugh was trying desperately to halt the internecine war between Greek and Turkish Cypriots. Suddenly, he received a cryptic cable from his father: SEE SECOND CORINTHIANS FOUR VERSES EIGHT AND NINE.* Delighted, Sir Hugh cabled back: SEE ROMANS FIVE VERSES THREE AND FOUR.†

Leave Him There. To most of Britain's postwar colonial administrators, the liquidation of empire seemed a natural and even inspiring process. Foot explains: "Take a young man with only a few years' experience in the territory to which he has been sent. Put him in charge of a District. Leave him there for say five years. He becomes wholly devoted to the people of his District. And he spends much of his effort fighting higher authority to get for his people what he thinks they need and deserve."

FOOT BETWEEN CYPRUS OPPONENTS**
Anyone who understood was misinformed.

Foot got his first taste of this process as a junior administrator in the seething British mandate of Palestine in 1929. "From the Arabs I learnt that a governor should be a servant and not a master," he says. "I was never in any doubt that they regarded me as an inferior." In 1937, when the Arabs rebelled against Jewish immigration and British rule, Foot "often idly wished to be on their side of the barricades instead of on the side of authority." Once, acting on an informer's tip, he pursued a rebel terrorist chief to a high mountain village, flushed him out of a corn bin, escorted him off to prison—and then characteristically appealed to the High Commissioner to spare his life. The Arabs were duly appreciative: Foot's name soon appeared at the top of the rebel assassination list.

Fulfillment. Foot survived to chart (on camel back) the Wadi Araba Desert between the Red Sea and the Dead Sea, was blown out of a staff car on his way to demand the surrender of a Vichy French garrison in Syria, got stabbed in the back by an anti-British terrorist in Nigeria. He helped Nigerian politicians draft their constitution, and headed Jamaica's march to stability and independence. As for his last and most frustrating assignment, he says wryly that "anyone who understood Cyprus had been misinformed." Whatever the fate of that unhappy nation, Sir Hugh looks back proudly on his career as empire liquidator. "It was a time of fulfillment," he says. "All the countries in which I served are now governing themselves."

* "We are troubled on every side, yet not distressed; we are perplexed but not in despair; persecuted but not forsaken; cast down but not destroyed."

† "And not only so, but we glory in tribulations also; knowing that tribulation worketh patience; and patience, experience; and experience, hope."

** Greek Cypriot Leader Archbishop Makarios and Turkish Cypriot Leader Dr. Fazil Kuchuk.

The Original Irish Mafia

LAMENT FOR THE MOLLY MAGUIRES *by Arthur H. Lewis.* 308 pages. *Harcourt, Brace & World.* $5.75.

A century ago, terror stalked the coal fields of eastern Pennsylvania. Men were gunned down on the open road and even in their own parlors. Informers had their ears cut off and their tongues torn out by the roots. Dynamite destroyed mine tipples and derailed freight trains. In one coal-mining county alone, there were 142 unsolved murders in 13 years.

This savage undeclared war was fought for nearly three decades, between unequal antagonists. On one side were a few thousand Irish immigrants who lived in shantytowns beside the collieries and worked in the mines for wages as low as 50¢ a day. On the other were the absentee mine owners in Manhattan and London, who fought the battle through their mine superintendents—usually of English or Welsh origin—and their own private army, the Coal and Iron Police.

The fighting arm of the immigrant Irish miners was known as the Molly Maguires, after a legendary heroine of Irish insurrections against the British during Ireland's great famine. In the U.S., the Mollies concealed themselves within the Ancient Order of Hibernians, a legitimate benevolent association of Irish-Americans. They were led by Jack Kehoe, a tall, tough ex-miner turned saloonkeeper; each branch of the society was headed by a "bodymaster," who could produce a dozen gunmen when needed.

Agent Provocateur. The man who broke the Molly Maguires was Franklin Benjamin Gowen, president of the Philadelphia & Reading Coal & Iron Co., whose ancestors had come from Ireland's Protestant north; and he used another Irishman to penetrate the Mollies. His choice for the job was James McParlan, a gifted, gabby little Pinker-

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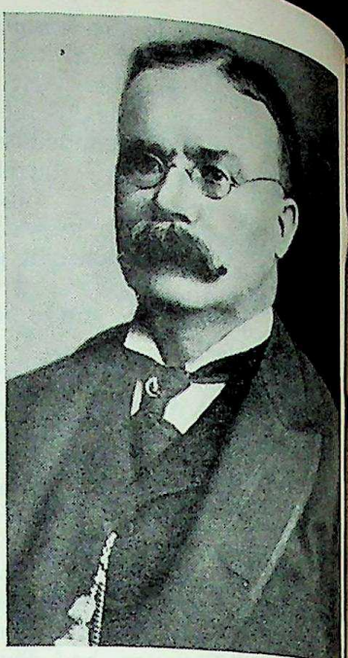

PINKERTON AGENT McPARLAN
The wounds are still raw.

ton detective who was as ready with
fists as with his wits.

Violence in the coal fields was
ally diminishing at the time when P
kerton Agent McParlan, posing
murderer on the run from Buffalo
lice, wormed his way into the
councils of the Molly Maguires. It
later charged that McParlan acte
an *agent provocateur* and deliber
whipped up bloodshed. The attacks
changed character: from repr
against brutal or dishonest mine bo
the Mollies turned to capricious, M
like assaults on anyone who offe
one of their band.

Docile Wave. When McParlan t
off his disguise in 1876, after
years as a Molly Maguire, he
enough evidence to send 20 men to
gallows. By this time, the Mollies
in a bad way, denounced by their
man Catholic priests, shunned by
cent citizens, swamped in a new w
of supposedly more docile immigr
from eastern Europe. The trials
swift and of doubtful legality. No
man Catholic was allowed on a j
and the prosecution was headed
Mine Owner Franklin Gowen him
Several of the condemned men were
most certainly innocent; one
hanged while the courier bearing a
prieve from the Governor hamm
on the prison door.

For Author Arthur Lewis, a one
newsman who wrote a lively 1963 b
raphy of Millionairess Hetty Green, *
Day They Shook the Plum Tree,
story of the Molly Maguires was cle
a labor of love. Lewis comes from
hanoy City in the heart of the
fields, where the old wounds are
raw. He notes approvingly that all
demned Molly Maguires died game
and with style. Two carried red
to the scaffold. Another joked ch
fully as his hair was cut just before
execution: "Make it good, Al," he
the barber, "or you're liable to
a customer."

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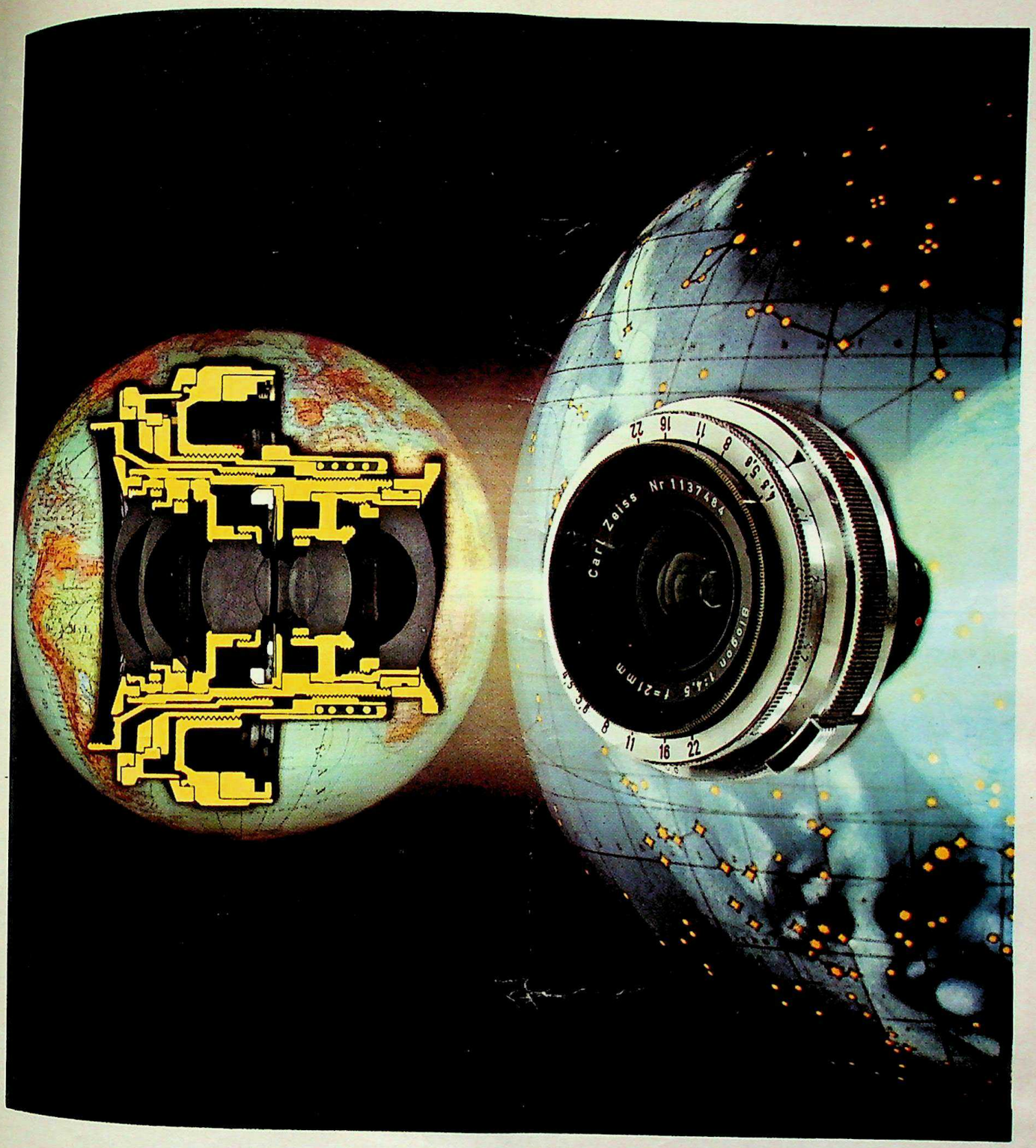

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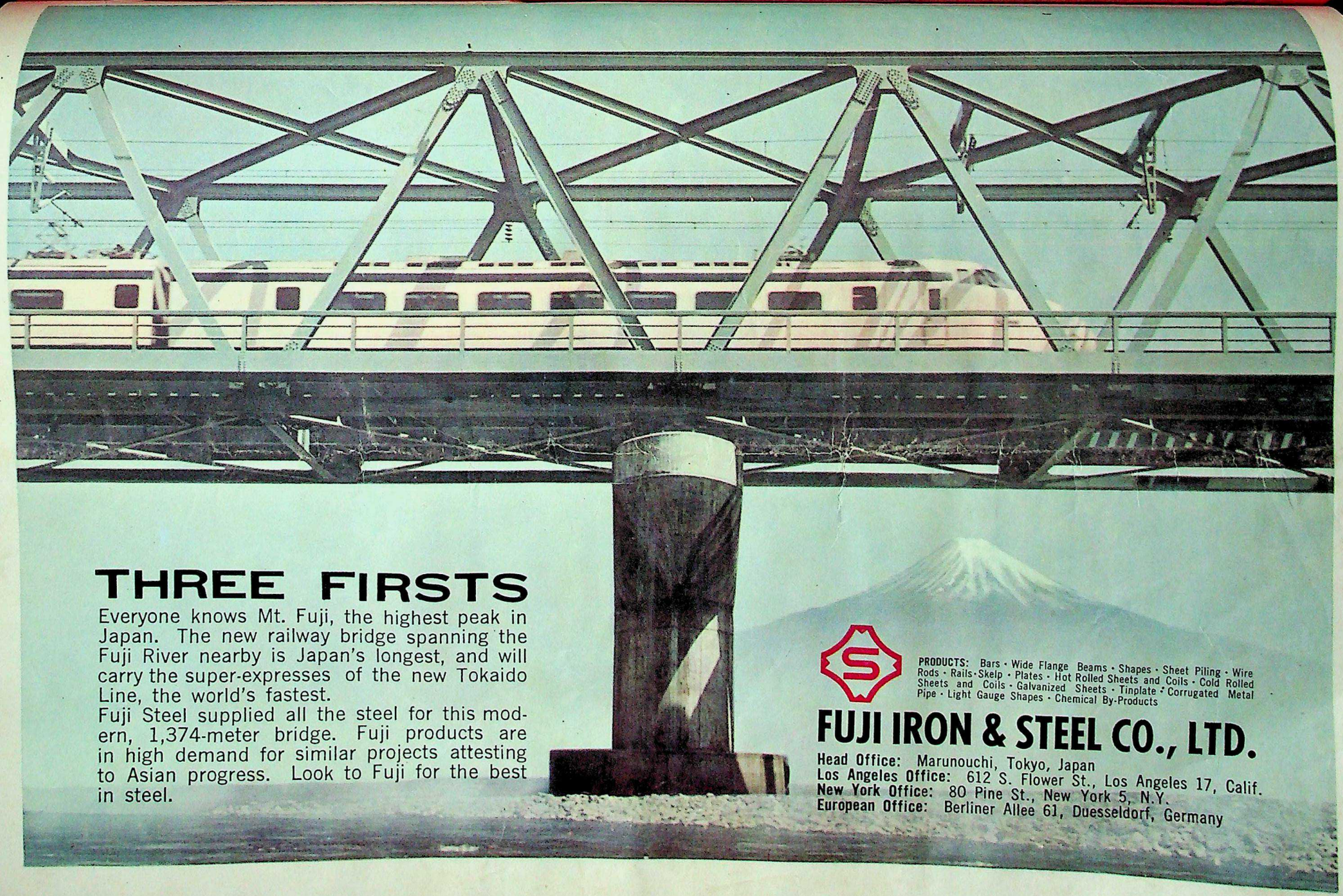

THREE FIRSTS

Everyone knows Mt. Fuji, the highest peak in Japan. The new railway bridge spanning the Fuji River nearby is Japan's longest, and will carry the super-expresses of the new Tokaido Line, the world's fastest.

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SEPTEMBER 18, 1964

ASIA EDITION

THE MIDWESTERN BATTLEGROUND

TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

ILLINOIS
REPUBLICAN
PERCY

(REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.)

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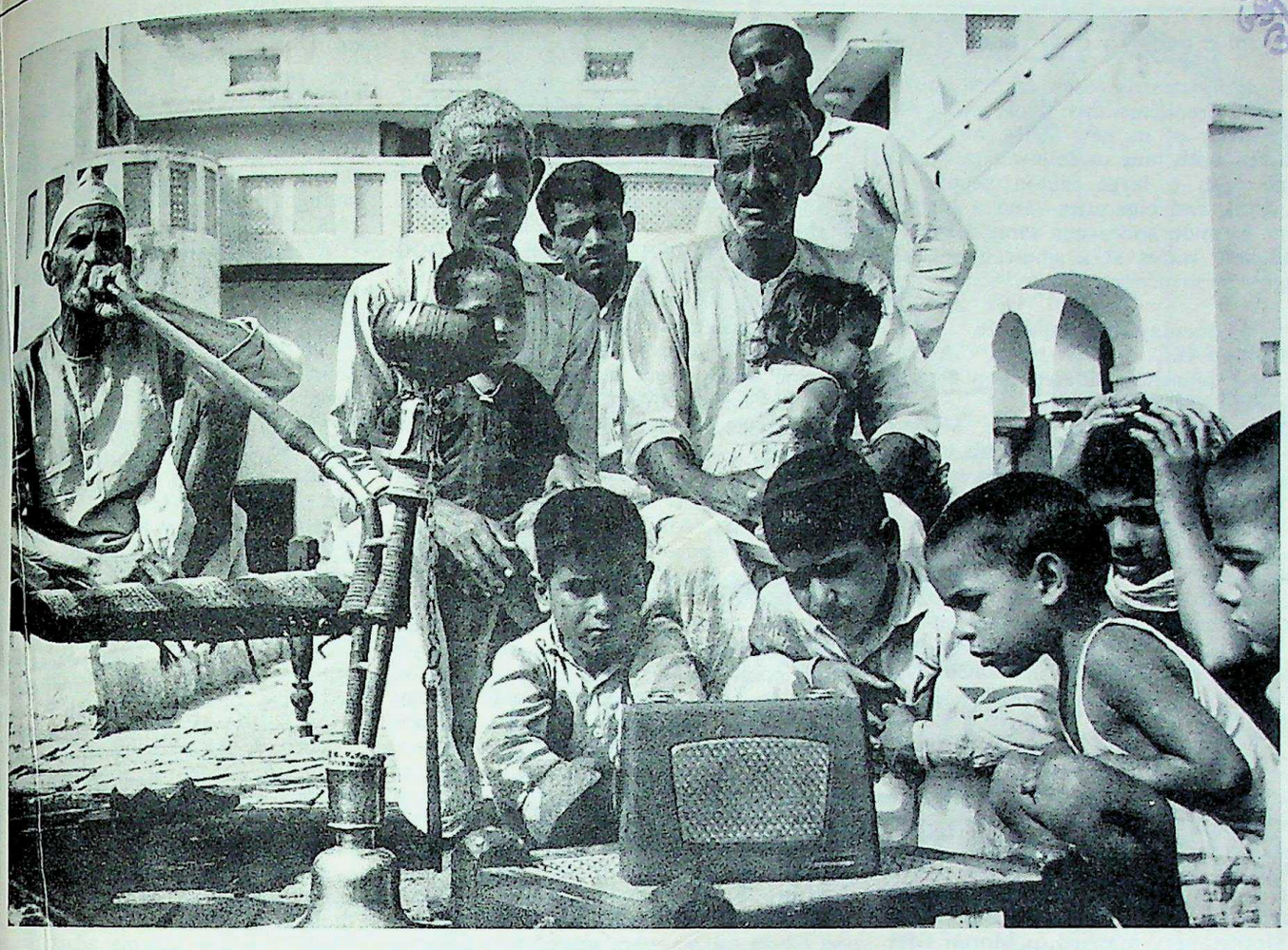

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TIME LISTINGS

TELEVISION

ABC completes its roster of new shows with eight premières this week, NBC introduces four of its new series, and CBS has three—with nine to follow next week. Anyone with a large laid-in supply of food, drink and cigarettes—and a certain amount of endurance—can sample almost all the new wares at a single, two-week sitting.

Wednesday, September 16

SHINDIG (ABC, 8:30-9 p.m.).* A variety show featuring different pop singers each week. Première.

MICKEY (ABC, 9-9:30 p.m.). Mickey Rooney gives his first name and his talents to this new series about a Midwesterner who inherits a hotel on the West Coast. Dina Merrill guest-stars in this first episode. Première.

WEDNESDAY NIGHT AT THE MOVIES (NBC, 9-11 p.m.). Formerly *Monday Night at the Movies;* first picture of the new season is *To Catch a Thief,* that Hitchcock snitch switch in which Cat Burglar Cary Grant gets caught by Mouse Grace Kelly.

Thursday, September 17

THE CAMPAIGN AND THE CANDIDATES (NBC, 7:30-8:30 p.m.). A pre-election special.

BEWITCHED (ABC, 9-9:30 p.m.). Based on that old Veronica Lake movie, *I Married a Witch,* this new series has Witch Elizabeth Montgomery married to Mortal Dick York, and Agnes Moorehead as the witch's mother who objects to her daughter's marrying "something that is 90% water, 6% potash and 4% mohair." Première.

Friday, September 18

JONNY QUEST (ABC, 7:30-8 p.m.). A new animated-cartoon series devised by Hanna-Barbera (*The Flintstones*) about the eleven-year-old son of a scientist-explorer. Première.

THE ADDAMS FAMILY (ABC, 8:30-9 p.m.). A situation comedy based on Cartoonist Charles Addams' family of cartoon ghouls, with Carolyn Jones as Mother Morticia. Première.

VALENTINE'S DAY (ABC, 9-9:30 p.m.). Anthony Franciosa plays Valentine Farrow, hero of this new series about a "dashing young bachelor-about-town who is senior nonfiction editor for a Park Avenue publishing house." Première.

12 O'CLOCK HIGH (ABC, 9:30-10:30 p.m.). Yet another World War II dramatic series, this one follows the exploits of a daylight bombardment group in Europe. Paul Burke guest-stars in the first episode. Première.

SMALL TOWN U.S.A. (NBC, 10-11 p.m.). An NBC Special Projects program that explores contemporary problems of small towns, some of which are dying, others being engulfed by expanding cities, with visits to Cimarron, Kans., Bradenton, Fla., Bossier City, La., Greenville, Me., and Hellier, Ky. Fredric March narrates.

Saturday, September 19

SUMMER OLYMPIC TRIALS (ABC, 4-5 p.m.). Canoeing and the modern pentathlon plus a look at the U.S. Olympic team.

ABC'S WIDE WORLD OF SPORTS (ABC, 5-6:30 p.m.). Yachts and autos—the America's Cup races off Newport, R.I., and the Italian Grand Prix at Monza, Italy.

FLIPPER (NBC, 7:30-8 p.m.). A new adventure series starring a dolphin. Première.

THE FAMOUS ADVENTURES OF MR. MAGOO (NBC, 8-8:30 p.m.). A new animated cartoon series based on the movie cartoon character. Première.

KENTUCKY JONES (NBC, 8:30-9 p.m.). A new series about a nine-year-old Chinese boy called Dwight Eisenhower Wong, and a veterinarian-horse trainer called Kentucky Jones. Première.

Sunday, September 20

BROADSIDE (ABC, 8:30-9 p.m.). A new situation comedy series about four WAVEs in a South Pacific naval supply depot during World War II. Première.

LINCOLN CENTER DAY (CBS, 9:30-10 p.m.). Second in a series of five specials on Lincoln Center, this one focuses on the Repertory Theater and will present scenes from last season's plays: Arthur Miller's *After the Fall,* O'Neill's *Marco Millions,* and S. N. Behrman's *But for Whom Charlie*, for which Playwright Behrman will give a special introduction.

THE ROGUES (NBC, 10-11 p.m.). Premièred last week, this new series stars Charles Boyer, David Niven and Gig Young, features Gladys Cooper and Robert Coote, all as members of two families of international crooks.

Monday, September 21

MANY HAPPY RETURNS (CBS, 9:30-10 p.m.). A new situation comedy in which John McGiver plays the manager of a department store complaint department (hence the yuk-ful title). Première.

SLATTERY'S PEOPLE (CBS, 10-11 p.m.). A new dramatic series about a state legislator "facing modern political and social challenges," starring Richard Crenna. Première.

Tuesday, September 22

WORLD WAR I (CBS, 8-8:30 p.m.). A new documentary series narrated by Robert Ryan. Première.

THE MAN FROM U.N.C.L.E. (NBC, 8:30-9:30 p.m.). A new dramatic series about a "suave, steel-muscled" agent called Napoleon Solo (Robert Vaughn) working for a bottled-in-Bond secret organization. Première.

* All times E.D.T.

CINEMA

I'D RATHER BE RICH. In one of the season's liveliest comedy sleepers, Sandra Dee gets hilarious support from two wide-awake oldtimers, Maurice Chevalier and Hermione Gingold, and a pair of vigorous movie newcomers, Robert Goulet and Andy Williams.

RHINO! is a brilliantly scenic safari that combines the usual African flora and fauna with highly entertaining melodrama and a sharp sense of fun.

SEDUCED AND ABANDONED. A maiden ventures down the primrose path and stumbles over brutal Sicilian social codes in Director Pietro Germi's savage tragi-comedy, which is more biting but perhaps a bit less bubbly than his memorable *Divorce—Italian Style.*

ROBINSON CRUSOE ON MARS. Science-fiction and scientific fact plausibly combine in this stimulating attempt to imagine the problems of an astronaut who is spaceship-wrecked on Mars.

GIRL WITH GREEN EYES. Rita Tushingham is a young English actress with charm to talent to burn, and in this story of a shopgirl's passion for a middle-aged author, they give a lovely light.

A HARD DAY'S NIGHT. The Beatles are here, they are really much more intelligent than they look, and this is the true proof way to see them.

THE NIGHT OF THE IGUANA. Director John Huston, with his customary cinematic tence, has turned Tennessee Williams' morbidly amusing play into a mordantly amusing picture. Deborah Kerr and Ava Gardner perform with skill; Richard Burton plays with style.

THAT MAN FROM RIO. A wild and wacky travesty of the average film thriller, directed with way-out wit by Franco Philippe de Broca (*The Five-Day Lover*) and starring Jean-Paul Belmondo.

A SHOT IN THE DARK. As a bumbling police inspector, Peter Sellers pursues a seductive murder suspect (Elke Sommer) from corpse to corpse.

ZULU. A heroic band of British redcoats fights off hordes of proud native warriors in this bloody, bristling adventure film based on a historic battle at Rorke's Drift, Natal, in 1879.

BECKET. The tragedy of St. Thomas à Canterbury, one of the greatest dramatic themes of the Middle Ages, is cleverly treated in this cinema adaptation of the play by Jean Anouilh. Richard Burton as the Archbishop at times seems uncertain how to seem uncertain as he struggles with his conscience, but Peter O'Toole is often fascinating as the King. If the film lacks style, it certainly has manner, and the grand manner that makes a merely visual picture seem in sections a remarkable one.

BOOKS

Best Reading

THE ITALIAN GIRL, by Iris Murdoch. British Novelist Murdoch's eighth book has a message that, for current writers, is almost universal: better to have botched up life than not to have lived at all. But she says it all her own way, which means with wit, understatement and plain old sedition.

THE LOST CITY, by John Gunther. For those who remember the days of beats and journalistic feats in the '30s and '40s, Gunther's novel has enormous nostalgic value. The lost city is Vienna, and the dashing celebrants were U.S. correspondents as distinguished as Dorothy Thompson and Vincent Sheean assigned there just before the *Anschluss.*

A START IN FREEDOM, by Sir Hugh Fraser. Scion of a British family that rivals the notorious Mitfords in brilliance and eccentricity, Sir Hugh has spent his adult years and his considerable talents on helping British colonies to independence, and his book is interesting both as memoir and practical political science.

GERMANS AGAINST HITLER, by Terence Prittie. Historians have been curiously reticent about the Germans who fought Hitler from the pulpit, in pamphlets and by direct action—mostly at the cost of their lives. Prittie's book does

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belated justice to those who battled Nazi totalitarianism.

THE COMPLETE WAR MEMOIRS OF CHARLES DE GAULLE (1940-1946). A moving chronicle of one man's fighting faith in France in his blackest hour. De Gaulle was grimly aware of the price of total commitment, and far more accurately than Roosevelt and Churchill, he gauged the realities of the postwar world.

A COFFIN FOR KING CHARLES, by C. V. Wedgewood. This cool, precise account of the infamous trial and execution of England's Charles I does not take sides between the King and Oliver Cromwell, but history has already decided the case: Charles is noble and brave, and Cromwell remains the ambitious, dour man who made revolution and regicide popular.

MOZART THE DRAMATIST, by Brigid Brophy. A brilliant interpretation written so gracefully as to disarm criticism of the author's heavily Freudian outlook.

A MOTHER'S KISSES, by Bruce Jay Friedman. The author of the widely praised *Stern* faced even worse problems than most second novelists in confronting his result. But *Kisses* is as funny as its predecessor on the same subject: a man dominated by a driving mother.

THE GAY PLACE, by William Brammer. Those who wonder if the energies of our ear-pulling President have been exaggerated in the press should turn to this *roman clef* about Johnson. Ex-Aide Brammer has caught the voice, the idiom, the excesses, but most of all the protean vigor of the President.

THE OYSTERS OF LOCMARIAQUER, by Eleanor Clark. The history of oyster culture from Roman times to the present day is told with accuracy and dedication by Miss Clark. But her word portraits of Bretons who do this arduous work practically steal the show from the mollusk.

CORNELIUS SHIELDS ON SAILING. With the 1964 America's Cup races under way, the armchair skipper as well as the sailor can come up on the intricacies of the sport. Shields, a great yachtsman, writes plainly but never writes "down."

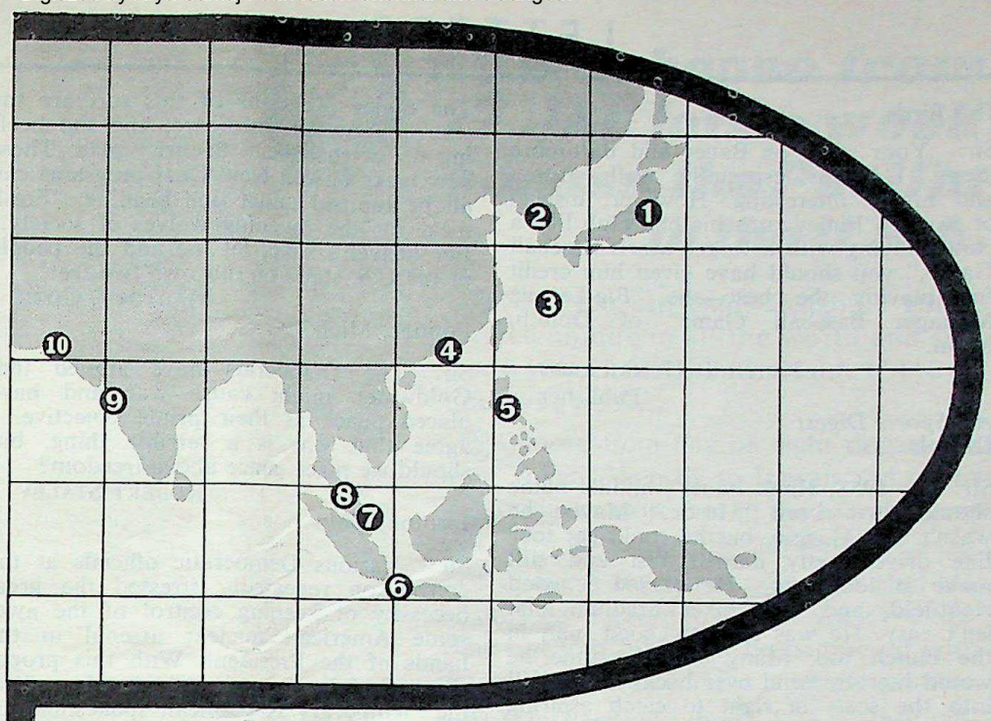
Best Sellers

FICTION

1. Candy, Southern and Hoffenberg (1 last week)
2. Armageddon, Uris (3)
3. The Spy Who Came In from the Cold, Le Carré (2)
4. Julian, Vidal (4)
5. The Rector of Justin, Auchincloss (5)
6. This Rough Magic, Stewart (7)
7. Convention, Knebel and Bailey (6)
8. You Only Live Twice, Fleming (10)
9. The 480, Burdick (8)
10. The Spire, Golding (9)

NONFICTION

1. Harlow, Shulman (1)
2. The Invisible Government, Wise and Ross (2)
3. A Moveable Feast, Hemingway (3)
4. A Tribute to John F. Kennedy, Salinger and Vanocur (4)
5. Four Days, U.P.I. and American Heritage (6)
6. The Kennedy Wit, Adler (8)
7. Mississippi: The Closed Society, Silver (5)
8. Diplomat Among Warriors, Murphy (7)
9. Crisis in Black and White, Silberman (10)
10. The Italians, Barzini



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LETTERS

The Birds

Sir: Your story on Bauer and Baltimore [Sept. 11] was especially well written and highly interesting. However, instead of saying "Finley runs his ball club like a child playing with a Roger Maris Baseball Game," you should have given him credit for playing the best—the "Big-League Manager Baseball Game" of Duluth, Minn.

KEITH T. HENRICKSEN
Publisher
All Sports Digest
Duluth

Sir: In 1958, Hank Bauer's middle name should have been "Hustle." Maybe he wasn't a DiMaggio, but he could get to a line drive pretty darned fast and still make it look easy. He played a good rightfield, and at Yankee Stadium that isn't easy. He was a pretty good man in the clutch too. Many was the time he would literally bend over backward or fall into the seats in right to catch aspiring homers. It's a great pennant race this year. I'd like to wish Hank Bauer luck, but since I'm still a Yankee fan, I can't and won't. He never relied on it before; he won't now.

HALTON MANN
Andover, Mass.

Sir: Why not the Phillies' Gene Mauch on TIME's cover? You're a bunch of New York fish-cake finks!

EDYTHE HURFORD
Roslyn, Pa.

Sir: Wouldn't you know—I just recently let my subscription to TIME expire and you publish this wonderful article on Hank Bauer. Being an avid Oriole fan, a native Baltimorean, and knowing that Mr. Marsh Clark is an alumnus of St. James School made this article even more interesting to me. You can be sure that I shall renew my subscription immediately.

HELEN O. LOUDEN
Baltimore

Democrats' Choice

Sir: President Lyndon Johnson was wise in his selection of the Minnesotan for the vice-presidential spot [Sept. 4]; he put the awesome responsibility in the hands of a man who sees the problems of this age not as group against group, race against race, section against section, but rather, and more correctly, as stability *v.* extremism.

ROZELL LEAVELL
Los Angeles

Sir: All I can say is that Humphrey must be a really good man to get the vice-presidential nomination. It's a relief, in a way, to be able to appraise a man for his worth, not his wealth.

MARCELLA M. HENRY
Clifton, N.J.

Sir: Past and passé do-goodies such as Eleanor, Chester and Soapy pale before the chubby-cheeked dynamo that is Horatio. Mr. and Mrs. Citizen must be taught in no uncertain terms that this Fabian gab-bag, one uncertain heartbeat from the White House, is the farthest out since F.D.R. tabbed Henry Wallace.

ROBERT CARY BYERLY
Long Beach, Calif.

Sir: Certain programs of the Democratic Administration are those that not only allow but encourage social irresponsibility. The major programs of this sort are the war on poverty, medicare, and the beefing up of the Social Security plan. These new tacks on old New Deal programs can all be lumped under one heading: "Fresh meat for the ravening wolves of society." For heaven's sake, let me and the people of the U.S. stand on our own two feet.

MARTIN J. COTE
Pontiac, Mich.

Sir: The Democrats have argued that Goldwater might cause war and have placed peace as their prime objective. I agree that war is a terrible thing, but should we place peace above freedom?

ROBERT STALEY
Ironton, Ohio

Sir: Various Democratic officials at the convention repeatedly stressed the great necessity of keeping control of the awesome American nuclear arsenal in the hands of the President. With this proposition I fully agree, unless, of course, the "temporary Republican spokesman" is elected President, in which case I would feel much safer with the control of our nuclear weapons in the hands of our military field commanders.

JOHN RICHARD STIPKALA
Cleveland

The Other Choice

Sir: In Goldwater's "reasonable" speech [Sept. 11], he condemns Johnson's Administration for allowing violence in the streets. He goes on to say that "they" are restrained only by the plea to wait until after the election to ignite violence again. It would be the height of naiveté not to realize that he is referring to Negroes, and if this isn't appealing to the white backlash, I'll eat my last issue of TIME.

(MRS.) JOYCE ZANKMAN
Havertown, Pa.

Sir: I wonder how States'-Righter Barry Goldwater would curb the lawlessness and civil disobedience in cities that are supposed to be locally administered.

JANET L. SCHMIEDING
Hazelwood, Mo.

Sir: The press keeps saying that the only way Senator Goldwater can win is through the backlash issue. Well, I'm voting for him because he's honest.

JOHN J. BAKER
Philadelphia

Sir: It should not surprise the American public that Barry Goldwater is for God, Mother and country, and against sick jokes, off-color drama and pornography. The pity is that he does not realize that he himself is the author of the sickest joke of the year—asking us to make William Miller Vice President.

JAMES A. WILDE
Princeton, N.J.

Sir: Senator Goldwater is a direct lineal descendant of the great Puritan preacher Roger Williams, who founded the colony of Rhode Island. There are remarkable parallels in the careers of the two men, though three centuries separate them. Individual freedom is the primary concern of both their lives. Williams wrote *The Bloody Tenent of Persecution for Cause of Conscience* (1644), and Goldwater wrote *The Conscience of a Conservative* (1960). Williams led the fight against religious regimentation in his day just as Goldwater leads the struggle against government regimentation in our times. Both were special friends to the American Indians and to their fellow citizens outside powerful pressure groups.

PEGGY NORRIS
Glendale, Calif.

Who's Supporting Who

Sir: You referred to the political survey we conducted for the National Broadcasting Co., saying that President Johnson was favored by "86% of the Negroes, 97% of the Jews." This should read "86% of the Jews, 97% of the Negroes."

BURNS W. ROPER
Elmo Roper & Associates
New York City

Who's Not Supporting Who

Sir: TIME overstated the Wisconsin State Journal's Republican sturdiness in saying that in more than 100 years it had "never supported a Democratic President [Aug. 28]. Starting with John C. Fremont in 1856, the State Journal has endorsed an impressive list of Republican presidential candidates, but in 1912 and again in 1916 it supported Democrat Woodrow Wilson. At this date, the State Journal has made no formal endorsement for the 1964 election, but last June 22 it said that it "cannot support Senator Barry Goldwater for the presidency."

WILLIAM C. ROBBINS
Editorial Page Editor
Wisconsin State Journal
Madison, Wis.

Philadelphia Riot

Sir: The Philadelphia riot [Sept. 4] was not a "race riot" but simply an infinitesimal part of our Negro community—the rowdy, lawless, hoodlum element—taking

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advantage of an excuse. There was no issue of black *v.* white. The Negro community rallied to the support of the mayor and the law-enforcement agencies. Residents opened their homes to police; women prepared free doughnuts and coffee for the weary officers on riot duty; area residents sent telegrams of support to the mayor and an offer to help in cleaning up. The Negro press condemned the outrage and congratulated the police for their restraint and wisdom.

DELORIS E. GASKINS

Philadelphia

The Price of Peronism

Sir: Maybe perón's (small p) return is the prod the other 18 million *argentinos* need [Sept. 4] to get them out of their ever-present docility, wrong-mindedness and stupidity—even if the return will mean civil war. We *argentinos* simply cannot continue in this mentally dormant state.

ALBERTO A. ORTÍ

Buenos Aires

Janitor's Vengeance

Sir: On the 20th anniversary of the betrayal of Hans and Sophie Scholl to their Nazi captors [Sept. 4], the school janitor was asked what motivated him to do such a thing. He replied that there has to be certain order on a campus. People just can't throw leaflets around and litter up the place without paying the consequences.

MR. AND MRS. JOHN J. ARENDS JR.

Frankfurt/Main
Germany

The Encyclical

Sir: Pope Paul's first encyclical has been awaited with eager and hopeful expectancy, not only by Roman Catholics but by millions of non-Catholics who have rejoiced at the manifest liberation and revivification of worldwide Roman Catholicism during the "Johannine era." It would serve no useful purpose to mute the fact that the document, released at long last, fills non-Catholics with dismay and, doubtlessly, "progressive" Catholics with deep if unuttered disappointment. One searches vainly for a single fresh, forward-looking declaration. Even the Pope's offer to intervene" in the disputes between contending peoples is hardly novel; some of the darkest pages of Western history are stained with papal interventions. Your diagnosis of the encyclical [Aug. 21] was brilliantly acute and accurate—a series of ambivalences dominated by the word "but." *But* in each ambivalence, the final and decisive alternative is negative, cautious, conservative, in the literal sense reactionary, and above all authoritarian.

HENRY P. VAN DUSEN

Union Theological Seminary
New York City

Clergymen *v.* the Court

Sir: The furious criticism of the Supreme Court by a group of highly respected clergymen [Sept. 11] is seriously misplaced. Corrective criticism should be directed at the Constitution and not at the court. Adding "under God" to the preamble of our Constitution would keep the structure of our government on its true foundation.

Alameda, Calif. JOHN M. MILES

Puzzling Guzzler

Sir: Knowing that Albert Einstein could not figure out those "scraggly toy birds

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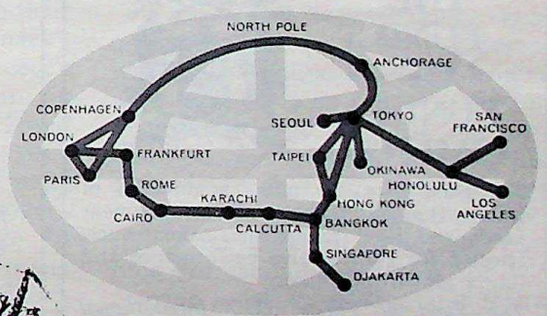

JAPAN AIR LINES

Official Airline – XVIII Olympiad TOKYO 1964

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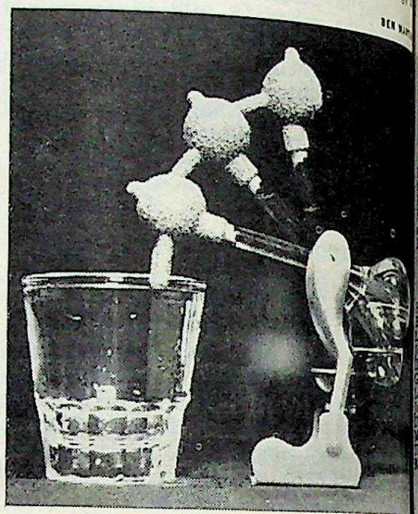
that dip in and out of a bowl of water in perpetual motion" [Sept. 4] would make us average intellectuals feel any better unless we ourselves know the creative factors involved. So come on, spread a little sunshine by letting us in on the secret.

JAMES M. SMITH

New York City

▶ *Had Einstein stripped the guzzling bird of its plumage, the answer might have been clear. The bird's bottom is actually a sealed bulb containing ethyl ether (or a similar volatile liquid); the bird's head, a smaller bulb, with a tube connecting head to tail. To start the bird dunking,*



is only necessary to wet the head of the bird in its upright position. The cooling action, caused by the water's evaporation, condenses the vapor within the head, creating a slight vacuum. The ethyl ether liquid then pushes up through the tube and into the head, causing the bird to dip downward. When the tube in the tail bulb rises clear of the liquid, the vacuum is broken, and the liquid in the head flows back into the tail, thus righting the bird. And so on, ad infinitum.—ED.

Index at Clarke

Sir: As the ever amazed husband of a "Clarke girl," I want to congratulate TIME for pointing out the outstanding training granted to students at Clarke College [Sept. 4]. It was a fine article describing a fine school.

JOHN R. REILLY
Commissioner

Federal Trade Commission
Washington, D.C.

Hi-Ho!

Sir: Bringing back *The Lone Ranger* and all the rest is the best idea since they started bringing back Flash Gordon and Batman serials to the movie houses. But one thing has been plaguing me for years. Who's the guy who always played the good-bad sheriff on *The Lone Ranger*? You know, the one who always said, "Now here's my plan . . ."

KEN DUGGAN

New York City

▶ *Rollon Parker played the sheriff, as well as the "Old-Timer," who used to say "Who was that masked man?"*—ED.

Doggie Bags

Sir: Having had occasion to take my meals in U.S. restaurants during a four-night's visit, my entire sympathy is on the side of the dogs [Sept. 4].

PETTER C. OMTVEDT

Oslo, Norway

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A letter from the PUBLISHER

Bernhard M. Auer

MOST of TIME's reporting is done by its 90 staff correspondents in 30 bureaus around the world—such as Chicago Bureau Chief Murray Gart, who did the major digging for this week's cover story, and Tokyo Bureau Chief Jerrold Schecter, who covered the International Monetary Fund meeting in Tokyo for WORLD BUSINESS. But an important part of our coverage is supplied by more than 300 part-time correspondents —known in the office vocabulary as "stringers"—who report to us from near (Philadelphia) and far (Salisbury, Southern Rhodesia).

Some of the stringers are unexpected types—for example, Dolly Connelly of Bellingham, Wash., a housewife who bakes very good oatmeal-walnut yeast bread, and who is also a freelance journalist who covers her area of the Northwest U.S. with a bright and knowing touch. Most of the part-time correspondents, however, are full-time professional journalists who hold positions of importance in the areas they cover.

Two of the best of our overseas stringers find themselves collaborating these weeks on an international story that has special nuances in their countries: the marriage of Denmark's Princess Anne-Marie to Greece's King Constantine. TIME's man on this story in Copenhagen is Knud Meister (cable address: TIMEISTER), one of Denmark's best-known journalists. A top staff member of Copenhagen's leading daily, Berlingske Tidende, he is also author of many books. For the past year, Meister's daughter, Birgit, 22, who wants to follow in her father's journalistic path in Denmark, has been working for TIME in Manhattan. Watching her progress, and recalling that he has represented TIME in Denmark since 1949, her father has let it be known that he hopes "some day TIME will hire a new stringer, and this time a girl, and that the cable address can then be preserved."

A. MOE

KNUD MEISTER: DENMARK

Our man at the other end of the royal wedding story is Anthony Antonakakis, TIME's representative in Greece since 1956. He is not only a top figure in Greek journalism, as editorial writer for a leading Athens newspaper, but also author of the respected *Democracy in Greece* (in English) and two volumes of history of the French Revolution. His wife, who holds a doctorate in education from Columbia University, is a leader in Greek education.

While TIME is essentially U.S.-oriented, and is largely reported, written and edited by staff members who are American citizens, the intimate knowledge that the part-time correspondents abroad have of their countries makes an invaluable contribution to our perspective. In a somewhat different way, our part-time correspondents across the U.S. provide local knowledge and feeling that an outsider might easily miss. The stringers make their contribution not only by what they report directly to the editors and writers in New York, but also in the guidance that they give our traveling correspondents. Many a full-time correspondent, writer and editor has a particularly close knowledge of what a stringer can contribute—because he used to be one himself.

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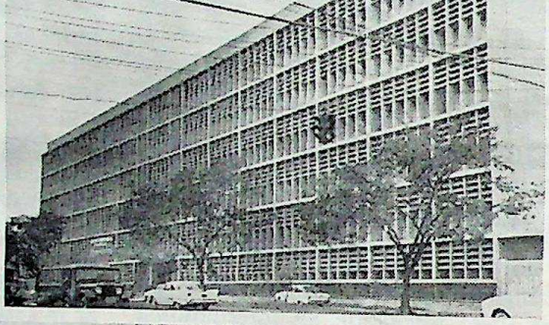

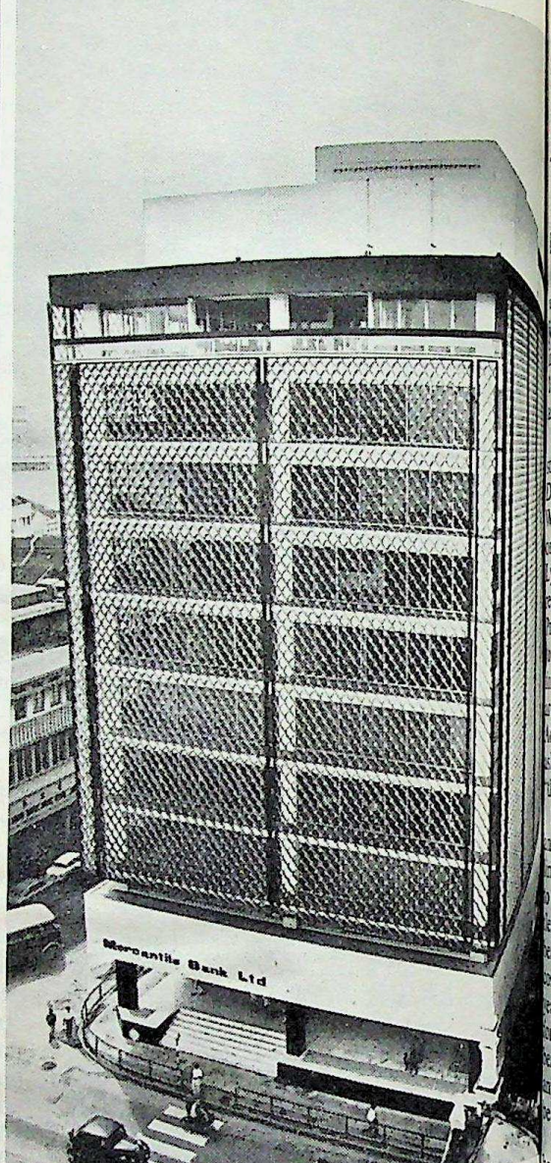

1. *Top left:* Sun-N-Sand Hotel Private Ltd., Bombay, India **2.** *Center left:* Indian Overseas Bank Ltd., Madras, India **3.** *Center right:* Clinical Division and Medical Research Center of the University of Santo Tomas, Manila, Republic of the Philippines **4.** *Bottom left:* Makati Supermart, Makati, Rizal, Republic of the Philippines **5.** *Right:* Mercantile Bank Ltd., Kuala Lumpur, Malaysia

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TIME
THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE
September 18, 1964 Vol. 84, No. 12

THE U.S.

THE ECONOMY

Bending the Guidelines

Within an hour, 74,000 Chrysler auto workers were scheduled to walk off the job at 47 plants across the U.S., bringing production to a standstill just as the 1965 models were beginning to roll off assembly lines.

Suddenly, the strike was off. After 23 straight hours of haggling in Chrysler's Detroit headquarters, United Auto Workers President Walter Reuther got on the phone to the White House, let Lyndon Johnson know that he had just reached a milestone settlement. The President was delighted, but he wanted to know whether the agreement conformed to the anti-inflationary standards set by his Council of Economic Advisers. "Are the guidelines intact?" asked Lyndon. "Well," replied Reuther, "they're bent a little."

Historic Agreement. That was quite an understatement. The current guidelines urge labor to limit wage increases to 3.2%, but the U.A.W.-Chrysler settlement provides nearly 5% in added benefits. The three-year package may cost Chrysler an extra $30 million a year, and if the still unsettled contracts for Ford (with 130,000 U.A.W. members) and G.M. (with 345,000) are anything like Chrysler's, their costs will be far greater.

The settlement ended ten weeks of hard bargaining, gave Reuther just about everything he asked for. In dollars and cents terms, it was the best auto contract ever. The previous record was set in 1955, when workers got a 45¢ hourly increase in wages and benefits, excluding automatic cost of living increases. The new contract gives them roughly 57¢ an hour more, not counting the cost of living raises.

Jubilant, Reuther hailed it as "the most historic agreement in the history of the American labor movement." More important than the wage increases were benefits in areas that most concern workers these days. By establishing one of the largest pension programs in U.S. industry, the contract permits production workers to retire with a decent income at 55 or 60, opens up jobs for younger workers and eases the impact of automation (*see* U.S. BUSINESS).

Good Friday & Birthdays. Specifically, the new agreement boosts pension benefits for workers who retire at 65 from $2.80 per month for each year of service to $4.25. It provides substantial supplemental benefits that will give pensions averaging $381 per month to workers who retire at 60 after 30 years' service, $200 or so to those who retire at 55. It gives every worker an additional week of vacation time, adds two extra paid holidays (Good Friday and the worker's own birthday) to the old total of seven, commits Chrysler to footing the whole bill (instead of half of it) for a worker's life and accident insurance. Finally, it gives assembly-line workers an extra twelve minutes a day of relief time—"john time" in the industry—in addition to the 24 minutes they had been getting.

Relief time may sound like a trivial matter, but workers cherish it as a break from their machines and time for a smoke or a cup of coffee. It was the issue that nearly stymied the negotiations and brought on a strike. To industry officials, it was a question of "less work with more pay," but Reuther argued that workers needed a longer break from the numbing monotony of the assembly line, refused to budge until they got it.

Swinging for Triples. After Reuther and Chrysler Vice President John D. Leary announced the settlement, Chrysler stock began climbing, rose 4¼ points to a record 63⅛ by week's end, helped carry the Dow-Jones average to a historic high of 867.13. As for the agreement's impact on the rest of the U.S. economy, most experts agreed that it might be mildly inflationary but not enough to be alarming. Car prices were not expected to rise because the auto industry, en route to its first 8,000,000-car year, should have no trouble absorbing the added costs. Auto profits and prospects were good enough, in fact, to make a strong argument that the companies should have passed at least some of the benefits on to consumers in the form of a long-overdue price cut before yielding to labor.

J. EDWARD BAILEY

REUTHER & CHRYSLER NEGOTIATOR LEARY (LEFT) ANNOUNCING AUTO SETTLEMENT
Dollars, holidays and "john time" equaled a home run.

Will Reuther's agreement set a pattern for labor leaders in other, less profitable industries? "Reuther hit a home run," said Harvard Business School Professor John Lintner, "and we're going to see others swinging for triples and doubles when they might have gone only for singles." If that happens, the 3.2% guideline might be broken, not just bent.

Politically, the agreement was a big plus for Lyndon Johnson. The settlement reinforced the general aura of economic wellbeing that pervades the nation, without raising a dire threat of inflation. For another thing, a strike was averted, at least for the moment. And a strike in the capstone auto industry, whose purchases of steel, glass, rubber

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UPI

L.B.J. INSPECTING HURRICANE DAMAGE
Beforehand, custard pie.

and a dozen other basic products are so important to the economy's vigor, would surely have done Johnson considerable political harm.

Double Trouble. Such a strike remains a possibility. With Chrysler out of the way, the U.A.W. now has to take on Ford and G.M. Ford is expected to come to terms with little trouble, but G.M., traditionally the toughest of the Big Three to crack, may prove the real problem. G.M.'s production workers point to a backlog of 19,450 unresolved demands, most of them for improved working conditions ranging from doors on toilet stalls to relaxed production levels. They are just spoiling for a fight, last week staged short-lived wildcat walkouts at two plants.

With balky workers on one side and tough management bargainers on the other, the U.A.W. thus faces double trouble at G.M. The negotiations are likely to go into October, which is carrying things uncomfortably close to Nov. 3. It is a safe bet that Lyndon Johnson won't be entirely satisfied until he hears Walter Reuther's voice at the other end of the line bringing news of a settlement with G.M.

THE CAMPAIGN

Above the Battle

It was at Detroit's Cadillac Square in 1948 that Harry Truman launched his furiously partisan "give-'em-hell" campaign. It was there in 1960 that John F. Kennedy set the tone of his campaign with a passionately partisan pitch for labor's vote. And it was there that Lyndon Johnson went last week to begin his campaign—with a speech that was about as partisan as custard pie.

The President's delivery, to be sure, was in the best stumping style. He flailed his arms, pounded the lectern, shouted so hard his voice broke, leaned so far forward he was practically nose to nose with front-row listeners. But his words belied his mannerisms. They were carefully calculated as an above-party-politics plea to Republicans and Democrats alike.

The Dream. "I have come here today to pledge that if all Americans will stand united we will keep moving," he said. "This country is not going to turn from unity to hostility, from understanding to hate. Today I have come here to call for national unity."

In taking his leader-of-all stance, Johnson often sounds almost scriptural with his cadenced sentences and their sprinkling of Biblical quotations. In what appeared to be an impromptu peroration (actually it was the work of Speechwriter Richard Goodwin) to his Detroit speech, he told how as a boy he had often dreamed under "the scattered Texas sky." What he dreamed, he said, was that "the least among us will find contentment, and the best among us will find greatness, and all of us will respect the dignity of the one and admire the achievements of the other. This is my dream. It concerns the simple wants of people. But this is what America is really all about."

Smoothing Them Over. Johnson's constant themes are prosperity, peace —and unity. "Let us bring the capitalist and the manager and the worker and the Government to one table to share in the fruits of all our dreams and all of our work," he says. He seeks not to create issues, but to smooth them over. He hopes, for example, to blunt the G.O.P.'s "law-and-order" issue by having the FBI investigate the possibility that "outside agitators" moved in to provoke the riots in the North's Negro ghettos. And he is trying to soften the harsh debate over foreign policy—particularly over the mess in Viet Nam —by creating a bipartisan panel of distinguished private citizens to consult with him on "major international problems."

The President carefully refrains from attacks on the Republican Party as such, avoids mentioning Candidate Goldwater by name. But he leaves no doubt as to his opinion of Goldwater's views. Thus, in Detroit, he challenged Barry's stand on nuclear weapons control by quoting the Bible (*Proverbs* 16:32). "Any man who shares control of such enormous power," said Lyndon, "must remember that 'He that is slow to anger is better than the mighty; and he that ruleth his spirit is better than he that taketh a city.'" Later in the week in Harrisburg, he delivered a harsh attack on extremists, who, he claimed, "demand that you choose a doctrine alien to America—a doctrine that would lead to a tragic convulsion in our foreign relations—a doctrine that flouts the unity of our society and searches for scapegoats among our people."

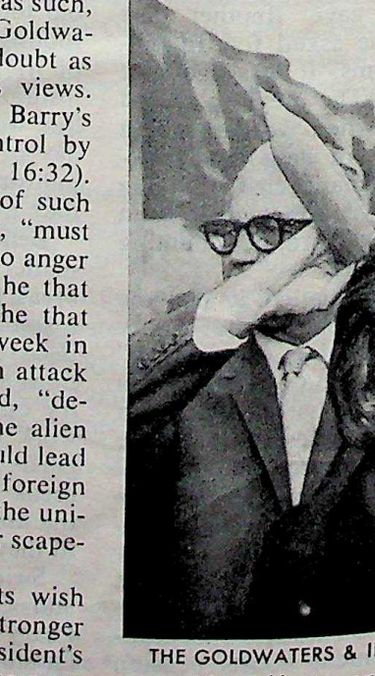
On the Job. Some Democrats wish that Johnson would use even stronger language; they fear that the President's blandness may get boring. But for now, Johnson sees no reason to get rough. The polls look great, the editorial endorsements are flowing into the Oval Room in great swatches (*see* Press), and he is positively euphoric about his prospects. For the present, he figures his best bet is to leave the obvious partisan politicking to Hubert Humphrey and to present himself as the responsible, nonpartisan man in the White House.

He rarely misses an opportunity to burnish that image. At week's end he took off from Washington on 30 minutes' notice to slog through the mud in hurricane-struck Florida and Georgia. He squeezed in some handshaking and speechmaking along the way, assured homeowners that "as long as I'm President, when there is any need, I'll meet it." Within hours, he was back in the White House. "We have a job to do here," he tells visitors, "and we are going to try to do that first." And if he can squeeze in a little on-the-job politicking while he's at it, why not?

In the Thick of It

While Johnson hovered above the battle, Barry Goldwater plunged right into the thick of it last week with a four-day, 4,350-mile swing through seven Western and Midwestern states. Speaking from a makeshift platform on second base in Los Angeles' Dodger Stadium, from a mule-drawn buckboard in Sacramento, and from the stump of a 6-ft.-thick Douglas fir in Eugene, Ore., Barry stayed on the offensive with slashing vigor.

Welfare v. Crime. Once in a while he indulged in campaign high jinks, such as in Oregon, Ill., where he wiggled a pair of corncobs behind Wife Peggy's ears. But mostly, Barry was all business, and wherever his chartered Boeing 727 jet, the *Yia Bi A* (Navajo for House in the Sky), touched down, Goldwater ripped into the Democrats. He accused them of planning



THE GOLDWATERS & ILLINOIS CORNCOBS
Next, Hertz rent-a-bombers?

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POLLS: A YEAR TO BE WARY

ONCE in a while, all pollsters should take the kind of beating we took in the primaries, just to maintain equilibrium," says Don Muchmore, board chairman of Opinion Research of California, one of the many polling firms that came a cropper in one or more of this year's presidential primaries.

Looking toward November, the pollsters are unanimous in showing Lyndon Johnson far ahead of Barry Goldwater. But they are nonetheless nervous, partly because of their primary experiences and partly because they just don't like what they see in their statistics. Explains Dr. Peter Rossi, director of the University of Chicago's National Opinion Research Center: "In an election like this, you have a high proportion of the electorate undecided, a high proportion who are normally Republicans and saying they'll vote for Lyndon Johnson, but when they get into the voting booth, they may not be able to do it." Agrees Pollster Oliver Quayle: "Patterns now are not nearly normal. The situation is too volatile to be reliable."

The Techniques. As protection against a ruinous misjudgment this year, the individual pollster has only the techniques he has developed or borrowed from his colleagues over the years. They vary considerably from pollster to pollster.

California Pollster Mervin Field is following a trend toward "randomization" in selecting interviewees. He divides California into six regions, on which he collects basic social and economic data. Within each region he assigns interviewers to a few blocks in each county, instructs them to canvass, for example, every third house from the corner, ignoring race, religion, age and income. He insists only that an equal number of men and women be polled. Such random selection, the theory goes, will ensure a good cross section. Declares Field: "You either put your faith in probabilities or not."

This technique contrasts with the long-held theory that interviewers should reach a quota of persons in various categories—poor people, rich people, Republicans, Democrats, etc.—in the same ratio that they exist in the region studied. Lou Harris, Jack Kennedy's favorite pollster, uses randomization, but employs computers to spot-check the reliability of his sampling. If he suspects that his polls did not accurately reflect certain groups, he runs cards, on which the basic characteristics of key election precincts are punched, through a computer until it turns up a precinct that coincides with the types of voters he is worried about. Then he compares that precinct's actual vote with what his polls showed and corrects his sampling for the future.

The nation's most famous pollster, George Gallup, employs randomization, requires a fifty-fifty balance between men and women. His interviewers follow assigned patterns in selecting persons to question. They may be told to seek out the youngest voting-age person in each household on the probability that this will reach a balance of age groups. They skip some corner houses on the theory that corner property is higher-priced and its occupants are likely to be more affluent than their neighbors.

Probing the Past. Opinion analysts concede that they have not yet licked one problem likely to make them look bad on Election Day: their inability to assess the probable voter turnout. Explains Richard W. Oudersluys, president of the Detroit-based Market-Opinion Research Co.: "To take the figures from a poll and make them 100% accurate, we would have to have 100% accurate information on voter turnout. Everybody wants to say he doesn't vote. It's not patriotic."

The best the pollsters can do is to press interviewees on their past voting habits. Oliver Quayle automatically eliminates anyone who admits not having voted in the past three presidential elections. When a person claims that he voted recently or is registered, Pollster John Kraft instructs his interviewers to seek out specific details, such as the place of registration, and drop any respondent who is vague. Yet such techniques cannot measure the effectiveness of a good political organization in getting out the vote. "Organization can make projections completely unreliable," declares Field. He notes that Goldwater could come close to election this year by holding on to Richard Nixon's Republican vote and, through a good get-out-the-vote organization, adding one-fifth of the 9,000,000 registered Republicans who failed to vote in 1960.

Do people lie to the pollsters? The question is particularly important in a year of such sensitive issues as race relations and "extremism"; yet the pollsters insist that they meet with a remarkable degree of honesty. Kraft contends that a good guarantee against deception is the type of interviewers employed. "The average person is faced with a quite pleasant, well-groomed, middle-aged lady not selling anything," he says. "It's very hard to look at that poor pleasant-faced lady and lie to her."

Yet the pollsters do take elaborate steps to prevent deception. The most common tool is the secret ballot or questionnaire that the respondent fills out himself and inserts in a box. Gallup uses this in about half of his interviews, thus can compare the secret and nonsecret results. Nearly all of the polls ensure anonymity by identifying all interview reports by only a code number once it is submitted.

Another—but more costly—way to determine truthfulness is the depth interview, in which several questions relating to the same point but phrased differently seek out inconsistencies. California Opinion Research uses up to 40 questions to assess the honesty of a respondent on a key point. It tries to measure the white backlash by a series of "rather or rather not" questions, such as: "Would you rather or rather not stand in a grocery line with a Negro? You may, of course, answer that it doesn't matter." Contends Muchmore: "By a series of questions on that theme, you can pinpoint what is going on, and you can pick up fast any backlash."

The 30- to 40-minute depth interview can turn up all kinds of information that more and more political candidates seem to find indispensable in planning their campaigns. Market-Opinion employs what it calls an "eight-part semantic differential questionnaire"—pollster doubletalk for a technique in which a person is offered eight adjectives and asked to circle the one that most closely reflects his attitude toward an issue or a candidate. On a candidate, for example, the words might range from "kind" to "cruel," and the answers can tell a candidate where his public image is weak, where his opponent is vulnerable. The California Poll allows respondents to select any of 23 traits to describe a candidate.

The Costs. The pollsters' product does not come cheap. Prices range from $3 to $7 an interview, depending upon their scheduled length. A Congressman may buy a 500-interview survey of his district for about $2,500. The Republican National Committee employs Princeton's Opinion Research Corp. for much of its polling, pays about $6,000 for a 2,000-sample study of a state as large as Massachusetts. Gallup requires 1,500 interviews for a national survey. For a nationwide depth study, a party may have to pay as much as $30,000. Jack Kennedy reportedly spent $1,000,000 on Lou Harris' polls in 1959-60.

Are the polls reliable enough to be worth such costs? In probing general attitudes toward candidates and issues, they undoubtedly come close enough to be of value to campaign strategists. When it comes to calling elections, most of the pollsters insist that they do not make predictions, merely measure the popularity of candidates at a given point in time. In the post-mortems they are, of course, the first to boast when they hit one right. But that seems fair enough, since they take a beating when they are wrong. And that is what has them worried this year, which may well be, as Chicago's Rossi warns, "one for the pollsters to be wary."

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to dismantle U.S. defenses, joked that the Air Force might soon need "Hertz rent-a-bombers," repeatedly attacked Lyndon Johnson for listing prosperity, justice and peace, "but not freedom," as his goals for the U.S.

Sensing that his "law-and-order" theme is catching hold, he blamed Democratic "welfare state" attitudes for a nationwide crime increase (*see story on page 18*). "If it is entirely proper for Government to take from some to give to others," he asked, "then won't some be led to believe that they can rightfully take from anyone who has more than they?" Referring to the civil rights bill, he declared: "The more the Federal Government has attempted to legislate morality, the more it actually has incited hatreds and violence."

Even though he lacked any solid evidence to back up his charge, Goldwater claimed that the Kennedy Administration had deliberately delayed acting in the Cuban missile crisis so as to influence the 1962 congressional elections, implied that Lyndon Johnson might try to rig a pre-November international crisis for the same purpose. That came at just about the same time that the Johnson Administration let it be known that all Cabinet officers except the Secretaries of Defense, State and the Treasury would be taking to the stump this fall. It also happens that both Dean Rusk and Robert McNamara have long since been campaigning from within their own offices, issuing instant replies to every criticism Goldwater has made of their departments. Now Rusk called a press conference. "I can assure you," he said sarcastically, "that the Democratic National Committee has not made arrangements with Indonesia to drop parachutists into Malaysia, or with the rebels to occupy Stanleyville in the Congo."

In Los Angeles, Barry advanced a proposal that made headlines all over the U.S.—an automatic 5% cut in income-tax payments each year for five years. "As our economy grows," said Goldwater, "the amount of taxes collected by the Government has grown even faster." The added money could be used to pay off debts, he added, but instead, "new schemes have been dreamed up to spend the increase." Barry admitted that he voted against a more modest tax cut only six months ago, but he explained that he had done so only because it was a "politically motivated" gimmick designed to create "an artificial boom that would carry at least past election time."

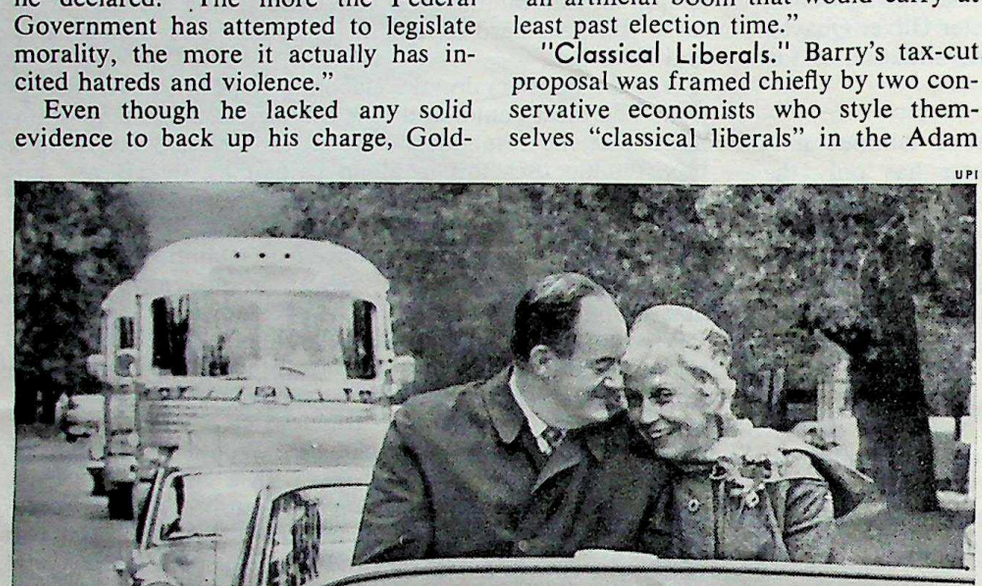
"Classical Liberals." Barry's tax-cut proposal was framed chiefly by two conservative economists who style themselves "classical liberals" in the Adam Smith tradition. One is the University of Chicago's Milton Friedman, 52, a brainy, Brooklyn-born theorist who suggested the idea to Barry after reading a speech on the subject by Arthur Burns, onetime chairman of Dwight Eisenhower's Council of Economic Advisers. According to Friedman, if half of the normal, $6 billion increase in tax revenues were applied to a tax cut, "you can provide for a 5% across-the-board reduction, or roughly $3 billion a year."

The other major architect was the University of Virginia's G. Warren Nutter, 41, now a fulltime member of Goldwater's research staff. Nutter, the author of a massive, 700-page study of Soviet industry that questions whether the Russians will ever catch up to the U.S. in industrial output, was chiefly responsible for framing the specific terms of the proposal.

Impeach Earl Warren? In his parting shot of the week, Goldwater bitterly attacked the Supreme Court of the U.S. Speaking to 1,500 members of the American Political Science Association in Chicago, he accused the court of usurping power. "Of all three branches of Government," he said, "today's Supreme Court is the least faithful to constitutional tradition of a limited government and to the principle of legitimacy in the exercise of power. In its recent decisions on reapportionment and school prayer, he added, the court betrayed a clear lack of "judicial restraint."

In a sense, Goldwater certainly has a point: there are plenty of Americans who feel that the Supreme Court has considerably overstepped itself; that it has been legislating as well as interpreting the law. But Goldwater's charges were of dubious political value. It seemed unlikely that they would bring into his fold anyone who had not long since been convinced of Supreme Court intrusions into the realm of Congress. And to the great majority of the population, the court remains a revered institution, one not to be lightly attacked —as Franklin Roosevelt, to his great discomfiture, learned in 1937.

UPI



HUMPHREY & WIFE MURIEL IN SOUTH DAKOTA MOTORCADE
The audience loved to sing along.

Mixing It Up

Sometimes the prelim boys put on a tougher fight than the main event, and last week Hubert Humphrey and William Miller were flailing about on all sides. Not all the blows were above the belt line.

Opening his formal campaign in home-town Lockport, N.Y., with Barry Goldwater at his side, Republican Miller laced into Humphrey's ties with the "most influential of the radical left groups in Washington," the Americans for Democratic Action. Humphrey was a founder of A.D.A., and until last year a vice chairman. He resigned that office but retained his membership. "I think we have made some headway," crowed Miller. "Hubert Humphrey at long last has finally resigned as vice chairman of A.D.A. Maybe he will resign as vice presidential candidate of the Democratic Party."

Miller used material gathered by former House Un-American Activities Committee Researcher Fulton Lewis to intimate that Humphrey personally favors every position ever taken by A.D.A., such as recognition of Red China, readmission of Cuba to the Organization of American States, and abandonment of the Panama Canal and turning Berlin over to the United Nations.

When Senate Majority Leader Mike Mansfield protested in a Senate speech that Humphrey actually opposed A.D.A. positions and Arkansas Democrat William Fulbright fulminated that Miller was guilty of "foul-mouthed vituperation," Miller turned furiously upon Fulbright, calling him "an apostle of appeasement," "an advocate of accommodation," and a man who "spews forth venomous predictions."

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"Something Very Odd." In the course of campaigning in eight states, Miller also blistered Adlai Stevenson ("He wouldn't stay in our Administration five seconds"), Defense Secretary Robert McNamara ("You can't wage war today on a computer system"), and Lyndon Johnson's Austin TV station fortune ("There is certainly something very odd when you make it as a result of having a monopoly in a city within an industry that is controlled by the Government itself").

In economically depressed South Bend, Ind., where foreign-born and first-generation Americans make up 23% of the population, Miller assailed any liberalization of immigration quotas. He declared that a Johnson Administration bill would "open the floodgates for any and all who wish to come and find work in this country" and would increase immigration next year "threefold." Actually, Miller was wrong on what the Administration's bill, now pending in House and Senate subcommittees, would do. It would drop nationality quotas, easing immigration for persons of needed skills, but would retain an overall quota. It would allow an increase of only 8,000 immigrants next year.

The Refrain. Humphrey, on the other hand, all but ignored Miller, concentrated his attack on Barry Goldwater. A good man with a gimmick, Humphrey continued to rival Mitch Miller in his try to get audiences to sing along with his already familiar Atlantic City refrain: "But not Senator Goldwater." Humphrey's writers are prepared to knock off Goldwater views that will offend some special-interest group wherever Humphrey goes. Thus in urban Jamesburg, N.J., Humphrey zeroed in on Goldwater's negative votes on mass-transit and housing bills. "Most Senators voted to . . .", Humphrey began each indictment, then injected a singing "bu-u-ut," which was all his listeners needed as a cue to roar: "Not Senator Goldwater." A beaming Humphrey would add: "Very good—you're all getting A." In Youngstown, Ohio, he delighted his audience with the line: "And I tell you most Americans will vote for Lyndon Johnson . . . But not Senator Goldwater."

In tiny Doland, S. Dak. (pop. 500), where he had grown up and was known affectionately as "Pinky," Humphrey received a sentimental reception that moved him to tears—and to a performance that made him sound almost like Will Rogers speaking of his own home town. "We need to set an example in America of how we can reconcile our differences and still be different," Humphrey said, "of how we can have unity without unanimity, of how we can disagree without being disagreeable to one another. Politics is like Main Street in Doland is the best place to talk about building a community of free men. You don't defend freedom in Washington alone. You defend it by what you do, what you believe, and what you say, and how you live."

ILLINOIS

Through a Lens Brightly

(See Cover)

"There've been a great many boys begin as low down as you, Dick, that have grown up respectable and honored. But they had to work pretty hard for it."

"I'm willin' to work hard," said Dick.

"And you must not only work hard, but work in the right way."

"What's the right way?"

"You began in the right way when you determined never to steal, or do anything mean or dishonorable, however strongly tempted to do so. That will make people have confidence in you when they come to know you. But, in order to succeed well, you must manage to get as good an education as you can. Until you do, you cannot get a position in an office or counting-room, even to run errands."

"That's so," said Dick, soberly. "I never thought how awful ignorant I was till now."

"That can be remedied with perseverance," said Frank. "A year will do a great deal for you."

"I'll go to work and see what I can do," said Dick energetically.

—Ragged Dick; or, Street Life in New York with the Bootblacks,
by Horatio Alger Jr.

In the days of his youth, Chuck Percy befriended a kindly gentleman by the name of Mr. Silverstein, the proprietor of the corner delicatessen. Chuck, a curious and observant boy, noticed that Mr. Silverstein rarely closed his place of business.

"Mr. Silverstein, sir, don't you ever close your place of business and go out and have some fun?" inquired the lad solicitously, as was his warm and friendly fashion.

"Young man," responded the kindly gentleman soberly, "I own this business. It is all mine. This is my fun."

Mr. Silverstein and his delicatessen have since passed into oblivion. But Charles Harting Percy did not. He applied himself, worked hard and persevered, and by dint of luck and pluck became a wealthy, successful businessman who is now the Republican candidate for Governor in his home state of Illinois, and—who knows?—may become something even bigger before he turns 50. To this day, Percy recalls his conversation with Mr. Silverstein. "I've never forgotten this," he says, "because he was right. It's fun working when you're working for yourself. Having your own equity, working your own business, having a feeling that what you're doing is building something for yourself—these things are important. I found that out."

ARTHUR SIEGEL

CANDIDATE PERCY ON THE ROSTRUM IN PONTIAC, ILL.
"Never to steal or do anything mean or dishonorable."

Golly! Chuck Percy really looks and acts the part of the Algeresque hero. He is 45 years old this month, but he has the mien of a boyish 30. He has frank brown eyes, a frank, open face, a trim, exercise-toned body (5 ft. 8 in., 165 lbs.). He is hard-working, fun-loving, self-disciplined and perfectly organized. He reads deep-think books, takes religion, politics and self-improvement seriously. He is a Christian Scientist. He neither smokes nor drinks. He prefaces his sentences with "Golly!" and "Gosh!" and "Gol darn it!" and when he once said "Damn!" his friends thought the walls were about to come tumbling down. When one of his innumerable plans or projects goes sour,

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he simply shrugs and says: "Well, we've got a lemon. Now let's see if we can make lemonade."

In a day and age when traditional virtues are often the subject of scorn, Percy is suspect to many. A political adviser recently told him that it was to his disadvantage to be considered "too good to be true." Percy just laughed. "Well," he said, "that's my imperfection." Recalling his remarkable business career, some critics think of him as an opportunistic Boy Scout who likes to help little old ladies across the street and into the bank. "This little pipsqueak," says a man who knows him, "is just too damned ambitious. It'll get him in the end."

Strong Cadres. Percy's wife Loraine understandably takes another view. "Chuck," she says, "just likes to think he's making a better world." Indeed he does. That is precisely why he is running for Governor. He has a deep, dogged idealism and a relentless energy that have brought refreshing excitement to Illinois politics. As a result, Percy has become a front-line soldier on the Midwestern battleground that may be crucial in Election Year 1964.

If Barry Goldwater is to stand even the slightest chance in November, he must carry the Midwest, once, but not any longer, an unassailable bastion of Republicanism. Goldwater has strong cadres of Midwestern strength, but most indicators show him trailing President Johnson in general popularity; moreover, Hubert Humphrey, a founder of Minnesota's Democratic-Farmer-Labor Party, figures to be a definite Midwestern asset to the national Democratic ticket (a proposition subject to some conjecture by those who recall that John Kennedy beat him in the 1960 Wisconsin primary).

In any event, Goldwater plainly needs help in the form of strong showings by Midwestern state candidates, such as Ohio's Representative Robert Taft Jr., now running for the Senate against Incumbent Democrat Steve Young; Indiana's Lieutenant Governor Richard Ristine, currently favored to win the statehouse back from the Democrats; Wisconsin's Gubernatorial Candidate Warren Knowles, a definite threat against Incumbent Democrat John Reynolds; and even Michigan's Republican Governor George Romney, who despite his announced distaste for the Goldwater candidacy could, in the event of a sweeping personal victory for reelection, bring along a decisive number of straight-ticket voters.

Of all these Midwestern states, Illinois is the most populous (10,437,000), the richest, the most diverse and the most influential. It is also the Midwestern state in which the Republican candidate for Governor is waging the most energetic campaign of all against what would seem to be—on paper—fairly long odds.

Urban Salesman. Percy got his energetic nature from his Chicago-born mother Elizabeth, who is 71, and who only recently gave up her bicycle.* She has not, however, forsaken the violin, which she has been playing arduously for more than 50 years. She still practices several hours a day, and while Chuck is campaigning, she likes to go with him to entertain the crowds with a rendition of *Perpetual Motion* or *Mariä Wiegenlied*.

A chamber-music player of some talent, Elizabeth was touring the U.S. with a string quartet when she met Edward Percy in Pensacola, Fla. They got married, settled down there for a few years, and in 1920, six months after Chuck was born, moved to Rogers Park in Chicago. There Father Percy did well as a bank cashier, and Chuck soon learned the value of a buck. At age five, he began earning his first regular income by selling magazines, and not long afterward got his first accolade: a plaque honoring him for selling "more *Country Gentlemans* to city people than any other urban salesman in the United States."

On Relief. Then, in the best Alger tradition, adversity sprinkled spikes along the road to success. The Depression hit, and in 1931 Edward Percy lost his job when his employers' bank failed. "Living through those years," says Chuck, "was the best thing that ever happened to me. What had been fun before became a strong necessity." The Christian Scientist Percy family staved off despair with resolution borne by faith. Though Edward Percy found jobs here and there, the family had to go on relief. The welfare truck used to deliver food to the family through the alley behind the Percy house. "In fact," says Chuck, "it was the occasion when the truck dropped off an extra 100 lbs. of flour and sugar that put our family in the bakery business. I sold homemade cookies door-to-door and got up at 3:30 a.m. to deliver newspapers."

In the mid-'30s, luck rewarded pluck. Chuck's Christian Science Sunday school teacher was Joseph McNabb, a benignly despotic sort of fellow who was president of a small movie-camera company, Bell & Howell. Through Chuck, McNabb came to know and like the Percy family, gave Edward a job (from which he retired, as office manager, at 73; he died at 75 in 1957). Chuck himself got a summer job at Bell & Howell, and it was there, under Joe McNabb's tutelage, that Chuck found his star.

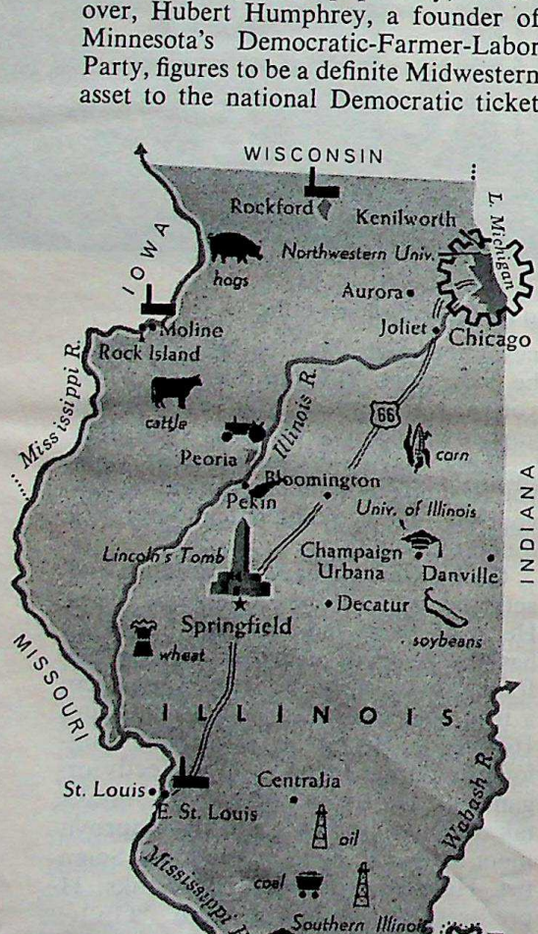
McNabb's protégé did himself proud not only in those summer jobs at Bell & Howell but also at the University of Chicago. An excellent swimmer, he became captain of the water-polo team; he was president of his fraternity and of the interfraternity council.

While majoring in economics, Percy devoted himself to the practical application of that inexact science. Of course he waited on tables. But he also took over and expanded a cooperative purchasing operation for all the fraternities, ran it into a highly profitable enterprise. He assumed management of the libraries in all the men's residence halls. He recruited students for an association of small colleges, got 5¢ for the name of every high-school student that he submitted and $10 for each of those who actually entered. Business got so good that Chuck subcontracted the work to some of his fellow university students, paid them 3¢ a name and $5 a college entry.

So hectic was Percy's extracurricular pace that his grades suffered (he graduated with a C average), and University Chancellor Robert Hutchins was once moved to admonish him: "You are exactly the kind of student I'm trying to keep out of the university." But in later years Hutchins recalled Percy as the "richest boy who ever worked his way through college." He had a point: in his senior year at the university, Chuck grossed $150,000 from his business enterprises, netted $10,000.

Hymns & Games. When Percy graduated in 1941, a fulltime job was waiting for him at Bell & Howell. Joe McNabb put him in charge of the company's newborn defense-contracts department. Two years later Chuck joined the Navy, where his business experience led to a post in procurement operations.

During his three-year Navy career, Percy married Jeanne Dickerson, daughter of a Chicago plumbing contractor. They had three children—two girls and a boy. Percy meanwhile had returned to Bell & Howell, become McNabb's right-hand man and been named



* Actually, she only lent it out to her granddaughter after exacting the promise that it would be returned.

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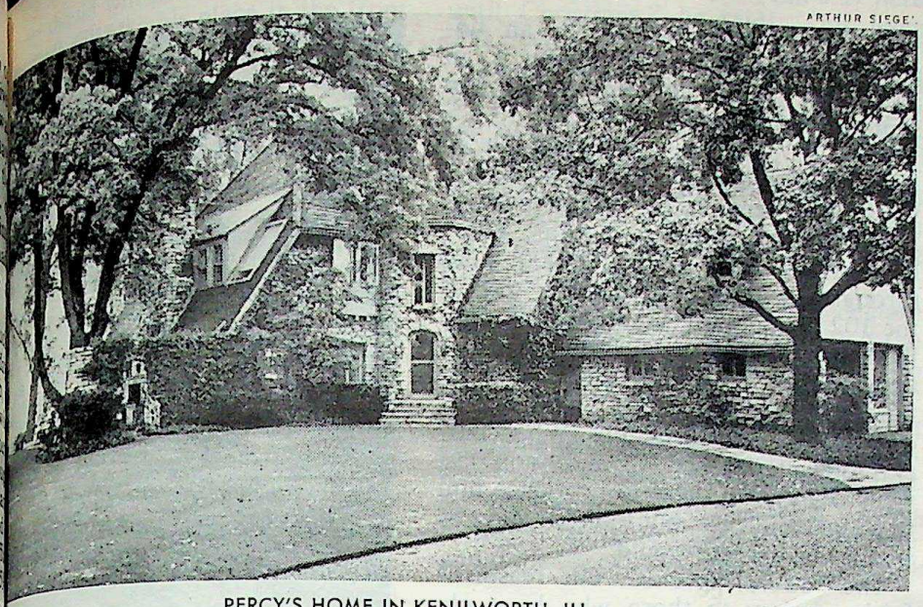

PERCY'S HOME IN KENILWORTH, ILL.

Weenie Mouse and Meenie Mouse, but no cigarettes or booze.

CANDIDATE & FAMILY*

the board of directors—at 23. In
7 Jeanne, who was not a Christian
entist, underwent an operation for
erative colitis that was deemed suc-
ful. Still, her doctors recommended
econd operation. This one brought on
plications. Jeanne was given peni-
in, to which she suffered adverse re-
ons. Other drugs were tried, but to
avail. After his wife died, Chuck
ed to an autopsy. According to Per-
the physicians concluded that she
d died not of her original ailment,
of a reaction to the drugs.

For a long time thereafter, Percy lost
self in his work, took the children
h him whenever he traveled out of
n on business. In 1950, after an 18-
nth courtship, he married Loraine
ne Guyer, whom he had met on the
slopes of Sun Valley. Percy has two
dren by his second marriage, and
family life strongly reflects his pen-
nt for organization. The Percys live
a sprawling lake-front home in Kenil-
rth, north of Chicago. There is swim-
g in the family pool, which is en-
sed in a special wing of the house.
ere are hymn singing ("We like to
t the morning with a song"), Bible
y, prayers, discussion periods, cy-
g speed-reading projects, games and
storytelling. Chuck's specialty: spinning
fantasies about "Weenie Mouse"
"Meenie Mouse" for his son Mark.

A Setback. Percy's postwar rise at
& Howell astonished the Illinois
ness community. He so impressed
McNabb that when the old man
he left a kind of corporate will
nating Percy his successor. As a
, Chuck was elevated to the presi-
y at 29, and along with that, picked
ptions on 25,000 shares of stock at
than market value; the stock is
worth $550,000. Against an ava-
che of foreign cameras in the U.S.
rket, Percy diversified the company,
it into electronics and business ma-
nes, saw its annual sales volume grow
m $13 million to $160 million.

Even as a captain of industry, Chuck
's horizons have always been wider and brighter than his company's best lens could encompass. He was always fascinated by politics. In 1955 he took charge of the United Republican Fund of Illinois, developed a pattern of party fund raising on a broad base; in 1957 he became vice chairman of the Republican National Finance Committee. In 1959 he headed Dwight Eisenhower's 42-man committee charged with the responsibility of drawing up a blueprint of party goals. In 1960 he became chairman of the G.O.P. National Convention's Platform Committee—which turned out to be a humiliating experience. Committee conservatives, enraged by what they considered to be Dick Nixon's platform "surrender" to Nelson Rockefeller, rebelled. Percy simply was not seasoned enough to put down the revolt, and toward the end he was relieved of the chairmanship by Wisconsin's Congressman Mel Laird.

Toward the Slum. That setback only whetted Percy's taste for politics. By 1962 he had moved up to chairman of the Bell & Howell executive board, and the prospering company demanded less of his time. "I was approached by a number of people who asked me if I would go into public life," he recalls. "It wasn't quite a draft, but it was something like that. I was really encouraged by a lot of people. On the governorship, if I'd waited for a draft, I'd have waited forever."

A Percy friend, William "Pat" Patterson, chief executive officer of United Air Lines and a Bell & Howell board director, urged him against running for Governor, suggested that he wait until 1966 and run for the U.S. Senate against Paul Douglas. "Springfield is no place for you, Chuck," Patterson said. "It's a slum. It's a place where there's nowhere to go but down."

To Chuck Percy, that was a challenge—and he has never failed to respond to a challenge. Says Percy: "I think I probably decided right then I'd run for Governor. If state government was held in that kind of ill repute by responsible leaders of our society, it was something that badly needed attention and leadership." Thus, in July 1963, Percy announced his candidacy for Governor, chucked his family into a "Chuckwagon" and began campaigning.

Percy's Purge. He had a long way to go. Barry Goldwater was the clear presidential choice of Illinois Republicans, and Barry's backers were suspicious of progressive-minded Chuck Percy. Leading in the campaign was amiable, conservative Secretary of State Charles Carpentier. But last January Carpentier suffered a heart attack; in April he died at age 67. Into the race swept State Treasurer William Scott, 37, a strong Goldwater supporter, who accused Percy of everything, from being in cahoots with Chicago mobsters to being soft on Communism. To blunt the charge that he was anti-Goldwater, Percy, for his part, publicly pledged that at the G.O.P. National Convention he would vote with the majority of the Illinois delegation—for Barry. On primary day last April, Percy swamped Scott.

He immediately set about proving that though he might be a do-gooder, he could play rough-and-tumble politics with the best—and against the worst—of them. The balance of power in Illinois' closely divided state house of representatives has long been held by a handful of Republicans from Chicago's West Side who actually owe their political allegiance to the city's Democratic Mayor Richard Daley. Among other things, the members of the so-called "West Side Bloc," both Republican and Democratic, were notorious for voting against anti-crime legislation.

Gubernatorial Nominee Percy wanted to rid his party of its West Side Blocmen. He saw his chance in an astonishing political situation. Owing to

* The Percys, from left: Roger, 17; Gail, 11; Mrs. Percy; Chuck; Mark, 9; Sharon, 19. Sharon's twin sister Valerie is away at school in France.

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self-defeating political maneuvers, Illinois did not redraw its house districts as required by the state constitution. Thus candidates for all 177 house seats this year must run in a statewide, at-large election. Both Democrats and Republicans have nominated only 118 candidates for those seats, so that neither party will be able to elect more than a two-thirds majority.

Since Illinois' paper ballots will be about the size of a bed sheet, the situation strongly favors straight-ticket voting, and it is conceivable that the winning party will send to Springfield its entire slate of candidates. Percy wanted the Republican slate to be a clean one —which meant, at the very least, purging the West Side Blocmen. And at a state G.O.P. convention in June, he all but read the undesirables out of the party. Rarely have such howls been heard. "You may be dynamic, Mr. Percy," cried one purgee, "but you'd better learn how to aim the dynamite!" Warned another: "You who execute me today will never wash the blood off your hands!" But the purge proceeded successfully.

Fumbles. That freed Percy to turn his fulltime attention and limitless energies to his campaign against Democratic Governor Otto Kerner, 56, a handsome, likable man who was handpicked by Chicago's Boss Daley. As Governor since 1960, Kerner has a good record on civil rights, can point to advances in the field of mental health, savings in Illinois' huge public-aid expenditures. But he has fumbled badly in efforts to reform Illinois' archaic tax structure, and not even his fellow Democrats would accuse him of being a dynamic leader. Said onetime Chicago Boss Jake Arvey recently in an unguarded moment: "Otto Kerner is an awful nice fellow, but I do wish he had some of Chuck Percy's brains."

CHICAGO TRIBUNE

GOVERNOR KERNER & MAYOR DALEY
Likable, but no leader.

Most of all, Kerner is vulnerable to the charge of being a Daley stooge, and that is the theme Percy has played endlessly in the campaign. So far, Percy has traveled more than 200,000 miles through the state, visited every one of the 102 counties at least once, and more than half of them several times. He has appeared at no fewer than 70 local fairs, attended more than 2,000 rallies, dinners and other functions. When Barry Goldwater turned up in Illinois last week, Percy was there to introduce him to a local audience, but took his leave as soon as he decently could.

The Federal Balance. The reason is fairly obvious to those who have observed Percy over the years: he and Goldwater are miles apart on many issues. Percy, for example, reflects the tone and content of the 1960 Republican platform, which is more moderate than the Goldwater platform. Though Percy opposes an open-occupancy law in Illinois, his position on civil rights is far more liberal than Goldwater's.

Just before the Senate voted on the 1964 Civil Rights Act last June, Percy announced that "if I were in the Senate, I would vote for the bill." The 1959 committee on goals for Republicans that Percy chaired for Eisenhower took a view that was in general more moderate than Goldwater's; it endorsed low tariffs, cultural exchange and trade with Communist countries.

In his gubernatorial campaign, though, Percy has been sticking strictly to state and local issues. He has nailed Kerner for shortsightedness in planning state aid to schools (which runs about 20% of school costs *v.* a national average of 40%), for failure to cope with Chicago's notorious crime record, and for overall governmental inefficiency, with special emphasis on Illinois' outmoded tax programs. One recurrent Percy theme concerns the need for stronger state government. "For many years now," he says, "we have been hearing complaints about the erosion of states' rights and states' power, and the accompanying growth of national power. State government is everywhere in bad repute, in Illinois as well as in other states of the Union. The federal balance is in jeopardy because of the inability and the unwillingness of the states to assume their proper duty. I, for one, am ready to suggest that we stop begging for states' rights and begin fulfilling states' responsibility."

Typically, Percy runs a high-geared organization. It is directed by a young (35) Burlington Railroad attorney named Tom Hauser, consists of eight departments, each headed by its own chief. One department provides position papers and speech drafts. Another takes care of organizing "Businessmen for Percy" and "Doctors for Percy." Another handles liaison among state

ROBERT W. KELLEY

DIRKSEN & PERCY
Obstacles, but opportunity beckones

candidates, and still another, public re lations. There is even a departme called "The Office of Take-Over," wh is working out details on jobs and leg lative programs against the day t Percy moves into the Statehouse.

A Few Obstacles. Will the Office Take-Over ever see its plans bear fr In what appears to be a generally De ocratic year, only an optimist wo rate Percy's chances at better than ev Governor Kerner has accused Percy letting his ambition overrule his co science in his support of Goldwa Chicago's 976,000 Negroes are soli anti-Goldwater and seem certain vote a straight Democratic ticket spite Percy's progressive stand on c rights. Another Percy headache ar from Illinois' voter-assistance la which permits officials to help vo make out their ballots. Says Percy A Hauser: "In 1,500 Chicago precin you've got to watch like a hawk, sin only in a few are there any real R publican judges. Usually the Republic judges are Democrats listed as Rep licans." Adds Percy: "Voter assistan is automatically worth between 60,0 and 100,000 votes to the Democrats."

Then, too, some voters are concern lest Percy's Christian Science attitud affect his public policies, particularly the field of health and welfare. Perc reply: "In matters of personal hea I don't see doctors and I don't ta drugs. But on the occasions it's r quired—for insurance, for school a so forth—the children are seen by pediatrician. All of us, of course, s a dentist or an eye doctor. If Lora breaks an ankle or falls from a hors she has the ankle set by a doctor or h a doctor determine if she has broken rib. There's nothing that would pr vent me from making any decision re lating to public health that would no be in the best interests of the publi giving Illinois the best possible medica and mental-health programs."

If, against all the obstacles, Chuck

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Percy should win in November, he will automatically take his place in the front rank of the national Republican Party. If, at the same time, Barry Goldwater loses, Percy would immediately become the subject of presidential speculation for 1968. That, of course, is a long way off, but the possibility has not escaped some sharp political eyes. In 1962 Chuck testified on reciprocal trade before a House committee in Washington. While he was in town, he dropped off at the White House to chat with President John Kennedy. Kennedy was considerably impressed by Percy. Later, in an informal conversation with Illinois' Republican Senator Everett Dirksen, the President asked, "What does Percy want?"

"You ought to know," replied Ev.

"I don't know," insisted Kennedy.

Said Dirksen: "He wants to sit in that very seat that you're sitting in."

Horatio Alger could do no better by one of his heroes.

THE CONGRESS

The Dirksen Breather

Illinois' Everett Dirksen knelt in an aisle of the U.S. Senate chamber last week, flung out his arms and pealed: "It's like getting down on your knees and saying 'Please, Mr. Court.'" He got back up on his feet and roared, "I will not beg!"

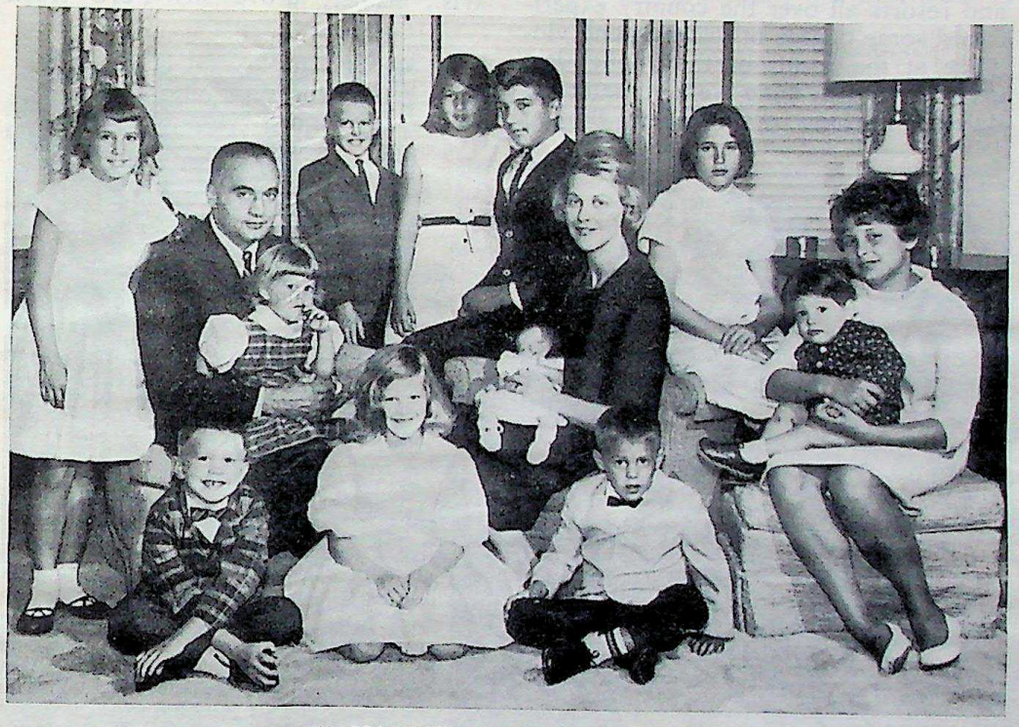
It was Ev's way of saying again that he is profoundly opposed to a June 15 Supreme Court decision ordering states to reapportion their entire legislatures on the basis of population—the "one man, one vote" principle. To Dirksen, arguments about that issue are "hogwash" and the only question is "whether the Federal Government—in this case the judicial branch—under the Constitution has the right and the authority to dictate the composition of state legislatures." Dirksen called on his colleagues to back the "Dirksen breather"—a rider attached to the $3.3 billion foreign aid bill that would delay states' compliance with the court ruling for two years. In the interim, Dirksen meant to promote a constitutional amendment permanently preventing federal courts from ruling on state legislative apportionment.

Some Senate liberals, mostly Democrats but with the backing of a handful of Republicans, were filibustering against the Dirksen rider. When Dirksen tried to invoke cloture, he failed. The filibustering liberals were joined in their nay votes by Southern Democrats who, although for the rider, defend filibusters as a matter of principle. Therefore the cloture motion lost, 63 to 30. The vote plainly did not reflect Senate sentiment about the Dirksen breather, as such, and on a subsequent motion to kill Dirksen's rider for good by table, with 38 against it.

That meant that some action had to be taken on Ev's motion before Congress adjourns this year, and Dirksen, who is not up for re-election, seemed to be in no great hurry. "I can stay here until Christmas," he said. "This issue will have to be resolved."

Such a prospect appalled the Johnson Administration, and the President gave the word to Hubert Humphrey. Hubert promptly announced support of a compromise resolution already introduced in the Senate by New York Republican Jacob Javits and Minnesota Democrat Eugene McCarthy.

This resolution would merely declare it to be the "sense of Congress" that the states should have "adequate time" to conform to the Supreme Court's decision. That compromise was less than palatable to many Senators—if only because of their deep-seated suspicion that the federal court system, taking its cue from the Supreme Court, will care little about the "sense of Congress."



MASSACHUSETTS' BELLOTTI & FAMILY

The All-America lost to a scrappy second-stringer.

PRIMARIES

So Long, Chub

It was a political upset two years ago when everybody's 1941 All-America guard from Harvard, Endicott ("Chub") Peabody, was elected Governor of Massachusetts by a skin-thin margin over Republican Incumbent John Volpe. But there he was—tall, seedily handsome, fumbling through his prepared speeches as if he had just caught a linebacker's elbow between the eyes.

He bounced into the Statehouse full of zeal, immediately made a bad mistake by trying, and failing, to purge powerful House Speaker John ("Iron Duke") Thompson. He also lost political points by urging that Massachusetts should abolish the death penalty—at a time when several policemen had been shot to death and the Boston strangler continued his murder spree.

Still, Peabody was easily renominated at the state Democratic convention in July, beating out his own rebellious lieutenant governor, Francis Xavier Bellotti. But Bellotti, 41, a scrappy Quincy lawyer with twelve children, ignored his convention defeat, entered the Democratic primary against Chub, scrambled energetically over the state tightening ties with local Democratic organizations —something Peabody had ignored. On the stump, Bellotti boasted of his impoverished boyhood, proudly told Democrats: "My college education, my house, my car, everything that I am and have, came as a result of Democratic-sponsored social legislation."

Ivy Leaguer Peabody could not match that, instead countered with a strong public endorsement from Senator Teddy Kennedy, hospitalized in Boston with a broken back. Even the Kennedy magic didn't help. When the votes were counted last week, Bellotti had won—363,243 to 335,620. He will run against John Volpe, who got the Republican nomination without opposition.

To add irony to Chub Peabody's humiliation, the unpurgeable Speaker John Thompson was renominated for his legislative seat—despite the fact that he was indicted in May on 70 counts of conspiracy and bribery.

In other primary results last week:

▶ **New Hampshire.** Former State Representative John Pillsbury, 46, was nominated by Republicans to oppose Democrat John King, 47, in a rematch of the 1962 election. Supremely confident Democrats urged Republicans to write in King's name on their primary ballot since he was unopposed within his own party. King wound up third in a field of seven Republicans, trailing only Pillsbury and temperamental former Governor Wesley Powell, who announced he would now go into "forced retirement" from politics.

▶ **Arizona.** Republicans nominated former Goldwater Campaign Field Director Richard Kleindienst, 41, for Governor, and three-term Governor Paul

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Fannin, 57, to run for Goldwater's U.S. Senate seat. Both could have tough going in November. Kleindienst faces Democrat Sam Goddard, a Tucson lawyer who lost narrowly to Fannin in 1962. Fannin must run against a bright newcomer, Democrat Roy L. Elson, 33, a former aide to Arizona Senator Carl Hayden who won handily over six other Democrats with Hayden's powerful machine in support.

YOUTH

Running Wild

At Seaside, Ore., some 2,000 teenagers rioted over the Labor Day weekend. At Hampton Beach, N.H., police estimated that there were as many as 10,000 disorderly young people. At Grand Bend, Ont., there were 600, and resorts all over the country experienced some degree of vacation-end violence at the hands of the young. But even more disturbing were some crime statistics released by the Federal Bureau of Investigation, which indicate that teen-agers were up to a lot more than throwing bricks and beer cans. Items:

▶ Teen-agers account for 63% of all U.S. auto-theft arrests (88% of all car thieves arrested are under 25), and arrests for auto theft increased 13% last year.

▶ For all criminal acts, excluding traffic offenses, the arrests of youths under 18 increased by 11% in 1963. In suburban areas the increase in across-the-board teen-age criminality was 15%.

▶ For crimes in the categories of criminal homicide, forcible rape, robbery, aggravated assault, burglary, larceny and auto theft, youngsters under 18 accounted for 46% of all arrests in 1963. In the suburbs the rate was 51%.

▶ In the first six months of 1964, serious crime in the U.S. increased 15% over the same half year in 1963. In the suburbs—where many parents have moved "for the sake of their children"—the increase was a whopping 23%.

AGRICULTURE

Violence off the Streets

Despite an off and on drizzle, a cluster of farmers at the gates of the Equity Cooperative Livestock Sales Association yards in tiny (pop. 800) Bonduel, Wis., soon grew into an unruly crowd of 500. Many came direct from their dawn-time chores, still unshaven and wearing sty-stained overalls. They were there to halt—by force if necessary—all livestock deliveries that day.

"Murderer!" Whenever a truckload of livestock approached Equity gates, the angry farmers massed together, blocked the driveway, sometimes violently rocked the truck. Nearly 20 trucks turned back; other drivers prudently pulled off the highway to wait it all out. But Ivan Mueller, 40, a Cecil, Wis., hauler, drove his Ford truck steadily down State Highway 117. A pistol lay on the seat beside him. He swung into the Equity driveway and stopped a few feet from the gates.

As the crowd closed in crying, "Take it back. Go home!," Mueller sat still. "Tip him over!" came the roar. A few sheriff's deputies and state troopers were on hand by then. They cleared a narrow path through the mass, ordered the gates opened. Mueller inched forward. Men in the crowd were pressed tight between the slowly moving truck and a fence. Suddenly, two men—Melvin Cummings, 43, and Howard Falk, 64—fell beneath the truck's rear wheels. Both were killed.

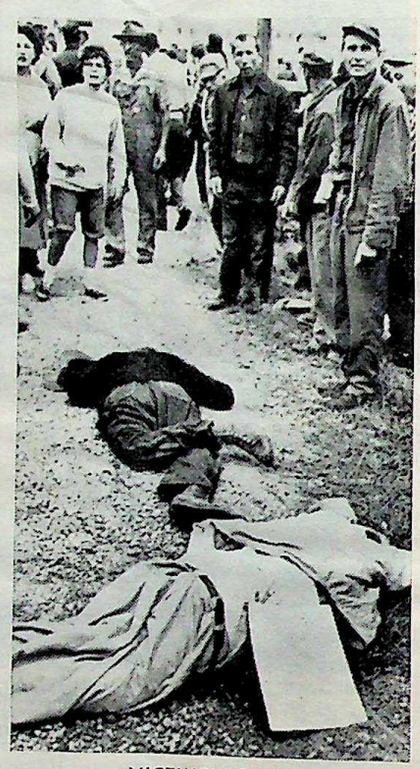
The crowd charged into the Equity yard after Mueller, shouting "Murderer!" Men swarmed over the truck cab, shattered the windshield with their bare fists. Inside, Mueller grabbed his pistol, but lawmen fought through, took him into custody and charged him with homicide by reckless conduct.

Barnyard Battle Plans. Bonduel [illegible] no isolated incident. It was one re[illegible] of a militant livestock-farmers' cru[illegible] unleashed on Aug. 19 by the Nat[illegible] Farmers Organization (estimated m[illegible] bership: 100,000) in 23 states. Hat[illegible] by N.F.O. President Oren Lee St[illegible] 41, onetime Missouri farmer turned league farm organizer, the sch[illegible] called for thousands of livestock [illegible] to withhold their products in a ma[illegible] market boycott that would eventu[illegible] boost meat prices all over the [illegible] Then, as Staley planned it, he w[illegible] negotiate long-term, high-priced [illegible] tracts with meat packers on beha[illegible] legions of farmers. Staley had tried [illegible] same thing in 1959, 1961 and 1962, failed; as soon as prices climbed sli[illegible] because of the boycott, profit-sm[illegible] non-N.F.O. farmers had rushed [illegible] take advantage of the rise, qu[illegible] driven prices right back down.

Still smarting from those experien[illegible] N.F.O. adherents this time set ou[illegible] make their boycott stick. Besides [illegible] duel, the Midwest has recently cou[illegible] many deeds of destruction. B[illegible] have burned in the night, livestock h[illegible] ing stations have been bombed, tr[illegible] drivers have been stopped and thr[illegible] ened at road blocks, roadside sni[illegible] have fired out of the dark at speed[illegible] trucks, and at least one market-bo[illegible] highway route has been sabotaged w[illegible] a plank bristling with broken ra[illegible] blades. In Minnesota, Wisconsin [illegible] South Dakota there is talk of ca[illegible] out the National Guard.

Yet Oren Staley, who has conde[illegible] violence among his followers, insis[illegible] will not end the boycott. Says he: "[illegible] as many people as have been invo[illegible] and as hard as the battle's been fo[illegible] the incidents have been isolated." A[illegible] happens, farm policy has not yet [illegible] come one of the more burning issu[illegible] in this year's national political ca[illegible] paign. Staley, rightly or wrongly, ha[illegible] to make it one—and if he keeps on p[illegible] ing, he may succeed.

FARMERS CHARGE LIVESTOCK TRUCK



VICTIMS' BODIES

MUELLER (IN PLAID SHIRT) IN CUSTODY

Not in 1959, 1961 or 1962, but maybe in 1964.

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SOUTH VIET NAM

"Continued Progress"

Before dawn on Sunday morning, four battalions of South Vietnamese troops moved up the road toward Saigon from the Mekong Delta. Spearheaded by armored cars and Jeeps carrying heavy machine guns, they first disarmed a police checkpoint on the outskirts of the capital, then set guards to forbid the movement of traffic in or out of the city. Without a fight, the rebels occupied communication centers in the capital, burst into the office of Premier Nguyen Khanh, and arrested several duty officers but found no trace of the Premier. It was the *coup d'état* that many had dreaded but hoped would not happen.

Lean Phat. According to official Washington last week, the coup was hardly to be expected. Maxwell Taylor, U.S. Ambassador to Saigon, back in the U.S. for consultation, referred to the "upward trend" in the fighting. President Lyndon Johnson spoke of "continued progress" in embattled South Viet Nam. Hours later, the political balance in Saigon was being challenged by an array of dissatisfied soldiers.

The coup was at least partly due to the Catholic reaction against the concessions Khanh had been forced to grant the Buddhist majority in his strife-torn nation in the past few weeks. The coup leaders are officers who had either been fired by Khanh or were on the brink of being cashiered. Top man seemed to be Brigadier General Lam Van Phat, a lean, taciturn officer who last week was eased out of his job as Interior Minister in Khanh's Cabinet. Under the murdered Roman Catholic President Diem, Lam Van Phat had been appointed 7th Division commander, but he was considered by U.S. military advisers to be a "mediocre" general.

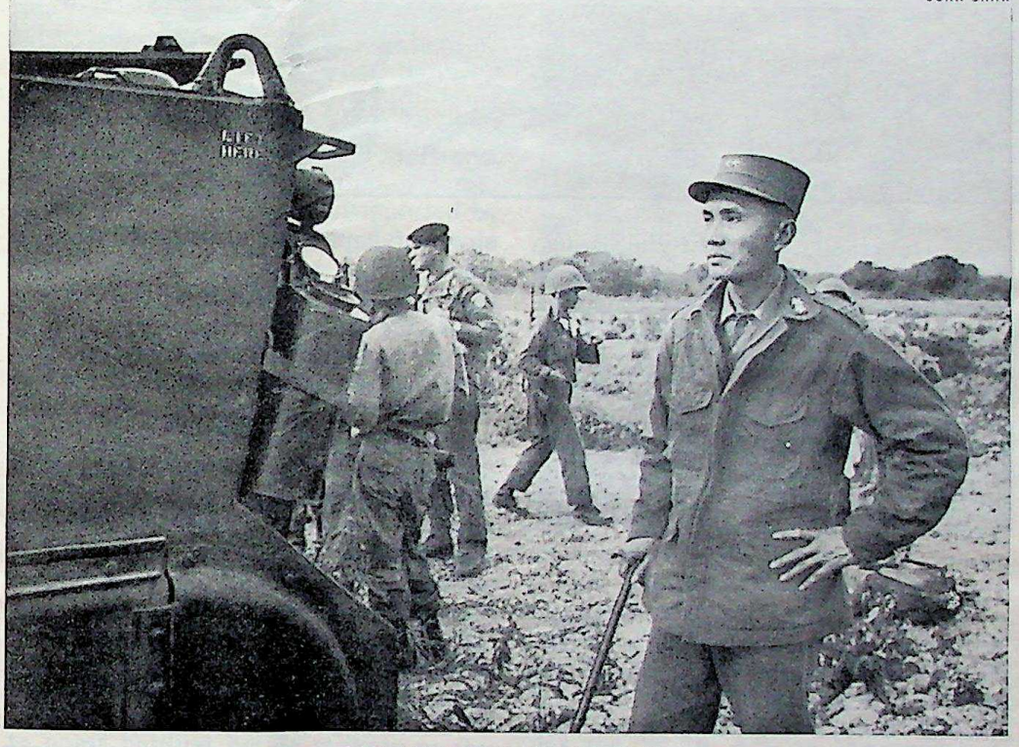
Nevertheless, Phat was doing quite well at week's end, and was supported by a handful of able officers, particularly Brigadier General Duong Van Minh, commander of the IV Corps, and Colonel Ba, chief of the 7th Division's armored section. Soldiers gathered rapidly in front of a large U.S. communications center. Several U.S. advisers were whisked away by their colleagues among the Vietnamese officers participating in the coup. As the rebel troops moved into the center of the city, Phat sat calmly in a civilian car. "We'll be holding a press conference in town this afternoon at 4 p.m.," he announced to reporters.

Whether the coup would stick was another question. As the rebels plunged into the heart of Saigon, worshipers who had attended early Mass at the Roman Catholic cathedral fled in panic. The Buddhists who earlier in the week had staged a parade of 150,000 people for the burial of two "martyrs" in the recent religious riots, were evidently taken by surprise. Strangely, however, Buddhist army detachments were making no resistance to Phat's takeover, and there was no sign of activity from the air force commander, who had pledged two weeks earlier that his planes would swiftly crush any uprising. Premier Khanh himself was still unheard from.

Since the coup took place shortly after sunrise, and Saigon, at least, does not begin to function as a city until after breakfast, no one could be sure how secure Phat's new government would be. In the confusion, one South Vietnamese official said placatingly, "All these preparations are the result of a big misunderstanding on both sides. I don't think either group will start anything, but both think the other will."

Tough Tennis. In Honolulu, on his flight back to his political job in Saigon, Ambassador Taylor stepped perspiring from a tennis game to comment that Phat's coup "certainly was unannounced and unheralded." In view of developments, said Taylor, he would "get going as fast as we can get a crew together." The news from Saigon was especially depressing to Washington, not only because Lyndon Johnson is in the midst of a presidential campaign, but because the U.S. has been counting heavily on Khanh to create a more stable situation in South Viet Nam and to lead a more effective prosecution of the war against the Communist Viet Cong, who last week were understandably content to let the U.S.-supported South Vietnamese army fight itself.

JOHN SHAW



LAM VAN PHAT IN THE FIELD
After a dismissal, a coup.

EUROPE

The Winds of Change

Let them, if they so wish, combine in sixes or sevens or twos. But let them not call themselves Europe. For Europe is a territory extending from the Atlantic to the Urals . . . and unless the Europe we see for tomorrow is a confederation of the whole of the European continent, our Europe-making today will be worse than useless.

—Salvador de Madariaga

For peoples so diverse in language and custom and so often bloodily at odds, the Europeans curiously will not let the dream of unity die. Last week in Paris, Belgian Foreign Minister Paul-Henri Spaak evoked it anew. The time has come, he urged, for the six nations of the Common Market to create new political institutions of cooperation atop the thriving economic cohesiveness the Common Market has already achieved. Spaak made plain that although a supranational, federal United States of Europe remained the ultimate goal, his plan represented a lesser aim: a confederal unity leaving each of the Six a nation sovereign and intact.

Spaak's proposals were both a grudging vindication of the policies of France's Charles de Gaulle and a sharp personal retreat. For confederation was, in fact, the point of the French Fouchet Plan rejected by De Gaulle's more supranationally minded Common Market partners in 1962. And in observing that "if the British don't want to do anything about it, the Six must go ahead," Spaak abandoned the position that th "Friendly Five" have defended ev

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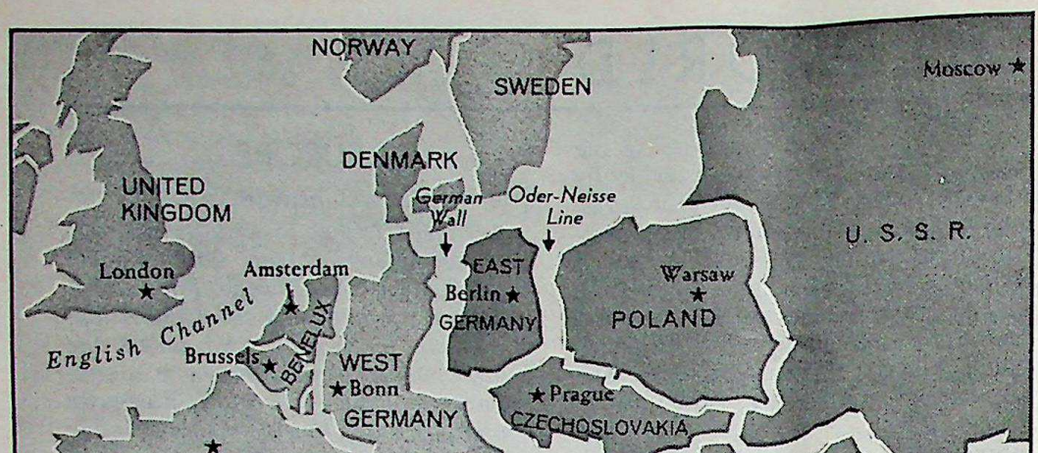

since De Gaulle excluded the British from the Common Market early in 1963: that further progress toward unity is unthinkable without Britain. Across the Channel, the British, caught up in the start of a crucial election campaign, in which, typically, foreign affairs are hardly an issue, could not care less.

Signs of Change. In unabashedly reversing himself, Spaak, a canny compromiser of old, was reversing toward reality. For the Europe of 1964 is in flux as never before since World War II —East and West. The war left Eastern Europe in tight military fiefdom to Russia, Western Europe in economic and military dependence upon the U.S., continental Europe thus little more than a no man's land where the outer edges of the two superpowers' spheres of influence menacingly met. No longer. Though the basic postwar pattern remains superimposed across the map of Europe, the nations of Europe on both sides of the Iron Curtain are pulsating with new polarities and priorities, groping in new directions at the same time they increasingly assert their pride in old nationhoods.

Large and small, the signs of change are everywhere. So far, only Bulgaria has fully escaped the contagion of restiveness sweeping Khrushchev's once-docile satellites, symbolized by Rumanian Leader Gheorghiu-Dej and Yugoslav President Tito's collaboration in a giant power and navigation project inaugurated last week on the Danube River. While Cyprus threatens to pit NATO partners Greece and Turkey in open war, those ancient European antagonists, Russia and Turkey, have agreed to build a joint hydroelectric complex on the Arpa-Cayi river, long their barbed and bristling common border. Hardly a week goes by without new and major infusions of capital from Western Europe into the East, as Europe's trade, to U.S. dismay, increasingly ignores the red flags (*see* WORLD BUSINESS).

National Meld. Nikita Khrushchev, who five years ago sneeringly remarked he could obliterate West Germany with eight hydrogen bombs, has wangled himself an invitation to Bonn to meet Chancellor Erhard. Object: trade and propaganda, both of which Khrushchev sorely needs. Peking promptly charged Khrushchev with planning to sell East Germany down the river. This is hardly an immediate danger to Puppet Walter Ulbricht, though anxious East German bosses might be forgiven for wondering.

There is little doubt that the Wall is becoming something of a neo-Stalinist skeleton in Khrushchev's carefully refurbished closet these days. Bit by bit, holes are being pricked into it to permit some movement between the halves of Berlin. Last week Ulbricht's press agency announced that beginning Nov. 2, some 3,000,000 elderly East Germans will be allowed to cross the Wall for annual four-week visits to relatives in the West, and negotiations are nearly complete for yet wider visitor exchanges between the two Germanys.

Limited as these pass agreements are, no one knows better than Khrushchev that freedoms have a way of developing a momentum of their own. There is a distinctly European and growing body of opinion, typified by Jean Monnet, spearhead of the Continent's postwar unity drive, that the solution to Europe's largest problem—the burning question of Germany's division—lies in the melding of all the nations of Europe.

Third Choice. In France, Charles de Gaulle, whose vision of an independent community from the Atlantic to the Urals begins with independence at home, sets out next week on another apostolic mission, this time to Latin America, to preach the gospel of a French-led choice for smaller nations between the two superpowers. Frustrated in his efforts to use the Franco-German treaty to advance the hegemony of France in Europe, he too shows signs of restiveness, turning away from the German toward London.

The French and British fortnight ago agreed to jointly construct a new air-to-ground missile, already have in the works joint ventures for the Concorde supersonic airliner, a jet trainer, an air traffic control system and a historic tunnel link underneath the English Channel. There are hints, too, that De Gaulle, who has long scorned summitry with the Russians as pointless and dangerous, is eying Moscow in a new light.

For Western Europe, the new independence and new nationalism were made possible by an economic resurgence set in motion by a generous America at war's end. But for both Eastern and Western Europe, the current new freedom stems from the mood of *détente* that has dissolved many of the harsher fears of the cold war. Whether, as the believers in Europe hope, the stirrings of new national life are the prerequisite for a larger Europe or simply the jigsaw puzzle fragments, hopelessly anew, the fact remains that Europeans are becoming more and more their own men, for good or ill.

COMMUNISTS

Search for *Lebensraum*?

Marxist ideology is widely advertised as the root cause of the current struggle between Russia and Red China. But beneath all the high-flown jargon lies a more concrete basis for conflict. It is the 4,000-mile border the two nations share.

To Moscow, Communist China's Mao Tse-tung is nothing more than a Red Hitler in search of *Lebensraum*. In a blistering editorial, Pravda pointed out that Peking had published a history textbook containing a map that showed China's frontiers as including parts of the Soviet far east—the Maritime Krai, Vladivostok and Sakhalin; a large part of Khabarovsk Krai and Amur Oblast, parts of Kirgizia, Tadzhikistan and Kazakhstan as far west as Lake Balkhash. This reinterpretation of geography would in effect push the Chinese border as much as 300 miles into the Soviet Union (*see map*). In a fit of Asian self-righteousness, Peking also demanded that Russia return to Japan the Kuril Islands. "To those who question the ownership of more than 1,500,000 square kilometers of Soviet territory," Pravda roared, "we say that the present borders have historical origins and are fixed through life itself."

Braving the Forests. Peking, invoking the historical saying, "*Hsien jü wei chu* [Whoever enters first is master], makes much the same point as Moscow

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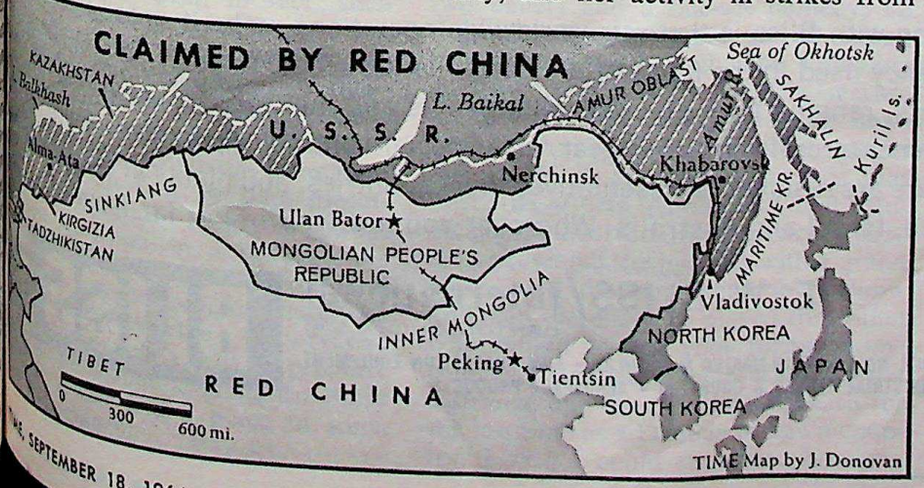
—but comes up with a different answer. For the Russian territory Peking covets is largely territory that was wrested from the Chinese empire by czarist forces in the 19th century. Land far to the east of Mongolia was settled by such Russians as Explorer Erofei Pavlovich Khabarov, whose band of Cossacks braved wolf-infested forests and Chinese warriors in their conquest 300 years ago. With the Treaty of Nerchinsk in 1689, Russia's position east of Lake Baikal was established, and by 1860, it had won rights to the Amur Valley and Vladivostok.

In Mongolia, the Russians were granted trading privileges that gave them such a secure grip on the nation's economy that by 1921 a Communist People's Republic of Mongolia could be safely proclaimed under China's nose. The vast, empty region (total population just over 1,000,000 in an area the size of Germany, France, Italy, Denmark and The Netherlands combined) has been a loyal satellite ever since. Little wonder, for Russia has given $670 million worth of aid to Mongolia since 1945, accepts fully 95% of its trade.

Long Way Around. For a period in the 1950s, Peking, too, was making elaborate offers of aid. Indeed, thousands of blue-uniformed Chinese workers arrived in the Mongolian capital of Ulan Bator and were put to use on various projects. Then, abruptly, the Chinese workers vanished earlier this year, and some reports suggested that Mongolia had ordered them out of the country. Now there is constant bickering between the two countries. Last week Mongolia was reported to be alarmed by Chinese troop concentrations on the Mongolian frontier. Ulan Bator also complains that Mao & Co. have instituted something of a blockade forcing the Russian satellite to reroute its minimal trade with Japan and other overseas countries through Vladivostok—a journey more than double the length of the old route through Tientsin. The petty recriminations from both sides of the long border could only have provoked sighs of regret from oldtime Communists. Under Joseph Stalin, the ultimate commandment was harshly enforced: "Thou shalt not covet thy neighbor."



End of the Rebel Girl

Yes, her hands may be hardened from labor
And her dress not be very fine
But a heart in her bosom is beating
That is true to her class and her kind.
Joe Hill—*The Rebel Girl*

The words of this old Wobbly song were recited last week in Moscow's Hall of Columns, where the body of Elizabeth Gurley Flynn lay in state. Chairman of the feeble U.S. Communist Party, she is the third foreign Red leader to die in the Soviet Union in the last two months, being preceded by France's Maurice Thorez and Italy's Palmiro Togliatti.

Diaphragm Power. Elizabeth Flynn came young to radicalism. The daughter of an Irish nationalist from Galway, she was born in Concord, N.H., in 1890, educated in Bronx schools, and became a Socialist at 15 under her mother's maiden name of Gurley. A slim, blue-eyed girl with soft brown hair who wore a flaming red tie around her shirtwaist collar, she demanded among other things that all children be supported by the Government, thus freeing women of dependence on men.

She was soon famous as the "girl orator" of the Wobblies, the militant, native-grown Industrial Workers of the World, and considered herself as able a spellbinder as William Jennings Bryan. "I agitate a listener," she said. "I know how to get the power out of my diaphragm instead of my vocal cords, and I'm happy to be free to give Capitalism hell." Producer David Belasco tried to convince her that she should become an actress, Novelist Theodore Dreiser called her the "East Side Joan of Arc," and the famed Wobbly poet, Joe Hill, dedicated *The Rebel Girl* to her during the years when she raced from coast to coast battling beside strikers in the mines of the West and the textile mills of the East.

Reducing Term. Elizabeth was married briefly to a Wobbly organizer, and carried on a long and tempestuous affair with the colorful Italian anarchist, Carlo Tresca, of whom it was said that the first word he learned in English was "guilty." In 1937 she dismayed her Socialist friends by joining the Communist Party, and her activity in strikes from

AP

ELIZABETH GURLEY FLYNN

TASS

RED FUNERAL IN MOSCOW
Life of the party.

coast to coast landed her in jail a dozen times. She began her longest prison term in 1955 when she was convicted with other U.S. Communist leaders under the Smith Act on the charge of conspiring to overthrow the government and spent 28 months at the Women's Federal Reformatory at Alderson, W. Va. By then, Elizabeth was no longer a slim and fiery girl but a plump and matronly woman. Freed in 1957, she said, "I had no reason to reform, repent or recant, so I just reduced."

Despite her high party posts, it is doubtful that Elizabeth Gurley Flynn had much influence on policy, for she was an agitator and orator rather than a Marxist dialectician or thinker. She wrote a chattily reminiscent column in the Daily Worker called "The Life of the Party," and always proved able to follow obediently every twist and turn of the party line. After the U.S. Supreme Court struck down the act denying passports to Communists, 74-year-old Elizabeth Gurley Flynn was free to travel to the Soviet Union as a guest of the Kremlin, and there to die of a clot in the lung artery.

Such Red veterans as Spain's exiled Dolores Ibarruri—the Civil War's La Pasionaria—rose to eulogize the fallen

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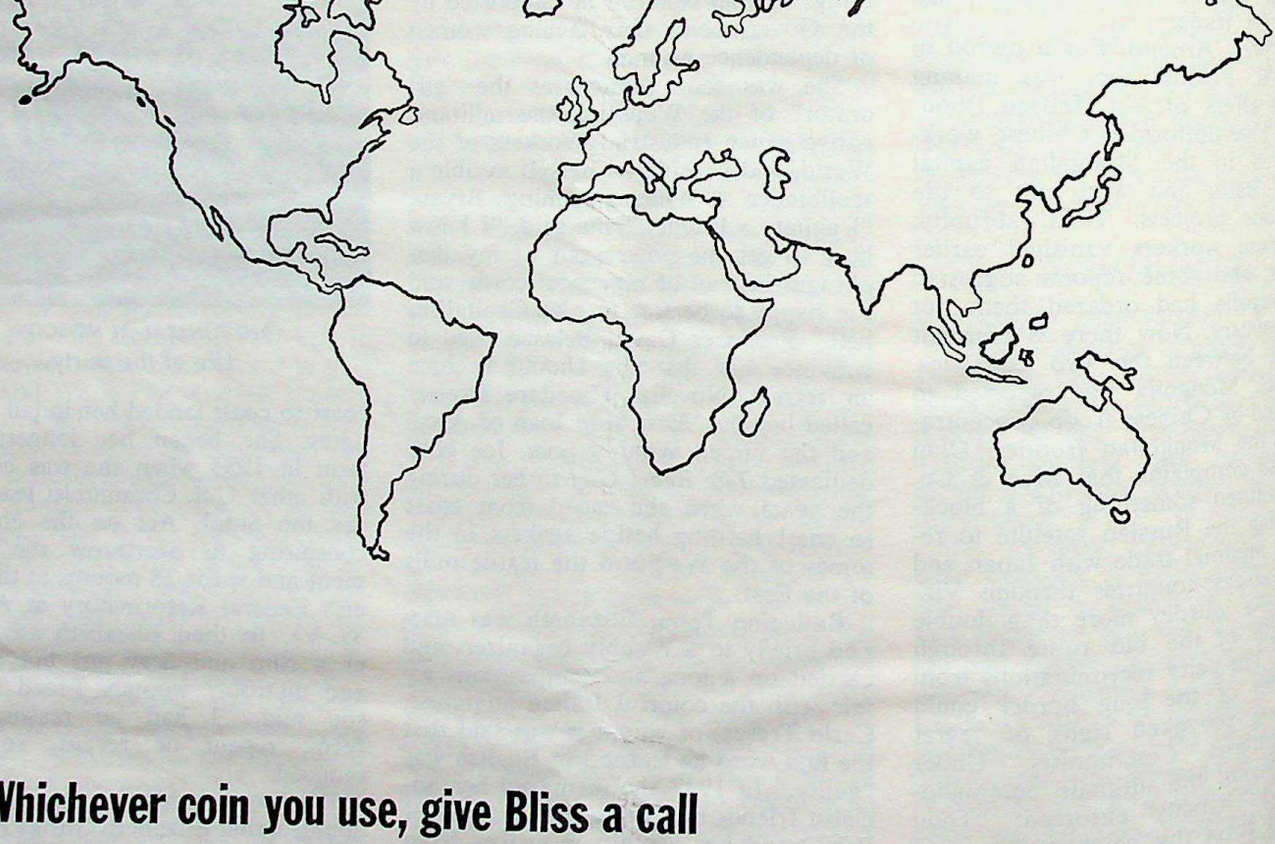

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comrade, and Nina Khrushchev stoutly joined the pallbearers in the full state funeral in Red Square. Nikita himself stood solemnly in the honor guard just before the body was cremated, and a band played the *Internationale* as the urn of ashes was placed briefly at the foot of the Kremlin wall, near the spot where a portion of I.W.W. Founder Big Bill Haywood's ashes are buried. In due course, Elizabeth Gurley Flynn's ashes will be flown to the U.S. and buried in Chicago's Waldheim Cemetery beside the remains of many old comrades (including the other part of Big Bill) from the Wobblies and the Communist Party.

ITALY

Palmiro's Prophecy

As leader of Italy's 7,700,000 Communist voters, Palmiro Togliatti's allegiance was nominally and often vociferously to Moscow. But Togliatti was also the most supple of politicians, and as such he increasingly sought respectability among the voters at home. When he died last month in the Crimea following a stroke, it seemed that Togliatti's dilemma had gone to the grave with him unresolved. Not so.

Last week both Italy and the Communist world reverberated to Togliatti's last words: a wide-ranging, 4,500-word memorandum prepared shortly before he was stricken. It covered not only his relations with Moscow but also his prophecies for the future of Communism in Italy. He took Nikita Khrushchev sternly to task for his heavy-handed tactics in the ideological dispute with Red China, decried the slowness with which the Soviet Union has moved in eradicating the "regime of restrictions and suppression of democratic and personal freedom introduced by Stalin." He vigorously defended the independence of national Communist parties while rejecting any return to the monolithic control desired by Khrushchev. In order to win over the Catholic peasantry and workers of Italy, said Togliatti, a new approach must be decreed. "For this purpose," said Togliatti with heretical frankness, "the old atheist propaganda is of no use." Another great target for Communist penetration is the realm of literature, art and science, where "the doors are wide open. In the capitalist world, in fact, such conditions are being created as to destroy the liberty of intellectual life. We must become the champions of intellectual liberty, of free artistic creation and of scientific progress."

In Italy at least, Togliatti's aims were quickly taken up. Last week his successor, tough ex-Partisan Luigi Longo, 64, went on television to appeal to the Catholics of Italy. Said he: "We hold it unjust to consider religion merely as an instrument of the conservative classes." If Togliatti's will is properly interpreted, the Italian Communist Party could very well find a place in some future government.

SALUTE FROM THE ROYAL COUPLE
With gratitude from the heart.

GREECE

Love, Tears & 100,000 Flowers

Byron died to help give Greece a Danish King, and last week Greece and Denmark joyously readied for a royal wedding to gladden a Romantic poet's art: the love match of the world's youngest King, dark and dashing Constantine of the Hellenes, 24, and lissome Princess Anne-Marie, 18, of Denmark.

The festivities began in Copenhagen, where Constantine had flown to participate in Anne-Marie's last round of farewells to her nation. In a televised family fete, Danes heard the father of the bride, King Frederik IX, admonish his daughter: "Let your mother be your model. Be as great a support for Tino as your mother has been for me." Tino reassured Frederik: "Uncle Rico, don't be sad to lose Anne-Marie. She is encompassed by love from all sides." When he concluded his speech with the four Danish words *"Hjertelig tak for alt* [My heartfelt thanks for everything]," there was hardly a dry eye in the kingdom of Hans Christian Andersen.

One evening the couple went to the Danish Royal Theater, festooned with 100,000 flowers for the occasion, to see two ballets and a one-act comedy, all three about youthful love, and all chosen by the princess herself. The following day, escorted by 42 hussars in scarlet, Anne-Marie and Constantine rode slowly through the streets of Copenhagen to the deafening applause of crowds that lined the streets. At the city hall, Municipal Council Chairman Henry Stjernqvist presented the princess with a grand piano with the hope that on it "now and then there will be played tunes that will remind you of your former home country." Replied Anne-Marie: "This is a strange day for me, standing here for the last time as a Dane in my own country. I wish I could show you how my feelings reach for every Dane with a gratitude that comes from the heart."

Greece's King then flew back to his capital, and Anne-Marie and her family winged off to Brindisi, sailed from there in the royal Danish yacht *Dannebrog* to join Constantine in a busy round of prenuptial fetes before the wedding this week in the Greek Orthodox cathedral in the shadow of the Acropolis.

MIDDLE EAST

The Late, Late Fuse

The menu listed such delicacies as Saliva of the Arab Rivers (consommé), Pearls of Kuwait and Casablanca (potatoes), Baby Lambs of Nejd and Kairouan, and concluded with Jewels of Jericho (fruit), and Aroma of Yemen (coffee).

This hyperbolic feast was placed before the princes, presidents and potentates of 13 Arab states by scarlet-jacketed waiters who marched in step as they served. Behind them stood Alexandria's pink-walled Haramlek Palace, and all around stretched floodlit lawns lined with palms and bordered by the gentle roll of Mediterranean waves.

Vicious Circle. The Arabs were met at another of their "summits" to seek agreement on a plan to 1) divert the tributary streams of the Hasbani, Yarmuk and Banias rivers so that they would no longer flow into the Jordan to be used by Israel, and 2) create a united Arab military force sufficiently strong to meet the inevitable Israeli attack that would follow.

As the Arab leaders came and went in long Cadillacades, Egyptian information officers boasted of unity and progress. But soon word of serious disagreements leaked from the white-pillared conference room. Not once, but three times, Egypt's Gamal Abdel Nasser snapped to the delegates, "We are going

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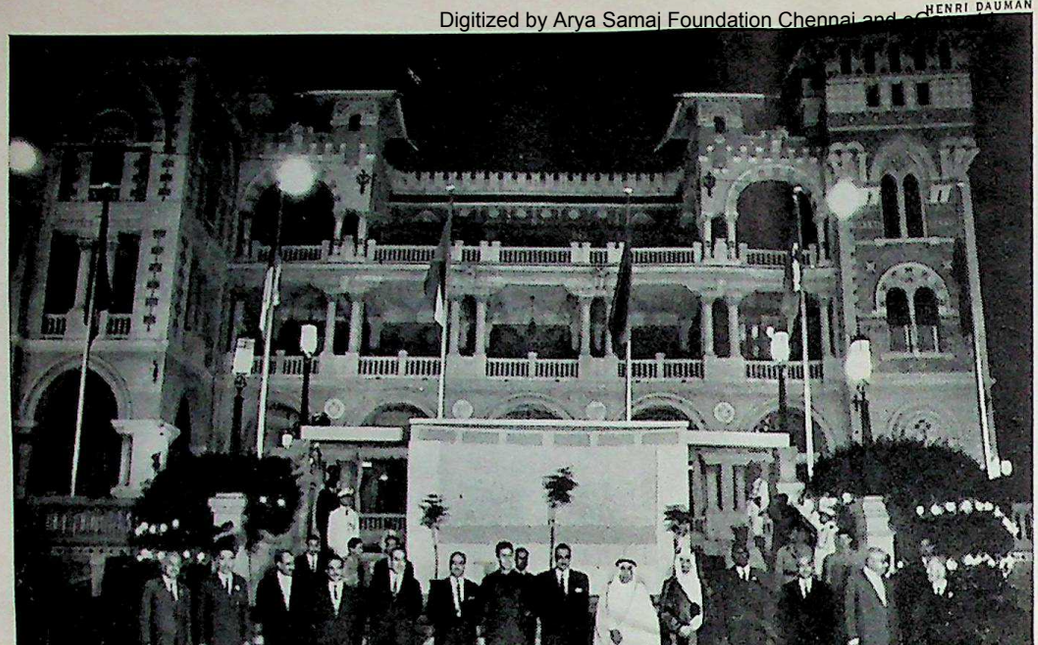

HENRI DAUMAN

ARAB LEADERS AT HARAMLEK PALACE
From Saliva of the Rivers to Jewels of Jericho.

around in a vicious circle, and this must stop immediately."

Lebanon's President-elect Charles Helou dragged his feet on diverting the Hasbani River, pointing out that his small, 8,000-man army was no match for Israel. Lebanon, Syria and Jordan were ready to increase their armed forces by 30%, as demanded by Egypt's General Ali Amer, commander in chief of the projected Arab army, but complained that they could not pay for it alone. Iraq's Abdul Salam proposed that Amer be authorized to move Arab forces anywhere in Arab territories during a time of danger. This started a wrangle in which it became very clear that many Arab states feared the arrival of Egyptian troops nearly as much as an Israeli attack.

Promised Cash. It was a common joke among the summit delegates that every time the subject of money was raised, Sheik Abdullah as Salim as Sabah of oil-rich Kuwait left the horseshoe conference table for the men's room. But last week Sabah pledged $4,500,000 a year for five years to the Arab war chest, and Egypt, Algeria, Saudi Arabia, Libya, Morocco and Yemen joined in, raising the total commitments to $14 million annually for the next five years.

At week's end, as the summiteers cried "Salaam" to each other and went their several ways, the fuse had been lit for the third round of war between the Arab states and Israel. It is a long fuse, and a slow one—so slow that it could easily sputter out before explosion. The diversion of the tributaries of the Jordan cannot begin until funds are raised and expensive dams built. What with Israel's threat and the violent disagreements that still plague the Arab world, it will be remarkable if a single gallon of the Jordan ever moves from its normal course.

INDIA

The Sleepy Country

When the opposition in Parliament last week urged a vote of no confidence against him, Prime Minister Lal Bahadur Shastri took it calmly. He said, "If all the people around me talk highly of me, my feet will not remain on the ground, and I will not know my mistakes and rectify them."

Flowing Night Soil. During his three months in office, punctuated by a heart attack, diminutive Shastri has grappled vainly with a serious food crisis. And now huge floods, unusual even for India's monsoon season, are surging over seven states, from Assam in the east to the Punjab in the west. More than 2,400,000 acres of standing crops have been damaged, and thousands of Indians are in flight from their drowned villages. For the first time in recent memory, flood waters have reached the suburbs of New Delhi. Five thousand troops labored to plug the gaps in the dikes, but they were too late to save Delhi's water system from pollution by night soil and garbage caught up in the torrent. Stomach ailments have jumped 30%, and doctors fear outbreaks of cholera and hepatitis.

The disaster week continued with a slowdown strike by pilots of India's domestic airlines and the sudden collapse of the state government of Kerala, where 15 Congress Party legislators joined the opposition Socialists and Communists in voting against Kerala's chief minister, who is accused of corruption. Shastri imposed direct presidential rule on Kerala, at least until elections can be held next year. When that happens there is a good chance that the Communists—though divided into pro-Peking and pro-Moscow wings—may again win control as they did in 1957.

Cupped Chin. The next blow fell [illegible] the home of a near neighbor of [illegible] Prime Minister—India's Solicitor Gen[illegible] eral Hem Nath Sanyal. Late one night four men broke into Sanyal's bungalow and choked him to death with a dhoti or loincloth. Since Sanyal had been pressing corruption charges against [illegible] eral ministers of Orissa state, members of Parliament cried that his murder must be connected with the investigation—though Delhi's police insisted it was only a robbery attempt.

Throughout the week, Shastri sat on a front bench in Parliament, a doll-like little man cupping his chin in his left hand. He listened impassively to the attacks of the opposition, one of which defined Shastri's policy as "inefficiency at home and infirmity abroad." Even in his own Congress Party in Delhi there was a certain disarray, and Shastri spent much of last week patching up minor dissensions.

An outsider might have been forgiven for thinking that the sudden spate of problems constituted a severe blow to the new Prime Minister's prestige and a considerable test of his strength. They did, up to a point. But Shastri took the attacks with bland equanimity, explaining that there was no point in getting overexcited—or even in shouting back at his foes. "Democracy would break down if we started shouting from the benches," he shrugged.

His Congress Party supporters seemed equally complacent. One pointed out that the government has an overwhelming majority of Parliament on its side and added, "Shastri is not in trouble. You always have floods. Food prices rise every year, and food is always a little short, and someone is always starving. This is no crisis. India is a sleepy country, and things just go on."

MALAYSIA

State of Emergency

Onto the polished, horseshoe-shaped table of the U.N. Security Council plopped a miniature arsenal—an automatic rifle and a light mortar, a helmet, a back pack, an opened parachute, and a camouflage suit. Thus last week did British-backed Malaysia, after more than a year of harassment by Indonesia, launch a dramatic appeal to the U.N.

The weaponry, Malaysia's Interior Minister Ismail bin Dato Abdul Rahman told the Council, had been captured from the 40-odd, Indonesia-based paratroopers dropped into mainland Malaya two weeks ago. Last month more than 100 raiders hit Malaya by sea, opening a second front in Sukarno's undeclared war, which had been principally confined to northern Borneo. Declared Rahman to the assembled delegates: "I ask that you condemn such international brigandage."

Blithe Spirit. In reply, Indonesian Deputy Foreign Minister Sudjarwo Tjondronegoro cockily admitted that

* No kin to Premier Tunku Abdul Rahman.

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"our volunteers, together with the militant youth of Sarawak and Sabah [North Borneo], some of whom have been trained in our territory, have entered so-called 'Malaysian' territory. They have been fighting there for some time. This is no secret." He couldn't understand why Malaysia was getting so excited. "The fighting now in Malaya is on a very small scale compared with the magnitude of the fighting in Sarawak and Sabah. Why, then, all the fuss? Is it because the present 'Malaysian' government feels unable to overcome its own internal troubles?"

Faced with a likely Soviet veto, Malaysia knew it had little chance of getting a formal U.N. condemnation, but hoped that the Council session would at least mobilize world opinion against Indonesia. The rest of the world was not exactly rushing to the rescue, but, confronted with continuing violence, the Malaysian government decreed a Federation-wide state of emergency, and two battalions of Malaya-based New Zealand and British Gurkha troops joined the hunt for the Indonesian guerrillas still on the loose in Malaya. To underline its determination, British airlifted an antiaircraft regiment, detached from its NATO Army of the Rhine, to Singapore, diverted a naval squadron to Malaysia from the Mediterranean. From London came word that Britain had decided to retaliate if Indonesia strikes the Malay Peninsula again.

Matter of Rats. In Indonesia, the man behind it all was temporarily busy on other matters. Kicking off a national campaign against crop-devouring rats, Sukarno accepted the title of "Honorary Chairman of the Action to Combat Mice Committee" to add to his long list of formal titles. He is also known as Great Leader of the Revolution, Mouthpiece of the Indonesian People, Main Bearer of the Message of the People's Suffering, Supreme Commander of the Armed Forces, Supreme Commander of the Economic Operational Command, Supreme People's Industry Builder, Son of the Dawn, Supreme Pioneer, Father of the Peasants, Supreme Builder, Supreme Protector, Grand Skipper, and Chief Boy Scout.

THE CONGO

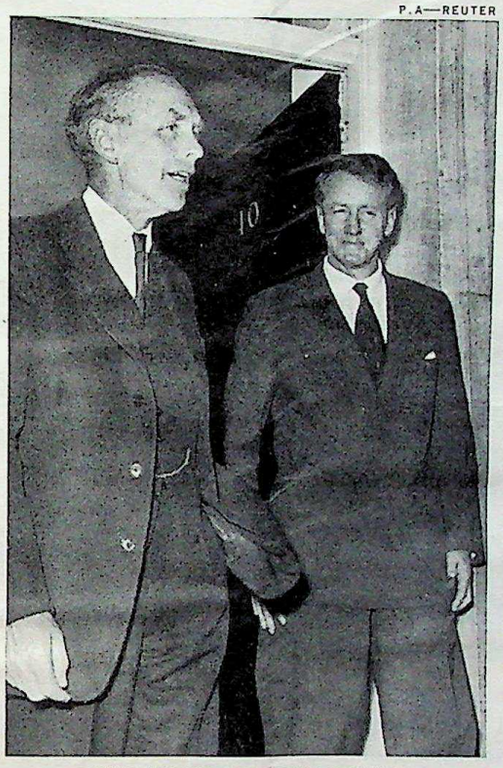
Mission to Addis

Foreign ministers of the 34-nation Organization of African Unity met in Addis Ababa last week to ponder "an African solution" to the agonizing Congo rebellion. The session had been called at the request of the Congo, whose controversial Premier Moise Tshombe had come under heavy attack for hiring white mercenary troops—but found himself unable to contain the rebel advances without outside help of some sort. What Tshombe wanted was African troops for police duty in pacified areas in order to free his own harried Congolese army to fight the rebels. As he told the delegates: "Such an arrangement would allow me to dispense with the services of those whose presence in the Congo is embarrassing us."

Clawless Cat. The assembly turned out to be most reluctant to fulfill his request. Most delegates, in fact, had come to Addis Ababa convinced that Tshombe was a traitor to Africa's cause, and that the Congo's crisis was essentially an ideological battle between patriots and traitors. Not so, declared Tshombe during five days of debate, insisting that the real problem was the complete breakdown of law and order that followed the Belgian departure in 1960—which the Communists have been able to turn to their advantage.

Wisely, Tshombe avoided his usual histrionics, answered the stream of criticism with patient restraint. He was, as one delegate put it, "a cat in hell with-

P.A.—REUTER



PRIME MINISTERS HOME & SMITH
Defenestrating unilateralism.

out claws." So successfully did he make his case that even such violent critics as Ghana ended up supporting him, and the foreign minister of his bitter enemy, the neighboring Brazzaville Congo, was moved to offer Tshombe his hand and praise his "African sense."

However warmly the session ended, it produced no concrete results. The O.A.U. rejected Tshombe's request for troops, created instead a rather meaningless ten-nation commission to "help and encourage" him in restoring unity. It also ordered Tshombe to expel the mercenaries "as soon as possible"—which in African terms means whenever he feels like it.

Jittery Boss. Encouraged, Tshombe flew back home, where the rebels of Stanleyville, as if to prove his thesis, had declared a new "Congolese People's Republic." Its President would be Christophe Gbenye, 37, a jittery, opportunistic onetime Congolese police boss who once labored for Leftist Antoine Gizenga, then arrested Gizenga on behalf of Moderate Premier Cyrille Adoula, then helped lead a Tshombe-backed plot to grab the eastern Congo. Rebellion was nothing new in the Congo, but the latest turn in Stanleyville brought French Ambassador Jacques Koscziusko-Morizet hurrying back to Leopoldville from consultations in Paris. Asked by his chauffeur why he had returned so soon, the ambassador shrugged, "Because of the situation." The chauffeur nodded sympathetically. "Things are pretty bad in Paris?" he asked.

SOUTHERN RHODESIA

A Bit of a Breather

Flying north to Europe in search of independence, Southern Rhodesia's Prime Minister Ian Smith thought he had it in the bag. Far from it.

First stop on his carefully planned trip (TIME, Sept. 4) was Lisbon, where he hoped to pick up assurances of immediate recognition and economic aid from Portugal should the Rhodesians decide on a unilateral declaration of independence. But when he sat down for talks, Portuguese Premier António de Oliveira Salazar offered only sympathetic smiles and the minimal assurance that the ports in Portugal's colony of Mozambique would always be open.

Daunted only slightly, Smith winged on to London, met for eight hours at No. 10 Downing Street with Prime Minister Sir Alec Douglas-Home to plead his case for independence. On neither moral nor pragmatic grounds could Home agree. He still insisted that the black majority (3,700,000 *v.* 224,000 whites) be granted a louder voice before Britain would cut its final tie with the colony.

But Smith stubbornly insisted that a majority of Southern Rhodesians, black as well as white, want independence under the present system, and agreed to prove it—presumably in the form of a referendum. Smith agreed to shelve his threat of a unilateral declaration of independence. "We have chucked that out of the window," he said, "for the time being."

What made Smith so sure he could get his mandate for continued white supremacy? If he had any ideas on the subject, he wasn't letting on in London. But back home in Salisbury, the government coincidentally announced a 10% raise in the financial qualification of Southern Rhodesian voters. Henceforth, Africans will have to prove at least an annual income of $739 before they qualify to vote—this in a country where the average African income is $319 a year. Did Smith have a trick up his sleeve? He indicated that to prove his point he might try to capitalize on the traditional nonpolitical prestige of tribal chiefs, who represent thousands of Africans and yet are loyal to any colonial government. "I don't wish to mislead the British government," he said. "I must not pull a fast one." Fast or slow, the two Prime Ministers had won themselves a bit of a breather.

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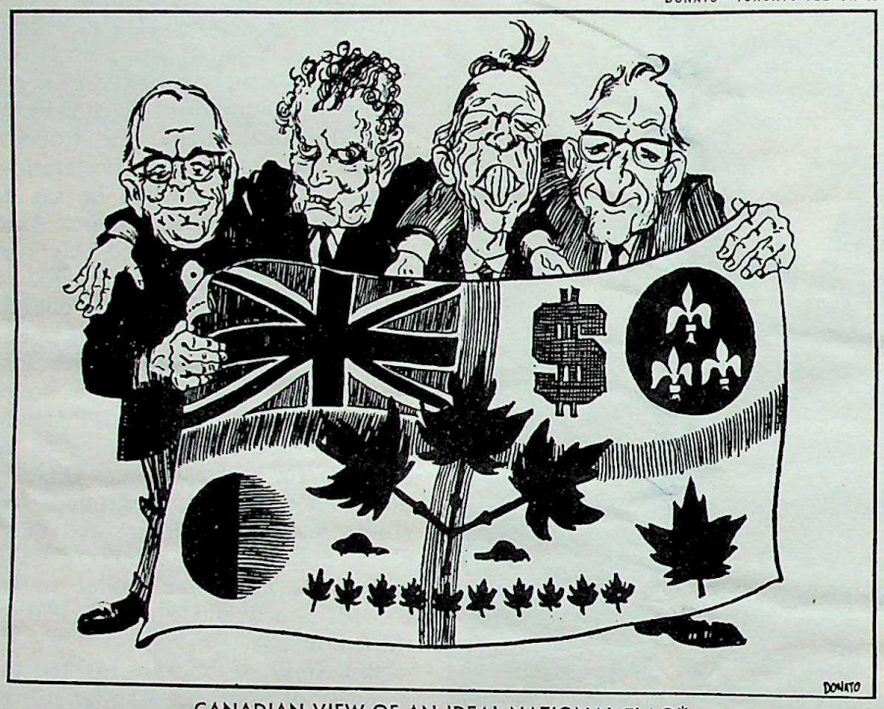
CANADA

Searching for Unity

With stirring words about national unity, Prime Minister Lester B. Pearson last May proudly proposed a new national flag for Canada—three red maple leaves on a white ground bracketed in blue. He wanted it to replace the old Red Ensign, envisioned it as a bright symbol of Canada's independent nationhood. Last week Pearson finally had to admit defeat. He gave up trying to push his flag through a stalemated Parliament and dumped the whole thing in the lap of a 15-man interparty committee, which now has six weeks to find a brand-new design.

DONATO—TORONTO TELEGRAM



CANADIAN VIEW OF AN IDEAL NATIONAL FLAG*

Out of chaos, another committee.

Bikini or Blanket? Far from producing unity, Pearson's flag produced a parliamentary spectacle that Canadians came to look upon with disgust. No sooner had Pearson's minority Liberal government proposed the flag than it was under violent attack—chiefly by the opposition Conservative Party headed by ex-Prime Minister John Diefenbaker, whose strategy apparently is to make it impossible for Pearson to govern. Diefenbaker set out to filibuster the flag to death. The Conservatives tore into the new flag as an insult to the "mother country," tagged it "Pearson's pennant," compared it to "the posterior of a bikini," a blanket for a race horse, a trademark for soap flakes.

By exercising forceful leadership, Pearson might have run the political risk of ramming his flag through with the help of the three small parties that generally support his minority government. Instead the debate raged on until Parliament was in chaos. Over a total 22 days of nonstop jabber, no fewer than 175 speeches were made, 117 of them by filibustering Conservatives. It got so bad that New Democrat Stanley Knowles rose in disgust. "We are making Parliament a side show," he said. And on that Mike Pearson finally had to agree.

English v. French. Pearson may eventually get some sort of maple-leaf emblem to cover his country. But it will take much more than a new flag to bring Canadians together. After 17 months in office, Pearson is beset on all sides—not only by Diefenbaker's Conservatives but also by angry squabbles over federal *v.* provincial powers, and most particularly by a deeply divided, mutually antagonistic population. Two-thirds of Canada's 19 million citizens speak English; one-third are fiercely French—in language, culture, temperament. And now some secessionist sentiment is springing up in the province of Quebec, gathering support among French Canadians who have long complained bitterly of second-class citizenship. Pearson has made several concessions giving Quebec more provincial autonomy and French Canadians a stronger voice in the federal government. Many French Canadians consider this too little, too late.

A Montreal separatist organization operates more or less openly, with an estimated membership of 7,000. Small, shadowy bands of fanatics have bombed army installations, destroyed mailboxes and raided armories, stealing rifles, submachine guns, antitank bazookas and any other weapons they could cart away. Fortnight ago, five terrorists looted a firearms store in Montreal and killed an employee before police swooped down to capture them.

The separatists and their lunatic fringe are hardly likely to wrench Quebec away from the rest of Canada. But their capacity for trouble sends shivers up and down Pearson's spine. Next month, Britain's Queen Elizabeth is to make an eight-day state visit to Canada, and no one can be sure what kind of reception she will get in Quebec. "Some of my people," says Separatist Marcel Chaput, "are ready to let her know, and know brutally, that she is no longer welcome in Quebec." Provincial leaders scoff at all talk of trouble. But it would not be smart to take chances. A newly built riot-control truck with a powerful water gun will be standing by. Says one ministerial aide: "The security arrangements will be the most thorough ever for a peacetime visitor."

* From left: Pearson, Diefenbaker, New Democratic Leader Thomas C. Douglas, Social Credit Rally's Réal Caouette.

POLITICS

The Rising Force

Echoes of Chile's presidential election will be sounding around Latin America for years—and not merely because the Communists were thrashed in their attempt to take power by democratic means. Marxism has never succeeded at the ballot box. The big news is the man and the party that won: Eduardo Frei and the Christian Democrats, who are rapidly emerging as a vital new force, not only in Chile but all of Latin America.

Encyclical & Ethic. The Christian Democratic movement now has political parties in 16 of Latin America's 20 countries—all except Honduras, Paraguay, Haiti and Cuba. Like their powerful European counterparts in Italy and Germany, the Latin American parties base their philosophy on the 73-year-old *Rerum Novarum* encyclical of Pope Leo XIII—the so-called "Magna Carta of Labor," which advocates labor unions and worker profit-sharing.

They are reformist, often leftist, always ardently anti-Communist. Their ideology is not based so much on the tenets of Roman Catholicism; indeed the church in Colombia openly opposes the Christian Democrats. Rather, the party rallying cry is the Christian ethic, and it calls for social revolution without the shackles of Communism. "Christian Democracy," says Chile's Frei, "believes that the modern world is in crisis and that only a complete readjustment of society can save man from materialism and collectivism."

Such talk has a strong appeal for the underprivileged—and also for Latin America's deeply religious women, rich or poor. In Chile, it was the women who gave Frei his large majority. He broke about even with Marxist Salvador Allende for the men's vote.

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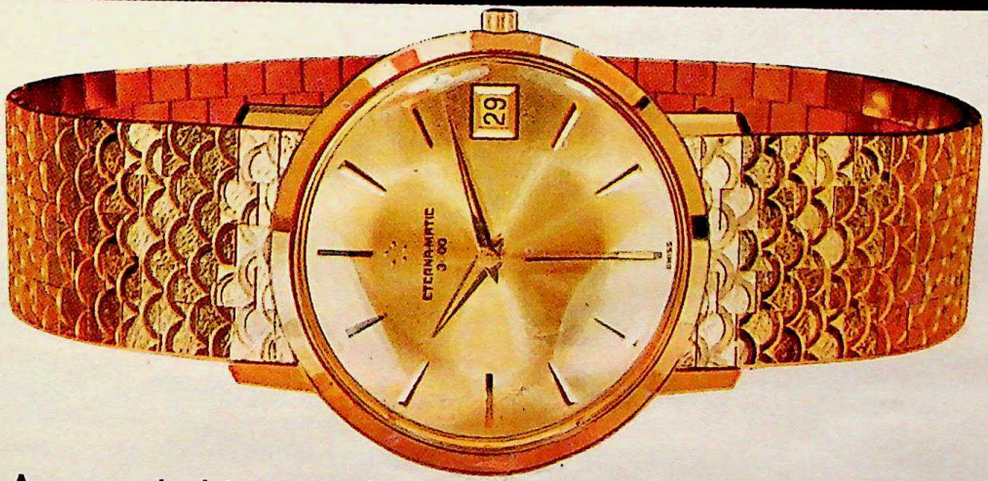
...still thinner



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NEMAGO

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GAVIN SCOTT

CHILE'S LATE IRENE FREI

JOSEPH FABRY

VENEZUELA'S RAFAEL CALDERA

The far left is losing thunder.

omen (who use separate ballot boxes Chile) gave him almost 63% of their ote. Frei's own sister Irene, 46, was one f the country's most popular political gures until her death in an auto acci- nt five weeks ago. In Santiago mu- cipal elections last year, she herself n an alderman's seat with the biggest ajority of any candidate. Some 40,000 omen turned out for her funeral, and r tragic death just before the presi- ential elections almost certainly led to sympathy vote.

Chile & Beyond. The earliest ances- rs of today's Christian Democrats rned up in Uruguay in 1910, and er the years other parties sprouted— st in Chile, then Venezuela, Brazil, rgentina and on throughout Latin merica. In 1947 party delegates met Montevideo to form a hemisphere- ide confederation. Three years ago, Santiago, the European and Latin merican branches formally joined rces in a Christian Democratic World gion.

The stronghold of Latin America's hristian Democrats is, of course, hile, where the party has soared from 4% of the vote in 1941 to 56% in ei's election. How much of this was e to Christian Democracy itself, and ow much to Frei's charismatic per- nality, will not be clear until congres- nal elections next March. Right now, e party has only 27 members in Con- ess, 70 short of a majority.

Second to Chile is Venezuela, where e Christian Democrats call themselves OPEI. In 1958, COPEI won 16% of the residential vote and played an impor- nt role in the coalition government ith Rómulo Betancourt's *Acción emocrática* party, which had finished ith 49%. In last year's elections, COPEI owed up to 20% while A.D. slipped 33%—and now COPEI Leader Rafael aldera has pulled out of the coalition nd is building up for his run at the residency in 1968. In Peru, the party only eight years old, yet its support was a strong factor in the victory of President Fernando Belaúnde last year; in exchange, the Christian Democrats picked up three Cabinet ministries and the mayoralty of Lima. In Brazil, the party went from two federal Deputies in 1954 to 20 in 1962, now boasts one federal Cabinet post and two state governors. The Bolivian party is still small, but growing. "In the coming years," says Bolivian President Víctor Paz Estenssoro, "there will be only three forces in our country—my own M.N.R., the Communists and Christian Democrats."

No one understands the prospects better than the Communists, who regard the Christian Democrats with fear and hatred. In Cuba last week, Havana radio claimed that Eduardo Frei's victory was brought about by "force, fear and money." Railed Fidel Castro at Havana University: "The means by which the exploiters maintain the people in ignorance must be grabbed out of their hands." But even he had to concede Frei's appeal. "Sometimes," Fidel admitted, "our opponents surpass us in ability." What Castro really has to face is that the Christian Democrats are stealing his revolutionary thunder, offering a simple, powerful ideology that promises sweeping changes with freedom and dignity. And they are getting very good at it.

URUGUAY

And Then There Was One

After six weeks of intramural argument, Uruguay's nine-man National Council of Government finally decided to go along with the OAS ruling on Cuba. By a vote of six yeas (with three abstentions), the Council last week broke all economic and diplomatic relations with Fidel Castro's Communist dictatorship. The abstainers held that Uruguay's traditional position of nonintervention should be maintained. The other councilmen felt that the OAS decision had to be honored as part of Uruguay's treaty obligations. In Montevideo, a crowd of 2,000 pro-Castroites started to stage a rock-tossing demonstration; the cops promptly hauled out tear gas and fire hoses, and the mob retreated to the university, where it holed up for two days.

Mexico now stands alone as the only Latin American nation willing to engage in even the most *pro forma* dealings with Castro.

EL SALVADOR

Castro, *Sí*; Yanqui, *Sí*

Names like Cabot and MacArthur are certainly American. Even Labouisse and Poullada or Reinhardt and Riddleberger do not seem very out of place on the roster of U.S. ambassadors, but the newest name in the diplomatic ranks will have them goggling. Last week President Johnson appointed as the U.S. Ambassador to El Salvador a man named Raul Castro.

Well, no, it wasn't *that* Raúl Castro —he's still waiting 90 miles off Florida. This Raul Castro, 48, is a Tucson, Ariz., superior court judge who was born in Mexico, became a U.S. citizen and graduated from Arizona State College in 1939, then served in Mexico for the State Department before going into law practice in 1949. His knowledge of Central America, plus long, faithful labors for the Democratic Party, plus perhaps some sly thoughts about the name, led President Johnson to tap him for the El Salvador job.

In El Salvador, he replaces Career Diplomat Murat Williams, 50, whose four-year tour of duty rates as one of the more successful U.S. diplomatic efforts in Latin America in terms of general economic and political progress under the Alliance. Inheriting a sound relationship, perhaps the new man can even make his name work to advantage. To knock the U.S. now, leftist Salvadorans will also have to knock Castro.

BILL HOPKINS

RAUL CASTRO

The other is still waiting.

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PEOPLE

Even the luckiest people need a star to sigh by—or so it seemed when Astronaut **Scott Carpenter**, 39, went backstage to visit Broadway's Fanny Girl **Barbra Streisand**, 22. "I'm really honored," bubbled Barbra, clearly launched into orbit. "I'm always interested in scientific and medical things. Whenever I go to the dentist, I can spend three, three-and-a-half hours there talking about nerve endings and things like that. But about those things up *there*—I don't know what a star's made of. Do you?" "Good looks—talent—a sense of humor," drawled Carpenter, scattering a little moondust of his own.

• • •

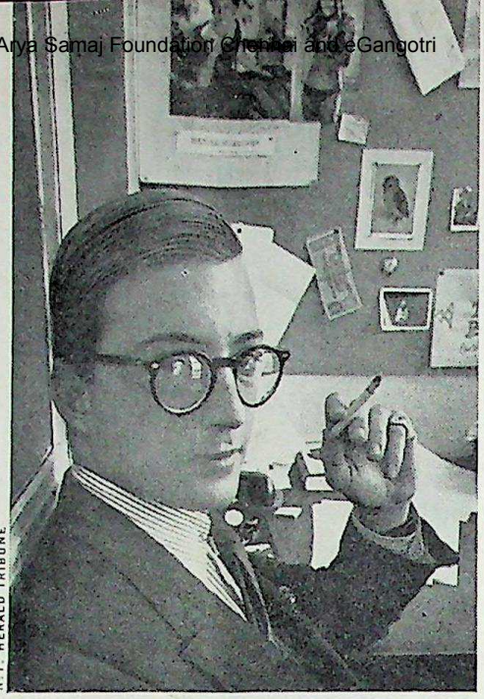
It was Begonia Day, and Steve Canyon Day at the New York World's Fair—and also Art Buchwald Day, so proclaimed by Fair Boss Robert Moses because a) Buchwald was a busboy at the 1939 fair, b) Buchwald was the only reporter who showed up at a 1960 Moses press conference in Rome and well, anyway, Buchwald is syndicated in some 200 papers and who knows what could happen? What did happen is Art took along his father, **Joe Buchwald**, 71. "You think I want to go?" muttered Joe. "A man in the curtain business should lose money to go to the fair?" Joe tried the *fondue bourguignonne* at the Swiss pavilion, sent it back for chicken instead, was even less impressed when they made Art honorary mayor of the Belgian Village. "Who wants to be mayor of an empty village?" he wanted to know.

• • •

Constancy, thy name is **Rudy Vallee**, 63. On Oct. 13, the onetime Vagabond Lover will complete his third full year on Broadway as J. B. Bigley, the executive who yearns for knitting and well-knit redheads. The star of *How to Succeed in Business*, etc. (which the French translate as *Comment Réussir en Affaires*) will thus have stayed with the show longer than any star in musical history. But in October he resigns to depart with his fourth wife, Eleanor (whom he married in 1949), for a night-club tour. Why so faithful to show biz? Proudly displaying his four French poodles, Pom Pom, Jolie, Michelle and Pitou, Vallee vows the real reason is "I have four hungry dogs to feed." Arf, arf.

THE NEW YORK TIMES

VALLEE & DEPENDENTS
So faithful.



N. Y. HERALD TRIBUNE

C.D.B. BRYAN
So write.

• • •

He's not one to trouble trouble, but while touring India to lecture on U.S. law, Associate Supreme Court Justice **Arthur Goldberg**, 56, found himself constantly addressed at one reception as "Justice Goldwater." "That's O.K.," he remarked equably. "I have tremendous respect for Senator Goldberg."

• • •

Mamá Inés María Cuervo de Prieto, 35, chose their first birthday to announce that still another brother or sister was on the way. But sibling rivalry is just one of those things that Venezuela's **Prieto Quintuplets** will have to learn to live with. In point of fact, they live rather well—thanks to Big Daddy Creole Petroleum Corp., for which Papacito Efrén Lubín Prieto, 39, works as a $10-a-day oilfield hand. Creole built for the family a $30,000 five-bedroom house in Maracaibo, also provides free medical care, while advertising contracts with Gerber and Klim give meat and milk. The big problem is telling them apart, though their mother insists that this is no problem at all. "Otto is the lovingest," she says. "Juan José has the shortest fuse. Robinson's the fattest, Mario's the tallest and Fernando is the most easygoing."

• • •

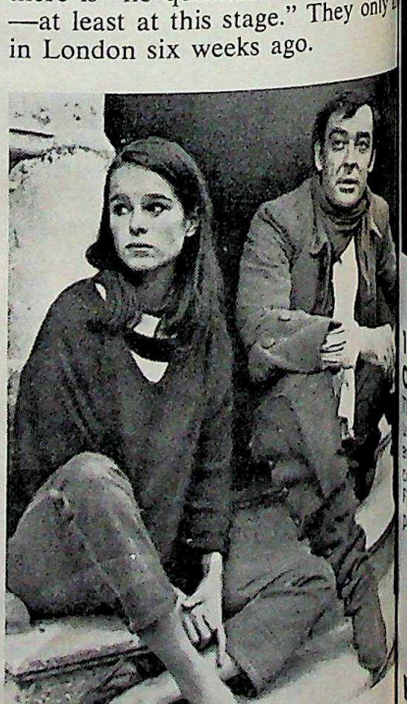
'Ee lad, a Lancashire accent was gold in British music halls long before the Beatles. In fact, "I suppose the youngsters will call me a Mother Beatle," chirped **Gracie Fields**, as she skittered onstage at Blackpool for a comeback after three years of goodbye on the Isle of Capri. To the oldsters, however, the sassy honey was still "Our Gracie," and 3,000 of them stomped, clapped, wept and cheered for more as she hummed through her old routines, from by-the-key wheezes to such sticky trademarks as *Now Is the Hour*. "It isn't the money—I'm not starving, you know," murmured Gracie, who in her prime hit up to $750,000 a year. "I just have a lot of energy. I know I'm 66, but I feel 36."

• • •

"O'Hara said to me, 'O.K., you can write,' " recalls Author **Courtlandt Dixon Barnes Bryan**, 28. He likes to be kind of spare, John O'Hara-type dialogue, and no wonder, since he is the novelist's stepson, child of O'Hara's third wife by her first marriage. "John," he says, "taught me a good deal about writing dialogue," and the blond, bespectacled Yaleman ('58) showed how well he had learned by winning the $10,000 Harper Prize for unpublished novels, which means that Harper & Row will publish his *P. S. Wilkinson* in January. C.D.B. has reached a certain critical plateau, however. Since *The New Yorker* published his first short story in 1962, O'Hara has read his work only after it appears in print.

• • •

Narrow as an arrow but fetching as an etching, **Geraldine Chaplin**, Charlie's unmatched little girl, paired herself off with British Actor Richard Johnson, 36, for a romp about Chillon Castle in England, where Johnson is playing Kim Novak's leading man in Paramount's production of *The Amorous Adventures of Moll Flanders*. "I think he's the most marvelous man," Geraldine rejoiced. "We're very fond of each other—it's obvious, isn't it?" Johnson responded. But, he added, there is "no question of an engagement"—at least at this stage." They only met in London six weeks ago.



CHAPLIN & JOHNSON
So soon.

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CUSTOMS

The Bonanza Machine

"A lottery," wrote Political Econo-ist Sir William Petty in the 17th cen-ury, "is properly a tax upon unfortu-ate, self-conceited fools. The Sover-ign should have guard of these fools, ven as in the case of lunatics and idi-ts." Sir William's prim strictures have en echoed through the centuries by ose who are certain of what's good r their fellow man. Labor unions have acked lotteries as a pernicious tax on e poor, businessmen have deplored eir tendency to tie up huge sums of oney, and moralists have frowned on ing to get something for nothing. t for good or ill, in one form or an-her, the lottery has been pressed into rvice for many a worthy cause—from ancing the American Revolution to the form of bingo) the endowment U.S. churches.

In New Hampshire last week came e big payoff on the first major U.S. tery since the crime-ruled Louisiana tery brought the Federal Govern-nt down on it in the 1890s. As a re-. New Hampshire's public school em was about $2,500,000 richer, U.S. Treasury was looking forward $570,000 in taxes, 1,992 tickets were ing off a total of $1,800,000.

One in a Thousand. New Hampshire's tery Commission had to egg-walk its through a maze of federal rules regulations designed to make a e lottery all but impossible. As chief walker they sagaciously chose a ar of probity—ex-FBI Agent Ed-d J. Powers, 51, who helped break ston's famed Brinks robbery. So far, epstakes Chief Powers has well ed his $20,000 salary.

It is illegal to transport lottery tickets oss a state line. Powers' solution was to issue tickets at all. Purchasers to go to one of the state's two race cks or 49 liquor stores, where, on ment of $3, a clerk activated a ma-e which exposed a ticket on which bettor wrote his name and address. machine thereupon swallowed the t and issued him an "acknowledge-" which presumably may be trans-ed anywhere, sent through the mail, en thrown away. The rolls of tick-were collected from the machines, nfirmed and stored in a bank vault. very time $1,000,000 worth of tick-was sold, a drawing was staged—every one naturally produced a ying set of stories, pictures and in the newspapers. The 333,334 ets were packed into a great trans-rt drum. A smaller drum contained mes of the 332 horses nominated the sweepstakes. One by one, in full w of an audience, beautiful girls drew ticket from each drum, thereby ching each horse with a lucky tick-holder—the odds in favor of being lucky, obviously, were slightly less than one in a thousand.

But the promised rewards were glittering: one hundred thousand dollars went to each person with a ticket on the winning horse; $50,000 to the ticket holders whose horse ran second; $25,000 to those whose horse ran third. Also-rans would divide a pot of $360,000, depending on how many horses actually ran in the race, which were a lot fewer than the 332 nominated, owing largely to the $1,500 entrance fee for each competing horse. Last week only eleven horses ran. Those with tickets on the eight also-rans won $7,500 each. Those with tickets on one of the 321 non-runners won $202.49 apiece. And there were altogether six drawings, making six prizes in every category.

When the favorite, Roman Brother, sprinted in ahead of the pack by a half-length, whoops of joy resounded from Flushing, Mich., to Hyattsville, Md.* Two winners were actually on hand to witness their triumph. Mrs. Frank Malkus, wife of a Carteret, N.J., barber, burst into tears, displayed her rosary, sobbing, "I held this the whole time." Paul Cordone, a beverage distributor from Gloversville, N.Y., stood up under his $100,000 winnings more philosophically. "I'm even with horses for life," he exclaimed.

Happiness came by telegram to the other winners, since Post Office regulations prohibit sending any lottery information by mail. Prize money was deposited in the winners' names in the Merchants National Bank of Manchester, and it was up to them to get it out by normal banking procedure.

Getting into the Game. This week tickets go on sale for the first of New Hampshire's two sweepstakes scheduled for 1965. Kentucky is considering a similar sweepstakes, and California is planning to hold a referendum in November on a proposal for a straight lottery at $2 a ticket, with drawings every month for prizes totaling $9,000,000.

There are still a few bugs in the bonanza machine. Internal Revenue has ruled that the gross wagers in the sweepstakes are subject to the 10% federal gaming tax, collectable from the state Lottery Commission. New Hampshire contends that this tax, passed in early May as a device to prosecute bookies on a tax rap, should not apply to funds being used for educational purposes. Another difficulty is the proliferation of operators who arrange to purchase tickets for out-of-staters for a fee. New Hampshire, a small state, proved easy to police. But Department of Justice officials blanch at the thought of the big-time Cosa Nostras that might move into the situation if states like California or New York get into the lottery game.

The Justice, Treasury and Post Office Departments have been working closely with the Lottery Commission's general counsel, Joseph Millimet, to try to keep everything as legal as possible. One Justice Department spokesman admits that much of the navigating has to be done by the seat of the pants. "Until we get court interpretations of a lot of these things, we won't really know," he said last week. "This is a headache for us, and it's probably going to be a headache for a long time."

DRAWING FOR THE NEW HAMPSHIRE SWEEPSTAKES
For some a headache, for a few a message of joy.

* Just two days earlier, Robert and Mary Froner of Brooklyn—married four months—hit a twin double at New York's Roosevelt Raceway for a U.S. record win of $172,726 on a $2 ticket.

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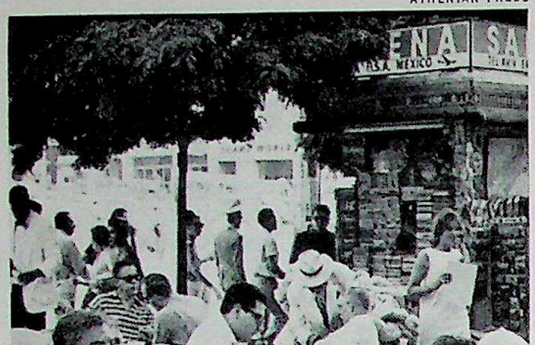
ATHENIAN PRESS



U.S. TOURISTS IN ATHENS
Sell the guitar but see the world.

TRAVEL

The Lovely American

Five years ago, even a child could tell: the American tourist was the middle-aged fellow in the sponge-soled shoes, the one who had not come to Europe to share his bathroom with a whole hotel and was not about to leave until he got a snap of the *Mona Lisa*, and not behind glass either. These days, however, the camera-carrying, sports-shirt-wearing crowd is more likely to hail from Munich or Marseille.

The American? He's still around, but his haunts have changed, and so have his looks: he is younger now—often no more than 20—and far less affluent. He crosses the ocean on a charter flight, not a luxury liner, carries no steamer trunk but a single (generally battered) suitcase, and sometimes gets along on a knapsack. He travels in a Volkswagen (also generally battered) or a second-hand scooter, or he hitchhikes. He will stay in hostels or third-class hotels but prefers to bed down in a sleeping bag, never cares what his food is cooked in so long as it is native to the country he is in. The oldtime tourist still holes up at the Ritz and orders three-star meals, but he is vastly outranked by the kids who storm the Continent in increasing numbers every year and leave the U.S. image agreeably altered.

Loitering for Nuggets. While countries conditioned to a tourist economy admit that the new wave does not wash up much money on the shore, local officials profess not to care. Said the manager of an Athens hotel: "They never dispute the bills, as the Germans and French do, and they're less haughty than the English." Adds a grateful long-time resident of Rome: "They don't gripe like the oldsters do. They are prepared to be adaptable and anxious not to miss a thing." Remarkably enough, they rarely do.

Mornings, they might take off an hour and find a quiet beach, but they are back in the thick of it before the cathedrals close and bistros beckon them on to a glass of Campari, *retsina*, or *vin ordinaire*. At some point, of course, they find time to troop into the local American Express, where on a good day, a persevering type can manage to meet a friend, down a Coke, pick up his mail and a girl as well.

Passing the Hat. Nonetheless, not all critics think the change is for the good. "Which is preferable," asks a German travel agent, "the grotesque, quasi-colonialist old-style tourists, or the traveling beatniks, who bum their way from city to city, sing folk songs and pass the hat in real and phony artists' dives, and accept any job that will subsidize their tours?" Any Parisian who caught the act along the Rue Scribe this summer would be hard put to make the choice. Daily, the area around American Express headquarters swarmed with disheveled U.S. youths who were so desperate for a hitchhike that they stuck up placards along the walls, and were so broke that they monopolized the sidewalks, hawking everything from motor scooters to souvenir T shirts or even their guitars. The French press, forgetting it was the Filthy Rich Americans that they had always despised, professed horror at what they dubbed "the American Flea Market."

Still and all, the new tourist is generally acknowledged to be less blight than blessing. He is friendly and energetic, full of spirit and a genuine desire to learn customs and language, not just cuisine. Most of all, he is determined to get away from the flashy focus of life at the center and find the crevices and corners that tell what a country is all about. Some, of course, go too far, end up reverse snobs who can easily afford to stay at a spanking-clean, well-located "name" hotel, but would rather die than pass up the "typical English" atmosphere offered, for not a single shilling less, by a quaint old inn that is not only musty and dusty but also assures its guests that the bathroom will be a good long hike away down the hall.

FASHION

The Inventive Africans

She was allergic to the sun, terrified of snakes and never met an elephant she couldn't do without, but Jenny Bell Bechtel came home from her first safari with big game under her belt and a blazing career in the bag.

She didn't even have to go deep into the bush around Nairobi to trap her trophies but found them already wrapped, breast-high, around the ladies in the mud huts. To them, the *kikoi* was only a brightly colored piece of cloth, good enough to wear to market, but nothing a native would get restless about. Stunning, thought Jenny Bell, a bought some, intending to turn the into tablecloths. But back in Manhatta she realized that the Kenya hut had been right all along: the *kikois* w dashing as dresses. She ran up a tentative models, found the response enthusiastic that she ran up a few mo Lord & Taylor ordered 1,000, promptly sold them; so did Dallas' N man-Marcus.

Though she is a touch too pretty look as if she knew what she was do Jenny Bell, 36, is no fashion fledgl While still a college girl at Sweet B she made the cover of *Mademoi* Magazine ("It was scrubbed looks bangs they were after"). Two years er, she found that no one cared if scrubbed or grew grimy, ("Sophist ed models were the ones who got jobs decided to try her hand at desig instead. After 17 jobs and 13 years Manhattan's 7th Avenue, she was employed. "Manufacturers," she plained, "never did what I asked to." Some friends who lived in Ke invited her to go on a safari. She ju at the chance and onto the next plan

Back this month from a third e dition, Jenny Bell displayed her ware *kikois* galore, plus 100 Spanish picked up on a stop in Madrid. H some enough on parquet, the rugs look even better on girls, Jenny thinks, when she shapes them into ning gowns. As for her transfor *kikois*, this year, like last, the styles vary only slightly—some are sleeve some two-piece, some shifts and s full-length. But though every *kikoi* a border and a sunburst or some sc work in the middle, the material of is unique. Most come inscribed wi message in Swahili, and the girl cares enough to dig up an interp may find she is advertising "Lov like Grass." For as little as $2 presto! A walking fortune cookie.

JENNY BELL IN KIKOI & SPANISH-RUG
Out of the bush and off the

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AVANT-GARDE

Stuffed Bird at 48 Sharp

The idea, the director explained, is a collage of music with action."

The music was electronic, but the action was clearly electrifying as Karlheinz Stockhausen's *Originale* was presented as the top event of Manhattan's second annual Avant-Garde Festival.

It all started when Cologne's small Theater am Dom commissioned Stockhausen, 36, Germany's leading exponent of nonmusical music, to do a play. Stockhausen had eight friends with artistic talents of sorts—a painter, a poet, an amateur moviemaker, a Korean

MODEL STRIPPING

composer, a newspaper vendor, a street singer and two musicians. He also had a 94-minute composition called *Kontakte*, which blended canned electronic sounds and instrumental music. He wrote a "score" in which his various friends were instructed to perform all or part of their specialties on a rigid time schedule coordinated to the composition. Scandalized city fathers, who had made all these goings-on possible through a subsidy to the arts, tried to ban the production.

Bearded Beats. No avant-gardist could resist a success like that, and when an English translation became available this year, the New York festival's sponsors leaped at it. Allan Kaprow, the inventor of "happenings," was signed up as director, and Allen Ginsberg, grand old man of the beats, was persuaded to take on the exacting role of the poet. The opening at Judson Hall could not have been more auspicious; it was picketed by a rival group calling itself "Fluxus," bearing signs: "Fight the rich man's snob art." Fluxus Leader Henry Flynt favors "compositions" in which a group of people assemble in a dark room while ether is blown through the air vents.

The New York production featured two white hens, a chimpanzee, six fish floating in two bowls suspended from the ceiling, a shapely model stripping to her black lace panties and bra, and a young man who squirted himself all over with shaving lather and then jumped into a tub of water.

Fish in Bowls. As the *Kontakte* musical score—a mixture of taped airport drones, traffic noise, radio static, mixed in with homemade sounds from drum, piano, saxophone and cello—unwinds, the performers follow carefully drawn stage directions. At 48 minutes sharp, for instance, the percussionist is instructed to "feed all animals, fish in bowls, birds and/or fowl in cages or wooden crates. A stuffed bird in cage is also fed." The director is told "to enter with an ape or with a pack of dogs on leash." At 68 minutes, the painter is instructed to "begin throwing nails on magnetic surface."

Cellist Charlotte Moorman, who had a concert to herself earlier in the festival in which she played a duet with a mechanized robot equipped with twirling foam-rubber breasts, is told at 36 minutes to "play and sing for four minutes." She can perform anything she likes, so one night she played a Boccherini piece, another night Bach. At 15 minutes, during "a long pause," she is free to do whatever she wants and made dark plans to give Poet Ginsberg a much needed shave, "if he does not resist too much."

Also Beans. Viewer participation was induced by bombarding the audience with leaflets, pink toilet paper, dried beans and rotten green apples. One thoroughly Stockhausened blonde thought apples were for eating, but the rest of the gardists in the audience knew better. They responded by pelting the actors with the fruit. The hall was packed for all five performances.

Back in Cologne, Stockhausen was unmoved either by the critical jeers or the audience's muffled cheers. "The play gave me an experience I should not want to miss. Everything else is of no interest to me," says he.

BURTON BERINSKY

STOCKHAUSEN'S "ORIGINALE" AT JUDSON HALL
The apples weren't for eating.

SONGS

Dolly's My Sunflower

Everywhere you go, it's *Hello, Dolly!* Everybody is doing it: modern jazz groups, Dixieland groups, dance bands. Paul Anka, Frank Sinatra, Peter Nero, Al Hirt, Benny Goodman, Andy Williams, Steve Lawrence, Andre Kostelanetz. "I guess there hasn't been a big hit like this since *Star Dust*," says Manhattan Disk Jockey William B. Williams.

Jerry Herman originally wrote it just as a production number to get Carol Channing onstage in the second act of his Broadway musical. Then Louis Armstrong's recording hit the counters. Typically, Satchmo gave it a rasping rhythm and lowdown authority—qualities it never had in the original—and his single recording knocked the Beatles right off the top of the bestselling lists. Both Republicans and Democrats wanted to cash in on the song's popularity, but *Dolly* Producer David Merrick, a loyal Democrat, gave the tune exclusively to Johnson for *Hello, Lyndon!* and threatened to sue Barry Goldwater if he dared use it.

Now Los Angeles Composer Mack David says *Dolly* is his and Herman is a pirate. *Dolly,* he charges, is really the *Sunflower* song, which he wrote in 1948, and his publisher is ready to sue Herman for copyright infringement. The beginning of the refrain, "Hello, Dolly, well, hello, Dolly, it's so . . ." is identical, says the publisher, with "She's a sunflower, she's my sunflower." Herman concedes this, but points out that after the first notes "the songs take off in different directions." Whether she's Herman's *Dolly* or David's *Sunflower,* she's still glowing, crowing, going strong.

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MUSEUMS

Napoleonic Dandy

The Island of Corsica is notorious for its ill-tempered *Cap Corse* aperitifs, its vile *figatelli* sausage, and Napoleon, who left it as soon as he could. It is not known for art; yet the capital of Ajaccio (pop. 32,000) has a rich remnant of what was once one of Europe's

BOTTICELLI'S "VIRGIN WITH GARLAND"
Once thought a fake.

greatest collections. Ajaccio used to think that the thousand paintings in the municipal museum were fakes, but the late Bernard Berenson disproved that judgment in 1959. Now the collection is becoming a focus of European art interest.

While Napoleon was busy collecting countries, his maternal half uncle, a priest named Joseph Fesch, was busy collecting art. Pulling rank (he soon became a cardinal) Fesch acquired Dutch masters, Italian primitives and renaissance greats. Waterloo meant little to Fesch; he simply moved into the Vatican; but after that he had to rely more on his eye. Once in a junk shop he spied a cupboard with a finely painted door, even though one plank was missing. Later, he found the missing section as part of a stool. Today the picture is on view in the Vatican museum—Leonardo da Vinci's *St. Jerome*.

Fesch once guessed that he owned 30,000 art works. He bequeathed 1,000 of them to a "study museum" in Ajaccio. The museum is still too small to show more than a fourth of the collection at a time, and there is no accurate catalogue for the Botticellis, Bellinis and Lorenzo di Credis that vie for wall space. Nevertheless it is, indirectly, the best thing Napoleon ever did for Corsica.

PAINTING

Most Happy Fella

Robert Rauschenberg is utterly open-minded in defining art. He has painted completely black pictures and completely white ones. Once he tried making pictures out of dirt packed in boxes; when grass sprang up, he was delighted. Wheedling a drawing out of Willem de Kooning, the dean of abstract expressionists, he laboriously erased it, and then boldly displayed it under the label *Erased De Kooning Drawing, Robert Rauschenberg 1953*.

The boyish, lean Texan, now 38, is thus the most relentless experimenter in U.S. art. Experiment has led him to make much coy or trashy art, but also it has eventually led him to such original and important work as *Tracer* (*opposite page*). He won the Venice Biennale this summer, and his works are now as well known in London and Tokyo as in New York. He and his friend Jasper Johns are the leading painters of their generation.

Truth in Garbage. Rauschenberg has been called a neo-Dadaist, a belated abstract expressionist, a junk assemblagist, a pop artist, a hyper-cubist, even an anti-artist and, of course, a nut. "Great!" he says. "I like that. I'm only concerned when the critics stop changing their minds and get a fix on me." Getting a fix is hard because change is the essence of his experimentation. Yet at the heart of Rauschenberg's work is a clear conviction that a heightened order of truth can be found in everything and anywhere, even in the garbage dump. "Art," he says, in what must be one of its broadest definitions, "is what things become when you use them." His pictures provoke the thought, as an English critic put it, that if a viewer could "switch to Rauschenberg-vision, everything in the world would become a beautiful work of art. Even himself."

"Painting relates to both art and life," Rauschenberg once said. "I try to act in the gap between the two." For him, painting must neither seek the illusion of being something nor become the projection of the self onto the canvas, as it was for Abstract Expressionists Pollock and Kline. Nor is painting social protest to a man of always sunny disposition: "I like society and don't want to leave it."

Helicopters & Rubens. It is this attitude that made Rauschenberg a primordial pop artist, and now allows him to transcend pop's implicit danger of banality. He has reopened the question of whether or not artists—after 50 years of peering into the unconscious mind—can again approach the everyday world of facts, events, objects and images, rip them from their common contexts and give the familiar an unfamiliar beauty.

Juxtaposed in *Tracer* are Army helicopters, a Rubens nude, a bald eagle, a street scene, all balanced in color harmonies and anchored by skeletal perspective boxes. As pure forms in relation, they make amusing pictorial sense—the ethereal blue nude seated on a parti-colored pedestal. There is no hidden allegory—no esoteric relationship between the birds and the helicopters. No set of footnotes is needed to explain the picture. Still, its images come from the real world and therefore evoke, as Rauschenberg's dealer, Leo Castelli, puts it, "something deeper, more visceral than pure optics."

Sorcerer's Apprentice. Born in Port Arthur, Texas, of German and Cherokee Indian parentage, Rauschenberg served as a naval corpsman until the end of World War II. A talent for sketching led him to the Kansas City Art Institute, then on to Paris. In 1950 he read in TIME that the greatest undisciplinarian in the U.S. was Josef Albers, and returned to study with him at North Carolina's Black Mountain College. "I consider Albers the most important teacher I've ever had," says Rauschenberg, "and I'm sure he considers me one of his poorest students." Albers says he wasn't quite.

Rauschenberg's student years sound like the mishaps of the sorcerer's apprentice. His photography became better known than his painting. He fiddled with exposing blueprint paper, and Larry ran a "Speaking of Pictures" page for them in 1951. He married briefly. When that broke up, he wandered to North Africa, where he made fetishlike sculptures out of sticks, stones, boxes and

TORE JOHNSON—BLACK STAR

RAUSCHENBERG & HIS DOOR
Never waste an image.

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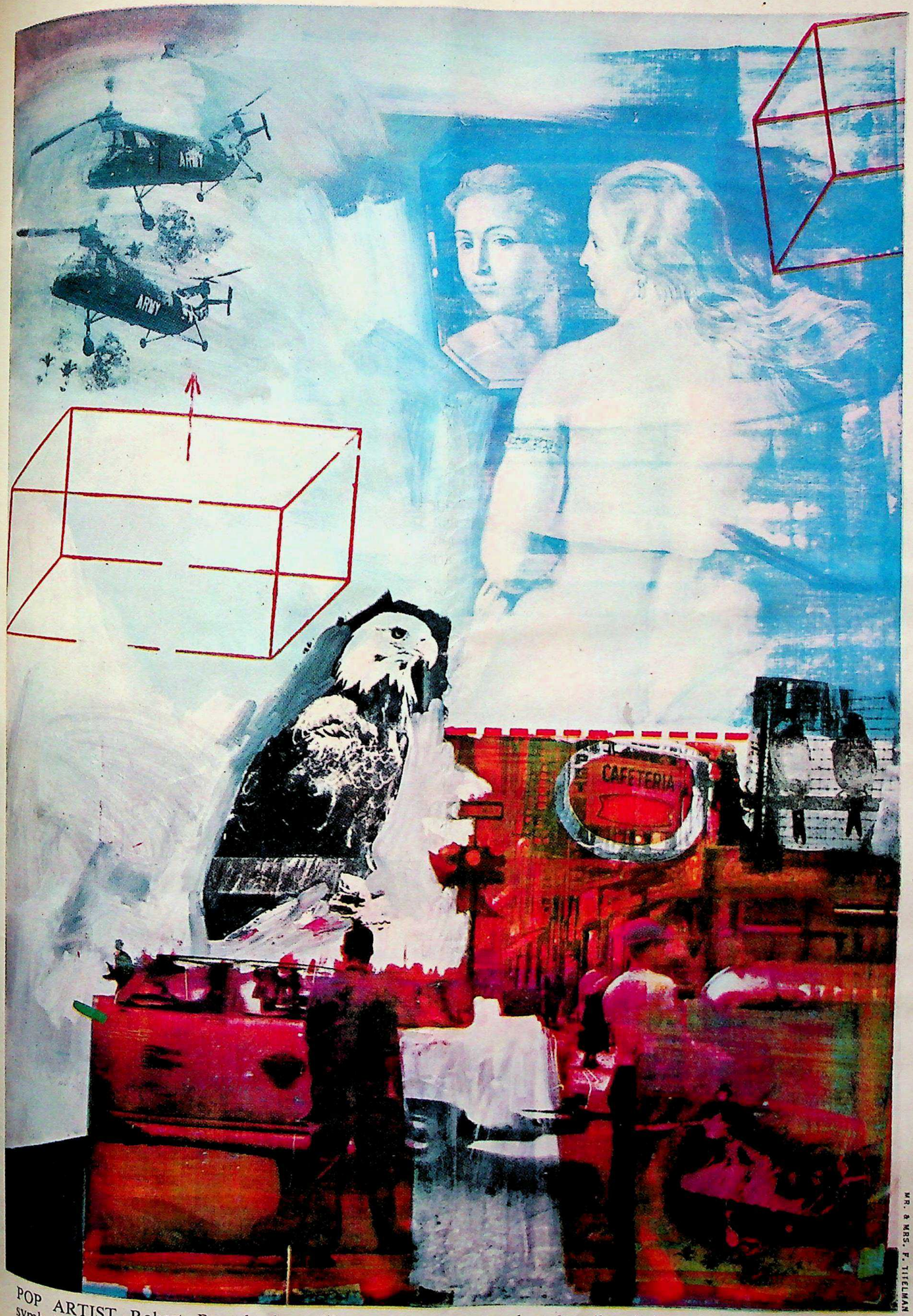
RAUSCHENBERG'S JUXTAPOSITIONS



MR. & MRS. F. TITELMAN

POP ARTIST Robert Rauschenberg likes to set symbols in contention. For 1964 *Tracer*, he silk-screened and collaged images in ambiguous relationships, suggesting that life is essentially irrational.

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LEO CASTELLI

"BED" was made during lean period in 1955 when Rauschenberg had nothing to paint on. Viewers may suspect vestiges of ax murder, but artist says "it is one of the friendliest pictures I've ever painted."

COLLECTION OF THE ARTIST

HEINZ ZINRAM

"MONOGRAM" was four years in making because artist felt that stuffed Angora goat never conveyed symbolic collision until he ran rubber tire around it.

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rope, which he took to Italy. A Florence art dealer halfheartedly exhibited them, and a Florence art critic wholeheartedly panned them, suggesting that he throw the whole bunch into the river. Not uncharacteristically, Rauschenberg went to the banks of the Arno and did.

Returning to Manhattan loft life, Rauschenberg scoured the streets and junk shops for objects to add to his paintings. Stuffed roosters, pillows, Coke bottles, clocks and a telephone took popped out in his work. He even made his bed into a painting; having run out of canvas, he decided to paint on his quilt. "I just couldn't get the paint to overcome the geometric patterns of the quilt," explains the artist. "I decided I've got to admit it's a quilt." One admission led to another, so he added his pillow, and then some sheets. Hence *Bed* (*see opposite page*).

Another such adventure in the gap between art and life concerns a stuffed Angora goat with a tire around its tummy. Such agglomerations of oils and objects Rauschenberg calls "combines," for they bridge the gap without being either side.

Frottage. Recently, Rauschenberg has stopped incorporating objects into his work. He uses images of them from newspapers, color comics and magazine pictures. He squirts lighter fluid on the pictures, presses them on his drawing paper, and transfers the images by rubbing on them with an inkless ballpoint pen—a technique called *frottage*. For his oils such as *Tracer,* he uses the silk-screen stenciling process to print photographs that strike him. "I feel it's so wasteful not to use the images you find around you," he says. In 1960 he finished 34 delicate *frottage* drawings to illustrate Dante's *Inferno,* and by using multiple images achieved an effect that neither Botticelli nor Blake, Doré nor Dali, would have dreamed of: he put each entire canto on a single sheet of paper.

When he takes time off from painting, Rauschenberg is usually with the avant-garde Merce Cunningham ballet company. Ballet is an art form that he likes because "my scale has always been in sympathy with theatrical values." He designs costumes, props and sets for them, even choreographed his own ballet, called *Pelican,* in which he wears a parachute and roller skates.

Last week Rauschenberg was with the ballet in Stockholm, halfway through a six-month world tour. He revisited a cottage combine door that he gave the Swedish Museum of Art in 1961, and was pleased to find it in good repair—down to the last bottle cap and bread crumb. When the tour is over, he should find a nearly bare studio in Manhattan, since he asked a friend to throw out all the silk screens he made before leaving. "Art shouldn't be a pillow you can fall asleep on," says Rauschenberg, who makes art out of pillows. From the looks of things, it is doubtful he will be caught napping.

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ACTRESSES

Housewife in Houriland

It should be a cold day somewhere when the reigning American sex queen is a middle-aged housewife, but that is the situation now. Hollywood's highest flying skirts and tightest slacks now belong to Carroll Baker. Through simooms of expensive publicity, she occupies the place of Marilyn Monroe and all the Lana Turners, Jean Harlows, and Theda Baras before her.

She is the varsity sexpot in *The Carpetbaggers,* swinging seminude on a tinkling chandelier (TIME, July 3). She is completing a picture called *Sylvia,* in which she plays a call girl who was raped by her father when she was 13. And most notably, she will begin work next month on Joe Levine's production of *Harlow,* inspired by Irving Shulman's keyholing biography.

Carroll Baker is also something new in sex bombs in that she can act quite respectably; but her background at least has the familiar, tempestuous sound of some of the biographies of her predecessors. Her father is a farmer *manqué* who now runs an appliance store in Pittsburgh. "Our household had much strife," Carroll says. "If I ever write an autobiography, I will start at 18. I don't like to concentrate on things that are morbid. My parents gave me nothing spiritual or ethical or moral—no set of standards by which to live." When she went to Pittsburgh for the local première of *The Carpetbaggers,* her father refused to see her. He hasn't spoken to her for ten years.

Her father and mother were divorced when she was eleven. Her mother remarried and moved to Florida, where Carroll met a magician called The Great Volta. Volta trained her to do her own magic act. She could pluck priceless treasures out of thin air, or shake up a boxful of loose stones, reach in, and remove a tiara. All this was done by wires and other devices, since Karol Carroll (as she was billed) was insufficiently nimble for true prestidigitation.

On the Mound. Later, she became a nightclub chorine in Manhattan and was briefly married to an aging ex-furrier. She tried TV commercials and was the sweet young pause that refreshes for Coca-Cola. Those were the days of live commercials and live dramas, all on the same set. "I looked at the actors," says Carroll, "and thought, 'Well, gee, I don't know what the big deal is. Learning how to do magic must be harder than learning to act.' "

She proved, incredibly, that this was so. She joined the Actors Studio and was soon winning good notices on Broadway for her part in Robert Anderson's *All Summer Long.* She played the daughter of Elizabeth Taylor and Rock Hudson in 1956's *Giant,* whose director, George Stevens, was so impressed with her that he declared her as promising a rookie as young Whitey Ford of the New York Yankees.

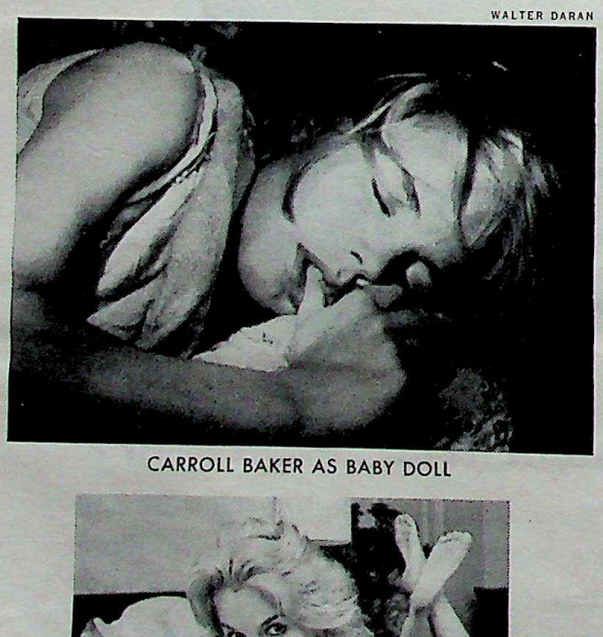
But the film that established her and has almost forced the shape of her career was Tennessee Williams' *Baby Doll,* in which she lay in a crib sucking her thumb, a physically developed, mentally retarded 19-year-old symbol of unprotected sex. Its seduction scene—in a garden swing—is still discussed by old men on winter evenings. "It's amazing that *Baby Doll* is the one movie I've done that no one has forgotten," she says now. "I tried to get away into different parts, but I find that audiences want me as an image only in the one way."

Ready to Go. There is something wrong, though. The harsh truth is that no one—not even Joe Levine with the greatest possible Volta—could turn Carroll Baker into the luscious figure head of sex that she is advertised to be. She is simply not the type. In *The Carpetbaggers,* she wears all sorts of tight-fitting slacks and radioactive sweaters clothes, but she always looks like a suburban mother who is not quite ready. The suggestion of Mann Act joy that she achieved in *Baby Doll* has been frittered away. Capping her head with platinum has cheapened but not ripened her.

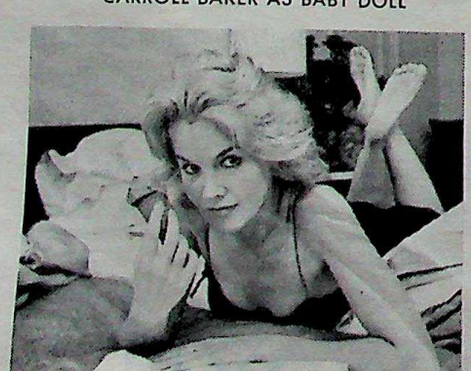
It is not her fault. At 33, she is an uneccentric star, who is only—as she has in her life—trying to do what is expected of her, rather than what she herself might prefer. At the moment she is gamely making personal appearances in transparent dresses to plug the Broadway board coquettes of her present and future films. She sends her children, Blanche and Herschel, to Beverly Hills public school, and methodically charts her career with her husband, Director Jack Garfein. Her one unusual hobby is eating ice cream cones for breakfast every day.

Preparing herself for *Harlow,* she is dutifully smoking through a cigarette holder, dropping a shoulder strap, reading all of Harlow's movies, and reading everything that has been written about her. "I'm going to try to capture her importance—her image on the screen," says Carroll Baker. "And as far as her insides go, I don't think it will be too hard. There's not much difference in women who suffer."

WALTER DARAN



CARROLL BAKER AS BABY DOLL



EATING ICE CREAM AT HOME

PRACTICING FOR HARLOW

They want her only in a sexy way.

COMEDIANS

The Campaign Jokes

Following the death of President Kennedy, political humor all but ceased to be a genre of show business. Not long after candidates were back on the stump and fustian had returned to the air, comedians were still relatively silent. Mort Sahl was practically the only nominee in 1960 (TIME Cover, Aug. 15, 1960), but last spring and summer neither he nor any other comic made a significant bid for new stature in the field. Yet now that the actual campaign has begun, the nation's comedians have felt the call to duty, and they seem to be ready.

Sahl, for example, says that Lyndon Johnson is "the first President in

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...ry to put the country in his wife's ...me." Mentioning Bobby Baker, Mort ...ds: "Bobby gave Lyndon an expen... ...e stereo set, but Lyndon wasn't really ...ppy with it. What Lyndon really ...nted was components—something ...t could be hidden away in closets."

...Ivy Lyndon. Negro Comedian Dick ...gory, working at the Crescendo in ...s Angeles, has entered the campaign ... "You know when I found out that ...ldwater is square? When he called ...ndon Johnson Ivy League." And, ...m going to vote for Johnson in ...vember, if for no other reason than ...t he talks like us." Goldwater? "He's ... only cat who could stand on the ...el border and get shot at from both ...s."

...For his first TV show of the new sea... ...next week, Bob Hope has already ...d a couple of political notes. "It was ...ling the way Johnson chose his run... ...g mate at the convention," goes one. ...e just picked Humphrey up by his ..." About the President's anti-pov... ...bill, Hope quips: "From now on, it's ...inst the law to be poor—unless ...re a Republican, and then it's ex... ...ed of you."

...Mark Russell says that the Senator ...etimes signs his name "Barry Gold... ...r, L.B.J." That is, "Little Bit Jew... ... Russell, who has been working at ...by Baker's Carousel motel in Ocean ..., Md., and opens at the Shoreham ...Washington, D.C., next week, will be ...g with him another item that con... ...s Hubert Humphrey, Phar. D. "The ... that Humphrey has a degree in ...rmacy would be very handy," says ...ell. "Some hot day, Johnson could ...'Hubert, make me a malted.' "

Goldbottle's Boys. In Greenwich Vil... ... a trio called Jim, Jake, and Joan ...ear at the Bitter End Café doing ...ginary interviews. Sample:

Interviewer: Mrs. Johnson, what was ...first thing you did when you moved ...the White House?

Lady Bird: I sold my slaves.

...ear by, at another coffeehouse ...d Phase Two, Resident Satirist ...k Lee Wilde observes that Bobby ...nedy is the only person who has ...yet been Premier of South Viet ...—"and that is simply because they ...e a residence requirement." So Ken... ...y is traveling around New York ...e instead, and "at every stop he ...s the carpetbag and out jumps ...or Wagner."

...ewhere in Greenwich Village, the ...at The Premise is telling its audi... ...s that Goldwater's first major ad... ...as President will begin as follows: ... . . . nine . . . eight . . . seven ... six . . . five . . . four . . ." To ...one who might wonder what life ...ld be like under President Gold... ...r, the answer is: "Brief."

* * *

...Comedians are not the only show... ...ess volunteers on the satirical side ...e campaign. The word is that Dean ...rn has calmed the fears of Sammy Davis Jr. by telling him: "Don't worry, Sammy. If Goldwater wins, I'll buy you." And an outfit called Panic Productions has released an LP album called *I'd Rather Be Far Right Than President*, which imaginatively follows Goldwater to victory and into office, chronicling his first presidential moves, such as withdrawing recognition from Britain, India, Sweden, and Switzerland, kicking the man from the New York Times out of a press conference, warring on poverty with thermonuclear bombs, installing a nuclear warhead in every privately owned plane in the country, and talking with Khrushchev on his ham radio. Says Khrush: "How's by you, Goldbottle?"

Another LP album, called *Folk Songs for Conservatives*, was purportedly recorded at a "hatenanny" where groups like the Four Bigots and Noel X and His Unbleached Muslims sang such traditional folk material as *Hang Earl Warren to a Sour Apple Tree.*

Among conventional performers, Manhattan's Plaza 9 and the Chad Mitchell Trio have recorded an item called *Barry's Boys*:

Why, Dad once crusaded for Sacco-Vanzetti,
Now all we're doing is doing the same for Jean Paul Getty . . .
We're Barry's boys.

The real Barry's boys are obviously taking a lot of guff from all over, but at least they have not lost their own sense of humor. At Goldwater's national headquarters in Washington, the faithful are cheerfully prepared to supply on request any and all good jokes they have heard about their man. For example, they offer this one about the moment when Barry gets sworn in as President. "Repeat after me," says Chief Justice Warren: "I swear to protect this nation against its enemies, foreign and domestic, so help me God."

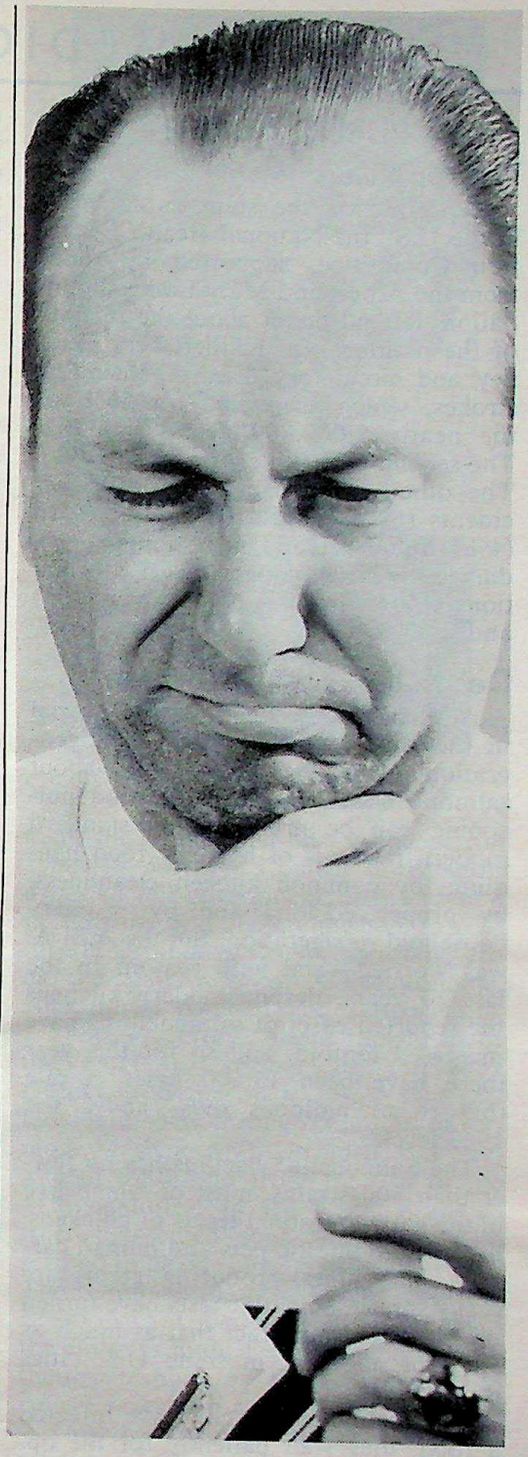
"I swear," repeats Barry, "to protect this nation against its enemies foreign and domestic, so help me God. You're under arrest, Warren."

BOX OFFICE

The Unsinkable Molly Green

This week, as *The Unsinkable Molly Brown* begins its tenth and final week at Manhattan's Radio City Music Hall, the picture will set an alltime Music Hall record for box-office gross—something close to $2,000,000. About 21,000 people a day have been queuing their way to *Molly* despite all the heat of summer. She thus breaks the $1,885,335 record of 1962's *That Touch of Mink*, a Cary Granter, which in turn replaced *Fanny* ($1,573,580), which in turn replaced *The Great Caruso* ($1,390,943).

The Music Hall runs a picture as long as it keeps earning at least $102,000 a weekend (actually Thursday through Sunday). Both *Random Harvest* and *The Greatest Show on Earth* ran for eleven weeks, but did not gross as much as the others.

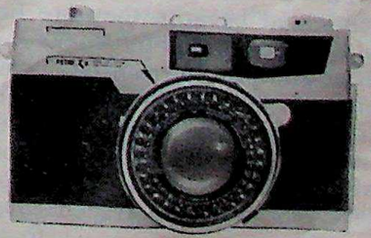


Sh...

Here we go again. Can't you ever listen to me? I told you to use a petri 7S, didn't I?

PETRI® 7S

Our newest feature, the automatically controlled Circle-Eye exposure meter system guarantees you superb pictures every time.



PETRI CAMERA COMPANY, INC.
Tokyo, Japan

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PUBLIC HEALTH

The Top Killers

Reporting on the statistics of death in the U.S., the National Health Education Committee, supported by funds from the Albert and Mary Lasker Foundation, left no doubt about the identity of the nation's No. 1 killer: heart, kidney and circulatory diseases, including strokes, which accounted for 55% of the nearly 2,000,000 deaths in 1962. The second-place killer is cancer (16%). The other major causes of death: accidents (6%), diseases in the newborn (4%), influenza and pneumonia (3%), diabetes (2%), congenital malformations (1%), cirrhosis of the liver (1%) and suicide (1%).

Death Lurks in the Kitchen

At first glance, the solemn editorial in the A.M.A. *Journal* seemed a generation out of date. Why worry about salmonellosis? This form of food poisoning can be prevented by standard modern methods of hygienic food handling; by common kitchen cleanliness, by proper cooking and by ordinary household refrigeration. But the A.M.A. was worried—and with reason. In the last 20 years, despite modern kitchens the reported cases of salmonellosis have increased tenfold, and so far this year there have been 13,500 cases, a rate that is an ominous 69% above the 1963 level.

The Salmonella* bacillus has no fewer than 800 strains, most of which live in the gastrointestinal tracts of chickens, livestock, domestic pets and human carriers. The illness-producing germs are easily spread. Scientific tests have turned up the astonishing fact that as much as 58% of all meat in some U.S. cities is infected.

Once salmonella bacilli have infected a food, they wait patiently for the opportunity to multiply—and one of the places they multiply best is, unfortunately, in U.S. kitchens. Refrigeration curbs but does not kill them; meat or fowl left standing at room temperature for a few hours becomes an ideal breeding place. Unwashed hands and contaminated utensils can also spread the infection. Only thorough cooking kills the germs.

The A.M.A. warns that such foods as cut-up poultry, eggs, prepared meats, cake mixes and custard-filled bakery products are most likely to be contaminated because they are handled so often and so lightly cooked. In May, after 200 people from Utah were stricken with salmonellosis, food detectives traced the cause to infected frozen eggs used by local bakers. An outbreak that affected 300 people in Washington State last year was also traced to a frozen-egg product used in lemon meringue pies. Modern mass-production methods of food processing sometimes help spread salmonella, for one bad egg, one bad chicken, can contaminate a carload.

A healthy person generally gets over salmonella-caused attacks of diarrhea, vomiting and mild fever in two to five days, but in persons already weakened by other diseases, food poisoning can be fatal. In any case, say U.S. Public Health Service doctors, who share the A.M.A.'s concern about salmonella's upsurge, the problem would be solved if only food handlers would keep their hands clean and if housewives would refrigerate food promptly and take the trouble to heat any leftover meat or fowl at a high temperature for three minutes before serving.

* So called in honor of U.S. Pathologist Daniel E. Salmon.

UPI

IMPOSTOR NOVAK
Headed for $40,000.

DOCTORS

Brilliant & Fantastic

Like any conscientious husband and father, Thomas Novak, 29, wanted to do what he could to protect his family's security. His Detroit medical practice was growing steadily, and he applied for a $50,000 life-insurance policy.

It was a perfectly usual thing for a doctor to do, but lean, intense Novak was no usual doctor. A 1953 graduate of Detroit's Chadsey High School, Novak had attended an impressive list of universities—Michigan, Johns Hopkins, and Wayne State University College of Medicine. Yet he had never bothered to enroll or take examinations at any of them; he had simply bought medical books and audited lectures. At Wayne he even outfitted himself with a white surgical gown so he could attend operations along with other medical students. But everywhere he went his [illegible] was to listen, learn, leave.

In 1960, feeling himself prepared [illegible] last to practice, Novak traded a [illegible] contract worth $15,000 for the pra[illegible] of a retiring doctor. Specializing in [illegible] ternal medicine, he built up a pra[illegible] that brought in as many as 40 [illegible] tients a day, wrote an average of [illegible] prescriptions a day, and quickly [illegible] a reputation as a good doctor. W[illegible] asked about the absence of diplo[illegible] on his wall, he said that they [illegible] at home. He seldom mingled with [illegible] leagues or went to medical mee[illegible] lest his masquerade be discovered. [illegible] nurse, the wife of a prominent [illegible] troit physician, described his diagno[illegible] talents as "brilliant." His fees were m[illegible] est ($5 for an office visit, $10 f[illegible] home call), and he was headed f[illegible] $40,000 income.

Then Novak's luck ran out. In a [illegible] tine check with the Michigan Boa[illegible] Registration in Medicine, the insur[illegible] company discovered that Novak [illegible] not licensed. Calling Novak's case [illegible] of the most fantastic deception[illegible] Michigan history," the state att[illegible] general hauled him into court. Last [illegible] Novak was formally indicted for [illegible] ticing without a license—an offense [illegible] could bring him no more than [illegible] months' imprisonment and a $200 [illegible] Novak also faces another relatively [illegible] rap. Because he had barbiturates [illegible] amphetamines in his office, he was [illegible] lating Michigan's dangerous-drug [illegible] Maximum penalty for that offense [illegible] year in prison and a $500 fine.

VIROLOGY

A Vaccine for Cold Sores

To most of its victims, the cold [illegible] that breaks out on the lips is an [illegible] ing, repetitive sign of a not too se[illegible] infection. But unlike its more be[illegible] viral cousins that cause the com[illegible] cold, the herpes simplex virus that [illegible] duces cold sores or fever blisters c[illegible] rare instances cause blindness, [illegible] spreads to the eye, and death, [illegible] reaches the brain. For years medica[illegible] searchers have unsuccessfully attem[illegible] to concoct a herpes vaccine that w[illegible] provide immunity.

Last week the *British Medical J[illegible] nal* finally noted some encouraging [illegible] for cold-sore sufferers; in Paris, a t[illegible] of Pasteur Institute virologists, le[illegible] Dr. Pierre Lépine, has develope[illegible] vaccine that shows definite pro[illegible] They grew herpes simplex virus in [illegible] tures of kidney cells taken from [illegible] embryos; then the live virus was [illegible] activated by exposure to ultravi[illegible] light. As part of the testing progr[illegible] the vaccine was injected into 20 [illegible] tients who suffered from recurrent c[illegible] sores. After one year, eleven of [illegible] patients have had no recurrence [illegible] their herpes simplex eruptions, se[illegible] patients have shown marked improv[illegible] ment, and only two have failed to be[illegible] fit from the vaccine.

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THE VATICAN COUNCIL

Speedup

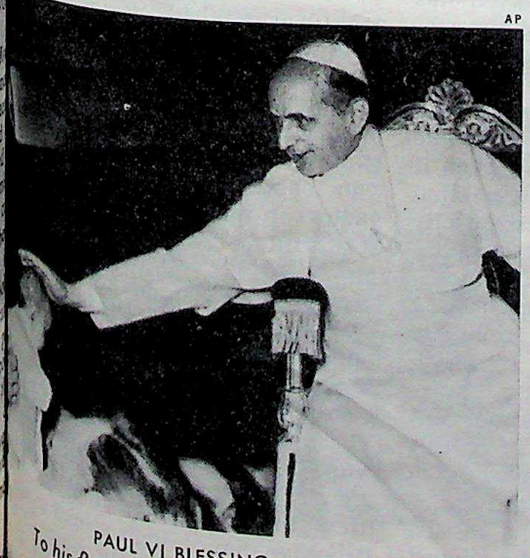
The first two sessions of the Vatican Council proceeded as if the bishops had a leisurely century to do the job. The third, which opens in Rome this week, will act as if the devil were dogging the bishops' footsteps; it promises to be the most productive in accomplishment.

Most Council leaders believe that the bishops have had enough time to impress their flocks back home with set speeches. This fall, prelates must submit copies of their talks five days ahead of time, thereby allowing the four council moderators to weed out repetitions. Moreover, six of the schemata—on the Eastern churches, missionary activity, priests, seminaries, schools, and the religious—will be put to the bishops as take-it-or-leave-it propositions without debate.

Principal Testimony. Streamlining the schemata has left the bishops free to consider the theological issues that will constitute the council's principal testimony: the nature of the church, ecumenism, the duties of bishops, divine revelation, and—if time allows—marriage and the church in the modern world. Also scheduled for debate are two declarations that are strongly backed by the U.S. hierarchy: 1) a ringing affirmation of every man's right to worship as his conscience dictates, and 2) a somewhat less than forthright condemnation of anti-Semitism.

Many Catholics believe that the Council has already completed its essential job, in giving its imprimatur to the worldwide currents of church renewal and in opening the doors to further free debate about still unseen change. Nonetheless, some Vaticanologists believe that a "purple backlash" of bishops whose zest for reform has cooled may hamper the results of the council. Some say prelates who privately shrug off their early enthusiasm for John XXIII may be inclined this session to side with the Roman Curia, which has worked skillfully to limit the council's powers. One sign of this veer toward conservatism: on the Rome press panel set up by the U.S. hierarchy, which offered daily guidance on the council to bishops and priests as well as journalists, three of the most liberal interpreters—German Moral Theologian Bernard Haring, Labor Expert Monsignor George Higgins and Paulist Father John Sheerin of the *Catholic World*—have been replaced by less renewal-minded men.

Prudent Change. Much depends on Pope Paul VI, whose encouragement of church reform has been balanced by a desire to conciliate the Curia professionals he must work with in governing the church. Last week, however, Paul indicated that his sympathies still lie with prudent change. He announced that for the first time in church history a select few nuns and laywomen would attend the council as auditors. And to open the third session, he planned to celebrate a pontifical Mass together with 24 bishops from around the world. Concelebration is an ancient practice restored to the Roman rite by the second session's far-reaching liturgical constitution; it is also a not-so-subtle hint of his support for the progressive idea of collegiality—the theory that the bishops share ruling power over the church with the Pope.



AP

PAUL VI BLESSING
To his flock, a not-so-subtle hint.

ORTHODOXY

His Beatitude the President

To his Turkish enemies he is Satan incarnate; the British press dubbed him Mack the Knife. Western diplomats find him wily and willful, sly and stubborn—the man most likely to fumble the world into war. But in the eyes of the Greeks of Cyprus, His Beatitude Makarios III, Archbishop of Nova Justiniana and all Cyprus, is almost a living saint who can do no wrong. Though he is architect and President of the island republic, Makarios is also head of Cyprus' Orthodox Church, and he spends almost as much energy serving God as bedeviling man.

Instead of an episcopal staff, Makarios, 51, carries a kingly scepter, and he signs all his documents in red ink. These are not the personal eccentricities of the only cleric to govern a sovereign nation, but privileges accorded the archbishops of Cyprus by 5th century Byzantine Emperor Zeno as his tribute to one of Christendom's most ancient strongholds. It was only a dozen years after Jesus' death that the apostle Paul brought Christianity to Cyprus, and Paul's companion, Barnabas, became the island's first bishop and patron saint. In 431, the Council of Ephesus awarded self-government to the church in Cyprus, and its archbishop ranked fifth in Orthodoxy's rigid hierarchy, after the patriarchs of Constantinople, Alexandria, Antioch and Jerusalem.

MAKARIOS BAPTIZING
To his own, an almost saint.

"Nobody Else." About four-fifths of the 450,000 Cypriots are Orthodox Greeks, who cherish a church that suffered with them through centuries of turmoil. Moslem Arabs invaded and devastated the island from the 7th to the 11th centuries; in the 13th, Frankish rulers persecuted monks and priests who refused to pledge allegiance to the Pope. The Ottoman Turks, conquering the island in 1571, paradoxically heightened the church's influence by appointing Orthodox bishops as local ethnarchs to collect taxes and run schools, thus preserving the language, culture, hopes and religion of Greece. By the time Britain took control over Cyprus in 1878, the bishops had lost their civil powers. But the tradition of clerical leadership still prevailed when the Cypriots sought a President after gaining a guarantee of independence from Britain in 1959. "There was no other leader, nobody else but the archbishop," says the dean of Nicosia's seminary.

Son of a farmer, Makarios was born Mikhail Mouskos, entered the 12th century monastery of Kykko at the age of 13, took his present name, which in Greek means blessed, when he became a deacon. Makarios studied theology at the University of Athens, and after his ordination in 1946 he went to Boston University on a World Council of Churches scholarship. He was elected Bishop of Citium two years later, became Archbishop of Cyprus in 1950 at the age of 37.

Orthodox canon law forbids clergymen to kill, and Makarios has never

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been seen with a gun. But he provided leadership and funds for arms to the island's rebels, and during the 1955-59 rebellion Britain exiled him for a year on the Seychelles Islands in the Indian Ocean. Then, admitting defeat, the British invited Makarios to the London settlement talks, and he returned to Cyprus to be elected the first President.

Yet he is rarely called by that title. "The church always comes first," says his aide. "Any priest who wants to can see him at any time, no matter how critical the diplomatic or military situation." The archbishop rises at 6 to pray, spends at least three hours a day fussing with church affairs. He personally approves every application to enter the Nicosia seminary, presides over many marriages and funerals as well as the baptism of all twelfth-born children. Every Sunday, Makarios celebrates the Divine Liturgy in Nicosia's small, dank cathedral. When he preaches, his forceful style and gestures are reminiscent of Billy Graham, whose crusades Makarios watches on film.

Prestige of Office. Makarios has vastly strengthened Cypriot Orthodoxy. He has built twelve new churches in the past five years, provided funds to modernize dozens more, raised the salaries of impoverished village priests. He founded the first Orthodox seminary in Cyprus since the Middle Ages, started a new archdiocesan printing house that puts out a lively and theologically provocative monthly. Makarios is acutely sensitive to the prestige of his office. He has mapped out plans for a vast new cathedral in Nicosia, and lives in a grandiose new archiepiscopal palace fitted with Greek and Cypriot furniture and 19th century French religious art. The church owns nearly 20% of the island's farm land and controls the profitable Cyprus Wine & Spirits Co., which makes beer, wine and brandy.

"Once I have attained my people's aspirations," Makarios says, "I would like to devote myself fully to the Lord's work." Many diplomats who have reluctantly come to admire the archbishop's considerable political skills devoutly agree with that sentiment, but find it hard to believe that he could happily retire to running Cyprus' Orthodox Church.

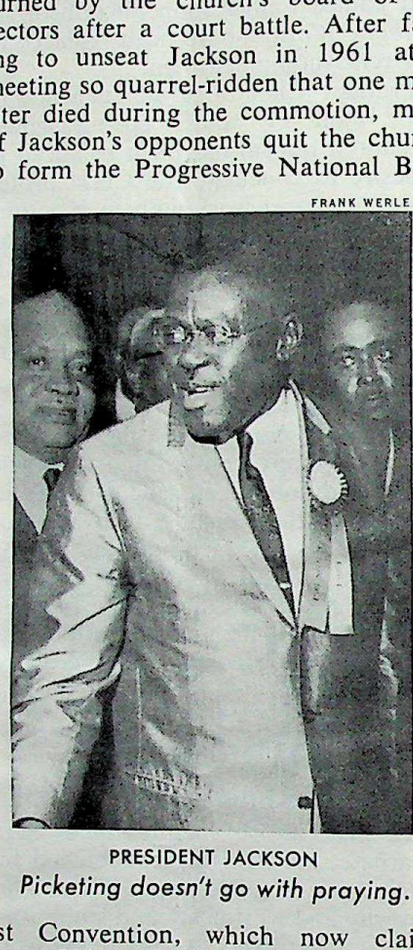
BAPTISTS

"We Are Statesmen"

The nation's largest Negro church is the National Baptist Convention, U.S.A., Inc. Its 5,000,000 members are fond of fervent gospel songs and sin-damning sermons, and show little interest in merging with more staid and sober white Baptist groups. Their kind of leader is the Rev. Joseph Harrison Jackson, the grandfatherly ecclesiastical politician who last week in Detroit was overwhelmingly elected to his twelfth consecutive term as National Baptist president.

Mississippi-born Dr. Jackson was first elected to the presidency shortly after the National Baptists had amended their constitution to limit tenure of the presidency to four one-year terms. In 1957, there was much hollering and chair throwing at the church's annual meeting when Jackson declared the amendment illegal and won himself an extra term. Three years later, the anti-Jackson forces united behind the Rev. Gardner Taylor of Brooklyn, but his election to the presidency was eventually overturned by the church's board of directors after a court battle. After failing to unseat Jackson in 1961 at a meeting so quarrel-ridden that one minister died during the commotion, most of Jackson's opponents quit the church to form the Progressive National Baptist Convention, which now claims about 500,000 followers.

FRANK WERLE



PRESIDENT JACKSON
Picketing doesn't go with praying.

Because he has stayed aloof from the civil rights revolution, Jackson is often called an "Uncle Tom" by local leaders of CORE, SNICK and N.A.A.C.P.; civil rights pickets periodically march outside his Olivet Baptist Church in south Chicago. In return, Jackson has denounced as un-Christian demonstrations outside segregated churches, and insists: "I can't harmonize picketing with praying." Jackson condemns civil disobedience on the ground that no one has the right "to break any law, even if it is morally wrong." He believes that integration should be achieved strictly through governmental process, and has urged his National Baptists to concentrate their efforts on voter-registration campaigns and congressional lobbying.

Jackson may well be out of step with the main trend of Negro feeling, but he notes with satisfaction that some civil rights leaders, in the aftermath of this summer's racial riots, have called for a moratorium on mass demonstrations. "We are not Uncle Toms," he insists. "We are statesmen. We cannot be saved as a people unless America is saved as a nation."

THE LAW

CONSTITUTIONAL LAW

The Courts & De Facto

Soon after the Supreme Court's 19 ruling that segregated schools are "inherently unequal," many Negroes hop that Northern *de facto* segregation caused by housing patterns would be labeled just as unconstitutional as Southern *de jure* segregation enforced by law. They learned how wrong they were last spring when the court refused to review the only case of *de facto* segregation that has yet reached it—a lower-court decision that Gary, Ind., was not obliged to desegregate 17 schools with enrollments that ranged from 77% to 100% Negro.

The fact is that the Constitution no more requires integrated schools than it guarantees neighborhood schools. It does not even mention the word education. It simply requires equal protection by the laws under the 14th Amendment, meaning in this context that it forbids state-enforced discrimination on the grounds of race.

Intentional school segregation is unconstitutional—whether by Southern law or Northern gerrymander, as in Rochelle, N.Y., discovered in 1962 when the school board was found by a federal district court to have deliberately drawn school-district attendance lines to keep an elementary school all Negro. (A circuit court of appeals held the decision; the Supreme Court refused to review.) By contrast, unintentional school segregation that merely reflects the local neighborhood is still constitutional—at least until the Supreme Court disagrees.

Aggressive Administrators. All this leaves Northern school officials with a choice: they can refuse to remedy *de facto*, as the state superintendent of public instruction did last year in Illinois, or they can move aggressively against it, as they are doing in some parts of New York, New Jersey and California. Whenever they have acted with dispatch, however, the inevitable hurt feelings and protests against such efforts have confronted state courts with groundbreaking questions. If segregation is not constitutionally required, can school officials even consider racial factors in making pupil assignments, or is it discrimination against whites, for example, to switch Negro pupils from previously all-white schools?

The courts' unfolding answer is to uphold Northern integration efforts provided the plans of school administrators have a fair and rational basis. The most significant cases to date have come out of New York. Last year the New York City Board of Education redrew the attendance lines for a junior high school in such a way that its enrollment would be one-third Negro, one-third Puerto Ri-

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nd one-third "other" (non-Puerto Rican white). Parents of white children orced to leave their old school for the ew one argued in court that the board as violating a state education law proiding that "no person shall be refused dmission into or be excluded from any ublic school in the State of New York account of race, creed, color or national origin."

Vindicated Power. The whites won in e trial court, but the board's case was ustained in the state's highest court, e New York Court of Appeals, which uled that the zoning plan was constitutional and should not be frustrated by ing an antidiscrimination law, in effect, as a segregation law, "a result exactly opposite to its purpose." Moreover, the court noted that the white ildren would have to walk no farther the new school than the old one. By a nventional court test of administrative rulings, the zoning plan was upheld ecause it was not "arbitrary, capricious or unreasonable."

A similar decision vindicated the wer of New York's state education mmissioner to balance a 75% Negro mentary school in Malverne, L.I., by dering the school board to set up a n-wide "Princeton Plan"—sending pupils of three grades to one school, pupils of another two grades to anher school, and so on. The education mmissioner's order, said the state urts' intermediate-level appellate diion, may evoke "strong, emotional, gative reactions in persons of conry views," but that "does not make decision arbitrary."

First-Round Limits. By now, New rk's lower courts have gotten the ssage. In Queens, the first-level State preme Court has just upheld the ard of education's "pairing" plan to istribute Negro and white pupils between two schools that are only five blocks apart. The pairing plan is unlikely to produce "oppressive results or hardships," ruled the court, and may in fact produce more teachers and smaller classes for pupils of all races.

Thus in New York, school officials have won court sanction to attack *de facto* segregation within at least prudent and reasonable limits. But the Supreme Court has not yet spoken.

DOMESTIC RELATIONS

Custody by Committee?

Courts agree that in custody cases the basic issue is "the best interests of the child," but a big question remains: Who is the best judge of the child's interests? Traditionally, parents battle it out between themselves in contests often marked more by emotion than reason. When they reach no decision, they appeal to the courts, where rulings may be based more on custom than psychology. In any case, the child may be the chief casualty. Now, an eminent psychiatrist recommends a novel approach: custody by committee.

In the *Yale Law Journal,* Dr. Lawrence S. Kubie, former president of the American Psychosomatic Society, criticizes present methods of determining custody and visitation rights as often being imperfect and inflexible—representing "a compromise between the demands and feelings of contending parents." There is, he says, a lack of "machinery first for discovering and then for serving the changing needs of the child . . . There may be times when a child needs the constant attention and affection of his mother, others when his father's masculine image is of primary importance." But although courts can and do change custody provisions, which is just what Mrs. Nelson Rockefeller is asking the New York Supreme Court to do for her four children (TIME, Sept. 11), the process is almost always slow and distasteful.

Group Wisdom. Under Kubie's plan, which he reports is being tried by a growing number of separated and divorced couples, the parents agree privately to share the child, then select an impartial committee composed of a pediatrician, a child psychiatrist, an educator and a lawyer or clergyman. The committee arbitrates any disagreements the parents could not work out themselves. The parents also appoint a separate "adult ally," another child specialist, with the job of winning the child's confidence and reporting to the committee on problems that the boy or girl might not confess to either mother or father.

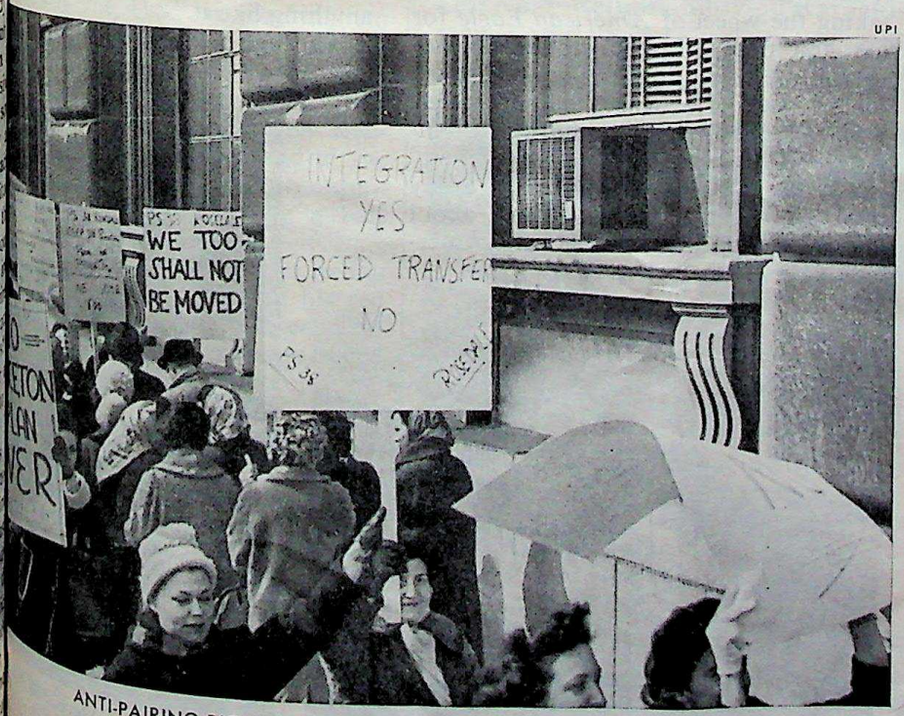
FRANCIS DI GENNARO

PSYCHIATRIST KUBIE
What is best for the child?

"Adjustments can thus be made without publicity, controversy or great expense," says Dr. Kubie. "The child will also have the psychological advantage of retaining active contact with both parents. No individual and no committee can hope for the wisdom of Solomon. Yet it is likely that the committee will arrive at wise conclusions more consistently than the parent."

Prerogatives Preserved. Psychiatrist Kubie is aware that his suggestion of custody by private committee appears to raise a legal question: If widely adopted, might it tend to usurp court prerogatives in custody matters? The answer, he feels, is probably no. And in a student note appended to Kubie's article, the *Yale Journal* agrees. It points out that courts, as the ultimate arbiters of family disputes, would always have the right to review committee decisions at the request of either parent. Moreover, suggests the note, overworked courts might be helping themselves by heeding the consensus of such private councils in difficult custody disputes.

UPI



ANTI-PAIRING PICKETS AT NEW YORK CITY BOARD OF EDUCATION
A green light for prudent integrationists.

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SAILING

Guarding Against Indolence

What do the sons of famous men do? Nothing, usually. But when Peter Scott, C.B.E., M.B.E., D.S.C., got around to writing his autobiography, it took him four years and 500,000 words. The publishers promptly boiled it down to 679 finely printed pages—but Scott was only 51 at the time. Last week he was 55, and in Newport, R.I., he was busily filling up notebooks for a brand new chapter entitled *The Colonies Revisited,* or *How I Sailed Away with the America's Cup.*

If anybody ever had a chance to do just that (and nobody has in 113 years), it is Peter Scott, who will be at the helm of Britain's *Sovereign* in the races this week. And why not? He has done everything else he put his mind to. His father, Polar Explorer Robert Falcon Scott, died in Antarctica when Peter was two—but not before leaving a letter to his wife: "Make the boy interested in natural history; it is better than games. Above all, he must guard, and you must guard him, against indolence. Make him a strenuous man."

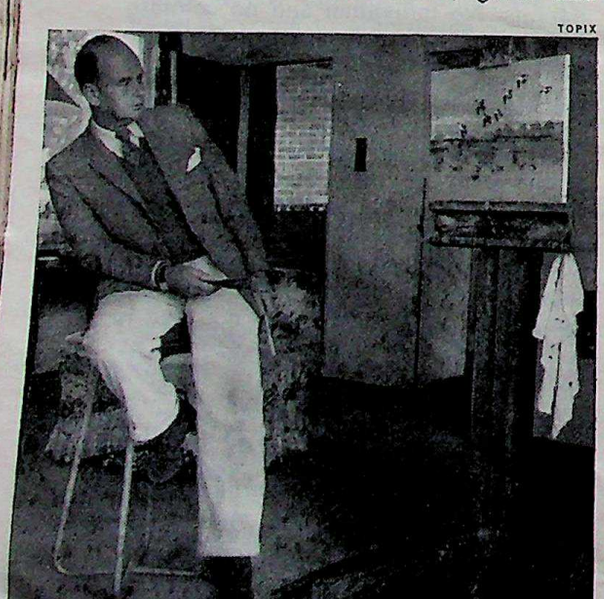
Destroyers & Dinghies. Scott has not had an indolent moment since. He has been, at one time or another—and usually simultaneously—a successful author (eleven books), artist (exhibitions in London and New York), and TV commentator (covering the Royal Wedding). A British navy commander in World War II, he served on destroyers and gunboats, took part in the raid on Dieppe, designed the camouflage scheme that was adopted by the British Admiralty for all ships on duty in the Atlantic. Today, a world-renowned naturalist, conservationist and ornithologist, he is a councilor of the London Zoo and keeper of the world's greatest collection of exotic ducks, geese and swans at his own Severn Wildfowl Trust.

With all that, Scott still finds time for games. A champion sailplane pilot, he set a British record in 1960 by soaring to an altitude of 18,300 ft. He won a bronze medal in sailing at the 1936 Olympics, and he is a three-time winner of Britain's Prince of Wales Cup for international-class 14-ft. dinghy racing. But when Owner Tony Boyden asked him to take the helm of his America's Cup challenger *Sovereign* this spring, Scott complained that he was "out of practice." He had not sailed in topflight competition since 1956. On the other hand, that just might be a blessing. "Sailing a 12-meter is jolly well different than sailing a dinghy," he said. "So I'd have to start from scratch, anyway."

A Ruddy Bligh. In last month's elimination trials off Newport, Scott surprised U.S. yachtsmen with his pluck and precision. Balding, ruddy-faced, he bossed *Sovereign's* eleven-man crew like a budding Captain Bligh, beat *Kurrewa V,* the favored British boat, six times in eight races. Experts found plenty to criticize in *Sovereign's* construction: her untapered, top-heavy mast, her primitive rigging, her poorly cut sails. But they had nothing but praise for Scott. "I've known Peter Scott for a long time," said Bob Bavier, who will pilot *Constellation,* the U.S. defender. "He's liable to be real tough."

Last week, sporting a newly tailored mainsail and a genoa borrowed from *Kurrewa, Sovereign* looked tough indeed. Bavier was worried enough to spend a day practicing starts against Old Master Bus Mosbacher, who skippered *Weatherly* to a cup victory in 1962; taking the wheel of *American Eagle* for the first time, Mosbacher beat Bavier to the line four times in a row. Perched on the deck of a nearby cabin cruiser, Scott watched the scrimmage with interest. Back on the dock somebody asked him: "Don't you ever take a day off?" Answered Scott: "I'll think about taking time off when I've got the America's Cup in the locker."

TOPIX



PAINTER SCOTT

SAILPLANER SCOTT

500,000 words just to reach 51.

HORSE RACING

And Still Champion

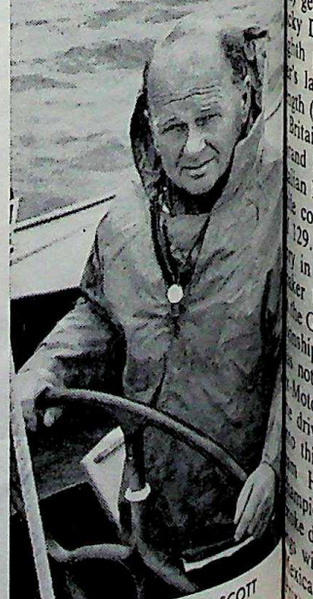
They said he was ready for the tures. But Owner Allaire du Pont not listening—not when they were ing about Kelso, her four-time H of the Year, winner of 33 races $1,641,127. He was seven years now, had won only two cheap allow races all year, had finished fifth lengths behind that new champion Bow the last time he ran in a Mrs. du Pont simply ignored it sent her "Kelly" out to run again.

With a lucky yellow ribbon tie the headband of his bridle and 12 (including Jockey Milo Valenzuela his back, Kelso lined up with Gun and three other rivals for the 1 mile Aqueduct Stakes, first of York's late-season weight-for-age "He'll beat Gun Bow, you wait see," insisted Mrs. du Pont. Few Labor Day crowd of 65,066 with her. They sent Kelso off his longest odds in 19 months. odds on Gun Bow: 1-2.

"Go After Him." Trainer Carl ford gave Valenzuela only one "If nobody else runs with Gun on the pace, you go after him." the time the field had rounded the house turn, Gun Bow had open a four-length lead. In the backs the gap was five lengths. But for the first time all year, Kelso running as though he enjoyed it— the flat, powerful stride that herited from his famous great- daddy, Man O' War. Valenzuela it: "Suddenly, he was the old again. Suddenly, I knew we were So did the fans. "It started way there on the backstretch," said John Rotz, who was riding a trailer. "That racket—I never anything like it."

Through the last turn the two

RICHARD MEEK—SPORTS



HELMSMAN SCOTT

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rounded, and Gun Bow's lead began to shrink—to three lengths, then two, then one. "I knew he was coming," sighed Gun Bow's jockey, Walter Blum. "I could hear his hoofs, and I could hear the crowd. I thought—well, I thought my horse could let Kelso come up and then draw out." Desperately, Blum went to the whip. Relentlessly, Kelso kept coming. At the top of the stretch, he dogged alongside. "Got you!" Valenzuela yelled—and at the wire Kelso was three-quarters of a length ahead.

Unfinished Business. In the grandstand, mutuel clerks watched incredulously while bettors tore up losing tickets on Gun Bow and hugged each other with delight. Allaire du Pont dashed around the winner's circle, kissing everybody in reach. And what was Kelso doing? Trotting calmly off to the barn to catch up on his sleep. After all, there was still some unfinished business to attend to—a small matter of $38,737. With $1,711,132 already in the bank (including his day's pay of $70,005), that was all that stood between the burly old champion and the biggest victory of all: passing Round Table to become the No. 1 money winner in thoroughbred racing history.

SCOREBOARD

Who Won

U.C.L.A.: An upset 17-12 victory over Eastern powerhouse Pittsburgh (ranked No. 4 in 1963) in the season's first big college football game, at Pittsburgh. Sparked by Quarterback Larry Zeno, who passed for two touchdowns, kicked a field goal and two extra points, the underdog (by 14 points) Bruins built up a 17-6 half-time lead, intercepted two passes and recovered three fumbles to stall Pitt's flashy offense.

Roman Brother: the $144,820 New Hampshire Sweepstakes, first sweeps ever run in the U.S., at Rockingham Park. Running dead last, ten lengths behind the leaders in the backstretch, financier Louis Wolfson's tiny (889 lb.) gelding, fourth in the 1964 Kentucky Derby, shot into the lead at the fourth pole, stood off Knightly Manner's late challenge to win by a half length (*see* MODERN-LIVING).

Britain's John Surtees, 30: The Italian Grand Prix at Monza, piloting his red Italian Ferrari around the banked, 278-mile course at a record average speed of 129.1 m.p.h. It was the second victory in a month for aging (66) Automaker Enzo Ferrari, gave him a shot at the Grand Prix manufacturers' championship that he once monopolized but has not won since 1961. It also gave the Motorcyclist Surtees 9 points toward the drivers' championship, moved him into third place behind Britain's Graham Hill and Scotland's defending champion Jimmy Clark, both of whom will take down at Monza. The point standings with three races to go (the U.S., Mexican, and South African Grand Prix): Hill 32, Clark 30, Surtees 28.

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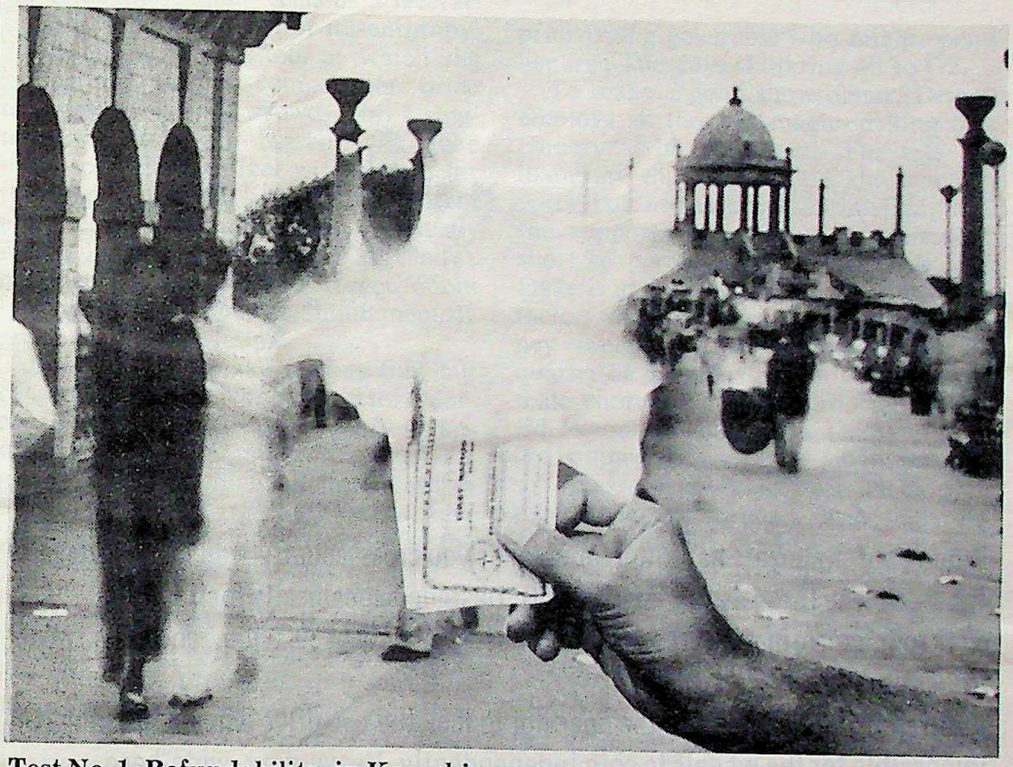
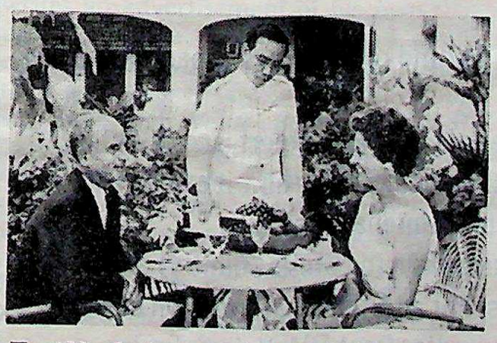


Test No. 1–Refundability–in Karachi

$220 of Mrs. James Lee's Citibank Travelers Checks were destroyed by fire to make this test. Minutes later, this Madison, Wisconsin traveler was directed to the Standard Bank Limited by her hotel. Result? An on-the-spot refund!

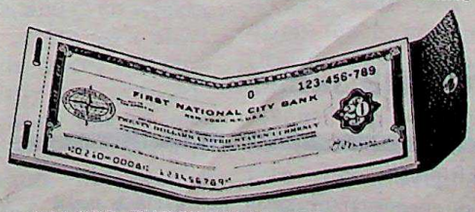


Test No. 2–Acceptability–in Singapore

The H. Bennett Whipples, of Cape Cod... and their Citibank Travelers Checks had a hearty welcome at the Raffles Hotel.

Test No. 3–Availability–in Mexico City

Dom Algieri, of Nutley, N.J., used additional cash to purchase more Citibank Travelers Checks. Banks everywhere carry them.



OFFICIAL TRAVELERS CHECK NEW YORK WORLD'S FAIR 1964-65

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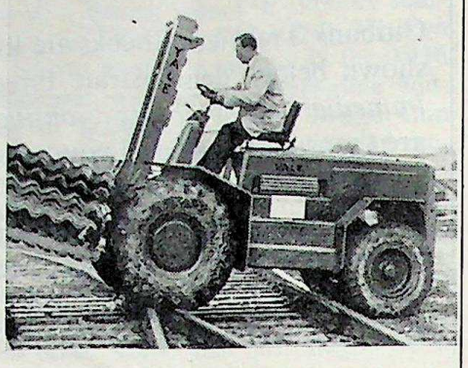
New Yale Cross-Country goes where others can't!



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Nympholucrosmaragdoman

Topkapi. Closing time. The ... swing to, the guards take a ciga... break. In the gilded halls of Istanb... Topkapi Palace Museum no sound ... heard. But in the flowery promenade... no doubt about it, the metal lid on t... mulch pit moved!

It moves again, and this time an ... peers out from under it. "Let's go" ... voice cries hoarsely, and in rapid ... cession three men (Maximilian Sc...

MERCOURI IN "TOPKAPI"

Out of the mulch, into the mayhem

Peter Ustinov, Gilles Segal) leap o... the pit, run crouching to a door, ... stealthily across a large dim room ... go leaping up a narrow stair within ... walls. Once on the roof, they mak... risky traverse and arrive, with twi... coming on, at the brink of a sheer p... pet interrupted here and there with ... barred apertures.

"The rope!" Schell snarls. He attac... one end of it to Segal, who is rap... lowered through a rainspout to the l... of the uppermost aperture. Thirty s... onds later, the bars suddenly rise ou... ward, and when they settle back ... their sockets Segal is on the inside lo... ing out. Sixty seconds later still, he ... hanging head down in a high vault... chamber. Thirty feet below him lie... large glass case. In the case a dagger ... displayed. And in the handle of the d... ger glitter four of the finest emera... ever mined, each one of them worth ... sultan's ransom.

Inch by inch the aerial thief descen... to cop the swag. Second by second t... suspense intensifies. If the rope slips, ... a tool falls, if so much as a large bea... of sweat drops off the burglar's bro... and lands on the pressure-sensitive floo... the impact will inevitably stimulate th... electronic centers and trip the genera... alarm.

"Aaaaaa!" cries the man at the oth... end of the rope. "It's slipping!"

Obviously, Director Jules Dassin ... In *Topkapi*, adapted from a tidy thrill... (*The Light of Day*) by Eric Ambler. ...

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...has pulled off the niftiest caper seen on ...reen since the jewel job he engineered ...Rififi. As in *Rififi*, unfortunately, the ...st of the film seems a bit Dassingenu... The director's jokes are often too ...s. ...viously explained, and the camera's ...ration of Melina Mercouri, the great ...e of Dassin's life, is sometimes bor... and always embarrassing.

Still, it's fun to watch the mercurial ...rcouri play a nympholucrosmarag... maniac who has similar and excessive ...ctions to men, money and emeralds. ...d it's even more fun to watch Usti... ...a semi-Egyptian sphink who asks ...emly riddles ("Wanna buy some ...thy peectures?"), make like a male ...a Hari and look like a two-ton dip ...coffee ice cream wearing baggy ...eds. When Ustinov is on-screen, *Top...* ...is top chop.

...otesque Burlesque

The Ape Woman puts a savage switch ...the sly old joke about the monkey ...o notes hopefully that people look ...most simian."

The ape woman of the title (Annie ...rdot) is a freak: a poor thing cov... ...d from head to foot with a coat of ...g brown, silky hair. The leading man ...o Tognazzi), a Neapolitan spiv, ...s her working as a scullion in a con... ...r kitchen. *"Mamma mia!"* he gasps. ...e really looks like an ape. I could ...n a freak show and clean up." The ...e scares her half to death. She's not ...y bright to begin with, and on top ...that she is painfully ashamed of her ...ction. But the spiv aggressively jol... ...her out of her objections. To him ...is no more than a hairy meal ticket. ...her he seems little less than a god. ...says *si*.

...o begins a parable both squalid and ...me. The greedy little punk displays ...creature as "a monster trapped in ...ca, half woman and half ape." ...en he cracks his whip she gibbers ...a monkey, rattles the bars of her ...e, jumps around in a tree. To ensure ...ncome, he marries the monster and ...es her off to Paris, where he sells ...as a stripper ("The Hairy Angel") ...ppease the public appetite for the ...

ALAN GROSSMAN

GIRARDOT & TOGNAZZI IN "APE"
Under the whiskers, a meal ticket.

peculiar. One day the poor thing finds herself pregnant. "Oh well," he reflects philosophically. "Maybe the baby will be a monster too. Then we can use it in the act."

No such luck. The ape woman dies in childbirth. The spiv, robbed by a cruel fate of his bearded breadwinner, faces destitution—or even employment. But at the last minute he is saved by a master stroke of showmanship: he discovers that the public, which paid good money to see the ape woman alive, will also pay good money to see her dead.

So ends the film as it was shown in Europe. For U.S. audiences a new and much less ferocious finish has been contrived; Distributor Joe Levine seems to think it's all right to exploit the living but immoral to exploit the dead. Even so, *The Ape Woman* remains a lacerating and hilarious piece of misanthropy. The wedding procession, at which the bridegroom crassly compels the bride to regale the jeering crowds with a singing commercial for herself, will make most spectators shrivel with shame for their species. And the wedding-night episode, in which the spiv heroically forces himself to remember the lady's financial attractions and forget about her hairy shoulders, is simultaneously grotesque and burlesque.

Fun and fury make furious fun, but of the film as a whole Director Marco Ferreri (*The Conjugal Bed*) makes something more significant and affecting: a fable in which all the creatures that look human are really beasts, and the creature who looks beastly is the only one who is really human.

Have Umbrella, Will Travel

Mary Poppins. It is jolly old London, 1910, and one proper English family is all adither over the servant problem. Having put a whole series of nannies to rout, the two Banks youngsters compose a want ad listing desirable qualifications: cheery disposition, rosy cheeks, plays games. Father tears it up and writes an advertisement of his own that draws a queue of cross, solemn applicants. Before you can say Walt Disney, they are whisked away from the doorstep by a high wind, and over the rooftop sails Mary Poppins, dangling from her open umbrella. "I'm sure the children will find my games extremely diverting," she announces blithely.

They will, indeed. For Julie Andrews, bypassed by Hollywood for *My Fair Lady*, proves in this musical fantasy that she is a girl to conjure with. As the redoubtable Mary Poppins, who declares herself "practically perfect in every way," Julie slides *up* banisters, arranges all sorts of tidy miracles, and even whisks her charges off to one of Disney's cloyingly clever never lands where the cartoon fauna come swiftly to heel. Although she pokes her pretty fingers into a world of sticky sweetness, she almost invariably pulls out a plum. All speeches and cream, with a voice like polished crystal, she seems the very image of a

SY FRIEDMAN

VAN DYKE & ANDREWS IN "POPPINS"
From speeches and cream, a plum.

prim young governess who might spend her free Tuesdays skittering off to Oz.

To make a good show better, Disney employs all the vast magic-making machinery at his command. The sets are luxuriant, the songs lilting, the scenario witty but impeccably sentimental, and the supporting cast only a pinfeather short of perfection. Protean Dick Van Dyke is uneasy with his accent but nonetheless nimble as Bert, the cockney chimney sweep, whether hoofing it with a quartet of penguins or leading the sooty male chorus in a raffish rooftop ballet. Ed Wynn, as the risible Uncle Albert, floats upward every time he laughs, and soon has everyone aloft for the movie's most engaging scene, a high high tea. Though overlong and sometimes overcute, *Mary Poppins* is the drollest Disney film in decades, a feat of prestidigitation with many more lifts than lapses.

Grounded

A Tiger Walks is a Disney epic that just plods along, following the spoor of many other movies cut from the same hairy pelt. When a mistreated Bengal tiger escapes from his trainer in a small town, folks begin to show their stripes. Cowards take cover. A greedy innkeeper jacks up her prices as hordes of callous reporters descend on the terrified community. A Governor who is up for re-election tries to make political hay by calling out the National Guard, and the boys go hunting a handsome trophy for the officers' mess. Only young Pamela Franklin, the sheriff's bright-eyed daughter, knows that Rajah is really a very decent sort, as tigers go.

Pamela makes a television appeal, and pretty soon youngsters all over America are sending in pennies and chanting the theme song of a "Save That Tiger" campaign. Once more, the idea is that kids and man-eaters can often teach grownups a thing or two. In this case, however, adults trapped into swallowing the message may turn savage. Unless, like Rajah, they have been shot full of tranquilizer pellets before the movie, they are apt to go straight home, snap at the dog, and give the cat his walking papers.

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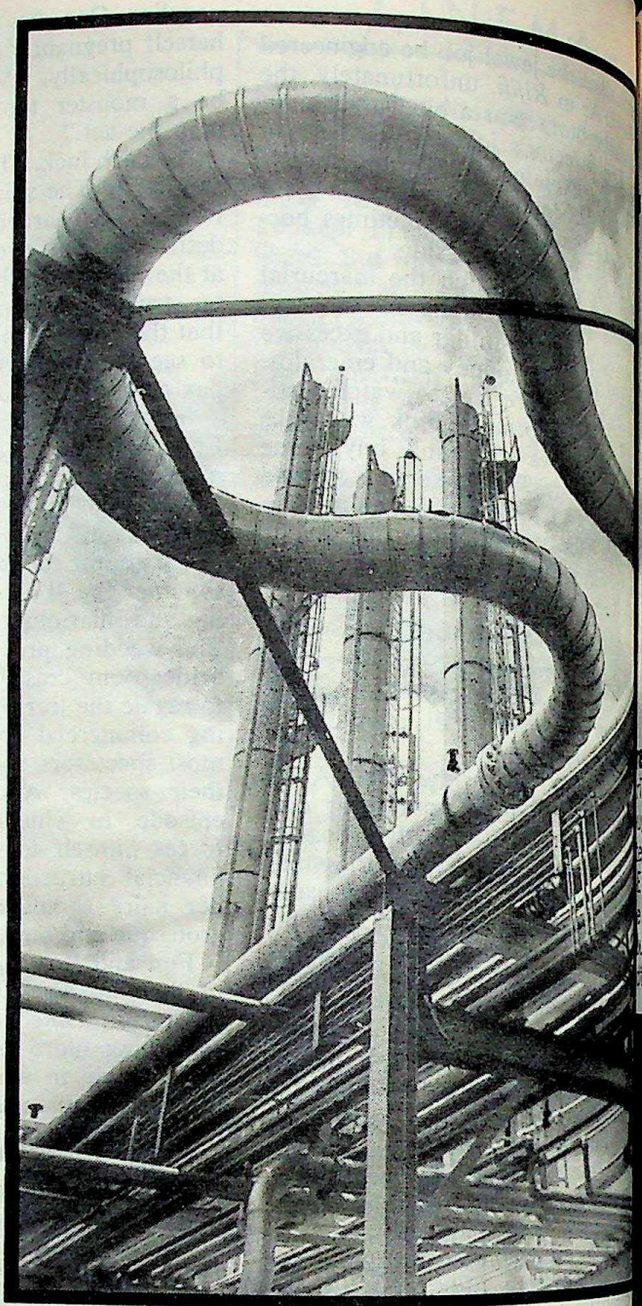

New, solid-state static inverters from General Electric keep constant-frequency AC current flowing steadily. Until now, rotating equipment has been used to do this for critically important AC motors, such as those that power a spinning frame in a textile plant, as shown. G.E.'s new static inverters are more accurate (frequency regulation with dynamic load is typically ±0.05 per cent). More efficient (85 to 90 per cent efficiency). Quieter, an advantage in computer rooms and hospitals. And need almost no maintenance. *Write for Bulletin GEA-7522B.*

Candidate for computer that "grows." The pe leum industry can profitably apply G.E.'s new proce automation computer, the GE/PAC 4000*. So c electric and gas utilities and other industries, su as steel, paper, chemicals and cement. GE/PA building-block design lets you buy only the segme you need. Later you can add other standard modu to do other jobs. New G.E. controls and instrume tion take GE/PAC's signals *directly*—without the pensive interface equipment other systems requ Write for Bulletin GEA-7631 to *General Electric Co pany, Dept. 999-31 TA, 159 Madison Avenue, N York, N.Y. 10016, U.S.A.*

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Progress Is Our Most Important Product

GENERAL ELECTRIC

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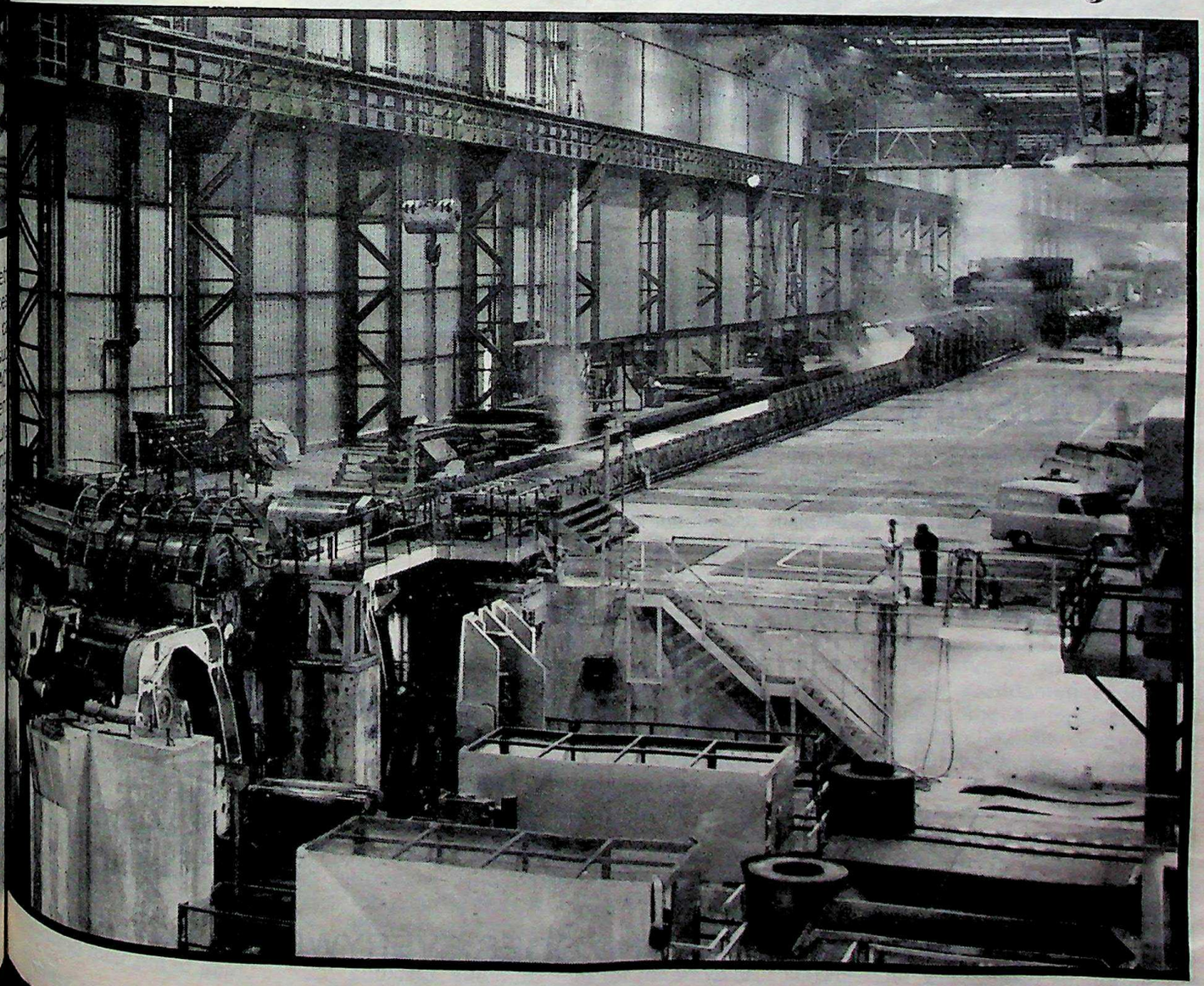
...and how can General Electric serve you?

eakthrough in steel-mill automation. This hot-ip mill in Wales is the first anywhere to have its ghing train under the control of a computer. By e this year, this same computer, General Electric's E 412, is expected to control the entire mill, from e slab-reheat furnace to the coilers in the fore-und. It will pace and set up the mill to control strip th, thickness and temperature. And it will track all the slabs—the ones still in the furnace and the ones in transit. The G.E. computer works fast: if it detects an error on one stand, it can correct it by making adjustments on the next stand, only a few feet and a fraction of a second away. The 68-inch mill is in the Spencer Works of Richard Thomas and Baldwins, Ltd., Llanwern, Wales. It's 600 yards long, believed the longest of its type. *Write for Bulletin GED-4888.*



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ALITALIA AIRLINES

ALITALIA IS IN ALL OF ITALY AND GOES EVERYWHERE IN THE WORLD

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WALL STREET

Picking Up Speed

When Detroit made auto peace, Wall Street stepped on the gas. Investors pushed in, lifted volume on the New York Stock Exchange to a five-week peak of 5,700,000 shares. After cracking alltime records for three straight days, the Dow-Jones industrials closed the week at 867. That was a rise of 38 points in less than three weeks.

While the auto settlement gave a big push to the market, it was not responsible for its basic momentum: the market had been moving up on bullish business news for five straight sessions before the Detroit settlement. The auto agreement opened the way to further increases by raising the prospect of mild inflation and by removing what seemed to many the last immediate obstacle to continued prosperity.

Chrysler and General Motors set historic highs during the week, and Ford came within an inch of its alltime peak. Many companies that sell to the auto makers—in steel, copper, rubber, glass also jumped smartly. Another fast mover was Du Pont (up 17 points, to 238, which still holds 23 million shares of G.M. stock.

LABOR

Merchant for Pensions

Whatever effect last week's auto settlement may have on the U.S. economy, it is bound to accelerate one of the most basic and significant trends in U.S. labor: the move toward higher pensions and earlier retirements. Over the years, the affluent society has given Americans higher wages, a greater life expectancy and increased education to develop their capabilities more fully. Now, more and more of them also want the pot of gold at the end of that rainbow—the opportunity to give up their working days earlier, with sufficient income to support themselves and their families, in order to pursue their own interests at leisure.

TED LAU

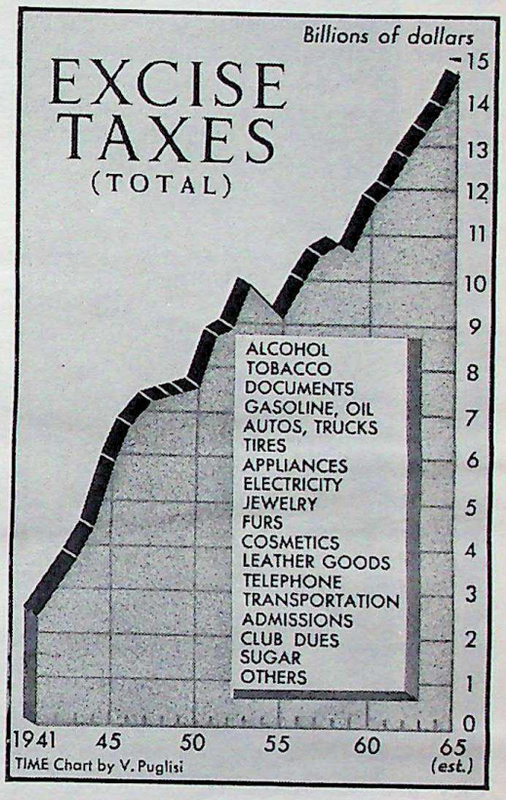
CALIFORNIA RETIREMENT COMMUNITY
Spending their pot of gold.

Increased Pressure. More than 25 million employees—or about half of all workers in private industry—are now covered by some 34,000 different industrial pension plans, and 2,300,000 retirees are already receiving pensions from industry at a cost of $2.4 billion a year. Among union members, two-thirds have pension plans. Pensions have been a major issue in most contract negotiations this year, and the United Auto Workers' improved pensions give labor added incentive to increase this pressure.

Even before last week's settlement, a 30-year employee making $400 a month in the auto industry could get $210 a month in retirement pay, including his social security (he will now get $254). That is a higher-than-average amount for industry, but it is not so high as that paid by a handful of major companies. The oil companies, in general, are the most generous, and a 30-year man at Standard Oil of Indiana gets $343 a month. At Du Pont he gets $298, at Cities Service $297, at General Electric $266 and at A.T. & T. $224. The most generous major pensioner listed in a recent Government survey was Grumman Aircraft, whose 30-year, $400-a-month retiree can get as much as $415 a month. Among the tightest: the men's clothing industry, in which a man in the same bracket gets only $176.

More Jobs for Teens. As pensions are raised toward more generous levels, labor is making a big push for earlier retirement to go with them. A quarter of this year's new contracts that have granted higher pension benefits also include provision for earlier retirement. The Chrysler-U.A.W. pact encourages workers to retire at 60 instead of 65, even makes retirement possible at 55. In other contracts signed this year, Sinclair Oil, Westinghouse and RCA reduced normal retirement age from 65 to 62. The trucking industry granted retirement at $250 a month after 30 years of service, making it theoretically possible for some teamsters to retire at 47, and Atlantic and Gulf Coast shipping companies agreed to permit pensioned retirement after only 20 years of regular service.

Behind labor's drive for earlier retirement is the desire to create more job security for the younger, low-seniority workers, who are the first to be affected by automation and production cutbacks, and more jobs for the wave of teen-agers now beginning to inundate the labor market. Many experts believe that this drive, coupled with the worker's desire for more leisure in his life, will eventually produce an almost universal retirement age of 60—and perhaps even lower. And in the steadily growing and increasingly automated U.S. society, rising retirement benefits seem inevitable if the growing number of retired oldsters is to have the buying power that is considered so vital to the economy's health.



TAXES

The End of a Nuisance?

A hundred and seventy years ago this month, George Washington dispatched a force of 16,000 troops to put down the Whiskey Rebellion, an uprising of western Pennsylvania corn farmers against the federal excise tax on distillers. The rebellion was subdued, but the clamor against excise taxes—a form of national sales tax levied on certain goods and transactions—still goes on. Both businessmen and consumers have long considered the excise tax a bothersome burden. In this election year, the issue is one of the few on which both presidential candidates seem to agree: the Democratic platform pledges to eliminate many excise taxes, and Barry Goldwater—reiterating a long-held Republican position—last week promised to "cut nuisance taxes imposed on so many of the things you buy."

Expense & Dampener. Excise taxes have traditionally come and gone as temporary sources of wartime revenue, but during World War II they came and stayed—and were added to during the

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Korean war. Altogether they are now applied to a hodgepodge of thousands of different goods and services. In fiscal 1965, these taxes are expected to bring the U.S. Treasury $14.5 billion, an important but not decisive part of the Government's estimated income of $98 billion.

Everyone who eats, drinks, smokes, dresses, drives to town or goes out on the town pays the taxes, which generally vary from 5% to 10%. Among the taxed items: household appliances, cameras, sporting goods, autos and auto parts, stock transfers, motor fuel and lubricants, telephone bills, office machines, electric light bulbs, mechanical pencils and ballpoint pens, cabaret tabs, theater and sports admissions. As a means of regulation, as much as a source of revenue, heavy taxes are also slapped on gambling, pinball machines, tobacco and alcohol: $10.50 per gallon of liquor, $9 per barrel of beer, 8¢ per pack of cigarettes.

Businessmen consider the taxes a bother at best, a downright economic dampener at worst—particularly since they are often imposed on top of city or state sales taxes. Though sales in most industries covered by the tax have steadily risen, many businessmen are convinced that expansion would have been much greater without the federal levy. Some industries claim to have been badly hit by the excise. It gets chief blame for the fact that more than 100 leather and luggage manufacturers have gone out of business since 1947 and that the fur industry has suffered a drop in union workers from 13,000 to 7,000 since 1946. Businessmen also complain that collecting the taxes requires extra time and money for which they are not reimbursed: the expense can run from $1 a day for small retailers to the $5,000,000 that American Telephone & Telegraph pays out in collection costs for every $500 million it collects of the 10% tax imposed on telephone calls.

Irritating Inconsistencies. Perhaps the most irritating and confusing aspect of the excise taxes—to seller and buyer alike—is the grand inconsistencies that pepper them. Radio tubes are taxed but not transistors, furs but not knock-'em-dead $3,000 evening dresses, aviation gasoline but not jet fuel. Many items that were initially taxed as luxuries have become the necessities of a newer generation—refrigerators, luggage and telephones, for example.

Some of the excises are sacrosanct, such as those on gas and autos, which are earmarked to pay the costs of federal highway construction. But the move to cut others has developed powerful support. The most talked-about possibility is a reduction of $1 billion to $3 billion that would remove many taxes that have become obsolete. It would probably include, among others, the tariffs on such modern necessities as luggage, telephone calls, toiletries and ballpoint pens.

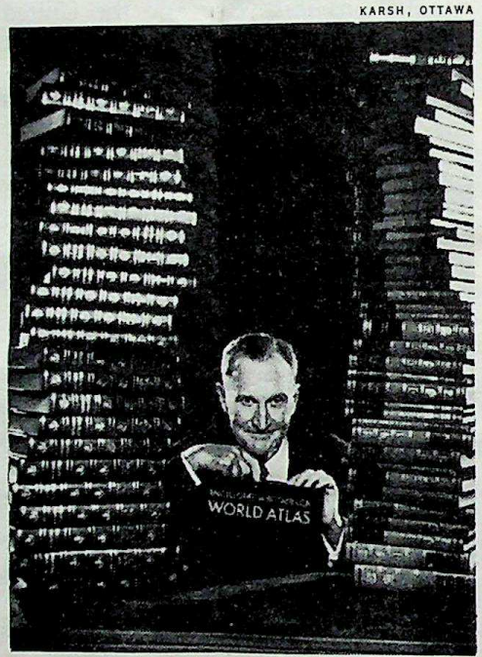
PUBLISHING

A Meeting of Minds

In the *Encyclopaedia Britannica*, that 35 million-word compendium of classified knowledge, the G. & C. Merriam Co. rates only two brief mentions. Last week Merriam leaped right off the pages and into Britannica's corporate arms. Chairman William Benton's $13,960,000 purchase of the publisher of the Merriam-Webster dictionaries not only unites two of the world's best-known reference works, but two of its oldest. Prosperous Britannica, Scotland-born but American-owned since 1901, is 196; debt-free Merriam, which bought Noah Webster's work from his heirs in 1843, is a spry 133. Merriam's sales last year: $5,980,422; its profits: $859,000.

Having amassed a fortune in advertising (Benton & Bowles) before he was 35, Bill Benton took over Britannica as a personal venture in 1943, when he was vice president of the University of Chicago. He persuaded Britannica's owner, Sears Roebuck, to give the encyclopaedia to the university, but the trustees balked until Benton put up $100,000 working capital, which led to stock control. The university lent its name and editorial advice in exchange for a royalty—now 3%—on U.S. sales.

KARSH, OTTAWA



BRITANNICA'S BENTON
Taking Webster into the world.

Using what he had learned on Madison Avenue, Benton poured money into promotion and advertising, built up a meticulously trained force of 5,000 full-time door-to-door salesmen (many earn $25,000 a year, their division managers $200,000). He spread out into the Great Books, junior reference works, an atlas, texts and books-of-the-year. All this hustle has built Britannica's sales from $3,000,000 when Benton took charge to $125 million last year. The royalty from Britannica has enriched the University of Chicago by $25 million.

Benton, a former U.S. Senator fr... Connecticut, former Assistant Sec... tary of State and now U.S. Ambas... dor to UNESCO, at 64 keeps in to... with his publishing realm by fly... 75,000 miles a year to chat with ... lings, dictating up to 8,000 word... day into a machine to pepper ... with ideas. He has his eye on mar... abroad, where he considers the gr... ing interest in American culture, ... ticularly in books, "a historic even... our times." Says he: "We're goin... take Webster into the world." Whil... does, Merriam will operate as a ... tannica subsidiary, keep its Spring... Mass., staff and offices. And Merr... U.S. sales should net the Universi... Chicago an extra $150,000 a yea...

MANAGEMENT

Slow-Motion Dream

During a 50-year career, Inve... Industrialist Sherman Fairchild, 68, ... tinkered successfully with every... from aerial cameras to semicondu... But Fairchild's great dream is to ... semble an Eastern aerospace comp... that would rival the West Coast's L... heed, Boeing or North American. ... ward that end Fairchild and his F... child Stratos Corp. have been bu... into Long Island's Republic Avi... Corp., have acquired a controlling ... of Republic's stock. Last week F... child's interest caused an upheava... Republic. Faced by Fairchild's plan... changes at Republic, Mundy I. Pe... 58, Republic's president for 17 ye... resigned.

While Peale flew to a Wyoming ... vention of the Conquistadores del C... an organization of chiefs (and ... chiefs) of aircraft companies, a ... rumvirate of directors, led by Fair... Stratos President Edward Uhl, ... over to run Republic without him ... will take some running.

Once a leading and lucrative ... craft company, Republic turned ... the P-47 Thunderbolt in World Wa... the F-84 Thunderjet for Korea and ... ly the F-105 interceptor-bomber. ... the F-105 contract ends this year, ... Republic has been ground-speed ... in diversifying into other defense ... space areas. Its earnings last year ... $3,600,000 on sales of $362 mi... this year sales will be below $300 ... lion—and losses are certain. "The ... job," says Uhl, 46, "will be to cut ... public down to size." He intends ... reduce personnel and plant to ... needed for a $100 million operat... concentrate more on engineering, ... research and development instead o... manufacturing operations.

While Uhl is trying to rescue Re... lic, he will also have to find ways ... beef up his own Fairchild Stratos. F... child's most recent airplane, the ... short-haul commercial liner, was ... nically impressive but a financial ... inker. Fairchild sales have declin... steadily for six years, although the co...

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The Biggest Commercial Bank in Australia and New Zealand

Banking Chamber, Bank of New South Wales, Head Office, Sydney

BANK OF NEW SOUTH WALES

AUSTRALIA'S FIRST BANK

Hundreds of branches right across both nations *(and throughout Fiji and Papua/New Guinea)*

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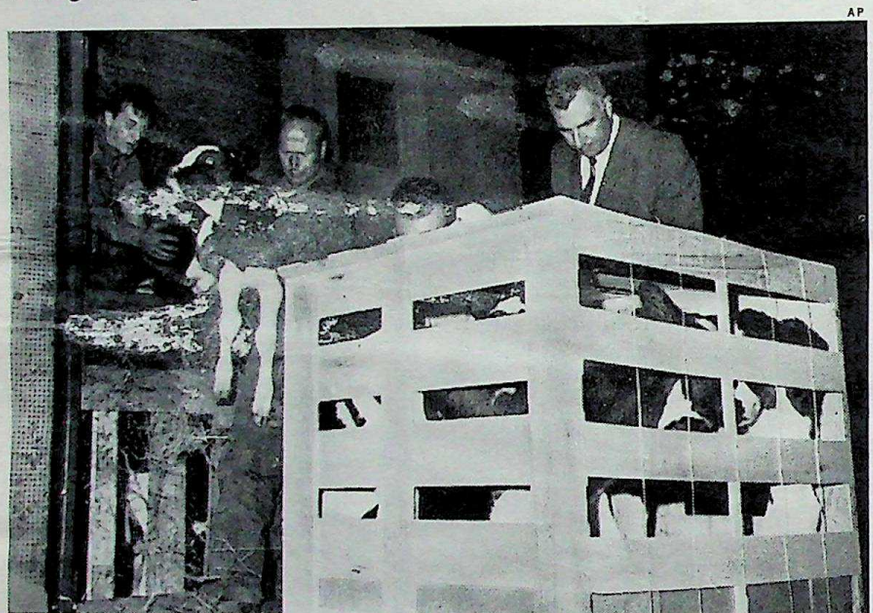
pany managed to earn $1,000,000 last year on a $62 million assortment of space and defense subcontracts. With no new major space contracts on the horizon to bid for, Sherman Fairchild's dream will have to remain just that for the time being.

AGRICULTURE

Supermarket to the World

Bucking and bawling, 150 spindly-legged calves were put aboard a Milan-bound TWA jet cargo plane at New York's Kennedy International Airport last week, the first of 100,000 U.S. calves bound for European tables this year. Most U.S. farm exports do not rate jet accommodations, but they are increasingly getting a first-class reception around the world. In fiscal 1964 the U.S. reported a record $6.1 billion worth of agricultural products, $1 billion more than in the previous year. Only $1.6 billion of the total was tied in with U.S. aid programs—and the recent rise in the exports of foods and fibers has been almost completely among those sold for hard cash.



AP

CALVES LOADING FOR FLIGHT TO ITALY
Bigger appetites, bumper sales.

Hops for Germany. Though recent poor crops in Europe and Russia created some unusual demand, the bumper sales stem mostly from more basic and lasting sources: the world's expanding population, improved diets and rising incomes in Western Europe and Japan, a labor-saving trend toward convenience foods. Exports are also getting an enormous boost from the U.S. Government and from aggressively competitive food processors. Industry trade associations are spending $7,500,000 annually on their many foreign promotions, and the Government spends $14 million a year to support the operations of Agriculture Department marketing outposts in 67 countries and agricultural attachés in more than 50 U.S. embassies.

U.S. food products are also entered in about 20 international exhibitions each year. This week some 50 U.S. processors go looking for customers at a joint Government-industry exhibit in Vienna, and the Agriculture Department opens a food fair in Frankfurt. Result of all the activity: 15% of the American farmer's harvest now goes to market abroad, compared with 8% of the nation's industrial output; last year U.S. meat exports alone rose 36%. Japan ranks as the biggest customer, followed by Canada and Britain. As West Germany's biggest agricultural supplier, the U.S. ships not only such staples as cotton, tobacco, wheat, canned fruit and poultry—but even 30% of the hops for Germany's beer.

Versatile Soybean. Yankee salesmanship is changing many eating and cooking habits around the world. U.S. promoters have introduced the doughnut to Africa and Asia, spread the benefits of milk to the Middle East and Latin America, made wheat a popular substitute for rice in the Japanese diet. They have increased grain sales to Italy by showing Italians how to mix American wheat into their pastas, amazed European housewives (many of whom now work and have less time to cook) with packaged mixes that produce effortless cakes, pies, mashed potatoes, cheese dips and even pizzas. One of the fastest-growing exports is the versatile soybean, which is being touted at expositions abroad in the form of cooking oil, soy sauce, soy noodles, soy flakes, soy powder and soy pancakes.

At the Vienna fair this week, the Viennese are sampling Southern fried chicken and smoked trout, served up free by Austrian models dressed as cowgirls. Last month the Agriculture Department flew an American Indian chief in full regalia to a German fair to get Germans to try corn, wild rice, pumpkins and frozen turkey. However foreigners may shake, bake or slice the U.S. products, American farmers, who regularly harvest more than the U.S. can consume or give away, are more than happy to sell them the makings.

COMMUNICATIONS

Turned Up High

For those lucky U.S. entrepre... who are tuned into the radio bu... the show has rarely been livelier o... volume higher. The U.S. has mor... dios than people—214 million—a... number is expanding by well over ... a year. These figures make sweet ... not only for the nation's radio ... ufacturers, but also for its 3,000 ... owners, whose investments are inc... ing in value faster than the blue ... Last week, in one of the largest deal... the industry's 44-year history, M... tan's Capital Cities Broadcasting C... paid $15 million to Detroit's Goo... Stations for WJR Radio in D... (current value: $8,000,000) and W... Radio-TV in Charleston-Hunti... W. Va. (value: $7,000,000).

In Every Room. Radio's renai... after a slump during the 1950s, is largely to the boom in small tra... models, which accounted for two-... of 1963's sales of 24 million sets. F... wives plant radios in almost every... listen to them an average of three ... a day; teen-agers tote the transis... their pockets. The rise of sub... and long-distance auto-commut... well as the increase in the num... cars—has lifted the total of car... from 9,000,000 in 1946 to 50 m... today. The number of radio st... has grown even more remarka... from 960 in 1945 to today's 5,25... that is the practical limit: the Fe... Communications Commission has ... out almost all the available freq... in prime markets.

One result is that any busine... who owns a station can play it for ... profits. St. Louis Broadcaster ... Barrington bought WEW for $3... in 1955, sold it to Franklin Broa... ing for $450,000 in 1961; Capital ... Broadcasting recently paid $5,00... for New Jersey's WPAT, which ... changed hands for $300,000 in ... and Westinghouse Broadcasting p... $10 million for New York City's ... which had brought only $425,0... 1952. Says a top staffer: "Radio ... tions are the ideal small business. ... can be picked up for very little ... down. They cost little to stay o... air, have few failures and are e... unload."

No Taxes. Tempted by soaring p... about one quarter of the owner... out every year. Buyers put down ... 10% to 25% —most of it borr... from bankers, who give high rati... radio investments. The FCC re... that two-thirds of the owners pay ... tically no taxes, thanks to depre... rules that permit writeoffs over a ... erage of eight years. The men ... make the rules are quick to take ... vantage of them. Edmund C. Bu... president of the Radio Advertising ... reau, estimates that one-third of ... members of Congress have interes... broadcasting.

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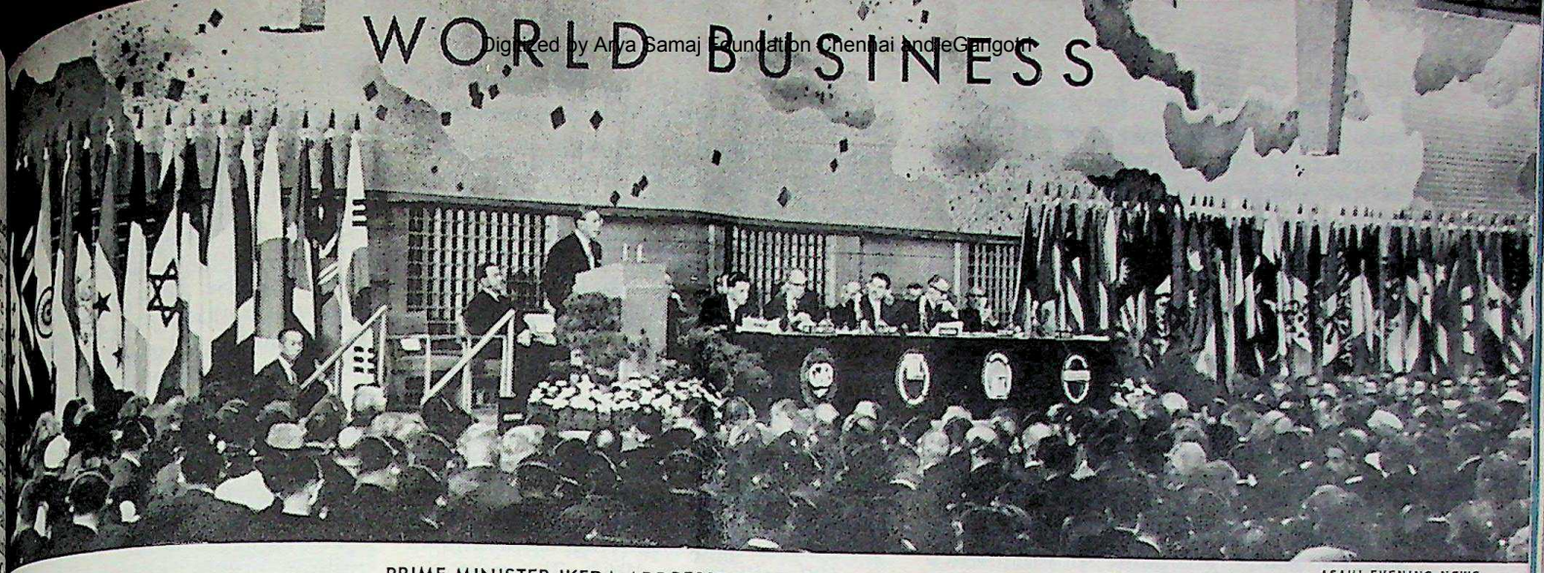
WORLD BUSINESS



PRIME MINISTER IKEDA ADDRESSING IMF CONFERENCE IN TOKYO
ASAHI EVENING NEWS

Along with geishas and warm sake, a struggle for leadership.

MONEY

Financial Olympics

Tokyo's imaginative headline writers called it *Okane no Saiten*—the Festival of Money. Some Japanese authorities considered it more important than the Olympics in adding luster to Japan's image, and Prime Minister Ikeda came to speak to the opening session. When the International Monetary Fund met last week in Tokyo, the gathering in the elegant Hotel Okura was the greatest in the city's history, a financial spectacular for 2,000 mental gymnasts from 102 nations.

Eager to impress, the Japanese plied the bankers with No plays, Koto recitals, Bunraku puppet shows, trips to the countryside, geisha parties and tea with Emperor Hirohito. They even introduced a new cigarette called IMF. Between the crowded plenums and the warm sake sessions, the international moneymen performed some important business—and witnessed a struggle for control of the world's monetary leadership.

After several days of debate, the delegates voted unanimously to ante up an increase in the IMF's $15.6 billion fund, which is used to bail out countries in financial distress. Most countries will probably get a 25% rise in their assessments, but certain ones that have been doing particularly well of late—such as Japan and West Germany—are expected to be asked to contribute much more. While the IMF met, delegates to the World Bank, the IMF's sister institution, also gathered in Tokyo. Over strong objections from the Americans, Filipinos and Iraquis, it approved a plan by which the bank will try to arbitrate expropriations of foreign-owned properties. Despite such accomplishments, the most dramatic development in Tokyo was a ploy—a barefaced attempt by Paris to grab the lead in world money markets from the U.S. and Britain. "Little De Gaulle." At issue were shimmering proposals to reform and modernize the IMF, which France (and other countries) believes to be dominated by the U.S., although its chairman is Frenchman Pierre-Paul Schweitzer. The IMF has been uniquely successful in spurring orderly growth in world commerce, but it has not been basically changed since its founding at Bretton Woods, N.H., 20 years ago. By posing as the helpful repairman anxious to correct this oversight, Charles de Gaulle hopes to gain more power for France in world monetary circles. Many U.S. financial leaders believe that France wants to transfer some of the IMF's money and credit powers to the Bank for International Settlements, a clubby little band of French and other Continental moneymen.

As a first step at Tokyo, France's aristocratic, intellectual Finance Minister Valery Giscard d'Estaing plumped for a basic change in the system of monetary reserves that helps to bankroll world trade. He proposed that the leading industrial countries create a vague new international currency, based on gold, that would gradually replace the current reserve mix of dollars, sterling and gold. The hooker in this return to a universal gold standard is that it would greatly enhance the power of France, which has plenty of gold reserves, but weaken the U.S. and Britain, which are currently embarrassed by a shortage of enough gold to fill all their needs. Tokyo's financial press sniffed at the proposals of "Little De Gaulle."

Delaying Action. In formal rebuttal, Britain's Chancellor of the Exchequer Reginald Maudling, normally a champion of reform, labeled Giscard d'Estaing's plan "a danger" and cautioned the delegates to go slow in tampering with the IMF. U.S. Treasury Secretary Douglas Dillon got in his licks, too, playing upon the bankers' conservative instincts to make his point. Dillon conceded that international cash and credit should eventually be enlarged to keep up with the rapid expansion of world trade, which has outstripped the rise in the world's money supply, but he argued that the IMF's newly voted increases would be sufficient to cover any reserve problems for the next two to four years. Rejecting France's opportunistic urgency, he advised the delegates to approach reform "in an atmosphere of calm."

Though France had lined up some weighty allies, notably the Germans and the Dutch, Dillon and Maudling appeared to win the majority of the delegates—at least for now. Many echoed the sentiment of Japan's mightiest financier, Fuji Bank President Iwasa: "The gold standard is outdated." But the cold, hard fact of monetary policy is that the long-term trend is toward less dependence on the dollar and sterling. As he tries to do with everything else, General de Gaulle is certain to press his attempt to use this economic shift to gain political dividends.

ITALY

Year of the *Sboom*

The Italians have a word for what has been happening to their economy lately: *sboom*. An *s* placed before certain Italian words turns them into their opposites, and "unboom" just fits the bill. When Italy's postwar economic miracle suddenly began to fade last year, the *sboom* set in. Last winter and into the spring, the lira wobbled and fled the country in uncounted millions. The stock market dived, and inflation rampaged. Italy's economy, further unsteadied by continuing political crisis, looked sick indeed.

Now the Italians are congratulating themselves on a second miracle: the *sboom* has not turned into a bust. The biggest reason is the strong fiscal medicine administered by the Bank of Italy and its governor, Guido Carli, who is talked of as a future Premier of Italy. Those policies sharply curbed foreign borrowing by Italian banks and thus helped create a deflationary credit squeeze. They also helped produce a drop in industrial production, a threat of unemployment, falling profits and scattered business bankruptcies—but they seem to have saved the economy from collapse.

Italy's wholesale prices have steadied, and Milan's stock exchange index has

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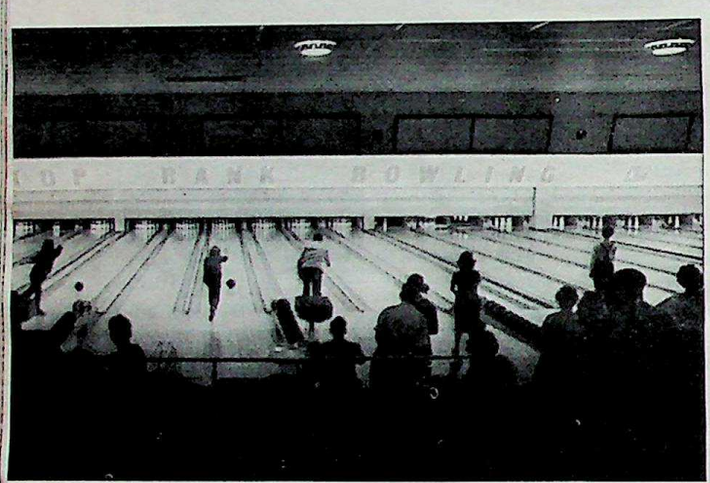
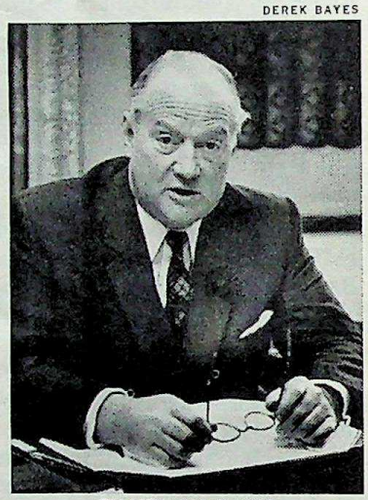
just crept above 6,000 for the first time since last spring. Last week, Treasury Minister Emilio Colombo reported that Italy's balance of payments has switched from a monstrous $1.2 billion deficit last year to a surplus of $535 million for the past five months. At the same time, Parliament acted to curb the national passion to buy on credit by passing a law requiring 25% down and two-year terms on installment purchases. Best of all, the lira has been revivified.

Last winter, amid official predictions of a mounting trade deficit and some foreign talk of devaluation, speculation against the lira gripped European currency markets. The panic subsided when the U.S., the International Monetary Fund and European central banks granted $1.2 billion in credits to shore up the Italian economy. In the last year, the lira has gained slightly against the pound, lost only 4/10 of 1% to the dollar. But Italy's economy still faces a tough and crisis-ridden fall. Whether it survives in good shape depends largely on whether it can check its upward wage spiral and thus avoid pricing itself out of world markets.

DEREK BAYES



BOWLING ALLEY AT BIRMINGHAM



CHAIRMAN DAVIS

Change rescued a starlet.

BRITAIN

Rank Progress

Britain's moviemaking Rank Organisation—and the entire British movie industry—was in deep trouble in 1948 when Managing Director John Davis received a letter from a bank to which Rank owed a cool $45 million. Written by the bank's chairman, the letter was accompanied by a copy of Rank's annual report—with a circle scrawled around the picture of a statuesque Rank starlet. Said the notation: "If worst comes to worst, we'll settle for this one." Heh, heh.

Though amused, Davis had other ideas for solving the crisis. "Some may treat change as an enemy," he says, "but I prefer to believe it to be an ally." Steadily moving Rank beyond motion pictures, he diversified it into everything from testing machines to tenpin bowling, chopped down the bank debt within four years. Such change has proved a powerful ally indeed for Rank and Davis. This week Rank reports record fiscal 1964 earnings of $13 million on sales of $250 million, up 50% over 1963 and 13 times those of pre-diversification days.

Crime & Comedy. Formed in 1936 by devout Methodist J. Arthur Rank to make and exhibit wholesome family films, Rank faced a postwar crisis that sprang from a double source. For one, the British government in 1948 revoked prohibitive duties on foreign movies, and a stream of U.S. crime and comedy films quickly cascaded in. More important, as in the U.S., audiences in Britain deserted to TV. From a 1946 peak of 1.6 billion, British moviegoers dwindled to 400 million in 1963. To meet the change, Davis sold 100 theaters, wisely followed his customers into new leisures.

As a result, 58% of Rank's current profit comes from nonfilm activities. Capitalizing on Britain's rising incomes, Rank's 19 divisions run 18 "Top Rank" bowling alleys, 38 bingo clubs, 29 ballrooms, 15 coin-op laundries, 25 dance studios. The firm has also opened three motor inns and ten highway service centers, runs 184 TV and appliance retail stores and six factories that make radio and TV sets, appliances and electronic equipment.

Explosive Performance. For Davis, 57, a jowly gentleman who moved up to chairman when Founder Rank retired two years ago, Rank's most spectacular sideline has been its entry into Xerox duplicating equipment. Searching for profitable ventures after the diversification decision, Davis in 1956 agreed to bankroll the U.S.'s struggling Xerox Corp. (then called Haloid Co.) in return for rights to make and market its duplicating machines outside the Western Hemisphere. Xerox, of course, has been a huge success. Result: Rank Xerox last year accounted for a third of the Organisation's profits. The company this year expects to distribute 15,000 machines, last week opened a subsidiary in South Africa, its 13th worldwide operation. Even Davis, who usually retains the calm and conservatism of his early days as an accountant, calls the performance "explosive."

SOVIET UNION

Welcome, Capitalists

Developing the Soviet Union as Nikita Khrushchev would like is too big a job for Communist re and technology. Capitalists in sea new business have not failed to notice of this fact. Putting ide aside, more and more free-world nessmen are making multimillion deals to build locomotives, dry mills and factories in the Soviet U In what is believed to be the big dustrial deal yet between Com and capitalists, a British consorti week signed a contract to erect million polyester-fiber plant in S By allowing the Russians 15 ye repayment, the British also agre the best credit terms ever exte a Communist nation.

Master Bargainers. The U.S. c that such contracts enable Rus devote other resources to m and unpeaceful purposes," disco American firms from making dea the Soviets. Other nations do no to listen. Working under contra by investment, which is still tab Communist lands—a number of companies have agreed to build lizer, petrochemical and textile French companies have set up a factory, two chemical plants and sugar refineries. Sweden recen ished two dry docks and several packing houses, is now building processing plant in eastern Siber Netherlands has constructed thr tilizer plants, and Japan fortnig approved a contract for one wo million. Even industries in We many, which has a strict ban on cash deals with Russia, have m to get a few Russian contracts.

The Russians show great skill gaining: it took four months of discussion to close the British deal also give Western businessmen so asperating moments, especially opening the bargaining just w differences seem to have been s And they are canny; they knew when to get the best deal from on a pulp mill—during a business Franco Marinotti, president of SNIA Viscosa and an old hand gaining with Russians, has his of thumb: speak fluent Russian long-term credit and toss down like a Russian. He does all three.

Prompt Payment. Capitalists quarrel with the way Russians pa bills: on time and in hard currenc reason, of course, is that the R want to encourage even more ists to do business with them. La a Soviet trade delegation arri Stockholm to see if anyone w build another pulp mill. And officials stirred new interest amo ish businessmen by announcing th had the go-ahead to negotiate for more chemical and fertilizer worth about $280 million.

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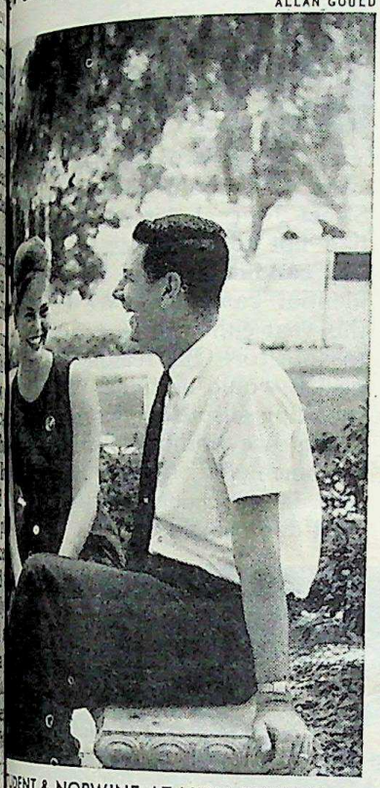
COLLEGES

ewborn Schools

This week in Sarasota, Fla., a new ege called New College starts its classes, joining the 80 senior col- s founded since World War II that e in fame from Brandeis near Bos- down to Yampa Valley College in mboat Springs, Colo. The aim of College is to make Spanish moss

ALLAN GOULD



DENT & NORWINE AT NEW COLLEGE
ng Spanish moss the equal of ivy.

restige equivalent of New England and the school starts out with $11 n in cash assets, raised in fund s, and 115 acres of landscaped ont property.

dents will go through a three-year, -month course of study, with two off at Christmas and in August. mosphere will be permissive; stu- are called "colleagues," and rules alled "expectations." But with most es in give and take seminars or al sessions, the school hopes to the academic laxness that a free ight encourage. "It could be Sun- , but it won't be," says Florida- George Baughman, 49, who re- three years ago as vice president siness affairs at New York Uni- to head New College.

Mutty Enough Staff. A blue-chip of 25 trustees is composed of Floridians, influential laymen dent Henry Chauncy of the Edu- al Testing Service and Alfred Barr rector of collections for the Mu- of Modern Art, for example), and Congregational ministers, who rep- church help in founding the but who shun any supposition ey should exercise religious con- trol over it. With such impressive auspices, New College persuaded Historian Arnold Toynbee to be visiting professor this winter. He had doubts about the heat, but Baughman astutely pointed out the precedents for intellectual achievement in warm climates: the ancient Greeks and Aztecs.

For its permanent staff, Provost and Dean John Gustad, psychologist and former liberal arts dean at Alfred University, rounded up 21 men "capable enough and nutty enough to help make a curriculum that would last long enough for us to see what was wrong. They had to be willing to walk off the end of the dock with us," says Gustad jovially. Admissions Director Robert Norwine was enticed from Wesleyan University, and he proceeded to choose 97 talented nonconformists from 1,200 freshman applicants. Tuition is stiff ($4,200 a year), but 80% of the students get scholarship aid.

Until January the students will be housed at Landmark, a luxurious Sarasota resort hotel, with a private balcony overlooking the water for every student. When Architect I. M. Pei completes the first phase of a $15 million building program, students will transfer to dorms that are equally inviting. Designed to complement the main building, which is the mansion that once belonged to Circusman Charles Ringling, the low-lying residences are grouped around a central plaza and interior courts. Pairs of students will share carpeted study-bedrooms (with bath) opening onto secluded patios.

With New College at last a reality, President Baughman is floating along on a cushion of enthusiastic adjectives: "Marvelous, exciting, superb, inspiring." And besides, he says, "the acoustic qualities of carpeting bring a whole new dignity to the educational effort."

Plus Quadruplets. Across the nation, the college class of 1968 is a record 20% larger than last year's entering class, and the growth rate is expected to double total enrollment to 9,000,000 by 1980. Colleges everywhere are expanding; junior colleges are rising by the dozen, and at least four new senior colleges besides New College open their doors this fall with a display of innovations to ease the growing pains.

▶ Saginaw Valley College in upstate Michigan will start classes for about 100 students in the facilities of another school, Delta College.

▶ Florida Atlantic University, a state school built amidst the grass-grown runways of an old bomber base in Boca Raton, will take juniors, seniors and graduate students to absorb part of the overflow from Florida's spate of new junior colleges. The latest electronic teaching aids—including closed-circuit television in every room and study cubicle, as well as a computer-controlled library and information-processing operation—are part of its Learning Resources Center.

▶ St. John's College in Annapolis, Md., chartered in 1784, has duplicated itself at a 260-acre campus of rolling wooded hills in Santa Fe, N. Mex. The prescribed curriculum at both campuses is 130 "basic books" of Western thought; each student body is restricted to 300; the faculty is interchangeable under a single president, Richard D. Weigle. Only the architecture is different: something called "modified territorial" in Santa Fe and Georgian colonial in Annapolis.

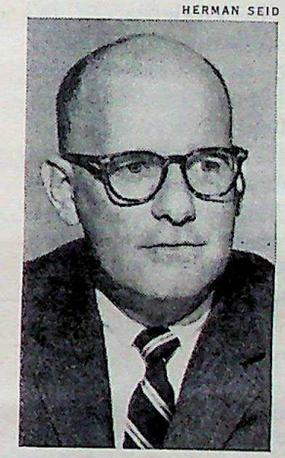
▶ Pitzer College in Southern California joins the five other independent schools allied in the Associated Colleges of Claremont. Privately endowed by Citrus Grower R. K. Pitzer, the college aims to educate women for the traditional professions, with an assist from modern electronic teaching aids. "Rather than let these girls be handicapped by watered-down versions of courses offered to men," says a Pitzer trustee, "we will let them know the cold—and the warm—facts of life."

CURRICULUM

Fountains of Reform

An unnerving degree of chance rules curriculum change in most of the 30,000 local school systems in the U.S. Lacking the financial and scholarly resources to rewrite courses, they have to take curriculums in packages from textbook publishers and teachers colleges. An energetic exception to this educational

HERMAN SEID



BAIRD

TONY TOMSIC

ENGLISH

Taking the curriculum out of the package.

drift is suburban Cleveland, where 27 private, public and parochial school systems are partners in the Educational Research Council, a nonprofit laboratory for learning founded five years ago with backing from civic-minded Cleveland business leaders.

Its mission is "to help schools change —often radically—what they are doing," and it has become a fountain of reform for the whole U.S.

Crucial Transformation. The council's most famous innovation is a comprehensive new math curriculum for kindergarten through sixth grade that is being taught this fall to 5,000,000 students in 50 states. Its newest change

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is perhaps its most crucial: transforming social studies from a dull memorization of unrelated facts, which has long been the scandal of grade-school education, to a lively, integrated understanding of the economic, political and historical crosscurrents that comprise U.S. democracy.

The framework for the social-studies reform, as for the math program, was built by leading university scholars brought to Cleveland for lengthy planning. Then the council's own staff of 30 professionals, working closely with local teachers, devised and frequently revised the texts, teaching aids and teacher-training courses. Last week 18,000 third- and fourth-graders and 1,000 teachers began working with the new program, which eventually will reach all of the council's 250,000 students through the twelfth grade.

Dangerous Illusions. "I don't want to turn out a bunch of little cynics," says British-born Raymond English, 47, chief planner of the new social-studies course, "but contemporary children entering school have far greater knowledge of social problems than an educator of 30 years ago would have dreamed of. They are aware that their parents pay taxes for schools, police and garbage disposal. They hear about race riots and space flights. We must teach facts at the lower grades so that teachers in the upper grades won't have to spend time erasing an illusionary picture of the world."

Learning related facts, pupils are introduced to maps in kindergarten instead of waiting until the fourth grade to grasp what the whole earth looks like. They are told that Norseman Leif Ericson discovered the New World, not Columbus. For years, social-studies courses pounded away on the virtue of thrift, but the council program realistically recognizes that students know their own families rely heavily on credit, and teaches that both saving and spending have a place in the usual household economy.

In a synthesis of economics, geography, social anthropology and politics, third-graders study Cleveland as a shipping and commercial center, a melting pot of immigrants and native pioneers, and a city plagued by the problem of slum neighborhoods and urban renewal. Throughout, the aim is to encourage valid judgments and discourage rote recitations. "The youngster should be aware that he's in a society that has values, and that a careful choice of values is what determines a rational man," says English.

"The time is ripe not for tinkering, but for real reform," says the council's executive director, George H. Baird, 41. His goal is overhauling the curriculum from kindergarten through high school. When that task is done, the council expects to be able to send its high-school graduates to college knowing as much as the average present-day college sophomore or junior..

NEWSPAPERS

More Early Picks

"This 1964 campaign is loaded with uncertainties," said the New York Daily News, warming up its editorial columns for the long debate that leads to November. "But one thing seems at least 99% certain: that it is going to be our most exciting and fiercely fought presidential battle in decades. Excuse us a moment while we lick our chops."

Early Rash. The News might well have added that much of the excitement and ferocity has been supplied by the press. Rarely in a presidential year have so many newspapers betrayed such impatient eagerness to referee the campaign—or to influence its outcome. The Chicago Tribune declared for Barry Goldwater even before he was formally his party's choice, and dozens of other papers have decided not to follow the time-honored custom of hearing the candidates out before making up their editorial minds.

The rash of early newspaper endorsements may also have inflicted permanent damage to the image of a one-party press. Already in Lyndon Johnson's trophy room, for instance, are such normally Republican-sympathizing papers as the Kansas City Star, the Chicago Sun-Times, and three of the eight dailies in once Republican Vermont.

Last week Johnson picked up two more metropolitan Republican prizes: Walter Annenberg's Philadelphia papers, the morning Inquirer and the evening News. Said the Inquirer, which had never in 135 years backed a Democrat for President*: "This newspaper is convinced that it would be disastrous for this nation, disastrous for the two-party system, and disastrous for world peace, to have Barry Goldwater in the White House."

Sneaking Suspicion. Goldwater, in the meantime, has been gathering newspaper support all over that traditional Democratic preserve, the South. Among his more recent converts are the Chattanooga, Tenn., News—Free Press and the Natchez, Miss., Democrat. Last week he got the support of four papers in Alabama and Mississippi owned by Ralph Nicholson.

What effect such impetuous and enthusiastic side picking may have on the election was a question for which at least one newspaper had a ready answer. "For many years," said the Wall Street Journal, "it has been our practice not to announce our support of any candidate in the quadrennial presidential campaigns. We don't propose this year either to tell our readers whom to vote for. One reason is that we suspect it would be futile. We even have a sneaking suspicion that most American voters are unmoved by the traditional endorsements offered by newspaper editors, labor leaders, businessmen or their next-door neighbors."

DENVER POST CARTOON OF SPORTS TV
Boning up paid off.

* The more youthful News, founded in 1925, swore allegiance to the Democratic Party from 1954 to '57, when it belonged to Philadelphia Contractor Matthew McCloskey, longtime treasurer of the Democratic National Committee. In 1957 McCloskey sold it to Annenberg and the paper returned to the Republican fold.

CARTOONISTS

Down Under to Denver

Lyndon was unmistakably L... right down to the bifurcated chin, was incontrovertibly Barry—bu... brow wrinkles, horn rims and... Few U.S. cartoonists have so... distilled the spirit of these two p... Australia's Patrick Bruce Oliphant, a recent arrival who has not yet set on either Johnson or Goldwater, who took over the editorial cartoon drawing board at the Denver Post last month.

Pat Oliphant came to the Post from Australia at the end of a six-month search for a worthy successor to cartoonist Paul Conrad, who left Denver for a better-paying job on the L...

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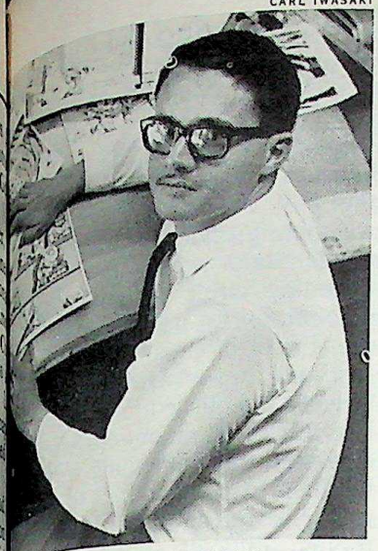
CARL IWASAKI



DENVER POST'S OLIPHANT
His jokes are Punk's.

Times (TIME, Jan. 31). Although
st passed over a field of 50 domes-
plicants to hire Oliphant, the choice
certain inevitability. His drafts-
ip bears comparison to Conrad's,
e has the same flair for tapping
mic vein. To make sure that the
ot his point, Oliphant, who had
f Conrad's resignation in TIME,
no time bidding for the job,
along samples of his work from
elaide Advertiser.

guin Puns. A self-taught, left-
d cartoonist, Pat Oliphant since
had amused the 200,000 sub-
rs of the Advertiser, where he had
up from copy boy. But he had
ined to pack up his pen and take
the U.S. Both he and his trim,
-born wife Hendrika (winner of
uth Australian breaststroke cham-
ip in 1955) have boned up on
can mores and politics against the
hat one of Oliphant's endless job
cations to U.S. papers paid off.
e Denver Post's new employee
showed he could deftly lampoon
American practices as commercial-
sports TV. Embedded in each Oli-
panel is a kind of sub-cartoon
ring a penguin called Punk. Punk's
lured even children to the Ad-
r's editorial page. They may well
e same in Denver, where they
already earning a reputation as
ant jokes."

-le Restriction. The Republican-
d Post has pledged Oliphant the
within-bounds latitude that Demo-
Conrad enjoyed. "He's not allowed
radict editorial policy," said Ed-
Page Editor Mort Stern, "but
within broad limits. It's never a
on of 'do this.'" Cartoonist Oli-
is not likely to chafe at this gen-
riction. The Post endorsed Ken-
in 1960 and will back Johnson
year; Oliphant's attitudes are sim-
I tend to lean Democratic now,"
d. "But I don't believe a cartoon-
uld come out one way or an-
Newcomer Oliphant's first-
mpression of U.S. politics: "Very
mable."

Born. To Mark Hatfield, 42, Governor of Oregon and Republican keynoter at San Francisco, and Antoinette Kuzmanich Hatfield, 34: their third child, second daughter; in Salem, Ore. Name: Theresa.

Married. Marshall Field III, 23, son of Chicago Newspaper Publisher Marshall Field Jr. (*Sun Times, Daily News*); and Joan Best Connelly, 20, Manhattan socialite; in Rumson, N.J., two months after Marshall Jr.'s third wedding.

Married. Anna Maria Alberghetti, 28, Italian-born actress (Lili in *Carnival*) and nightclub coloratura; and Claudio Guzman, 36, TV director (*The Patty Duke Show*); he for the second time; in Los Angeles.

Married. Princess Isabelle, 32, eldest daughter of French Pretender Comte de Paris; and Count Friedrich Carl Schönborn-Buchheim, 26, heir to 12,000 acres of Austrian forest; in a civil ceremony, followed the next day by a nuptial Mass in the royal chapel of Dreux, France.

Divorced. Billy Rose, 65, bantam Broadway entrepreneur and biggest single A.T. & T. stockholder (160,000 shares worth $11 million); by Doris Warner Vidor, 48, heiress to Hollywood's Warner Bros. fortune; on grounds of mental cruelty; after six months of marriage (his fifth); in Reno.

Died. Jane Hadley Barkley, 52, widow of Alben, a comely St. Louis secretary who caught the Veep's fancy on a visit to Washington in 1949 (he was then 71, she 38), suddenly found herself swept up in one of the most popular and public courtships in history as her "Punkin" shuttled between his Washington desk and her St. Louis home until he won her hand four months later; of a heart attack; in Washington.

Died. Francisco San Tiago Dantas, 52, one of the leftist powers behind Brazil's recently deposed President João Goulart, a wealthy corporation lawyer who started out as a conservative but later veered left to latch onto Goulart's rising star, as his Foreign Minister in 1962 authored Brazil's hands-off policy on Castro, as his Finance Minister in 1963 worked the other side of the street by promising economic reforms in return for a U.S. loan, in 1964 was about to be blacklisted by the anti-Communist purgers when they relented because he was so gravely ill; of cancer; in Rio de Janeiro.

Died. Sakari Tuomioja, 53, Finnish banker and U.N. diplomat who proved himself a savvy, soft-spoken troubleshooter in Laos in 1959, was picked by U.N. Secretary-General U Thant last March to try mediating the Cyprus dispute; following a stroke on Aug. 16, just before he was ready to present his own peace proposal to the embattled Greek and Turkish Cypriots; in Helsinki.

Died. Lieut. General Robert Whitney Burns, 56, patron saint of all G.I.s, who in 1959, as commander of U.S. forces in Japan, recalled a homeward-bound airliner, personally removed a rank-pulling lieutenant colonel, his wife and four children, and placed back on board the six emergency-furloughed enlisted men "bumped" by the vacationing colonel; after a long illness; in San Antonio.

Died. Walter Brown, 59, longtime owner of the Boston Garden, Boston Bruins hockey team and Boston Celtics basketball team, who inherited control of the Garden upon the death of his father in 1937, made it pay for the first time by introducing the Ice Capades and the rodeo, put pro basketball across by buying the sputtering Celtics with his profits and helping guide them to seven championships in the last eight years; of a heart attack; in Hyannis, Mass.

Died. Elizabeth Gurley Flynn, 74, boss of the U.S. Communist Party since 1961; of a blood clot in the lung artery; in Moscow (*see* THE WORLD).

Died. Admiral Georges Thierry d'Argenlieu, 75, French military hero and Roman Catholic priest, who forsook the cloth to fight with De Gaulle in World War II, later became French High Commissioner to Indo-China, a post in which he so relentlessly pressed the fight against Communist guerrillas, scorning all talk of negotiation in Paris, that he was recalled in 1947, whereupon he quit public life in disgust and returned to his monk's habit; of a heart attack; in a monastery near Brest, France.

Died. William Geer, 88, inventor of new uses for rubber, a onetime B.F. Goodrich research vice president who retired to work on his own in 1925, at one time or another held 40 patents, among them the first successful aircraft deicer, thick strips of pulsating rubber that fitted over the leading edge of the wings and shook off storm-cloud ice as quickly as it formed, a device that after 30 years is still used on many prop-driven aircraft, but not on the big jets; after a long illness; in Ithaca, N.Y.

Died. Checkers, 12, Dick and Pat Nixon's black and white cocker spaniel, who at the age of three months got the most publicity of any dog since Fala when her master went on nationwide TV during the 1952 election campaign, explained that she was the only campaign gift (a fund of $18,000 was in question) that he had kept for his personal use; in Manhattan.

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Of Men and Decisions

CORRIDORS OF POWER *by C. P. Snow. 403 pages. Scribner. $5.95.*

"If a man hasn't the right to his own cliché, who has?" asks C. P. Snow in the preface to his latest novel. A good question, rougher than he apparently realized. For though Snow meant it to apply only to the title of *Corridors of Power*, which sneaked into print years before the book itself, the question spotlights the strength and weakness of his whole novel and of his entire *Strangers and Brothers* sequence, of which this is the ninth volume. *Corridors of Power* is the capstone of the sequence so far; it is on balance a very good novel, which nonetheless today seems in some ways unoriginal—but largely because of Snow's previous success in making his ideas into commonplaces.

LARRY BURROWS—LIFE

C. P. SNOW
Through a glass-bottomed boat.

The Game & the Stakes. For three decades now, the behind-the-scenes play of politics, personalities and principles in the British Establishment has been Sir Charles Percy Snow's chief subject and growing obsession, in both fiction and nonfiction. Himself thoroughly experienced both as a Cambridge scientist and a Whitehall administrator, he has made it disturbingly clear to millions that the motives of men of power are mixed and unpredictable, that even right decisions are often taken for trivial reasons, that even upright and intelligent men are often helpless to defeat inertia or change the results of the system.

This time out, Snow appears at first to be telling much the same story—and of course through the same narrator, the dispassionate and indestructible lawyer, Lewis Eliot, whose Cambridge and London career parallels Snow's own. A Tory politician named Roger Quaife is trying to alter radically the course of defense policy in the late 1950s by persuading a Tory government to scrap Britain's independent nuclear deterrent, which he sees as ineffective, ruinously expensive, and a dangerous temptation to other small powers to compete in the atomic arms race. Quaife is a tough, experienced and well-connected Member of Parliament, clearly brilliant, ravenously ambitious but secretly something more: an idealist seeking a justification beyond power and a prize in the history books beyond the usual rewards of playing ambition's game. He is the most enigmatically attractive figure Snow has ever drawn.

The Gamble. By ruthless intriguing, Quaife displaces an aging Minister and takes over the Cabinet portfolio that includes policymaking on the nuclear deterrent. By a considerable amount of flattery and deception he isolates the scientific enemies of his viewpoint, by wheeling and dealing he splits the industrialists who stand to lose lucrative defense contracts, and by magnetism and grit he puts together a precarious grouping of Cabinet members, senior civil servants and Tory backbenchers in support of a White Paper that outlines the first steps away from the nuclear arms race.

Quaife's game is desperately exciting, well played, and in the end not quite enough. Offered a chance to back down gracefully and conserve his power, Quaife instead gambles everything—and loses everything when he is not able to hold the solid support of his own party members in Parliament.

Losses & Winnings. There are many reasons for his losing, Snow suggests. Quaife tried too much, too fast, too young. He advanced his policy (which Snow clearly thinks is good and has in fact been urging publicly for years) a decade too early for a party still reluctant to accept the meaning and the political consequences of the 1956 Suez Canal crisis. There was a hint of scandal over a mistress. He was sandbagged by civil servants, deserted by a key Tory supporter grown jealous of his success. But in the end, Narrator Eliot makes clear, there was no one reason for his defeat.

It is also clear that Author Snow has gambled and won. His narrative style still ticks along like a metronome, and his characters still seem sometimes to move with the other-worldly pace of tropical fish seen through a glass-bottomed boat. But Snow has succeeded in transforming his own clichés about the men and ways of power in modern Britain: by the sweeping scope of the issue and the struggle, the strength of Roger Quaife, the accuracy of observation and dialogue and the disturbing pertinence of the questions, Snow has brought off a compelling novel of high politics.

The Court and the Cussed M

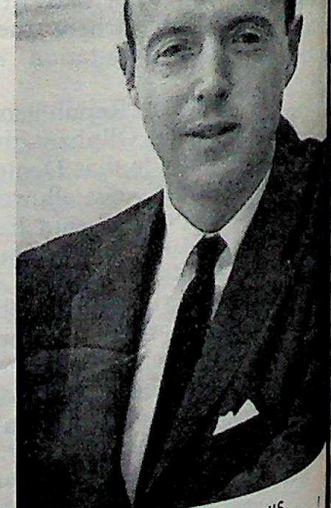
GIDEON'S TRUMPET *by Anthony L is. 262 pages. Random House. $4.95.*

Every so often a book appears behaves like a minor classic almost the day of publication, with w welcoming reviews, steady if not s tacular sales week after week, a widening circle of quietly unan recognition for its unique excellence the three months since it came Anthony Lewis' *Gideon's Trumpet* already established itself as that k book. It is not an out-of-the-way lit curiosity but something in some tougher to bring off: a sound, lite readable introduction to an impo though difficult subject—in this the changing philosophy of the Supreme Court during the last ter century.

The Court & the Law. From the the legal community greeted the with respect for its deft erudition viewers spotted it as a fascinating count of the case of Clarence Gideon, the obscure Florida co whose now famous penciled petiti the Supreme Court eventually br the precedent-shattering decision that any man who cannot pay a yer is entitled to court-appointed sel when on trial, even in state c for anything more than a petty o This decision bought Gideon a ne (and his acquittal) and opened the for new trials for a myriad of Gideons. And future Gideons c grateful. Only recently, however, is' book beginning to get the wide general readership the lawyers a critics agree it deserves.

Author Lewis has covered th preme Court with distinction f New York Times since 1955. He had his mind set for some time book that would explore both the

THE NEW YOR



ANTHONY LEWIS
From the bottom of the barr

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day workings of the court and the
g-term developments in legal think-
that have made it so important a
ing influence on the U.S. system,
icularly in the last decade. The Gid-
case was a stroke of luck that Lewis
the journalistic wit to seize on to
what might otherwise have
mate a forbiddingly austere exercise in
citations and abstract discussions.
eon's dramatic struggle became the
thread of narrative on which Lewis
his account of the inner workings
court, the views and crotchets of
idual justices, the great precedents
ed to Gideon's case, the decades-
still continuing controversies of the
of the court's authority and the
re of the federal system under the
Constitution.

Unlikely Figure. Gideon himself
ly seems at first glance to be the
re of a man of destiny: gaunt, can-
erous, half-educated, a petty gam-
and four-times-convicted felon. Yet
lawyer remarked, "It has become
st axiomatic that the great rights
h are secured for all of us by the
of Rights are constantly tested and
ed in the courts by the people who
the bottom of society's barrel."
n is a classic type of the cussedly
endent man. His 22-page letter
jail (Lewis quotes it in full) to
ington Lawyer Abe Fortas, who
appointed to represent him before
Supreme Court, is an autobio-
gem that ranks with the famous
that Nicola Sacco wrote from his
cell in Boston's Charlestown jail
27.

reasons that Lewis meticulously
ns, the court rarely agrees to re-
a case simply to correct an in-
e. The lightning struck Gideon be-
the court was ready to confront
notty question of the state courts'
tions, under the Bill of Rights and
ue process and equal protection
es of the 14th Amendment, to pro-
lawyers for indigent defendants in
nal cases. And as Lewis shows, the
on in Gideon's case is significant
imply because it overturns a 20-
old Supreme Court precedent that
seriously disturbed many justices
legal scholars, but also because in
ing, the court moved with a swell-
ave of legal opinion that has fun-
tally expanded and shored up the
ions of individual liberty in the
years.

casting his knowledgeable eye
the Supreme Court bench that sat
Gideon's case, and the long roll call
rious men who preceded them
e court and influenced their think-
Lewis similarly relishes the ines-
human drama and conflict that
provides. Lewis is himself clear-
pathetic for the most part to
activists" who, like Justice Black,
ually urging the court to define
owers broadly. Yet he dispenses
e to the Justices with a perceptive
en hand.

Declining Descendants

THE GOLDEN BEES *by Theo Aronson.* 407 pages. *New York Graphic Society.* $8.95.

Socially, the Bonapartes always had a problem: while Napoleon conquered Europe, the family never conquered European society. This was a grave disappointment to all of them, including Napoleon I. Even after he became Emperor, he felt it necessary to suggest that the Bonapartes had been the Bourbons of Corsica, a claim that greatly amused his niece, Princess Mathilde Bonaparte. "If it had not been for Napoleon's armies," she once confessed, "I would be selling oranges on the quayside at Ajaccio."

The social ups and downs of the Bonapartes are the subject of South African Author Theo Aronson's over-romanticized but staggeringly detailed book. The best that can be said for most of the clan is that they had the courage of their social pretensions.

Readymade Kings. Napoleon I, Author Aronson points out, had "an almost primitive sense of Corsican clannishness," and it led him to elevate his four brothers and three sisters to positions in the Empire that they were ludicrously unsuited to fill. After Austerlitz, for instance, he made his misanthropic brother Louis King of Holland; Brother Joseph became King of Naples; Brother Jérôme became King of Westphalia; Sisters Elisa, Caroline and Pauline received various duchies in Italy; and Napoleon's widowed mother became *Son Altesse Impériale Madame la Mère de l'Empereur.* Napoleon gave them all immense allowances (which they all shrewdly kited into fortunes—Elisa by reopening the marble quarries at Carrara and flooding Europe with marble busts of the Emperor).

All of them gave Napoleon ceaseless trouble. Pauline, an apparent nymphomaniac, had herself sculpted in the nude by Canova, slept indiscriminately with ambassadors and tradesmen, and fostered the rumor that she was engaged in an incestuous affair with Napoleon himself. The brothers and sisters squabbled among themselves about whose titles took precedence and complained regularly to Napoleon about details of protocol at the court (Elisa and Caroline never forgave him for seating them on stools at one state reception when they felt their rank entitled them to armchairs). Worst of all, Napoleon's addled brothers got the notion that they were supposed to rule over their various subjects rather than act as emissaries for the Emperor. "If I made one of my brothers a king," said Napoleon bitterly at St. Helena, "he imagined that he was king by the grace of God."

Also Postmasters. With the fall of the Empire, the brothers, sisters and in-laws scattered, most of them to Italy, Joseph to America, where he set himself up as landed gentry on an estate in New Jersey. The Bonapartes were a sexually agile lot, and by the time Napoleon III (son of Louis) became Emperor in 1852, it was necessary to distinguish between the legitimate and illegitimate Bonapartes by dividing them into the *famille Impériale* and the *famille civile.* The Emperor supported an immense number of them out of the privy purse and even allowed the women to retain the title of princess, although they were technically supposed to abandon it on marriage. One of the most persistent social embarrassments to the court was Count Léon Bonaparte, Napoleon's illegitimate son by a lady-in-waiting, who publicly claimed a right to the Crown, pestered the Emperor for lifelong handouts, and died penniless and insane in 1881.

The second generation of Bonapartes tried without much success to marry well-seasoned European royalty. Achille Murat Bonaparte, son of Caroline,

PAULINE

CULVER PICTURES

CHARLES

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NAPOLEON I

From Austerlitz to Tallahassee.

found that his title (Crown Prince of Naples) was getting him nowhere and decamped for Florida, where he became postmaster of Tallahassee and married a great-niece of George Washington's, thus complying with Napoleon I's edict to the American Bonapartes to marry only into the Washington and Jefferson families. Socially, the most successful of the second generation aside from Louis-Napoleon himself was Prince Napoleon Bonaparte ("Prince Plon-Plon"), son of Jérôme; he married the daughter of King Victor Emmanuel II and became King of Sardinia.

In more recent generations, Author Aronson computes, the Bonapartes have married their way into just about every royal family in Europe. The present Bonaparte pretender, Prince Louis-Napoleon Bonaparte, is a chap in his late 50s who lives in Paris with his wife and

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four children on an inherited income and rarely speaks to the Count of Paris, pretender to the Bourbon throne. The American branch of the family produced several distinguished men (including Charles Patterson Bonaparte, Secretary of the Navy under Theodore Roosevelt). But the line petered out with Jerome-Napoleon Patterson Bonaparte in 1943. The great-grandnephew of Napoleon I was taking his dog for a walk in Central Park one afternoon, when he tripped over the leash and suffered a skull fracture that killed him.

Unafraid of Virginia Woolf

BEGINNING AGAIN *by Leonard Woolf.* 263 pages. *Harcourt, Brace & World.* $4.95.

On a Swedish holiday in 1911, Leonard Woolf was confronted on a remote beach by a naked Swede, who asked, "Can you divorce your wife in England if she is insane?" Woolf was used to having the Swedes ask many questions, but this one plainly never crossed his mind. In this third volume of his memoirs, "1911 to 1918," Woolf discusses his wife Virginia's sporadic lunacy with candor and total tenderness. He was never afraid of Virginia Woolf, nor is he now of her memory, but seems, rather, to be still almost boyishly in love with her.

She was the fine-wrought sister of a close Cambridge friend of Woolf's, daughter of venerable Sir Leslie Stephen (*History of English Thought in the 18th Century*). Woolf, son of an Anglicized, middle-class Jewish family, was back on leave from seven years' civil service in Ceylon when he chucked his career to become her combination lover (they decided against children because of her health), high priest and nurse. By 1912, when they married, she already had a history of neurasthenia that included two breakdowns and an attempt to throw herself out of a window after her mother's death.

Her £400-a-year allowance from her father was hardly enough for two in Upper Bohemia, so Leonard turned to part-time journalism ("the opiate of the artist; eventually it poisons his mind and his art") and other odd jobs to help pay the bills. But in those golden pre-World War I days, even young socialists supported a cook and maid. For the Woolfs there were also to be such contingent expenses as the four nurses required during Virginia's breakdowns.

The first came with the completion of her first novel, *The Voyage Out*, about a love-struck girl who dies of an irrelevant fever. She had "an almost pathological hypersensitivity to criticism, so that she suffered an ever increasingly agonizing nervous apprehension as she got nearer to the end of her book and the throwing of it and of herself to the critics." As the publication date approached, nervous apprehension became plain madness. She raved. She heard voices. She might literally have

NOVELIST WOOLF
The end was agony.

starved herself to death had Woolf been with her at the time. "Every ... took an hour or two; I had to ... her side, put a spoon or fork in ... hand, and every now and again ... her very quietly to eat and at the ... time touch her arm or hand. ... five minutes or so she might auto... cally eat a mouthful."

The volume ends in 1918, with ... ginia's major creative time yet to ... The Woolfs had more than 20 ... together before the day in 1941 ... Virginia walked into the river Ouse ... let herself drown. In this loving ac... of his wife, Woolf has already ... close to disproving his own opinion ... "the charm of the dead cannot be ... produced second-hand in words."

Frenzy at Daybreak

THE MAN *by Irving Wallace.* ... pages. *Simon & Schuster.* $5.95.

This tasteless story is laid in the ... future, and it pretends that Doc... Dilman, the first Negro President ... U.S. history, has just entered the W... House. He has arrived there by a s... lar coincidence of disaster: the ... President has died of a heart attack ... President and Speaker of the H... have both been crushed by a collap... ceiling. Dilman, as president pro te... the U.S. Senate, is next in line. In ... lace's contrived exercise, Dilm... made to contend with 1) a son who ... longs to a Black Muslim-type sect ... 2) a daughter who tries to pass as w... 3) a Senate that tries to impeach ... and 4) a Russian Premier who be... that he must secretly hate the sy... that rejects him. Novelist Wallace ... *Chapman Report*) embarked on ... *Man*, he reports, by taking up his ... pad and pencil one evening "and w... in a frenzy whatever came to my ... until daybreak." Obviously.

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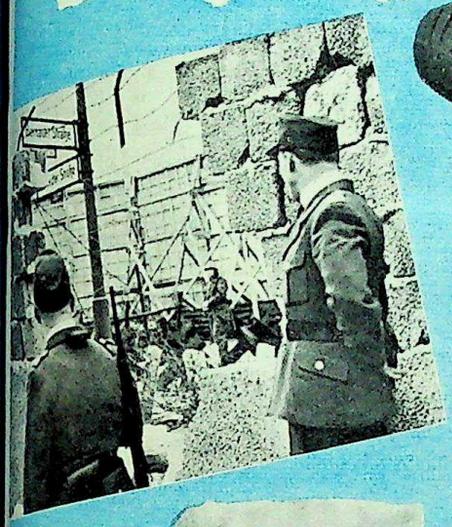

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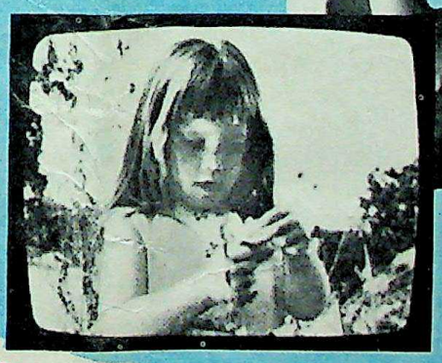

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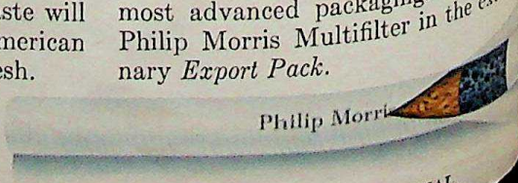

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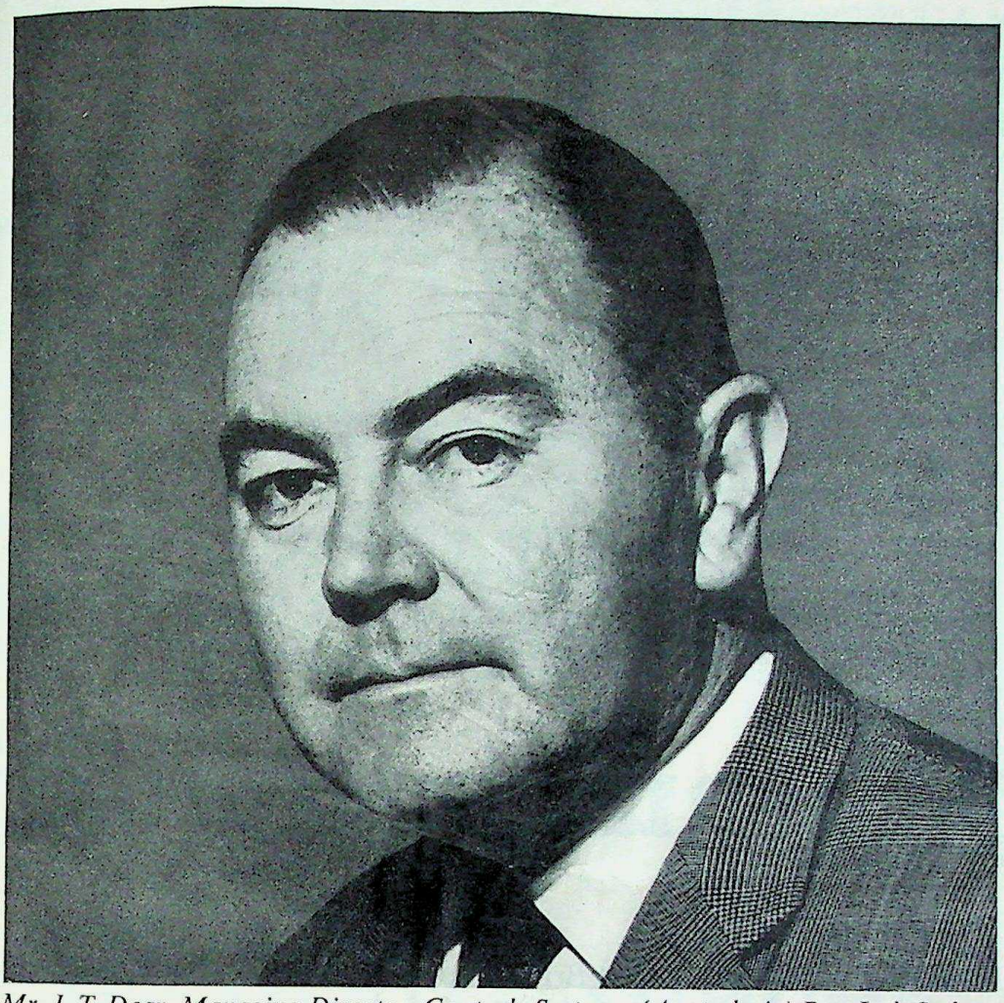

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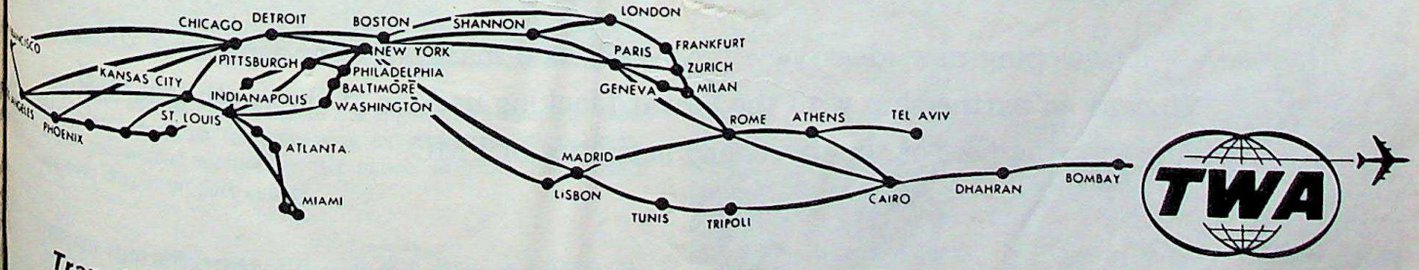

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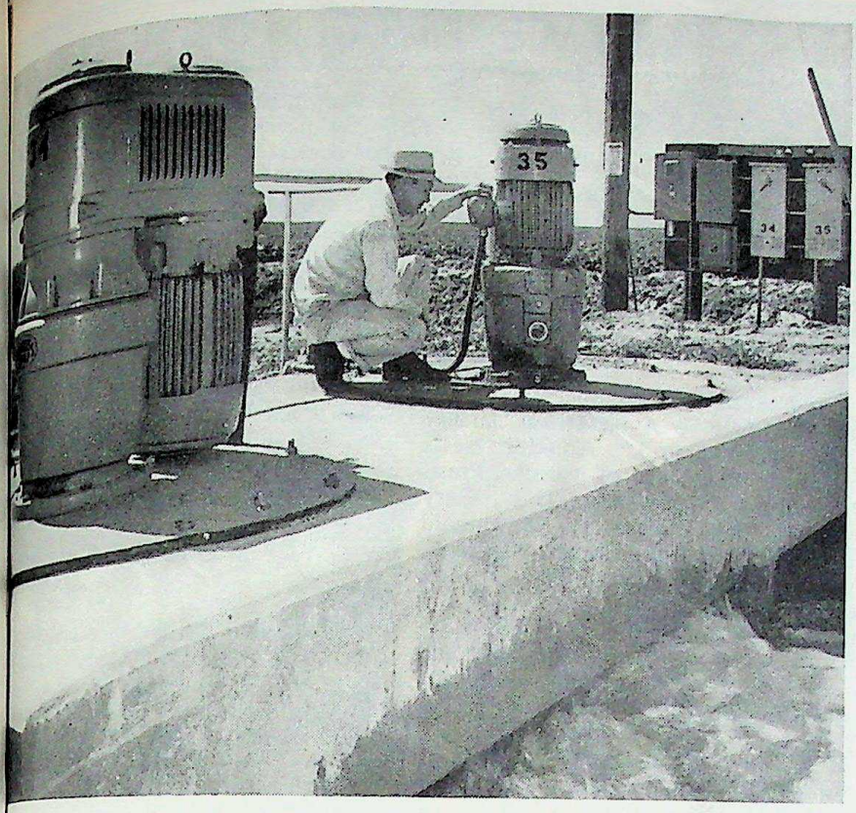

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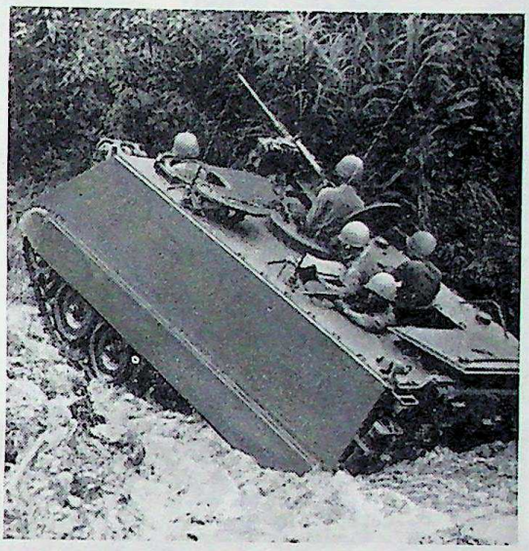

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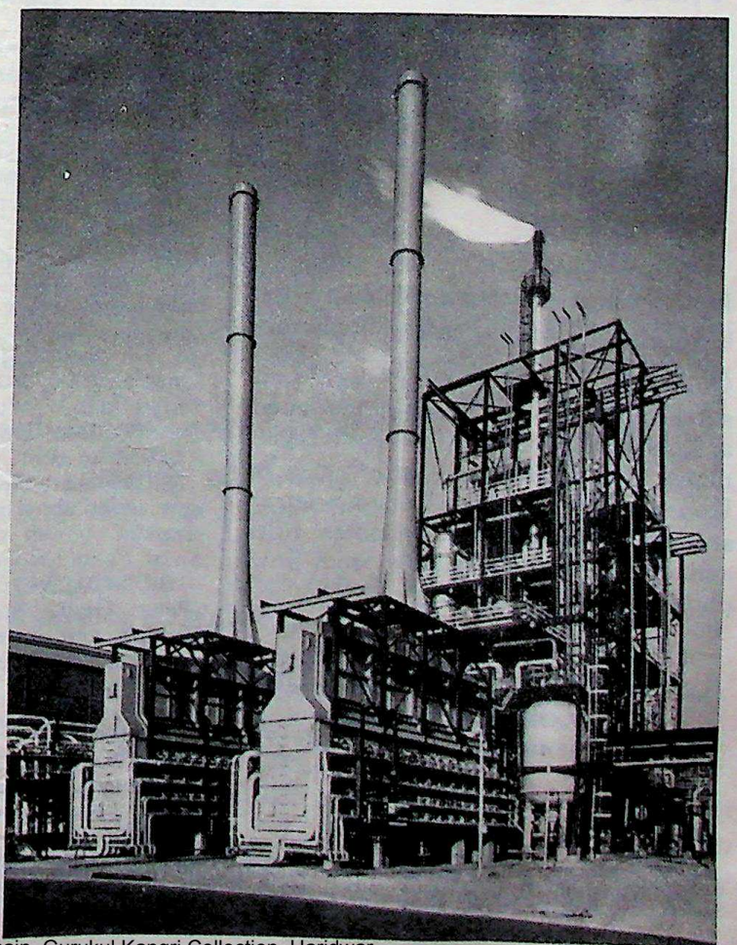

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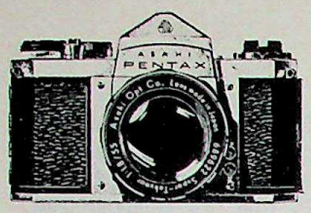

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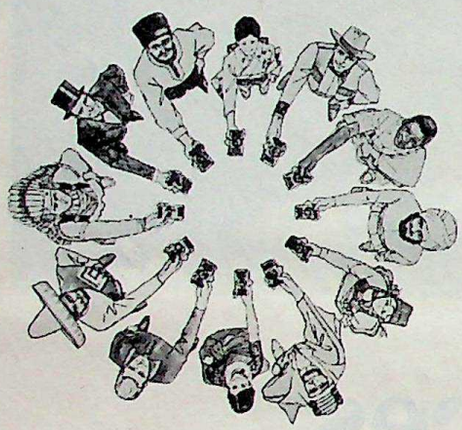

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TIME LISTINGS

TELEVISION

Having held back while NBC and ABC unveiled their new programs, this week it is CBS's turn. Most of its new offerings are situation comedies, with situations ranging from the all-too-probable to the all-too-inconceivable. This just about completes the new season with only one or two stragglers coming in later.

Wednesday, September 23

THE PRESIDENCY: A SPLENDID MISERY (CBS, 7:30-8:30 p.m.).* A CBS News special with the words of various Presidents read by Actors James Daly, Gary Merrill, Sidney Blackmer, Macdonald Carey, E. G. Marshall, Herbert Marshall, Dan O'Herlihy, and Robert Ryan. Fredric March is host-narrator.

THE CARA WILLIAMS SHOW (CBS, 9:30-10 p.m.). A comedy about a husband and wife who work for a company that bans intra-office matrimony. Première.

Thursday, September 24

THE MUNSTERS (CBS, 7:30-8 p.m.). A new comedy series about a family of cheesy monsters. Première.

THE BAILEYS OF BALBOA (CBS, 9:30-10 p.m.). A new situation comedy about a poor family living on a houseboat in the luxury Balboa Yacht Basin—a kind of *Beverly Hillbillies* afloat—starring Paul Ford as Papa Bailey. Première.

DANIEL BOONE (NBC, 7:30-8 p.m.). Expectable adventures every week, starring Fess Parker as Boone. Première.

Friday, September 25

THE ENTERTAINERS (CBS, 8:30-9:30 p.m.). A new revue series starring Carol Burnett, Bob Newhart and Caterina Valente, with occasional appearances by Art Buchwald, Tessie O'Shea and others. Première.

GOMER PYLE—U.S.M.C. (CBS, 9:30-10 p.m.). A new series in which Jim Nabors plays a rookie marine. Première.

THE REPORTER (CBS, 10-11 p.m.). Harry Guardino and Gary Merrill will star in this new series about a New York daily newspaper. Première.

THE JACK PAAR PROGRAM (NBC, 10-11 p.m.). Guests: Mary Martin, Mike Nichols and Elaine May, with film clips of the Paar family's visit to Brazil. Color.

Saturday, September 26

ABC'S WIDE WORLD OF SPORTS (ABC, 5-6:30 p.m.). Women's World Softball championships and the Oklahoma Live Rattlesnake Hunt.

GILLIGAN'S ISLAND (CBS, 8:30-9 p.m.). A new series about a fishing party that gets stranded on an uninhabited island à la *Swiss Family Robinson*. Première.

MR. BROADWAY (CBS, 9-10 p.m.). Craig (Peter Gunn) Stevens stars in Garson Kanin's new series about a public relations man. Première.

Sunday, September 27

QUEBEC—OUI: OTTAWA—NON (NBC, 4:30-5:30 p.m.). An NBC News special on Canadian nationalism.

MY LIVING DOLL (CBS, 9-9:30 p.m.). A new situation comedy with a new situation: Julie Newmar plays a top-secret Government robot, and Robert Cumm... is the psychiatrist assigned to watch ... her control box. Première.

SUNDAY NIGHT MOVIE (ABC, 9-11 p.m.). Marilyn Monroe, Jack Lemmon and Tony Curtis, unforgettable as members of an all-girl orchestra in *Some Like It Hot*.

Monday, September 28

OLYMPIC PREVIEW (NBC, 10-11 p.m.). A special about the history of the ... including some old film footage of ... 1900 Paris Olympics, Japan's preparations for next month's contests in Tokyo, ... film clips of the athletes who will participate in them. Color.

* All times E.D.T.

RECORDS

Pop

Seldom if ever have pop singles sold as fast as they have in the last weeks of summer. Since the popularity of a 45 often attaches itself to the LP from which it came or which it hastily inspires, sales of albums too are soaring. Some of the top-moving LPs, all lifted up the charts by a two-minute tune:

EVERYBODY LOVES SOMEBODY (Reprise) was also the title of Dean Martin's million-selling single and is surrounded on his by other songs (*Baby-O, My Heart Cries for You, A Little Voice*) awash in similarly sudsy sentiments. Dino swallows his consonants and sounds as though he has no bones, but who cares when he sings such warm things?

I DON'T WANT TO BE HURT ANY... (Capitol) was the hit in Nat King Cole's anthology for jilted lovers, including *Yesterday, You're Crying on My Shoulder, Road to Nowhere,* and *Was That the Human Thing to Do*? It seems as though Everybody Hurts Somebody.

ALL SUMMER LONG (Capitol). "My ... dies and me are gittin' real well known," sing the Beach Boys, who sailed over a million with *I Get Around*. The Beach Boys feature the good California life, surfing and riding their "groovy little woodas." But the end of all this *Fun, Fun, Fun* may be in sight. "We know they're in," when they say we're not ready," sings in treble boyish voice. "We'll run away and get married anyhow."

RAG DOLL (Philips). The Four Seasons resemble the Beach Boys in playing ... rangements scored primarily for ... and cash registers. Philosophically, however, they tend to be more conservative. It was they who warned *Dawn* to go away, and now along comes this sad rag doll. "I'd change her sad rags into ... rags if I could," sings the hero, "but folks won't let me."

HONEY IN THE HORN (RCA Victor). Trumpeter Al Hirt piped such a jolly rendition of *Java* that he's had nothing but good news ever since. *Honey*, with Al in it, remains in perpetual motion, in the record shops, and now two more best-selling collections have flowed from Hirt's horn of plenty: *Cotton Candy* and *Sugar*.

ROGER AND OUT (Smash). Roger Miller is the noisiest sinner in or out of Nashville. He spent the grocery money and half the rent on liquor and then jammed the airwaves confessing. "Dang me," he keeps on to take a rope and hang me," he keeps on singing. Nobody is arguing with him, so far the only action against him ...

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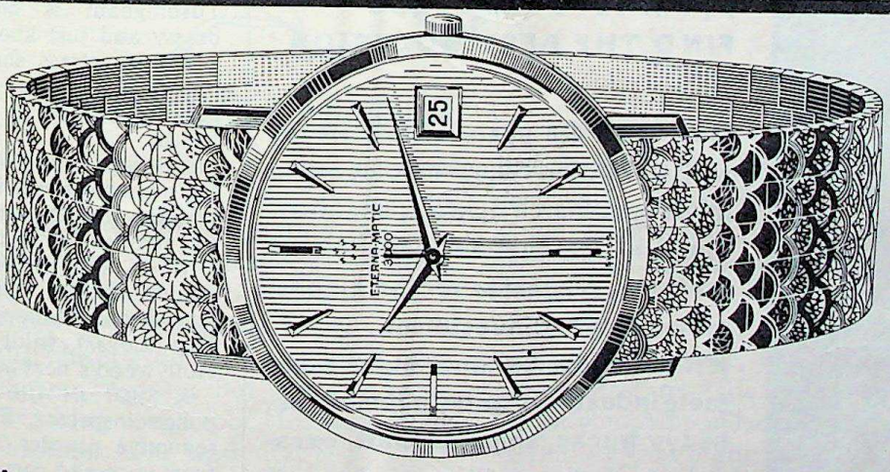
...still thinner



Eterna·Matic 3000 "Dato" by far the thinnest automatic calendar watch with centre second. (Illustrated watch: Ref. 746 TB / 210–1466)

A capsule history of a significant watch achievement

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ETERNA·MATIC 3000

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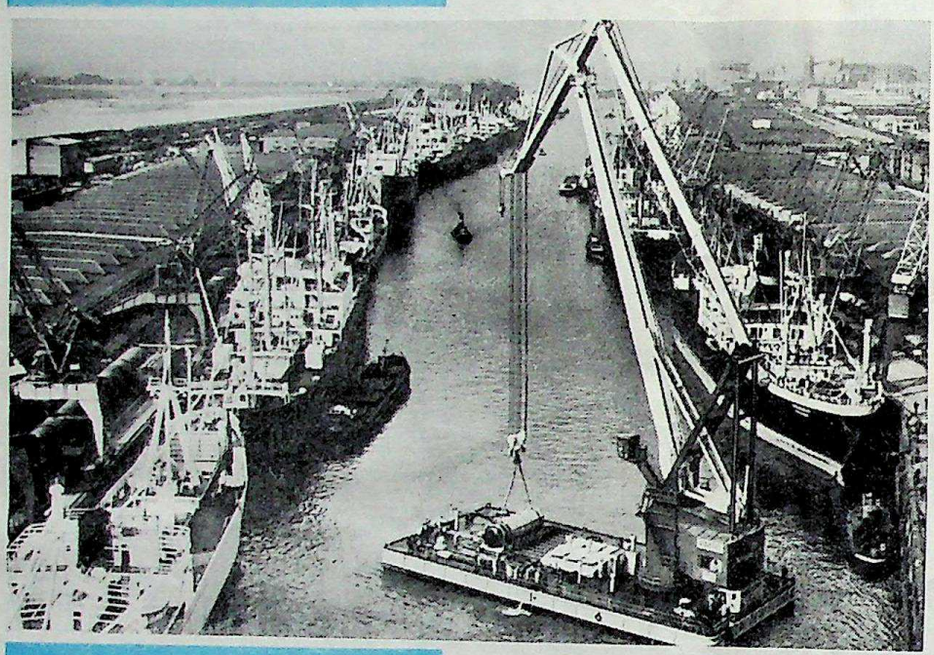

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been taken by Ruby Wright, who sings an answer to *Dang Me* called *Dern Ya*. In the meanwhile Miller has gone on writing songs like those that fill this album, e.g., *Squares Make the World Go Round*.

CINEMA

TOPKAPI. Melina Mercouri and Peter Ustinov make a jewel theft in Istanbul look like grand foolery in Director Jules Dassin's niftiest caper since *Rififi*.

THE APE WOMAN. Italian Director Marco Ferreri creates a sublime parable of man's inhumanity out of this squalid tale about a fast-buck promoter who meets, marries and makes a freak show of a girl (Annie Girardot) covered from head to toe with brown silky hair.

MARY POPPINS. In Walt Disney's drollest movie in years, Julie Andrews works miracles as the rosy-cheeked young nanny who slides up bannisters and whisks the kiddies off to the airier reaches of a fantasy that offers many more lifts than lapses.

ROBINSON CRUSOE ON MARS. Based on valid speculation, this science-fiction story imagines what might happen to a U.S. astronaut marooned on the red planet.

I'D RATHER BE RICH. In one of the season's liveliest comedy sleepers, Sandra Dee gets hilarious support from two wide-awake oldtimers, Maurice Chevalier and Hermione Gingold, and a pair of newcomers, Robert Goulet and Andy Williams.

RHINO! is a brilliantly scenic safari that combines the usual African flora and fauna with highly entertaining melodrama and a sharp sense of fun.

SEDUCED AND ABANDONED. A maiden ventures down the primrose path and stumbles over the brutal Sicilian social code in Director Pietro Germi's savage tragi-comedy, which is more biting but perhaps a bit less bubbly than his memorable *Divorce—Italian Style*.

GIRL WITH GREEN EYES. Britain's Rita Tushingham is cute, earnest, cunning, brassy and just about everything else that a movie actress should be in this warmly witty account of an Irish colleen's romance with an aging author (Peter Finch).

A HARD DAY'S NIGHT. The Beatles bring their nimble stride in a smooth, fresh, surprisingly funny comedy that is the answer to a maiden's prayer, and then some.

THAT MAN FROM RIO. Jean-Paul Belmondo dodges poisoned darts and mad scientists in Philippe de Broca's (*The Five Day Lover*) wildly hilarious parody of Hollywood's next-earthquake-please epic.

A SHOT IN THE DARK. As a bumbling police inspector, Peter Sellers pursues a seductive murder suspect (Elke Sommer) from corpse to corpse.

ZULU. A heroic band of British redcoats fights off hordes of proud native warriors in this bloody, bristling adventure film based on a historic battle at Rorke's Drift, Natal, in 1879.

BOOKS

Best Reading

CORRIDORS OF POWER, by C. P. Snow. Sir Charles stalks the British Establishment again. This time his quarry is a brilliant M.P. who hitches his considerable ambitions to an excellent cause but fails to reckon on the complex motivations of both friends and enemies.

GIDEON'S TRUMPET, by Anthony Lewis. A lively account of Clarence Earl Gideon, the jailhouse lawyer who changed the law

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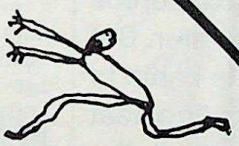

ow we banished a businessmen's nightmare

are a travelling businessman? Then you certainly have rring nightmare: You want to take a sample collection you on your trip abroad. Or demonstration material, al tools, films—whatever you need to make your mission ess. Landing at your destination you have to face a ms officer. That's where your nightmare starts.

know it's a customs officer's duty to take time over rough inspection of your baggage. But you also know aking his time means taking yours, too. Time you could etter for profitable business. Why waste it?

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COLOGNE/BONN VIENNA ANKARA KARACHI
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LISBON TUNIS
DAKAR ALGIERS
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SWISSAIR

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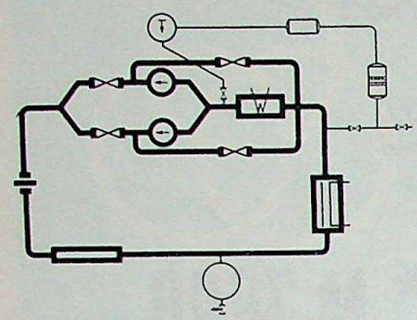
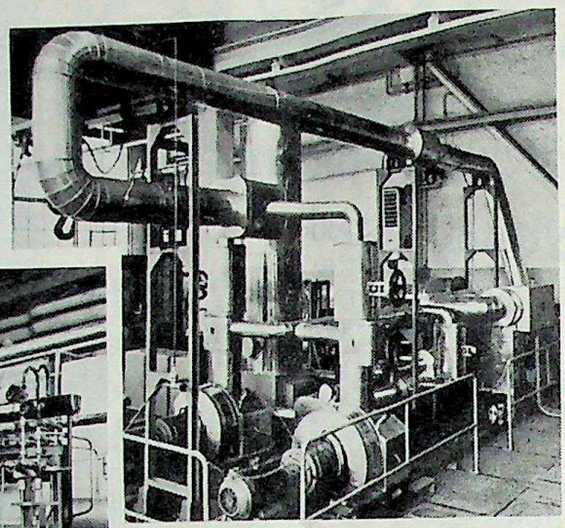
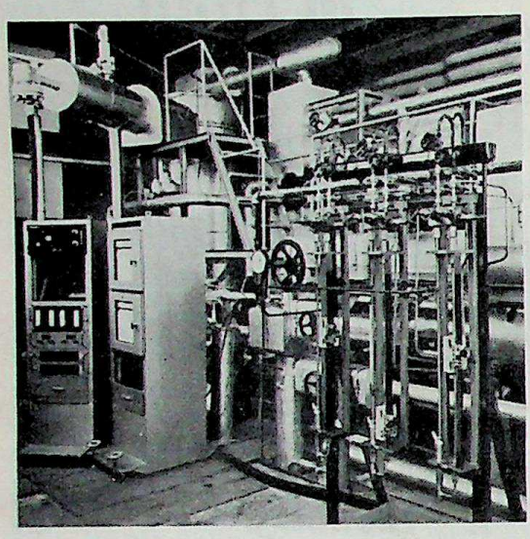
PROBLEMS we encounter

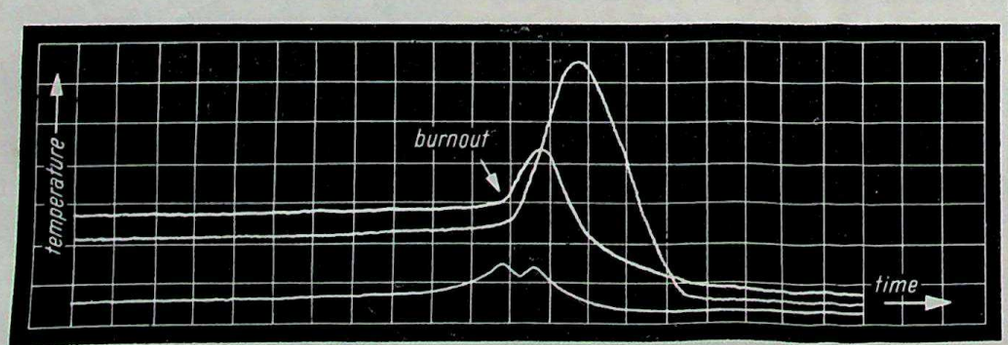






In water-cooled nuclear reactors

boiling is an excellent means of removing large amounts of heat from the surfaces of the uranium fuel elements for generating power. Numerous steam bubbles forming on the fuel elements assist the heat transfer. But as the heat increases, bubble formation on the fuel elements is liable to spread rapidly to form a steam blanket which, instead of promoting heat transfer, insulates the metal walls of the fuel elements. As a result, the walls may heat up to a point where they melt or, technically speaking, "burn-out" occurs. This must be prevented for safe operation and therefore a thorough understanding of this phenomenon is important. The test rigs in our laboratories shown here have been devised to study the burn-out problem at pressures up to 3,200 psia and water temperatures as high as 700 deg. F.



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of the land, is used to animate a compl... subject—the changing philosophy of ... U.S. Supreme Court in the last quarter... century.

THE GOLDEN BEES, by Theo Aronson. A ... busy book indeed: the gossipy story of ... the Bonapartes and their clamorous pur... suit of instant aristocracy.

BEGINNING AGAIN, 1911-1918, by Le... ard Woolf. In the third volume of ... memoirs, the author writes of the ear... years of his marriage to the young esse... and writer, Virginia Stephen. In lovi... but painful detail, he recounts Virgi... Woolf's first flights into insanity years ... fore her great novels were published.

THE ITALIAN GIRL, by Iris Murdoch. B... ish Novelist Murdoch's eighth book has ... message that, for current writers, is alm... universal: better to have botched up ... than not to have lived at all. But she ... it all her own way, which means with ... understatement and plain old sedition.

THE LOST CITY, by John Gunther. ... those who remember the days of ... and journalistic feats in the '30s and ... Gunther's novel has enormous nost... value. The lost city is Vienna, and ... its dashing celebrants were Dor... Thompson and Vincent Sheean.

A START IN FREEDOM, by Sir Hugh ... Sir Hugh has spent his adult years and ... considerable talents on helping B... colonies to independence; his book ... teresting both as memoir and prac... political science.

GERMANS AGAINST HITLER, by Ter... Prittie. Historians have been curiously ... cent about the Germans who fought H... from the pulpit, in pamphlets and by ... rect action—mostly at the cost of ... lives. Prittie's book does belated justi... those who battled Nazi totalitarianism.

A MOTHER'S KISSES, by Bruce Jay Fr... man. A very funny novel about a d... neering mother and her miserable ... age son. Friedman balances bitter h... and driving obsession to create an inc... ble comic style.

MOZART THE DRAMATIST, by Brigid ... phy. A brilliant interpretation writt... gracefully as to disarm criticism d... author's heavily Freudian outlook.

Best Sellers

FICTION

1. The Spy Who Came In from the ... Le Carré (3 last week)
2. Candy, Southern and Hoffenberg
3. Armageddon, Uris (2)
4. The Rector of Justin, Auchincloss
5. Julian, Vidal (4)
6. You Only Live Twice, Fleming (8)
7. This Rough Magic, Stewart (6)
8. The 480, Burdick (9)
9. Convention, Knebel and Bailey (
10. Boys and Girls Together, Goldman

NONFICTION

1. Harlow, Shulman (1)
2. A Moveable Feast, Hemingway (
3. The Invisible Government, Wise and ... Ross (2)
4. A Tribute to John F. Kennedy, ... and Vanocur (4)
5. The Kennedy Wit, Adler (6)
6. Four Days, U.P.I. and American ... Heritage (5)
7. The Italians, Barzini (10)
8. Mississippi: The Closed Society, ... Silver (7)
9. Diplomat Among Warriors, Murp...
10. Crisis in Black and White, ... Silberman (9)

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LETTERS

Ambition in Illinois

Sir: Chuck Percy's critics in Illinois [Sept. 18] accuse him of being too far-sighted, with both eyes fixed on the White House; they say his vision of the Illinois gubernatorial seat is blurred. It seems clear to me that one good "term" deserves another. I'd be only too happy to give Chuck Percy to the nation after four (or perhaps eight) productive years as Governor of Illinois.

JANICE LADD

Elmhurst, Ill.

Sir: To many people in Illinois, Percy has become the leader of the "undecideds." He has neither supported nor abandoned Goldwaterism. He won the Illinois primary because he would not support Goldwater; yet when traditional Republicans were in need of a leader to defeat Goldwater prior to San Francisco, Chuck Percy wrote his own epitaph. Had Percy stood up and been counted, he would have lived long after his forthcoming November defeat.

MELVIN C. RICHARDS JR.

Riverside, Ill.

Sir: Your story on our Chuck Percy was excellent. To me, it really doesn't matter whether Senator Goldwater wins or loses in November, or whether Chuck supports him or not. I am confident Percy will win in November regardless of his feelings for Barry. I have a feeling I will be voting for him again in 1968, but for a different job.

GERALD J. MARCHESE

Elmhurst, Ill.

Sir: A rap on the masthead to you for editorializing the arrogant, unctuous Charles Percy into the virtuous hopeful of Republican politics. Knowledgeable Illinois voters have long noted Opportunist Percy's aggressive ambitions to be exceeded only by his unlimited ability to accommodate. Down with the "gentleman C": for a man of proven principle and probity, I subscribe to Oxford Scholar Otto Kerner.

(MRS.) FRANCES M. BORST

Homewood, Ill.

Sir: That was a ---- of an interesting story about that wonderful -.-.-., Charles Percy. I'm so ------ glad that one politician doesn't swear, but I'll be ------ if I think that he would appeal to people like me.

THOMAS ROSE

Durham, N.C.

Sir: I was present at a Bell & Howell employees' meeting in the late 1950s at which Chuck Percy spelled out employee racial integration in vigorous terms (and not a few dead bodies). My family and I benefited substantially from the comprehensive employee medical coverage which this Christian Scientist fostered. His success in meeting low-cost foreign competition with quality amateur movie equipment—while paying factory help $2 or better—was a milestone in U.S. business. His performance prior to and during this year's convention may well have seemed vacillating, but he has to win the Illinois governorship against big guns and know-how in very tough company.

He is an honest, knowledgeable guy. I don't think he's St. George, since I know he's a human being with some human weaknesses. But his political success in 1964 is needed urgently by Illinois, the party and the nation.

WHIT HILLYER

Evanston, Ill.

Campaign Issues

Sir: I cannot agree with you that this campaign "may shape up not so much as a collision between sharply conflicting philosophies as between sharply conflicting personalities" [Sept. 11]. The personalities are conflicting, true. But never in all the campaigns I have witnessed, since my first vote for Teddy Roosevelt in 1904, have I seen such totally contrasting political philosophies as in this one. One is a retrogressive, 19th century philosophy of radical reaction, the other an enlightened, 20th century philosophy of progress, realism, and concern for human welfare. With such a choice before the electorate, I do not believe personalities will have much influence in the decision.

PERCY R. DAVIS

Fallbrook, Calif.

Sir: When our nation is afflicted with the most morally decadent Administration in its history, the weakest foreign policy, and the most socialistic measures at home, TIME makes an issue about missing issues. Ha!

PHILIP C. GEHLHAR

El Segundo, Calif.

Lovable Accuracy

Sir: Please do not apply "cropper" when a poll was "proper" [Sept. 18]. After all, Opinion Research of California predicted my election, and I love that kind of accuracy.

PIERRE SALINGER
U.S. Senator

Los Angeles

The Supreme Court

Sir: The court has done nothing to "promulgate degeneracy" or otherwise undermine civil morality [Sept. 11]. The decisions simply allow Americans the privilege of a difference in moral outlook. The phrase "under God" does not stand for religious-moral absolutism.

ALAN W. RICKHEIT

Worcester, Mass.

Sir: I am stunned—not by the decision of our Supreme Court but by the criticism by highly respected clergymen. If the clergymen are so critical of the modern words used in *Tropic of Cancer*, then let them be courageous enough to explain some of the words in the Old Testament. Like millions of Americans, I have full faith in the Supreme Court of the U.S.

JIT SINGH

Stockton, Calif.

Sir: The clergymen are right. So many good, honest, God-directed causes have been wrecked by that tribunal in recent years that there remains only one answer: a series of amendments to the Constitution that will stop this court from pampering and coddling known criminals and Communists, contributing to the moral decline of the West, and exposing us all to the wrath of God.

ROBERT W. COOPER

Leacock, Pa.

Sir: The Dirksen rider [Sept. 18] is a more arrogant attack on the right of the court to interpret the Constitution than Roosevelt's court-packing plan. It defies the separation of powers. It does not attempt to steal a few thousand votes in an election but to dilute millions of votes forever.

SHERMAN S. HOLLANDER

Cleveland

Reuther's Settlement

Sir: An increasing number of low- and medium-income families (who could never hope to retire so lavishly) are going to have second thoughts about buying a new car in which they contribute handsomely to auto workers' retirement benefits of $400 a month [Sept. 18]. Such fantastic demands were not made on the auto manufacturers; they were aimed squarely at the car-buying public, and may well be the needle to prick the economic balloon L.B.J. is flying.

F. W. ANDERSON

Seattle

Sir: If I buy a car this year, it will be a Chrysler product. At least I will know that part of the profit made by the company will go to the man who earns and deserves it: the American worker.

EDMOND H. P. FILLIETTE

Thornwood, N.Y.

Soul of Tokyo

Sir: Having been born in Japan and raised in America, I have never thought much about returning to Japan. However, your colorful article about my native country [Sept. 11] convinced me that I should.

CHRIS K. FUJIMOTO

Oakland, Calif.

Sir: As a *gaijin* living in Tokyo for the past two years, I think your article and photos catch the sound and the fury of

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JAMES R. MALIAN

Tokyo

Sir: The first day my Scotch wife and I were in Tokyo, we queued up for a taxi during a rainstorm. When one finally did arrive, instead of the first Japanese in line stepping into the cab, everyone turned to us, stranger-guests, and insisted that we take the cab! During the middle of my assignment in Japan, I received a directive: "Please do not accept any more speaking invitations or factory-tour invitations; we are very much concerned about your health." This was the first time in 35 working years that any employer had ever told me to slow down because I was killing myself!

HAROLD NISSLEY

Cleveland Heights, Ohio

Sir: The charm, intelligence and serenity of Tokyo's people, their constant efforts to please visitors, and their appreciation of beautiful things are the real Tokyo. I saw those "orange-helmeted" streetworkers, after finishing their hard tasks, standing in front of store windows, enchanted by the beauty of a pearl, a piece of sculpture or a painting.

I have seen the capitals of many a country on several continents—Tokyo alone has a soul in its cement body.

ALICE A. LEEDS, M.D.

Bethesda, Md.

Sir Gerald Reports

Sir: You reported: "When the Monsanto Co. recently decided to set up a plant in a Luxembourg town, it discovered too late that the town has acute shortages of both water and labor" [Aug. 21]. Here are the facts.

There is no shortage of water for the Chemstrand plant construction, or for processing later.

Next April, when the plant begins production, the labor force required will be 800; Monsanto already has 1,000 applicants and reckons that this figure will be 3,000 by April 1965.

SIR GERALD NABARRO, M.P.

London

▶ TIME *erred.*—ED.

Bauer's Ballplayers

Sir: I don't know one damn thing about baseball, but your write-up on Manager Bauer of the Baltimore Orioles [Sept. 11] is a classic.

A. N. BAKER

Georgetown, British Guiana

Sir: As a boy in my home town of Quincy, Ill., my friends and I used to duck by the gatekeepers at Q Stadium just for a chance to see Hank Bauer play. He always played like he was in a World Series even though the poor last-place Quincy Gems were usually losing by about 10 runs.

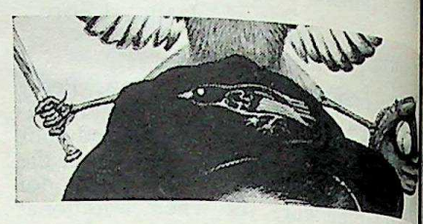
JAMES L. DAILING

Glen Ellyn, Ill.

Sir: We longtime admirers of Hank Bauer were surprised to note that your artist, Boris Chaliapin, used a somewhat out-of-date glove in his illustration. The three-finger style glove was last used about 1959, when it gave way to what was popularly called "the six-finger" glove. Oddly enough, our Hank Bauer model of the 1950s was a three-finger glove and perhaps that is why your artist used this style.

RALPH L. HORTON
Advertising Manager
Rawlings Sporting Goods Co.
St. Louis

▶ *Artist Chaliapin, a logical man, noted that the bird has only four claws (the thumblike) and outfitted him accordingly (see cut).*—ED.



Becoming Leavetaking

Sir: In the review of C. V. Wedgewood's *A Coffin for King Charles* [Sept. 4], we imply that Shakespeare's line, "Nothing his life became him like the leaving it," is said about Duncan. The reference is rather to the traitorous Thane of Cawdor, whose title Macbeth inherited, setting him off on his bloody path to the crown.

JOSEPH WILEY

Chicago

A Scientist for Liberal Arts

Sir: Your article on the late Robert R. Wilson [Sept. 11] was a perceptive, accounting of a distinguished career. I am sure, however, that Dr. Wilson would have noted one omission, as have his friends: his devotion to the College of Wooster (Ohio), where his father taught mathematics, where he took his undergraduate work, and which he served enthusiastically as Chairman of its board of trustees. We at M.I.T. who were proud of his staunch support of this institution admired his devotion to Wooster and his belief in the importance of the small liberal arts college.

J. R. KILLIAN JR.
Chairman of the Corporation
Massachusetts Institute of Technology
Cambridge, Mass.

Wonder Love

Sir: Whether or not it is protocol for a producer to write kind words to a reviewer, I find it impossible not to comment on what you had to say about *Rhino!* What most producers look for in a review is the critic's discovery of the one element that serves as the producer's *raison d'être*. You discovered it and commented. I refer to the line, "The animals themselves are examined with wonder and with love."

IVAN TORS

M-G-M Studios
Culver City, Calif.

Send a Male!

Sir: I think your readers might be interested to know that your story about [illegible] [Sept. 18] was researched by a woman. The next time you want to inquire into [illegible] sexuality, would you please send a male reporter? Ho-hum, your "Housewife of Houriland" must stop now, take off her transparent gown and diamonds, and get back to those dirty caviar dishes! Love and kisses.

CARROLL BAKER

Hollywood

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TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

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SEPTEMBER 25, 1964

A letter from the PUBLISHER

Bernhard M. Auer

HIS colleagues used to speak jokingly of a "C. D. Jackson Hello-and-Goodbye Society," for he seemed always to be leaving on outside assignments. His last position with Time Inc. was that of senior vice president, and in three decades he served in a dozen major functions, including publisher of LIFE and FORTUNE and managing director of TIME-LIFE International. But his interests were broad and tireless, and his death from cancer last week, at

62, brought sorrow not only to his journalistic colleagues but also to his friends in the worlds of government and culture. Condolences included those from a former President of the United States, the former chief of the CIA, the conductor of the Boston Symphony, and the manager of the Metropolitan Opera.

During World War II, C. D. Jackson was Deputy Chief of Psychological Warfare at SHAEF, later helped to launch Radio Free Europe, and served as special assistant to President Eisenhower. In public life, as in private, he was prized for his humor, and he liked to tell a story on himself and General Walter Bedell Smith, who derided the anti-Nazi propaganda that was being dropped from planes on Germany. One day Smith called in Jackson and said, "I take it all back. One of those planes dropped a bale of printed matter over the Rhine and sank an enemy ship. I now recognize the effectiveness of your propaganda." During the cold war, when Jackson was active in a project to launch propaganda balloons over Czechoslovakia, he reported dreaming that he himself was floating over Czech territory with *"svoboda"* (freedom) lettered on his trousers.

He maintained a sweeping interest in world politics and a conviction that freedom would win out—but that its victory required idealism aided by salesmanship. Whatever his activities, Jackson's strongest loyalty remained to journalism, and from the travels that brought him close to the world's leaders he sent back confidential reports which delighted his editorial colleagues with their vividness and clarity. His most frequent function at Time Inc. was to shoulder the most difficult publishing problems and to soothe outside critics as a matchless corporate ambassador.

If in our day anyone can still be described as courtly, "C.D." could. A smiling charm seemed to descend from his tall figure in any setting. He had a reputation of being able to get into a white tie faster than anyone, and he was as relaxed at a reception as he was at the controls of a plane—he took up flying in his middle years. One of his great loves was music, and for close friends C. D. and his wife Gracie would play piano duos in their New York apartment. The Boston Symphony, on whose board he served, sent its string quartet to his memorial service this week to play the slow movement from Beethoven's *Opus 135*.

C.D. was boundlessly enthusiastic, ever optimistic. He was a rousing speaker, on and off the platform, and always willing to lend his talents to the causes that engaged him, culturally, politically, journalistically. He once described Time Inc. as "fascinated by the world around us, dedicated to getting that world down in print and sharing it with as many people as possible." In those words he also described himself.

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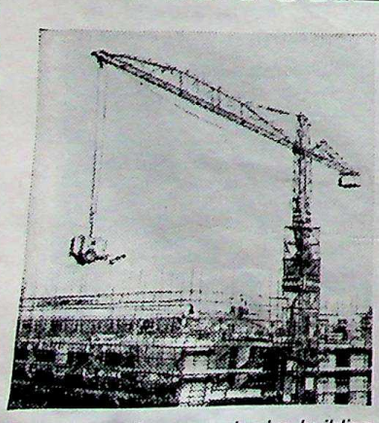
PICTURE OF A MAN GOING TO BREAK A DAM



Poised over the new physics building at England's Nottingham University, an Atlas Copco portable compressor is easily hoisted to the point of work.

It all began some eighteen Swiss dams ago with the 283ft-high Dixence. A big dam, then, but today fated to lie submerged in the alpine waters stored by the new Grande Dixence—the world's highest dam, 932 feet to its crest.

Height, however, is one thing. Utilizing it fully is another. For each time the reservoir was drained the old upstream dam appeared above the surface, checked the flow of water, and cut the kilowatts to be won. A massive hole needed to be blasted low in the structure of the *old* dam to let more water through to the new.

Ironically, just when the old dam was above water, the road to it was inaccessible. So, to help on the job-site, an Atlas Copco compressor became airborne high in the Swiss Alps. Mind you, these compressors are unequalled in weight-to-power ratio—which is why they have also been reported "flying" over America's Rocky Mountains and Norway's snowbound fells.

This, of course, is a far cry f small workshops, shipyards. F duction plants and mines. B have one thing in common—t Copco's experience in the r equipment for the many appl tions of compressed air.

Atlas Copco

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TIME
THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE
September 25, 1964 Vol. 84, No. 13

THE U.S.

ISSUES

The Itchy-Finger Image

Republican Barry Goldwater is far, behind in his race for the presidency and rather than gaining ground, he losing it. A Gallup poll last week owed that since July's Republican nvention in San Francisco, Goldwa- has dropped by two points, to 31%, ile Democratic President Lyndon hnson has gained by six, to 64%. The allup survey is borne out by almost ery other political indicator.

Why is Barry doing so badly? Cer- ly not out of any vast national ven- ion for Johnson. A great number of ericans feel that in voting for John- they will only be opting for the less- of two evils. This feeling was most matically described in a Sunday ser- on by the Very Rev. Francis B. Sayre , dean of Washington's Episcopal Ca- dral and a man who, as Woodrow lson's grandson, was born in the ite House.

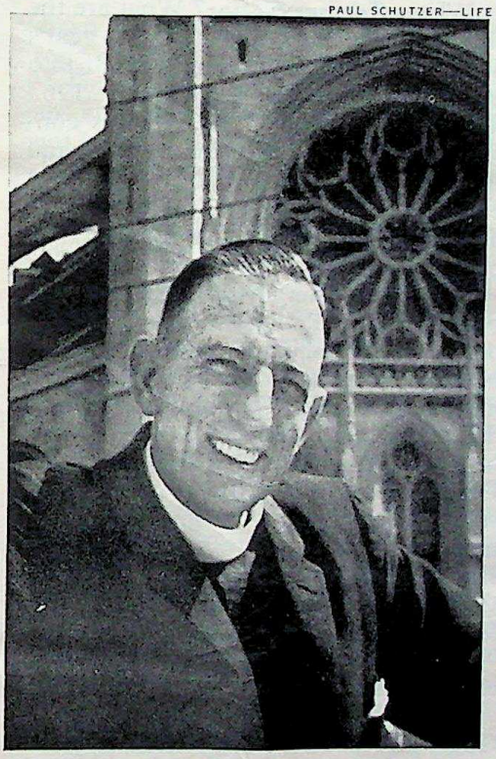
Two Men. "I suspect," said Sayre, at thousands, even millions, of our ntrymen this summer, viewing the travaganzas that were produced at e Cow Palace in San Francisco and at nvention Hall in Atlantic City, felt mething like the Israelites must have t when finally they were thrust into e . . . This summer we beheld a ir of gatherings at the summit of po- al power, each of which was com- ely dominated by a single man—the e, a man of dangerous ignorance and evastating uncertainty; the other, a an whose public house is splendid in every appearance, but whose private k of ethic must inevitably introduce mities at the very foundation.

The electorate of this mighty nation eft homeless, then, by such a pair of minees. It knows not where to turn. t people are in a great dilemma, and e is no corner of the country which may visit today where you do not el this profoundly. We stare fasci- ted at the forces that have produced h a sterile choice for us: frustration d a federation of hostilities in one nty; and in the other, behind a goodly fade, only a cynical manipulation of wer."

Although he was disputed by his own ishop, the Rt. Rev. William Creighton Perhaps I have more confidence in e American people's ability to make wise political choices than the dean has"), Sayre was far from alone in his opinion, as shown in extensive interviews by TIME correspondents.

"I think Goldwater is just beyond belief," says Denver Playwright Robert Owens. "I just don't think he represents the Republican Party. Johnson leaves me very cold, but I am going to ring doorbells for him, and I'm going to vote for him." Says Elizabeth Carey, a Burlington, Vt., secretary (and a Republican): "I don't think too much of President Johnson, but I guess I'm really afraid of Senator Goldwater." Says G. Kinnear Pash, a Los Angeles securities analyst: "In general, you don't find too many people who are very pro-Johnson in the sense that they say 'If I had to pick one man for the White House, I would pick Johnson.' Mostly people are neutral on him and are negative on Goldwater."

PAUL SCHUTZER—LIFE



DEAN SAYRE
To many, the choice is sterile.

Just Plain Scared. But not even such generally expressed opinions answer the basic question. If Lyndon is less than beloved, then why is he running so far ahead of Goldwater? The answer is easy: Goldwater's public image is that of a man with an itchy finger on the nuclear trigger, while Johnson has managed to portray himself as the responsible, restrained keeper of nuclear peace.

Interviews with people of all political persuasions, at all economic and educational levels, in all parts of the U.S., find this sentiment constantly repeated. "Goldwater and his nuclear stand," says Denver Auto Salesman Arnold Grand, "scare me to death." Says Nashville Trucker John A. Wilson: "You've got to think about all this nuclear stuff. I don't think it will ever be used, but with Goldwater in there and the way he talks and acts, I'm afraid we could get in a spot where we'd have to use it."

Atlanta Computer Programmer Dan Roberson says: "Almost everyone I know who's against Goldwater is afraid he'll lead the country into war. It's by far their biggest reason for being against him." Says a Republican physician from Vermont: "I don't like President Johnson's history of political dealings, but I just can't vote for Goldwater. The man is sincere, but he is dangerous in this day and age. I don't think he knows what he is going to say next, and you can't run a country that way in the nuclear age."

While Goldwater vehemently protests that he is not nuke-happy, it is this reputation that is ruining his chances for election (*see following cover story*). Unless and until he can rid himself of the image, he hasn't a hope of entering the White House.

The Fear & the Facts

(See Cover)

A little girl, as pretty as anybody's image of his own daughter, appears on the television screen. She carries an ice cream cone. It certainly looks good enough to eat—but is it? A hoarse, anxious, motherlike voice is heard: "Know what people used to do? They used to explode bombs in the air. You know children should have lots of vitamin A and calcium. But they shouldn't have strontium 90 or cesium 137. These things come from atomic bombs, and they're radioactive. They make you die. Do you know what people finally did? They got together and signed a nuclear test ban treaty. And then the radioactive poison started to go away. But now there's a man who wants to be President of the United States, and he doesn't like this treaty. He fought against it. He even voted against it. He

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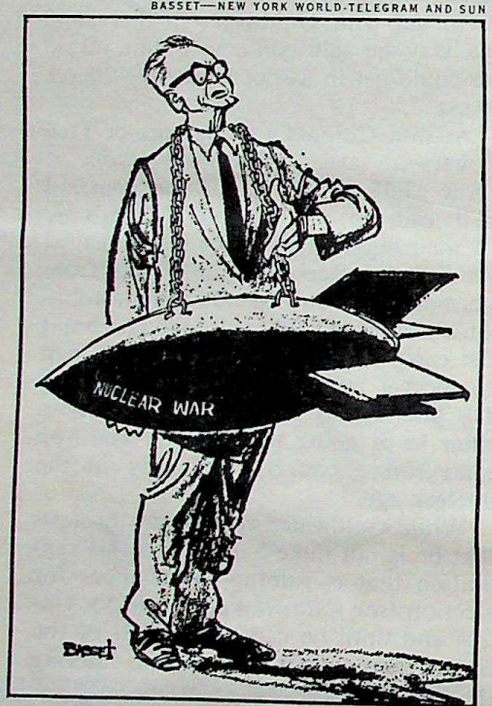
wants to go on testing more bombs. His name is Barry Goldwater. If he's elected, they might start testing all over again."

Another little girl appears on the screen. She is strolling through a pleasant field. She stoops, picks a daisy, starts plucking its petals while counting, in the fashion of children from time immemorial. "One, two, three . . ." A man's doom-laden voice comes in stronger and stronger, finally drowning out the child's words. The man is counting backward: "Ten, nine, eight . . ." The countdown ends, and the screen erupts in atomic explosion, followed by the voice of Lyndon Baines Johnson, who says somberly: "These are the stakes: to make a world in which all of God's children can live, or go into the dark. We must either love each other or we must die."

These political commercials have recently appeared on television under the

BASSET—NEW YORK WORLD-TELEGRAM AND SUN



"OKAY . . . WHO'S THE WISE GUY THAT HUNG THIS ON ME?"

sponsorship of the Democratic National Committee. Their obvious implication: if Barry Goldwater is elected President, eating ice cream will be dangerous, and daisy plucking will be a thing of the past.

Vicious? Of course. But the very fact that such commercials are being used speaks mouthfuls about what now stands as the decisive issue of the 1964 presidential campaign—the argument over control of nuclear weaponry.

An Educational Program. That issue is killing Barry Goldwater. He knows it —and so far he has refused to retreat. He has been scalded by Democrats, pickled by pundits, depicted as a monster by cartoonists, scolded by fellow Republicans. But, insists Barry, "I want to educate the American people to lose some of their fear of the word 'nuclear.' When you say 'nuclear,' all the American people see is a mushroom cloud. Now a nuclear weapon in political terms may be a mushroom cloud. But for military purposes, it's just enough firepower to get the job done."

Lyndon Johnson also realizes the importance of the nuclear issue—and he has exploited it with consummate skill. In his speeches, he constantly uses the words "responsibility" and "restraint." He does not need to mention Goldwater's name: everybody knows who and what he is talking about.

In point of fact, the nuclear issue is one that should be pondered deeply by men everywhere. It certainly has a valid place in any presidential campaign. But so far this year, neither side has fully, accurately, or even honestly explained the basic conflicts involved. As a result there are more confusions and misconceptions about the nuclear issue than about almost any other in recent U.S. political history.

Whose Trigger Finger? What are the facts? Within the context of this year's politics, Goldwater first got himself into nuclear trouble in October of 1963 when, at a Hartford, Conn., press conference, and in his ordinary, offhand fashion, he suggested that NATO "field commanders" (plural) be given greater discretion about when to use tactical nuclear weapons in the event of attack.

Goldwater later insisted that he had been misquoted, that he was referring only to the supreme commander of NATO. No matter. By then the fat was in the fire. In the New Hampshire presidential primary, New York's Governor Nelson Rockefeller, campaigning against Goldwater, cried: "How can there be sanity when he wants to give area commanders the authority to make decisions on the use of nuclear weapons?" Goldwater, not quite to the point, retorted that he had never proposed to "let every second lieutenant" make nuclear decisions.

Since then, under mounting criticism, Goldwater has constantly tried to clarify his stand, and has consistently succeeded in confusing it. As of now, the fair exposition of his position would be:

▶ He would give only NATO's Supreme Allied Commander in Europe, presently U.S. General Lyman Lemnitzer, any sort of option to use nuclear weapons without direct, specific authorization from the President of the U.S. He has said: "The NATO commander should not be required to wait until the White House calls a conference to decide whether these weapons should be used."

▶ The option to Lemnitzer would be to use "only tactical, not strategic" nuclear weapons. Goldwater has described these tactical "nukes" as "conventional —any weapon carried by an infantryman or a team of infantrymen." Speaking last month at a Veterans of Foreign Wars convention in Cleveland, he called them "these small, conventional nuclear weapons, which are no more powerful than the firepower you have faced on the battlefield. They simply come in smaller package."

Dreaming or Leading? Every time Goldwater has spoken on the nuclear issue, his political critics, both Democratic and Republican, have leaped into the argument. Before the Republican Convention in San Francisco, Pennsylvania's Governor William Scranton, then running for the G.O.P. presidential nomination himself, asked: "What does it mean to be a conservative? Does it mean you must be a trigger-happy dreamer in a world that wants from America not slogans but sane leadership?" Again, Scranton said of Goldwater: "He says the decision to unleash nuclear war should be made not by the President but by the commanders in the field."

In Atlantic City, Democratic Convention Keynoter John Pastore cried that "on the question of whose finger should be on the trigger of the atomic bomb, that power today rests solely with the President of the United States. That is exactly where it should remain, and we Democrats mean to keep it."

HAYNIE—LOUISVILLE COURIER-JOURNAL

"MOMMY, WHY ARE THE OTHER KIDS 'FRAID T'PLAY WITH ME?"

there . . . I am disturbed when I hear anyone speak so glibly and loosely of the use of these weapons and who should make the decision to use them." The Democratic platform specifically declares: "Control of the use of nuclear weapons must remain solely with the highest elected official in the country—the President of the United States."

Democratic Vice-Presidential Nominee Hubert Humphrey is going around asking audiences: "The question before the electorate is simple, prophetic, profound—which of these men, Lyndon Johnson or Barry Goldwater, do you want to have his hand on the nuclear trigger?" (As against that, G.O.P. Vice-Presidential Nominee William Miller says that by the time a NATO commander under attack got in touch with Johnson to see if he could use nuclear weapons, it "might be too late if he had to get Lyndon on the phone driving his car at 100 miles an hour in Texas.")

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Ghastly Hues. Johnson himself conjures up Dr. Strangelove-type images of the "madman" who unleashes nuclear war. He paints a picture of any such war in ghastly hues. Said he in his Detroit Labor Day speech: "In the first nuclear exchange, 100 million Americans and more than 100 million Russians would be dead. And when it was over, our great cities would be in ashes, and our fields would be barren, and our industry would be destroyed, and our American dreams would have vanished." Last week, in Seattle, Lyndon upped his casualty figures to 300 million, not including "unborn generations forever maimed." Without ever precisely saying so, he gives the strong impression that he will never let any such catastrophe happen by reason of having delegated an iota of his authority to anyone, including a NATO commander.

Does the President of the U.S. really believe that 100 million of his countrymen would be killed in "the first exchange"? If so, it would be only minimum prudence, not to say Christian charity and perhaps even good politics, for him to begin immediately the greatest shelter-building program imaginable, to save possibly 1%, or 1,000,000, of the doomed.

Ignorance & Inaccuracy. Between the opposing positions on control over the use of nuclear weapons, there is a vast area of ignorance—or, to use the kindest word, inaccuracy.

There is a general supposition that U.S. law requires that the signal for use of any sort of nuclear weaponry must come directly from the President. There is no such provision in the law. The Atomic Energy Act of 1946, as amended, in its most relevant clause provides only that the President may direct the Atomic Energy Commission to deliver such quantities of special nuclear material or atomic weapons to the Department of Defense for such use as he deems necessary in the interest of national defense."

Of course, the President, in his constitutional role as Commander in Chief of the armed forces, has final responsibility for all matters pertaining to the national defense. But he can, must, and in countless ways does delegate his authority every day of his White House life. There is nothing whatever in the law to prevent him from delegating to, say, a NATO commander, authority to use nuclear weapons under certain circumstances.

Never Any Doubt. Goldwater insists that the President should delegate such authority. Johnson lets on that he can't and won't. The fact is that he already does, as did Presidents Eisenhower and Kennedy before him. In 1957, the congressional Joint Committee on Atomic Energy received written notification that plans were being developed to give NATO's supreme commander in Europe the right to use nuclear weapons in certain contingencies—such as the incapacity of the President or the breakdown of communications between Europe and the U.S.

NATO

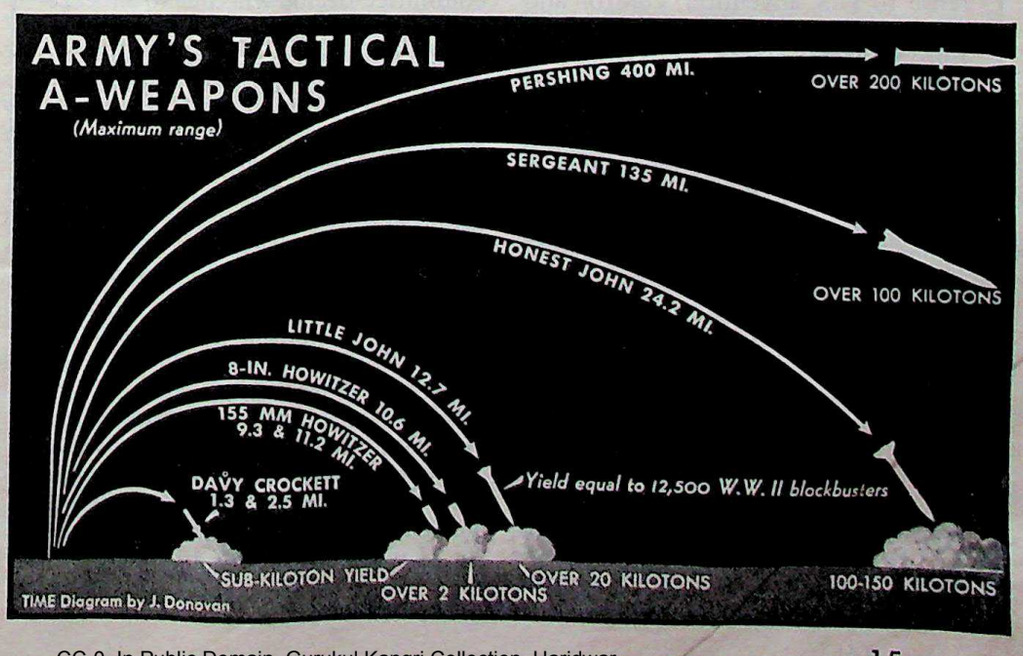
GENERALS LEMNITZER & NORSTAD (1962)
Should there be a White House conference first?

Those plans are now in operation. All are classified top secret, but they apply not only to NATO's commander, but to the commander of the North American Air Defense. Some are written, but word-of-mouth communication between the President and the NATO commander is also important. Former NATO Commander Lauris Norstad, for example, never had any doubt about his authority to act in the event of an attack on Western Europe during the Cuba missile crisis of 1962: he could use his tactical atomic weaponry.

Said Norstad in a recent conversation with a friend: "In every crisis that arose under President Eisenhower and President Kennedy, there never was a time when I felt that there was any possibility of lack of complete meeting of the minds between the President and the Supreme Commander as to what should be done in an emergency."

"Dangerously Misleading." Goldwater shows appalling ignorance when he intimates that there are atomic weapons so small and well-packaged that they can be carried around by an infantryman, and that these weapons do not really have much more explosive power than some of the gunpowder arms of World War II. The fact is that the U.S.'s smallest operational nuclear weapon, the Davy Crockett, carries a minimum power package equivalent to 40 tons of TNT—as opposed to World War II's powerful "blockbuster" bomb, which packed an explosive load of about 1½ tons.

The Davy Crockett, a recoilless rifle, comes in two sizes, one weighing 116 lbs., the other 371 lbs., and can be fired from a tripod by a crew of three men. With a range of up to 2½ miles, the Davy Crockett can annihilate a dug-in infantry battalion, wipe out a massed formation of 45 to 50 tanks, or destroy a huge bridge. Two versions of the 155-mm. howitzer—one a towed weapon weighing 12,700 lbs., and the other a self-propelled weapon weighing 54,200 lbs.—fire an explosive load of 40 to 100 tons up to 11.2 miles. Beyond that, the punch of the Army's tactical nuclear



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weaponry scales rapidly upward. The 12.7-mile-range Little John rocket carries a power package of over 20 kilotons; the 24.2-mile Honest John 100 to 150 kilotons; the 135-mile Sergeant over 100 kilotons; and the 400-mile Pershing, largest of the Army's "tactical" nuclear weapons, over 200 kilotons. Thus the Johnson Administration's Deputy Defense Secretary, Cyrus R. Vance, has a real point when he says of some of Goldwater's statements: "'Small' and 'conventional' are dangerously misleading and totally inappropriate when applied to any nuclear weapon."

Crossing the "Fire Break." The Administration's fear of firing any sort of nuclear weapon is based largely on the so-called "fire break" theory. That theory holds that the single step from use of the largest gunpowder weapon to use of the smallest tactical nuclear weapon would mean crossing the "fire break" area between limited war and all-out, intercontinental, thermonuclear disaster. Says Vance: "Once you use any nuclear device, no matter how small, you move completely into another world."

Yet the fact is that since 1954, NATO itself has based its defense planning, even against conventional attack, on "using atomic weapons from the outset of a war." In a mere gunpowder war, NATO planners estimate that their forces could withstand a massive Soviet attack for a bare three days before being forced back to the banks of the Rhine; within 30 days the NATO troops would be swept from the Continent.

Some Strange Blips. Goldwater argues that such critical-area commanders as NATO's Lemnitzer should be given atomic discretion because there is always the possibility that a communications breakdown might consume vital hours before word of a crisis got to Washington. Defense Secretary Robert McNamara's civilian Pentagon says that argument is nonsense, boasts of a worldwide U.S. communications setup that could put a commander in touch with the President within two minutes under any conceivable circumstances.

Last week Goldwater's point received new credibility. The Pentagon went into a headline-screaming flap over reports of another Tonkin Gulf incident. U.S. destroyers in the area reported seeing strange blips on their radar screens, assumed a new attack by North Vietnamese PT boats, started firing. But, only because of the confusion existing on the destroyers, communication with the Pentagon failed to make clear what actually was happening.

It was a full 28 hours before a tight-lipped McNamara appeared before newsmen to read a 146-word communiqué and refused to entertain any questions. Gist of his statement: two unnamed U.S. destroyers "were menaced by four "unidentified vessels" that opened fire, after which the "vessels disappeared.

Between the original alarm and the dénouement, Goldwater seized upon the opportunity to deride the communications system. Snorted Barry: "With a great communications system which McNamara is always bragging about they are waiting for an airmail letter to find out just what did happen."

Planning to Share. Another element of nuclear "control" has to do with the sharing of nuclear weapons by the U.S. and its NATO allies. Under present law the U.S. cannot turn over any of its nukes to any ally to be fired at that ally's discretion. But the NATO allies feel strongly that they should have more than nominal influence over the use of the U.S. nuclear weapons that are, after all, their only real defense against Communist invasion.

The dilemma is one that Goldwater seeks to solve with some rather fuzzy talk about "sharing." Says he: "All NATO forces stationed in Europe, regardless of nationality, should be equipped and trained in the use of nuclear weapons, particularly of the so-called battlefield, or tactical, variety." Goldwater has been criticized for this stand, and last week in Seattle, President Johnson, even while admitting that "the dignity and interests of our allies demand that they share nuclear responsibility," warned against the fearful possibility of "nuclear spread."

Yet despite the fact that Goldwater is suffering political damage from his talk about "sharing," the possibility of doing just that has been discussed by NATO-nation leaders for years. The so-called Multilateral Force, first formally promulgated by President Kennedy, is one effort to solve the problem. Under the MLF plan, atom-armed sur-

A PLAN TO SHARE THE WEAPONS

REPUBLICAN GOLDWATER'S suggestion that the U.S. "share" know-how about and control over its nuclear weaponry with NATO allies is one that has been seriously considered by U.S. leaders during the Eisenhower, Kennedy and Johnson Administrations. Last week former NATO Commander Lauris Norstad, now president of Owens-Corning Fiberglas International, appeared before 2,500 people at the Mayo Centennial Symposium in Rochester, Minn., and came up with some "sharing" proposals that would, in his educated opinion, enable the U.S. to "get on with the business of developing a solution that would have some chance of being accepted on both sides of the Atlantic."

Questions. Said Norstad: "For too long we Americans have worked on the assumption that the nations of Europe would be satisfied, or would have to be satisfied, to leave the nuclear elements of the common defense to U.S. invention, control and direction. For a number of years, Europeans have been addressing two questions to Americans with increasing bluntness and urgency.

"First, since the Europeans depend upon the common defense, and since the NATO military forces in Europe themselves depend to a considerable extent on nuclear weapons, should there not be an absolute guarantee that some minimum stock of these weapons will be available in an emergency, even if the U.S. might be inclined to limit its own participation? Second, should not the Europeans be in a position to exercise some real measure of influence and control over weapons that are no less essential to their security than to our own?"

To Norstad, long a strong supporter of a NATO nuclear-strike force, the answer to both questions is yes. Under his plan, NATO's three nuclear producers—the U.S., Britain and France—would create a stockpile of weapons. "Whatever these countries agree to put in," he said, "should, in an emergency, be available in the common interest, unimpaired by the possibility of a last-minute veto by one or another of the nuclear powers." At the heart of Norstad's plan is the creation of an executive committee whose nucleus would be the Big Three. In this respect, the plan is reminiscent of Charles de Gaulle's longstanding—and long-rebuffed—demand for a U.S.-British-French triumvirate to direct NATO. But Norstad adds that the committee he envisions would be "open to all powers whenever their interests may be directly or critically involved."

Majority Rule. How would the committee decide whether to squeeze the nuclear trigger—the key question of all? Said Norstad: "In the interest of prompt decision, the committee, and through it the alliance, should be ruled by the decision of the majority. The majority decision would not bind, at least initially, a nation positively dissenting."

Norstad was the first to admit his plan is "imperfect" as it stands. But he insisted on its merit as a measure toward "putting at least one of the rooms of our house in some order. It would bring the NATO nuclear capability under the collective authority of the alliance, while still respecting the sovereign rights and responsibilities of the separate nuclear powers." As such, he said, "it is worth considering."

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ALAN GROSSMAN

SECRETARY McNAMARA ON TV
Getting the word can be tough.

ce ships and submarines would be manned by mixed crews from all the NATO nations, and any one of those nations would have a veto power over decision to fire a nuclear weapon. As of now, the structure of MLF is still being negotiated, and the plan does not seem likely to go much farther. Last week a new and far more sophisticated "sharing" plan was proposed by NATO's wartime Commander Norstad (*see box*).

Deterrent by Declaration. The most obvious proposition in the debate over the use and control of nuclear weapons is that no one wants a nuclear war. Despite all the hot words, this is as true of Barry Goldwater as of Johnson.

Goldwater believes that the best deterrent to such a war is a clear and well-understood declaration that the U.S. will, if necessary, defend its vital international interests with nuclear weaponry. In urging this point, he has indulged in some imprecise language. He has helped create for himself the political image of a man who would consider using atomic weapons to "defoliate" trees in South Viet Nam so as to deprive Communist guerrillas of their protective jungle cover. He has been mistaken in saying that the smallest nuclear weapon is no more powerful than World War II artillery charges. He has, in many ways, given the impression of a man who does not really know what he is talking about, and should not, therefore, be permitted to put his atomic ignorance into effect as national policy.

Johnson, superb politician that he is, has taken advantage of almost everything Goldwater has said. Campaigning for re-election as the great peace keeper, he keeps invoking "national security" as a brake on what he can say. But he has not said all he could, and he has indulged in some imprecision himself. He has let across the notion, for instance, that Goldwater is irresponsible and reckless because he has suggested that NATO's supreme commander ought to be given some sort of contingency authority for using tactical nuclear weapons—at a time when General Lemnitzer, under a delegation of power from Johnson, has just such authority.

One Billion Tons. Will the nuclear issue be clarified, and cooled off, before election day? Perhaps too much has already been said, and badly said at that, by the two candidates, for them even to engage in meaningful debate.

Just last week Russia's Nikita Khrushchev told some visiting Japanese that the Soviet Union has perfected a sensational new weapon "that is a means for the destruction and extermination of humanity."

What was the weapon? Was it what Russian-trained U.S. Physicist Ralph Lapp calls the "gigaton" bomb—a nuclear weapon packing the power of a billion tons of TNT that could be detonated 100 miles off the U.S.'s coastline and still set off a 50-ft. tidal wave that would sweep across much of the entire North American continent? Was it a cobalt bomb that would send a deadly cloud sweeping forever about the earth? A "death ray" or a germ bomb? Or even an empty boast? Two days later Nikita Khrushchev said it wasn't nuclear, and, besides, he had been misinterpreted. For public consumption, his weapon had been cooled off.

It was quite a performance, and one that only a dictator could bring off. But, as one U.S. journalist warned, it would be "struthious"* folly to ignore the implications of what Khrushchev said. In the same sense, it would be struthious for the U.S. electorate to base its November judgment on the notion that either presidential candidate has discussed the nuclear control issue accurately or fully.

THE CAMPAIGN

The Old Nonpoliticker

Sacramento's shrieking, surging mob of some 100,000 sent Lyndon Johnson into transports of delight. After reluctantly escaping from his admirers, Johnson winked at aides, chortled and asked: "Now how was *that* for a crowd?" "Oh," replied a staffer, "pretty good." For a moment, Lyndon looked as though he had been smacked in the face with a wet mop. Then he realized that he was being joshed, and grinned more broadly than ever.

The Sacramento ovation was a highlight of a Johnson week that was billed as "nonpolitical." But if Lyndon gets any more nonpolitical than he was last week, heaven help the Republicans.

Nonexistent Speechwriter. Johnson did, of course, make a few bows to political nonpartisanship. On a flight to Miami Beach to deliver a speech to the International Association of Machinists, he took a look at the text that had been prepared for him, crossed out 19 paragraphs that he considered too controversial. Deleted, for example, was a section pointing out that the Communist takeover of Cuba occurred in 1959 (during a Republican Administration) and that the island has since become a "showcase of failure."

Trouble was, reporters had already been given advance texts of the speech, and were starting to write their stories when White House Press Aide Malcolm Kilduff, traveling on the newsmen's plane, ordered that no mention of the deleted paragraphs should be made. Intimating that the objectionable sections had been put in by White House speechwriters unbeknownst to Lyndon, Kilduff ordered: "No reference—repeat, no reference—will be made to that part which has been deleted."

As it happened, every newsman present knew that L.B.J. likes to give the impression that he is the original author of all of his speeches. A reporter coyly asked how a speechwriter (nonexistent) could possibly put anything into a speech that the President himself had written. Kilduff, painted into a corner by L.B.J.'s little fiction, could only smile ruefully and say to the reporter: "You son of a bitch."

Peep Through the Periscope. And so, on to Miami Beach, where Lyndon delivered a sterilized, above-the-battle, President-of-all-the-people speech to the Machinists, then whisked on up to Cape Kennedy for an unscheduled inspection tour. There he donned a surgical-looking white nylon cap and gown, went through a pre-satellite-shoot "clean room," peered through a periscope at a Saturn rocket being groomed for flight, gave missile workers a few little keeper-of-the-peace pep talks.

But all this was prelude to his biggest nonpolitical trip of the week—a two-day sortie to the Far West to meet Canada's Prime Minister Lester Pearson and sign a Columbia River treaty between the two nations. Maybe the presidential jet just kept running out of gas—but in any event there were five stops before and after, from which Tammany's old bosses could take lessons in the fine old art of nonpoliticking.

The President flew first to Malmstrom Air Force Base in Great Falls, Mont., plunged into a crowd of 7,000 for some handshaking, accepted a pair of beaded moccasins (size 10—but he's size 12) from a group of Indians, was so caught up in it all that he nearly missed the arrival of Canada's Pearson.

Pearson steered Lyndon aboard his Canadian government JetStar, and the two settled down for a two-hour flying inspection of three dam sites designed to harness the waters of the Columbia River system for huge hydroelectric and irrigation projects.

When Johnson stepped off the JetStar in Vancouver, British Columbia, he was outside the U.S. for the first time since

* Ostrichlike.

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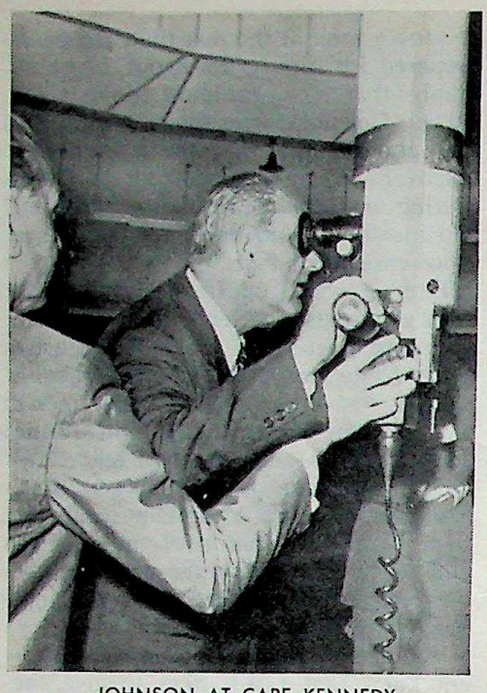
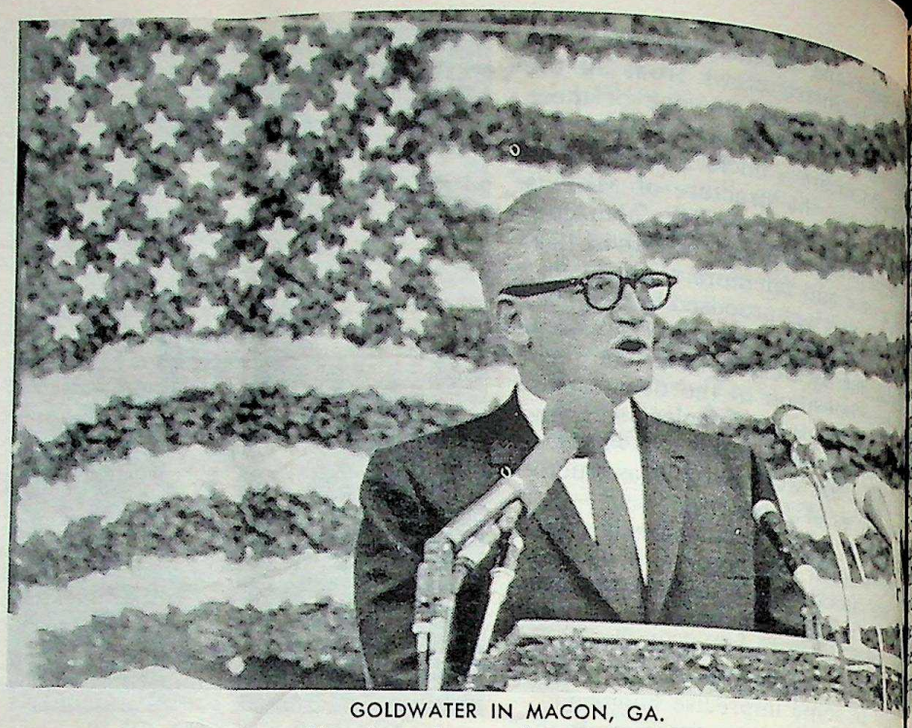


JOHNSON AT CAPE KENNEDY
Later, a couple of genies to uncork.



GOLDWATER IN MACON, GA.
Elsewhere, better than the Beatles.

he became President. He and Pearson drove to Blaine, Wash., to sign the treaty at the base of the 67-ft. Peace Arch, astride the westernmost point of the U.S.-Canadian border. It was pouring rain, so Pearson cut his scheduled speech to a few perfunctory words. But not Lyndon: with 10,000 people, many of them U.S. voters, clustered around the arch, Lyndon talked for ten minutes.

Curving Radar. Airborne again in his own plane, Lyndon headed for Seattle, nonpoliticked his way through a rush-hour crowd of more than 30,000 before delivering his address on nuclear-arms control. Though Lyndon's original itinerary ended with Seattle, he flew on to Portland, Ore., then to the wild reception in Sacramento.

There, he uncorked a couple of genies from the bottle of U.S. military science. "We have now developed and tested two systems with the ability to intercept and destroy armed satellites circling the earth in space," Lyndon told the crowd. Defense Secretary Robert McNamara later said that both systems have intercepted orbiting satellites "hundreds of miles" in space during test shots. Neither system is as much a breakthrough as a solid advance in technology. One is derived from the Army's Nike-Zeus anti-missile missile, the other from the Air Force's Thor—both of which were initiated during the Eisenhower Administration.

Lyndon's other genie was an "over-the-horizon" radar system that "will literally look around the curve of the earth, alerting us to aircraft, and especially missiles, within seconds after they are launched." The system, which works by bouncing signals off the ionosphere to detect missiles and aircraft far beyond the horizon, could give the U.S. almost twice as much warning time against surprise attack as the 15-minute period now provided by U.S. ground and airborne radar stations.

As long as he was in the neighborhood, Lyndon decided to drop in at Salt Lake City after his Sacramento speech for a motorcade through the central district and a half-hour visit with the ailing head of the Mormons, 91-year-old David O. McKay. Only then was President Johnson, his hands swollen and bruised from all that handshaking, ready to call it quits. "We're going back to Washington," he said, "and go to work."

Marching Through Dixie

Barry Goldwater marched through Dixie last week, hitting 14 cities during a four-day, eight-state tour of the Old Confederacy. In Memphis, he drew 30,000 people to the grassy slopes of River Bluff, not far from the Mississippi. In Montgomery, a near-capacity crowd of 24,000 turned out at Cramton Bowl, including 700 white-gowned local belles who lined the field from goalpost to goalpost waving American flags. In New Orleans, the 82,000-seat Sugar Bowl was only one-third filled, but Barry still outdrew the Beatles, who had lured only 12,000 the night before.

"Orville Wrong." In his speeches Barry did not make a single specific reference to civil rights, even though his vote against this year's Civil Rights bill is responsible for much of his widespread Southern support. Rather, he concentrated on attacks against Lyndon Johnson and his Cabinet. He labeled Lyndon "the wildest spender of them all," despite claims of frugality. He called Johnson a "scheming wirepuller" who ought to rename the White House the "Whitewash House." Lyndon, he cracked, "has asked for so much power that the Democrats don't know whether to vote for him or plug him in." Turning to the Cabinet, he promised that his "first job as President" would be to fire Defense Secretary Robert McNamara, then got in a dig at Agriculture Secretary Orville Freeman by telling a North Carolina audience, "We've gone from Orville Wright to Orville Wrong."

Despite his generally warm reception, Goldwater persisted in his penchant for saying the right thing in the wrong place. Items:

▶ In St. Petersburg, Fla., Barry barged away at "the failure of public officials to keep the streets safe from bullies and marauders." This was hardly a matter of burning concern in peaceful St. Pete. At the same time, Goldwater failed to mention his attitudes about Social Security, even though his audience consisted mostly of elderly pensioners.

▶ In Knoxville, Tenn., where folks like to play bumper stickers reading KEEP COOL —I'D RATHER SELL ARIZONA, Barry said he would "stand by" his recent statement that TVA's steam-generating plants should be sold to private interests. Anyhow, he said, his views make little difference, since even if he were President, he undoubtedly would be overruled by Congress.

▶ In Atlanta, Barry issued a scathing denunciation of the Supreme Court's one-man-one-vote reapportionment ruling. Of all the cities in the South, Atlanta, which has long chafed under state malapportionment's giving rural districts top-heavy power in the state legislature, is the one place where the Supreme Court ruling is reasonably popular.

▶ In Charleston, W.Va., Barry blasted Lyndon Johnson's war on poverty as a "phony, vote-getting gimmick" and a raid on your pocketbooks." West Virginia, of course, is practically a case-book study of the depressed area.

As Barry traveled through the South, two breaks went his way. South Carolina's Senator J. Strom Thurmond, the Dixiecrat candidate for President in 1948, formally severed his ties to the Democratic Party, announced that he was joining the Republican Party.

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ould campaign for Goldwater. When
arry arrived at Greenville, S.C., in his
hartered jet, Strom was waiting at the
amp to embrace him, a gold elephant
n one lapel and a Goldwater button in
he other. Barry was delighted. "If a
an like Thurmond can do it," he said,
see no reason why Democrats by the
ns of thousands in the South can't
o the same."

Barry's other break—and it might
ll prove a short-term gain—came
the form of a decision by three fed-
l judges in Birmingham striking
wn Title II of the Civil Rights Act,
e crucial Public Accommodations sec-
n, as it applied to a local restaurant
led Ollie's Barbecue. The judges
ld that Title II violated the "due
ocess" clause of the Fifth Amend-
nt. Said the judges: "If Congress has
naked power to do what it has at-
mpted in Title II of this act, there is
facet of human behavior which it
y not control."

The decision was 180° counter to
July's ruling by a three-judge panel
Atlanta whose effect was to uphold
Public Accommodations section.
Supreme Court has already agreed
hear an appeal from the Atlanta
ision. For the time being, however,
Birmingham ruling is a plus for
rry, since it tends to confirm his
hts about the constitutionality of
Civil Rights Act.

Fertile Ground. At week's end Barry
ayed far from Dixie to attend the
d annual National Plowing Contest
a farm 32 miles from Fargo, N.Dak.
h 50,000 farmers and their families
hand, the contest was fertile ground
a presidential contender, and Barry
mptly sought to plow it. "You
ow," he told his huge audience, "the
ion would be a lot better off if our
erim President would quit trying to
your farms and instead clean out
own stables."

Johnson was not on hand to answer
rry, having sent Hubert Humphrey
handle the chore for him. In fact,
ndon was the first presidential can-
ate to pass up the event since 1948.
at was the year that Tom Dewey
cided to send his regrets.

Dubious Deed

Republican Vice-Presidential Nomi-
Bill Miller campaigned through elev-
states, 14 cities and towns, and 15
eches last week, snapping constantly
the heels of and around Lyndon John-
and hinting frequently at dark and
rustworthy goings-on.

In Denver, Miller cried that the Dem-
ats "have given us Bobby Baker and
e Sol Estes. And Lyndon Johnson
the colossal nerve at Atlantic City
go before the American people and
. Let us continue.'" In Lincoln,
he told an airport crowd about
t might happen if Johnson wins
election: "I suppose we will have
orge Meany as head of the Small
siness Administration and Bobby Ba-
ker as Secretary of the Treasury." In Columbus, he struck out at possible Democratic dirty work at the polls: "Maybe we're being optimistic, but we hope that when votes are cast in Chicago, they'll be counted. And maybe we're being too optimistic—but maybe they'll be counted in Texas too."

A New Clause. Before 4,000 delegates to the Texas Republican Convention in Austin, Miller waved a 1938 deed for 20 parcels of land outside Austin bought by Lady Bird and Lyndon Johnson with no restrictions of any sort. The Johnsons still own much of the land —now a valuable tract on Lake Austin surrounded by prosperous-looking homes. But in 1945, said Miller, the Johnsons sold seven lots of that property, and at that time a new clause was inserted in the deed—prohibiting "any person or persons of African descent" from occupying the property except as domestic servants.

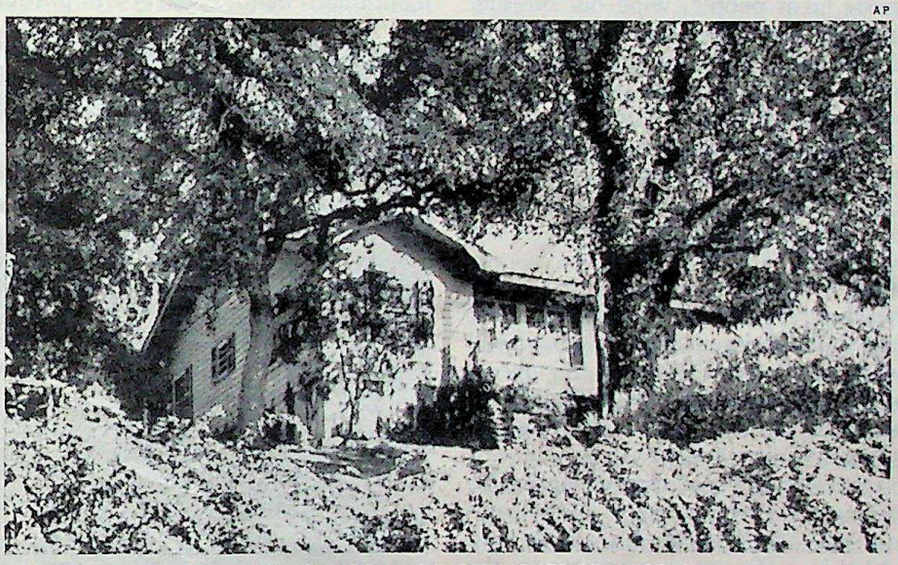
Said Miller about Johnson's current championship of civil rights: "This shows the hypocrisy of Lyndon Johnson on this whole issue." Miller charged that Johnson inserted the restrictive clause "either because he wanted to be certain that no Negro could ever own property adjacent to the lush and lovely land remaining in his possession, or because he did not want Negro neighbors, or because he was afraid of lowering his own property values."

"A Matter of Record." The White House responded with disdain, said the President couldn't be expected to recall the contents of a deed 19 years old and that, anyway, he "is flatly opposed to any such restrictions—and this is a matter of record." Actually, there was no doubt about the authenticity of the document displayed by Miller. But that should not have surprised anyone who has studied Johnson's record and knows that his championship of civil rights is of relatively recent vintage. During his first ten years in Congress, he voted four times against doing away with the poll tax, a weapon long used to keep Southern Negroes from voting.

Trying to Feel at Home

"I feel at home," Hubert Humphrey told a crowd of 1,200 in Wichita Falls, Texas, but it was perfectly obvious that he did not. As a notorious Northern liberal making his first campaign venture into the Deep South—a two-day tour of Texas and Arkansas—the Democratic vice-presidential candidate at first was as nervous as a spinster at a stag party. He stumbled over his words, mentioned President Kennedy when he meant Lyndon Johnson, seemed thoroughly ill at ease.

Not until he reached San Antonio did Humphrey begin to warm up. There he attracted 5,000 people, including many Mexican-Americans, to the Alamo, led them through his now familiar litany. "Most Americans," he said, "thought we should pass a civil rights bill. Most Americans, most Senators, most Congressmen thought that all citizenship should be first-class citizenship. But . . ." The crowd quickly responded ". . . not Senator Goldwater."



AP

FORMER JOHNSON PROPERTY OUTSIDE AUSTIN
Prohibited to persons of African descent.

Pork Talk. Hubert spent much of his time talking pork. "You folks have been doing all right," he said in Waco. "You've got the Twelfth Air Force tactical unit and the Veterans Administration office right here." In Wichita Falls, he claimed that Texas got $873 million from the Agriculture Department last year. In Little Rock, he paid tribute to Democratic Congressman Jim Trimble's pork-barreling skills by marveling, "The way it looks, he's been backing up his truck to the Treasury."

Hubert refused to be drawn into arguments that might underscore his "foreign" background. In Houston, a reporter asked what he would do as Vice President if he had to break a tie vote in the Senate on a bill to slash the oil-and-gas depletion allowance. Said Hubert, who has regularly voted to cut the allowance: "I would vote as the President established the policy." It so happens that Lyndon is an old defender of the depletion allowance. In Arkansas, Humphrey brushed aside

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questions about Arkansas Governor Orval Faubus' segregationist stands. "I didn't come down here to get into a squabble with the Governor," he said. "I think Governor Faubus has done some very good things in your state." He really had no chance to get into a squabble with the Governor, for Faubus was bedridden with a cold, never did get to see Hubert.

Death Sentence. Like Goldwater, Humphrey wound up his week with an appearance at North Dakota's National Plowing Contest. Like Barry, too, he avoided coming to grips with the farm problem, regaled his huge audience with slaps at the opposition instead of specific programs.

Hubert quoted an old—and since modified—Goldwater statement calling for "prompt and final termination of the farm-subsidy programs." This, he told the farmers in his best approximation of cathedral tones, "is the death sentence for agriculture. It would impoverish farm people, wipe out billions in rural land values, ruin business on rural America's main streets, and solve absolutely nothing." And how would Hubert solve things? "You had better make sure that Lyndon Johnson remains as President of the U.S."

THE CONGRESS

Double Defeat

Lyndon Johnson, that old wizard of Capitol Hill, seemed to have misplaced his wand last week. Twice the Congress refused to perform on cue, inflicting on Johnson his first major legislative defeats since taking office.

In the House, Johnson's legislative aides found no way to get around Democratic Ways and Means Chairman Wilbur Mills's adamant opposition to the Administration's medicare plan. They had pressured it through the Senate as an amendment to a social security bill. But when they sized up sentiment in the House, they discovered that they could not rally enough Democrats to get medicare past Mills in a direct test on the House floor. So they quietly consigned it to certain death in a House-Senate conference committee.

In the Senate, up for a vote came a toothless, Johnson-backed compromise designed to end a five-week filibuster, mainly by Democratic liberals, against Senate Minority Leader Everett Dirksen's attempt to delay enforcement of a Supreme Court ruling that both branches of every state legislature must be apportioned on a one-man, one-vote basis. Johnson does not really care how that matter is resolved—just so long as it goes away and frees Democratic Congressmen to get out and campaign for the national ticket. But the compromise, sponsored by Minnesota Democrats Hubert Humphrey and Eugene McCarthy and New York Republican Jacob Javits, was defeated 42 to 40. That left Ev Dirksen's proposal once again the pending business of the Senate.

MICHIGAN

Trying to Drape the Albatross

Michigan Democrats would like nothing better than to hang what they call "the Goldwater albatross" around the neck of G.O.P. Governor George Romney. Although Romney, up for re-election this year, has pointedly failed to endorse Barry, neither has he disavowed him.

Last week Romney faced his gubernatorial opponent, scholarly Congressman-at-large Neil Staebler, in debate before mostly Democratic delegates to a state A.F.L.-C.I.O. convention in Grand Rapids. In his opening remarks, Staebler set about trying to drape that albatross. Said he, in his high-pitched voice: "Romney is having a difficult time defending the Republican record while he attempts to carry Goldwater on both shoulders. Make no mistake about it. The Republican candidate for Governor is Goldwater's candidate for Governor." In his own statement, Romney mentioned neither Barry in particular nor the national Republican record in general. Instead, he pointed with pride to his own record as Governor.

J. EDWARD BAILEY

ROMNEY & STAEBLER
Answer the question, George.

Then came questions from the floor, and the debate went something like this:

Question (to Romney): Do you or don't you support the national Goldwater-Miller ticket?

Romney: My position is quite clear. The Republican Party has made its decision on the platform and the candidates. I accept these decisions. I accept them, but I don't endorse them.

Shout from the floor: Answer the question, George!

Staebler: His problem is one of carrying Goldwater on both shoulders. It is a problem of being extremely moderate or moderately extreme.

Romney (to Staebler): Are you for George Wallace and Strom Thurmond?

Staebler: My position is very clear. No.

Romney: You compromised in Atlantic City. You retreated on the se... ing of the Mississippi delegation.

Staebler: That was a good pl... George.

Romney: And in 1960, what ... your attitude toward the Democra... vice-presidential candidate?

Staebler: I worked hard for John ... Kennedy against Lyndon Johnson. I ... shocked when Johnson was picked ... Vice President. But after several d... I then saw the wisdom of it.

Question (to Romney): Will you s... port and vote for the Republican ... tional presidential and vice-presiden... candidates?

Romney: I will not vote for ca... dates other than the candidates in ... party.

Shout from the floor: Answer ... question, George, you bum!

Romney: That's my personal pr... lege, and I don't expect to answer ... here. Mr. Staebler would like to run ... Governor against a man from Arizo... I think the people of Michigan w... someone who will stand on his o... two feet.

REPUBLICANS

What Are the Moderates Doing?

Michigan's Romney is not the o... moderate Republican leader who ... wrestling with the problem of wha... do about Barry. Among others, seve... have decided to work actively ... Goldwater, quite a few have chosen ... pretend that Barry doesn't exist. ... hardly anybody so far has actually co... out against him.

Dwight Eisenhower, notably silen... recent weeks, has not yet firmed ... plans to hit the stump for Goldwa... But he already is taping nation... telecasts with Barry at Gettysburg, ... first of which, on national defense ... foreign policy, will be shown this we... Richard Nixon spoke out for Go... water last week at the Michigan Rep... lican Convention, will open a five-w... 30-state national speaking tour for ... early in October. Pennsylvania's G... ernor William Scranton will plug ... ticket in eight states besides his own ... 31 days of speechmaking. Kentucky ... Senator Thruston Morton is swing... through at least a dozen states to ... claim his "wholehearted support ... Goldwater and Miller."

"Top to Bottom." New York's G... ernor Nelson Rockefeller, who g... 268 speeches for Nixon in 1960, ... no plans as yet to speak outside N... York. In New York, he avoids m... tioning Goldwater whenever possi... Last week he was interrupted in ... midst of a speech for Senator Ke... by a woman who demanded: "S... something about Goldwater." Repl... Rocky coolly: "We're here to cle... Republicans from top to bottom ... Rockefeller will introduce Goldwa... for a speech in Albany this week. ... Goldwater aides in New York ha... pretty much abandoned any hope ...

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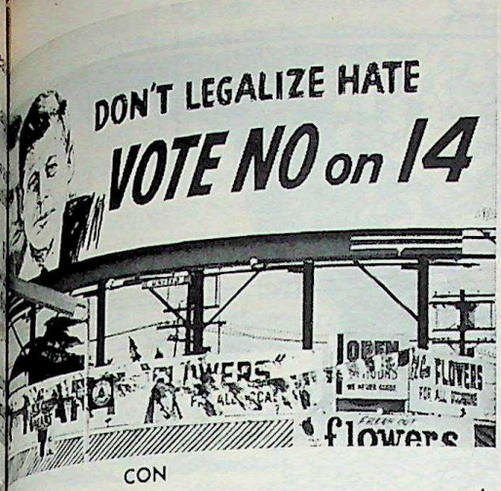

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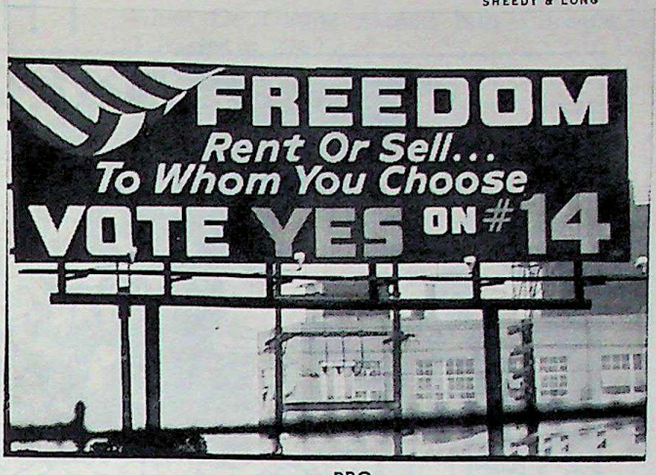
JOE MUNROE

RUMFORD

SHEEDY & LONG



PRO

A problem of the imponderables.

suring either Ken Keating or his eral Republican colleague, Senator ob Javits, into endorsing Barry. Henry Cabot Lodge, still busy ex- ining U.S. policies in Viet Nam to es in Europe and Canada, plans to mpaign for his brother John, who is ng to unseat Connecticut's Demo- ic Senator Tom Dodd, and for John pe, who is trying to win back the ssachusetts governorship he lost in 2. But Lodge says he will not speak Goldwater; for that matter, no one asked him to.

Significant Silence. Oregon's Gov- or Mark Hatfield, who keynoted the O.P. National Convention, has made speeches for Goldwater, recently med Republican candidates for state ces that they "could lose the whole e of Oregon" if they put too much phasis on the presidential ticket. io's Governor James Rhodes, who ew his delegation's support to Gold- er at San Francisco when it was ar that he could not otherwise con- it, failed to mention Barry at all in peech last week to the Ohio G.O.P. vention, is waiting to assess Gold- er's strength in the state before he ides whether to go to work for him. New Jersey's Senator Clifford Case ses to endorse Goldwater, this week used him of "attempting to get vic- y through appeal to the white back- h." Pennsylvania's Senator Hugh Scott endorsed Barry, but never mentions by name in a campaign speech. er Senators who have thus far re- ned significantly silent about Gold- er include Kentucky's Senator John rman Cooper and California's Tom hel.

CALIFORNIA

Proposition 14

Who is W. Byron Rumford? For the record, he is a 56-year-old dent of Berkeley, a Negro, and a ran Democratic member of the ifornia state legislature. But all that is beside the point. What ly makes Rumford important is that surname has come to serve as the word identification of the most bit- ly fought issue in the nation's most populous state. In California, the intensity of interest in the "Rumford" issue overshadows that of such relatively piddling contests as the one between Johnson and Goldwater, or between recently appointed Democratic Senator Pierre Salinger and Republican Challenger George Murphy.

Shock Waves. Last year, in his capacity as a state legislator, W. Byron Rumford introduced a bill prohibiting discrimination for reasons of race or creed in the sale or rental of nearly all California real estate properties. The Democratic-controlled legislature was most reluctant to take any such action. But Democratic Governor Pat Brown put on all sorts of pressures; civil rights demonstrators staged sit-ins and hunger strikes, and just a few minutes before the 1963 session of the legislature ended, the Rumford bill was passed.

That set off the real shock waves. The 40,000-member California Real Estate Association, long opposed to "open housing" laws of any kind, swiftly launched a movement to draft a state constitutional amendment and circulate petitions, which won a place on the 1964 ballot for what is innocuously labeled "Proposition 14."

Proposition 14 would not only repeal the Rumford Act. It would also repeal sections of a couple of previously existing state laws against discrimination in housing matters. It would, moreover, in effect put into the California constitution a prohibition against all attempts—whether by state, city or county authorities—to act against any sort of housing discrimination.

The key section of Proposition 14 states: "Neither the state nor any subdivision or agency thereof shall deny, limit or abridge, directly or indirectly, the right of any person who is willing or desires to sell, lease or rent any part or all of his real property, to decline to sell, lease or rent such property to such person or persons as he, in his absolute discretion, chooses."

What's It Mean? That's quite a sentence, with a sort of anti-officialdom, let-freedom-ring sound to it. When pollsters from California's Opinion Research Inc. asked Negroes whether they approved the amendment, 59.3% said that that was just what they had been wanting all along. But when the same pollsters told the same Negroes what the practical effects of the amendment would be, 89% were against it.

Opponents of Proposition 14—those in favor of open housing—are planning a mammoth campaign aimed at raising at least $750,000 to further their cause. On their side are such disparate forces as the League of Women Voters, the Teamsters Union, church groups and, of course, Frank Sinatra. Democratic Senator Salinger stopped talking about the foreign-policy experience he gained while serving as President Kennedy's press secretary long enough to come out forthrightly against Proposition 14. So has Governor Brown, who is not up for re-election this year.

"The Essence of Freedom." On the other side, as it presently appears, stand a majority of Californians. For the most part, these include laboring-class people who fear, rightly or wrongly, that their property would be devaluated by the presence of Negroes in the neighborhood. Also supporting Proposition 14 are most Goldwater Republicans, certainly including those of the radical right. In one of the least felicitous pronouncements of the year, Nolan Frizzelle, president of the 20,000-member far-right California Republican Assembly, recently explained his outfit's stand in favor of Proposition 14: "The essence of freedom is the right to discriminate. Discrimination means free choice. In socialist countries, they always take away this right in order to complete their takeover." Goldwater himself would recognize this as an impetuous political statement, and indeed the word has gone out from his headquarters to his California followers to downplay Proposition 14. As one result, Republican George Murphy refuses to discuss the issue. Says he: "It is an emotional issue and should not be settled on a partisan basis."

By most present indications, Californians this November will vote to repeal the Rumford Act and place into their state constitution Proposition 14. The great imponderable is how much the issue will affect national and state Republican candidates.

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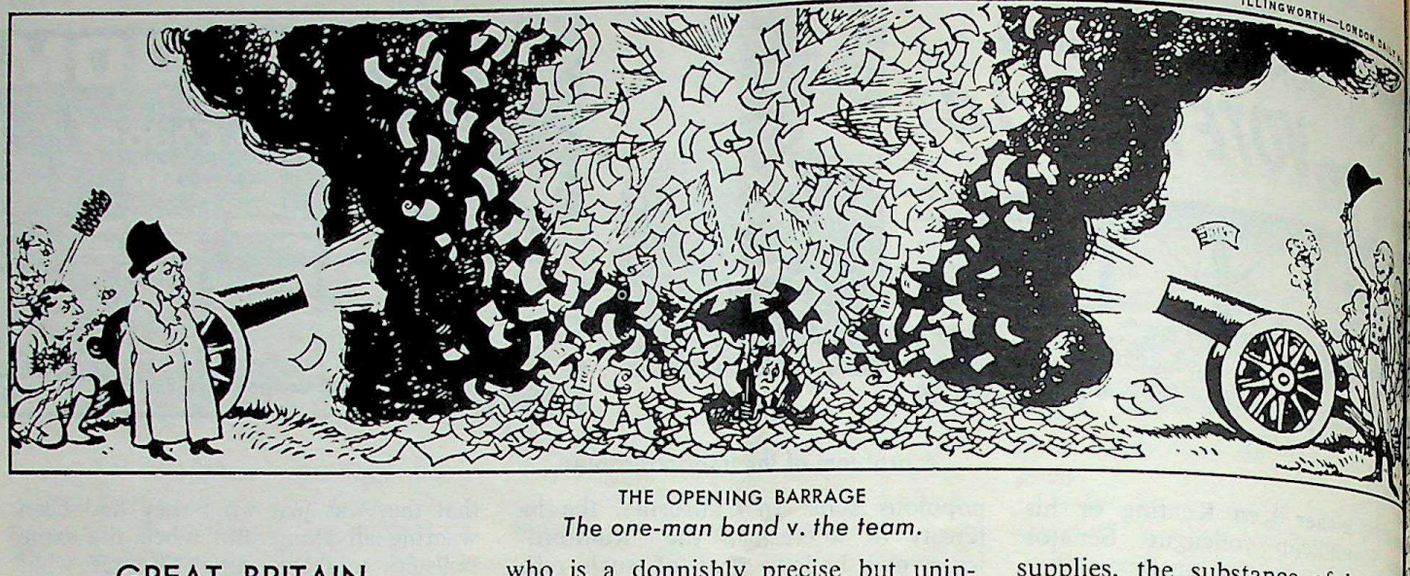

THE OPENING BARRAGE
The one-man band v. the team.

GREAT BRITAIN

They're Off!

Roused by the skirling reveille of the Queen's Own Piper, overnight guest Sir Alec Douglas-Home breakfasted alone in his Balmoral Castle suite overlooking Scotland's swift-running River Dee, then went downstairs to wait upon his sovereign. Promptly at 10, Queen Elizabeth, trailed by two Welsh Corgis, entered the salon. The Tory Prime Minister bowed and presented the commission that Britain has been awaiting these many months: that the present Parliament be dissolved by proclamation and a new Parliament be elected on Thursday, Oct. 15.

For some, the wait has been longer than for others. Labor began clamoring for elections nearly a year ago, when the Tories were reeling from the Profumo scandal and the inelegantly managed succession of Lord Home to Harold Macmillan's premiership. Sir Alec held off, gambling that with the passage of time the splotches on the Tory escutcheon would fade. Sure enough, the commanding popular lead that Labor held in the opinion polls has now all but evaporated: two of Britain's three national surveys in fact gave the Conservatives a slight edge last week. Snapped Labor Party Leader Harold Wilson: "Neither Monty nor Rommel asked the public-opinion polls what was going to happen at Alamein." Privately the professionals of both parties agree it is now anybody's election—an election more typically American than British in that the course of the campaign itself will likely be the decisive factor.

A Matter of Style. The opening salvos were hardly inspiring—or definitive. Wilson had long ago determined to launch Labor's campaign with a U.S.-style convention demonstration in Wembley Stadium. It turned out to be a long (5½ hours), amateurish pastiche of everything from African drums and Indian dancers to slides (which repeatedly jammed) of unemployed miners in the '30s. Deputy Labor Leader George Brown got a far bigger ovation than Wilson, who is a donnishly precise but uninspired orator.

The Prime Minister did little better at the Conservative kickoff: speaking by closed-circuit television to twelve provincial Tory rallies across the country, he managed to get off one telling line in an otherwise notably dull speech. Arguing that Labor's promises—expand nationalization of industry, increase export incentives and educational opportunity, create four new ministries—would cost too much, Sir Alec scoffingly dubbed the Labor Party manifesto "a menu without a price list."

Dead Center. The opening round served to spotlight one significant difference in style between the two parties. The Wembley format was all Wilson's doing; taking his cue from Lyndon Johnson, the Labor leader has made it plain that Labor's campaign will be essentially a one-man show. The Tories in contrast intend to run as a team, giving Sir Alec's Cabinet ministers as much exposure as possible to emphasize the quality and depth of the Tory front bench against what they already are calling Labor's "one-man band."

Off the hustings, both sides had their problems. The Tory government had to own up last week to the fact that the trade gap had widened still further in August (*see* WORLD BUSINESS). Labor, whose promise to deliver growth without inflation hangs upon keeping Britain's petulant trade unions in line, was suddenly confronted with a scattered rash of unofficial strikes. And Labor got some bad news in the form of a forecast for good weather through Election Day. Analysts are convinced that part of the turn in Tory fortunes is the result of England's golden summer. This, plus the fact that individual Britons are basking in unparalleled prosperity, is undercutting the Labor call for a change after 13 years of Tory rule.

Out of Business. The issues that divide the campaigners are remarkably few. Though Labor proposes the extension of nationalization in the steel industry and a state takeover of urban building land, road transport and water supplies, the substance of both ma party manifestos agrees on the bre and-butter issues that decide Bri elections. Both are for modernizat a 4% growth rate, 400,000 new ho ing starts a year, new anti-monop legislation, and an overhaul of taxa and social security systems. The dif ence is one of philosophy and emp sis, with Labor predictably arguing a stronger state hand in things, Tories countering that "the ques is: How is the planning to be do By consent or by compulsion?"

The Conservatives' main line of tack focuses on Labor's pledge to away with Britain's independent nucl force, and concentrate spending on c ventional weapons. Wilson says nucl defense can better be left to the U where in fact it rests anyway. Sir A insists that "unilateral disarmament Britain would simply put us out of b ness in the highest council in the wor Thus far there have been few signs t the electorate is very excited about issue. But in a nation with so strong tradition of tenacious independence, question of some control over the u mate weapon could just make the ference on Election Day.

FRANCE

Le Grand Voyageur

All was in readiness. French embas staffs in ten South American capi busied themselves with last-minute v tails, while hard-eyed agents of the Sû té kept all anti-Gaullists in Latin Am ica under close scrutiny. The French cruiser *Colbert*, on which *le grand v ageur* would reside during six of his days abroad, had been refitted w special communications equipment, f niture from the French National Mos ums, and paintings by Rouault and U lo. In Buenos Aires a French-born c inetmaker put the finishing touches a 7-ft. 2-in. bed, while in Rio de Jane carpenters readied a pair of chairs th would hopefully diminish the unsig matic disparity in height between Br zilian President Humberto Castello Bra co (5 ft. 5 in.) and his 6-ft. 4-in. visitor

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The Language of Bolívar. As Charles de Gaulle set out this week on his strenuous, 18,000-mile South American tour, little had been left to chance. With him went more than 50 prepared speeches, dozens of signed, framed photographs, a handful of oil paintings for especially honored hosts, scores of Sèvres porcelain souvenirs, two physicians, six security men, a planeload of eager newspaper and television reporters, and his shy, self-effacing wife Yvonne, who was bringing along a special wardrobe by Jacques Heim.

Weeks of language lessons at his country home in Colombey-les-Deux-Eglises had equipped De Gaulle with enough Spanish and Portuguese phrases to sprinkle through his speeches, though they did little to correct his heavy French accent. Tucked away in De Gaulle's prodigious memory were the key facts about South American history, geography, economics and politics contained in ten fifty dossiers prepared last winter by France's Latin American embassies. But there was one thing that De Gaulle most emphatically was not bringing with him: francs. There would be no offers of cash aid or loans. The basic purpose of the trip was not to buy Latin affection, Gaullist sources insisted, but rather to "reactivate and reinvigorate" French relations in South America, which withered with France's decline as an international power during and after World War II. De Gaulle was clearly avoiding direct conflict with U.S. influence in Latin America, but he was not forgoing the chance to preach his favorite sermon of renewed nationalism. "I will simply employ the language of Bolívar," he explained, meaning that his main theme would be national independence and "self-liberation."

The Vertigo of Legend. It all sounded vaguely grand, or perhaps grandly vague, but many of De Gaulle's closest supporters were worried. For all its prestige value, the trip will keep the French President, at 73 and just five months after his prostate operation, on a dead run for more than three weeks. Gaullist newspapers worried in print about the "harming trip" that would take their hero to "the land of revolutions, of assassination attempts one after another." Novelist François Mauriac, a most emotional Gaullist, wrote in *Figaro Littéraire*: "I fear this trip, I detest it; it seems to me a provocation of destiny. I ask myself if the *personnage*, already legendary, is not giving in for the first time to the vertigo of his own legend." But De Gaulle no doubt has his own good reasons for making the trip, and supporters in Paris last week had it that if the South American journey proves tremendously successful, he just might call a snap presidential election this fall rather than a year from now. In any event, as De Gaulle himself said to a long-served aide who urged him to cut back on his schedule: "One can only die once; one cannot pass one's life, sleep, or eat in an armored car."

A Sincere Budget

A year ago, when inflationary tides threatened the booming French economy, up stepped French Finance Minister Valéry Giscard d'Estaing to put his finger in the dike. "Every hole where inflation could infiltrate will be plugged," he promised. Shopwindows blossomed with yellow signs promising to hold the price line. Giscard cut back credit, let in a flood of foreign goods to boost competition. When both business and labor howled at the pinch, Giscard donned a V-neck sweater to make a soft-sell pitch on television direct to the thrifty French housewife.

Last week Giscard took to TV again to unveil the newest addition to his anti-inflation arsenal: for the first time in 34 years, France will have a balanced budget in 1965. Moreover, he reported, the stabilization plan had cut the consumer-price-index increase in one year to 2.9% *v.* the 4.9% rise the year before without any appreciable brake on the economy's overall growth. In the new budget, government credits for badly needed superhighways will increase by 26%, investment in France's antiquated telephone system will go up 11.5% and minimum old-age pensions will be boosted by 12.5%.

KEYSTONE

GISCARD D'ESTAING
Fastest brain in town.

Gaullist critics were quick to complain about the manner of the budget's presentation (to the public rather than to Parliament first), but few dared to challenge the facts and figures of what Giscard calls "a sincere balanced budget, without any tricks or guile." In the land of Descartes, where the class prize begins in kindergarten and the race is to the swiftest synopsis, the elegant, aristocratic Giscard has been winning prizes all his life as the fastest brain in town. Born to wealth and name, Giscard zipped through France's best schools, became a member of the elite *inspecteurs des finances*, was only 35 when De Gaulle named him Finance Minister in 1962.

Hardly the stuffy image of a traditional French Cabinet minister, Giscard skis, swims, pilots a plane, has even been known to ride the Paris subway to work. Hardly even a Gaullist for that matter, Giscard heads his own 35-man Republican Independent Party in Parliament. Today it provides the Gaullist coalition its effective majority. When De Gaulle is gone, it could become the base upon which Giscard might mount his own campaign for the last big prize left: the presidency of France.

RUSSIA

Fumigating the Fumigator

In the shadowy world of espionage, grim duels are forever under way but rarely surface except in spy fiction. Last week the world was treated to a real-life drama worthy of any thriller.

The hero was Electronics Expert Horst Schwirkmann, 36, who, as West Germany's leading fumigator of mechanical bugs, had for ten years been a roving sleuth seeking out such pests as illicit wiretaps on telephones of Bonn's missions behind the Iron Curtain. Schwirkmann's work load was understandably heavy in Moscow, where this year the U.S. embassy alone discovered 40 hidden Russian microphones. Schwirkmann ferreted out a covey of bugs in the West German embassy. He also designed the mission's bugproof "tank," a compartment big enough for a handful of embassy officials to sit down in and discuss business without fear of Soviet prying. Most infuriating of all to his faceless opponents, Schwirkmann devised a technique for discouraging would-be wiretappers with a smart electric shock.

Mustard in the Monastery. This month, in Moscow on an inspection visit and accredited as usual as a diplomatic "third secretary," Schwirkmann with four embassy friends decided to attend Sunday services at Zagorsk, the medieval Russian Orthodox monastery 42 miles from the capital. During the service Schwirkmann felt a blow on his left thigh, thought he had merely brushed against someone in the temple gloom, but then discovered a soaked spot on his left trouser leg. Afterward a bearded "guide," who introduced himself as an Orthodox seminarian, offered insistently to escort the party on a thorough tour of Zagorsk. The Germans declined.

Motoring back to Moscow, Schwirkmann complained of fatigue and piercing pains in his left leg. In the capital, a U.S. embassy doctor called on to treat Schwirkmann diagnosed severe acid burns and recommended that the victim be rushed to West Germany for hospital care. But the Intourist travel bureau reported falsely that all flights were booked up, and it took two days to fly Schwirkmann out to Bonn, where it was discovered that he had been sprayed with a liquid form of mustard gas. Last

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week he was in serious condition but recovering.

Losing a Rival. Why did the Russians do it? One guess: unable to endure Schwirkmann's electronic guile any longer, Russia's secret police hoped, by delaying his departure from Moscow, to force the West German's removal to a Russian hospital, where perhaps with truth serum he could be induced to spill his technical secrets. Or perhaps Moscow agents simply wanted Schwirkmann out of Russia for good. If so, they probably succeeded, for the word from Bonn last week was that from now on West Germany's ace bug expert would probably do his fumigating elsewhere.

GREECE

A Wedding for All

Six kings, five queens and more than 100 princes and princesses came to Athens last week to celebrate the marriage of King Constantine to Princess Anne-Marie of Denmark, and the royal flush virtually undid the ancient birthplace of democracy. Ordinary counts, barons and prime ministers languished unnoticed in hotel lobbies; telephones and traffic alike broke down; and the bridegroom daily confronted a protocol officer's nightmare. The King and Queen of Belgium, the King of Norway, and the Grand Duke and Duchess of Luxembourg, *for example*, arrived on the same aircraft, requiring Constantine to march out to the plane and back three separate times for the ritual of greetings and national anthems.

Champagne & Fireflies. But for all the raining royalty, Constantine, at 24 the world's youngest king, on a throne by no means esteemed by all his people, his nation gnawed by economic problems and the Cyprus crisis, worked hard to make it a wedding week for all Greece to enjoy. Some 6,000 Greeks from all walks of life, many flown in from the Greek islands in chartered planes, were invited to receptions in the Tatoi Palace. Nearly 40,000 Athenians joined the royal couple one night for folk dances and music in Olympic Stadium. The honored guests—both titled and untitled—were mostly European, but some came from far-away lands.

Thailand's King Bhumibol and his beautiful Queen Sirikit, Jordan's plucky King Hussein and Lynda Bird Johnson, all mingled merrily in the throng at the royal ball in the Athens palace gardens. Searchlights blazed a cross in the sky under a three-quarter moon, and tiaras winked thick as fireflies as 1,600 guests danced under the giant cypress trees, sipped champagne, and ate lobster and chicken off plain white plates with stainless steel cutlery.

Leaning from balconies and rooftops and jamming the streets, nearly a million Greeks cheered wildly on the morning of the wedding as the royal procession made its way to Athens' honey-colored Metropolis Cathedral in a storm of red and blue strips of paper, dominant colors in the flags of Greece and Denmark. To the slow roll of drums, first came Constantine, resplendent in his beribboned white field marshal's uniform, and Queen Mother Frederika, their black, red and gold coach drawn by six white horses.

Alighting at the church, the Queen gave a motherly jerk at the bridegroom's tunic to smooth a remaining wrinkle. Looking slightly dazzled as any 18-year-old bride might, Anne-Marie followed in a coach with her father, Denmark's King Frederik, nearly tripped on the 18-ft. train of her white duchesse satin gown as she stepped down from the carriage. She carried a bouquet of lilies of the valley, which later she sent to be laid at the grave of her husband's late father, King Paul.

Guns & Bells. While 1,200 guests watched the ceremony in scorching heat in the cathedral, millions more watched it live on Eurovision and special closed-circuit TV in Athens (Greece has no regular television service). Before a velvet-covered table flanked by the royal families of Greece and Denmark, the King and his princess exchanged rings, hers made from the meltings of coins minted in the time of Alexander the Great. Golden crowns were held symbolically over their heads as Archbishop Chrysostomos intoned the 32-minute Greek Orthodox rite. (Anne-Marie, a Lutheran, will join the Greek Orthodox Church later).

To Constantine, the archbishop, his white beard bobbing, said: "Thy wife shall be as the fruitful vine upon the walls of thy house, thy children like the olive branches around thy table." The couple then drank three times from an enameled cup of wine, circled the altar in the traditional Dance of Isaiah as rose petals cascaded from the ceiling. Then they marched down the aisle, a 101-gun salute began reverberating across the blue hills of Hellas, and all the bells in Athens began to peal.

GREEK PHOTO POOL

ATHENS NEWLYWEDS IN ROYAL COACH

A minted ring and tiaras thick as fireflies.

BULGARIA

The Life of a Lap Dog

If fawning fidelity still counts for anything among Communists, Bulgaria must be Nikita Khrushchev's favorite satellite. Even East Germany, which usually can toady just as well as Bulgaria, has caused Khrushchev some embarrassment with its insistence on the ugly Berlin Wall. Yet this month, while Bulgaria celebrated the 20th anniversary of Communist rule, Nikita did not bother to attend. Last week East Germany's Walter Ulbricht was in Bulgaria commiserating with Premier Todor Zhivkov, 53, who certainly deserves better than a cold Khrushchevian shoulder.

But there are other compensations in the life of a Communist lap dog. Since 1947, Russia has pumped $1,920,000,000 in aid and loans into Bulgaria's predominantly agricultural economy. As a result, Bulgarians have moved off the farms (where 70% of the 8,000,000 population lived just 20 years ago, 50% today) and into a boomlet of industrialization. To the $838.3 million worth of vegetables, shiny apples, burgeoning grapes, jams, jellies, butter and more that Bulgaria exported in 1963 was added a growing stream of batteries, machine tools, pumps, electric hoists, pharmaceuticals and steel products. One of Bulgaria's biggest hard-currency earners is the booming Black Sea resort area at Varna known as "Golden Sands," where Bulgars and bikini-clad outlanders this season completely booked the growing hotel complex.

Tape-Recorder Youth. In Sofia, nearly 6,000 colorful, balconied high-rise apartments stand in bright contrast to the peeling Soviet barracks of the past.

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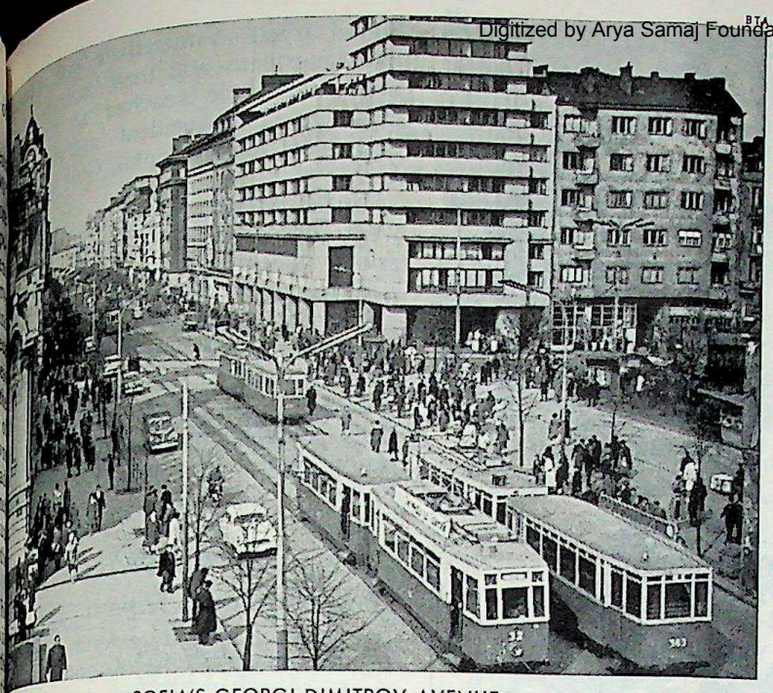
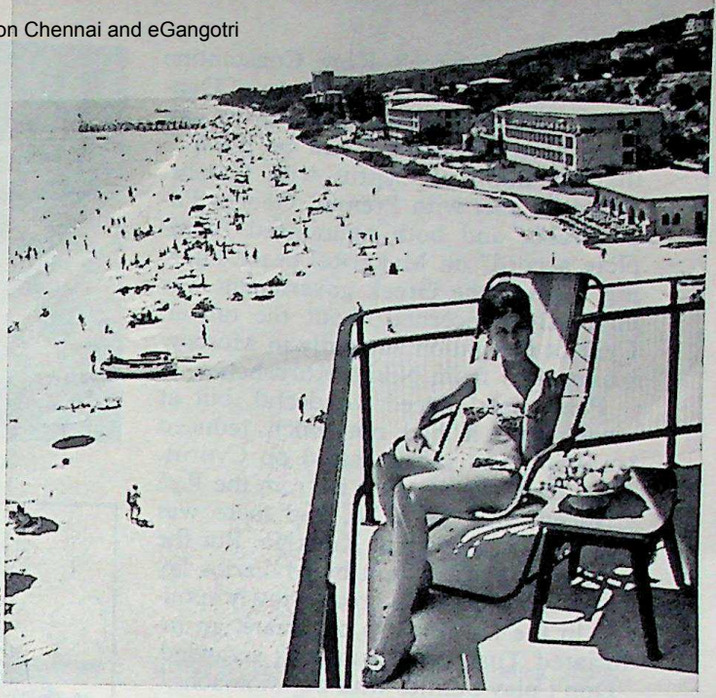


SOFIA'S GEORGI DIMITROV AVENUE



BLACK SEA RESORT

Bursting grapes and nightmare suits from ZUM.

...nd the crowds that throng the Boulevard Russki, though dressed for the most part in shoddy, overexpensive suits from the nightmarish ZUM department store, are clearly well fed on their beloved *dobrudza*—the white bread that provides 60% of the average Bulgarian's caloric intake.

There are even a few "tape-recorder youth," so named because they secretly trade Western jazz and popular music unavailable in Bulgaria. They affect trim Ivy League suits, drink 'worker's brandy' (cheap, sweet vermouth), read such Western authors as Hemingway and J.D. Salinger, and furtively swap anti-regime jokes—despite the fact that Bulgaria alone among the European satellites still jails such jokers.

Pilot Experiment. Indeed Bulgaria has been among the slowest of the satellites to "liberalize" in the vital area of personal and artistic freedom. Premier Zhivkov prides himself on the "socialist realism" of his painters and writers—party hacks in the main. Unlike Hungary and Czechoslovakia, the Bulgarians remain vigilant and hard-handed in controlling public expression. But in one critical area, the economy, Bulgaria has moved as "liberal" as her neighbors. Arguments in favor of increased reliance on the profit motive appear regularly in the party theoretical journal, *Novo Vreme*, and although the economy is still predominantly controlled by central authorities, a pilot experiment in decentralization proved outstandingly successful last year. The Liliana Dimitrova textile plant in Sofia was permitted to work out its own production plan, obtain its own materials and dispose of its own goods with a minimum of higher direction. Not only did the plant exceed its planned requirements, but by the year's end it had enough of a profit margin to permit a 10% wage increase. This year 50 plants have adopted the new setup. Nonetheless, Bulgaria has a long way to go before reaching self-sufficiency. This month Sofia authorities advised a knitwear firm in Northern Ireland that they would be interested in the immediate purchase of 240,000 pairs of socks—suggesting that there are still holes in the economy.

CYPRUS

Greeks Bearing Gifts

The dire appeals from the blockaded Turkish Cypriots in the coastal village of Kokkina insisted that they were near starvation. As women and children huddled in caves, their gaunt menfolk stood guard in the trenches. Then last week, down the road from Nicosia came trucks loaded with nine tons of food donated by the very man who had ordered the blockade, Archbishop Makarios, President of Cyprus.

Instead of cheering, the Turkish Cypriots cursed. One shouted, "We are Turks, and we will die before we accept food from Makarios!" Another grumbled that the food was probably poisoned. The convoy commander, a young Finnish lieutenant of the U.N. peacekeeping force, was appalled. "Your attitude is inhuman," he said. "There are starving babies in Kokkina." A Turk replied, "The whole blockade is inhuman. We don't want Makarios to make propaganda by giving us food. We will leave it on the road or throw it into the sea."

Sunshine & Smiles. What Makarios was really trying to feed the Turkish Cypriots last week was a carrot, in hopeful contrast to the stick he had been applying to them for weeks. His bullying efforts to force the Turkish minority to lay down its arms and accept Greek Cypriot rule had failed, even boomeranged against him in the form of Turkey's threat to invade. Now, suddenly, the wily prelate was all sunshine and smiles. He got along famously with the new U.N. mediator, Ecuador's ex-President Galo Plaza, replacing the late Sakari Tuomioja of Finland, who died this month of a stroke. An athletic, handsome man of 58 who fights bulls for fun and is a constitutional optimist, Galo Plaza is proud of his Spanish ancestry. He said to Makarios, "I have Mediterranean blood in my veins and Mediterranean caution about believing all I am told." Smiled Makarios, "Ah, then we will understand each other."

With a wave of his hand, Makarios ended the food blockade of all Turkish Cypriot communities and benignly agreed not to charge excise duties on a food ship due in from the Red Crescent —Turkey's Red Cross. He went even farther, promising 1) to tear down all Greek Cypriot fortifications if the Turkish Cypriots would do the same, 2) financial aid and personal security to any refugees who wish to return to their native villages, and 3) general amnesty.

Priestly Poker. His peace offensive met much the same reaction as his food. In Turkey a government spokesman said, "This poker-playing priest just can't be believed." On Cyprus the Turkish community thought it was all a maneuver to impress the U.N. Security Council, currently meeting on the Cyprus question. With only 12,000 lightly armed fighting men opposing 35,000 Greek Cypriots armed with tanks and artillery, the Turkish Cypriots are reluctant to give up their sandbagged entrenchments or scatter to their bombed and burned-out villages.

But Galo Plaza said jubilantly, "Things are going in the right direction." He was also heartened by the imminent U.N. decision to continue the peacekeeping mission on Cyprus for another three months, and he cheerfully outlined his own strategy to newsmen. Unlike Tuomioja and U.S. Special Envoy Dean Acheson, Galo Plaza intends to do his mediating on Cyprus instead of in Geneva, and to concentrate on Makarios instead of on the governments of Turkey and Greece.

Spoiling Food. At week's end Makarios flew to Athens bearing yet another gift—a silver dish as a wedding

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present for Greece's King Constantine and his new Queen, Anne-Marie of Denmark. Declaring that "my aim has always been and always will be *enosis*," that is, union of Cyprus with Greece, Makarios met with Premier George Papandreou, and both announced "complete accord" on Makarios' peace offering, though the Greek government was obviously concerned about the official Cypriot delegation currently in Moscow seeking aid from Nikita Khrushchev.

Peace was indeed wonderful, but at week's end it had not much reduced suspicion and racial hatred on Cyprus. Now food was pouring in from the Red Crescent and the U.N., and there was enough to eat even at Kokkina. But the nine tons of food sent by Makarios lay untouched beside the road, slowly spoiling in the hot sun. On one crate, an infuriated Turkish Cypriot had scrawled, "Don't play politics with our stomachs."

SOUTH VIET NAM

Remaking a Revolution

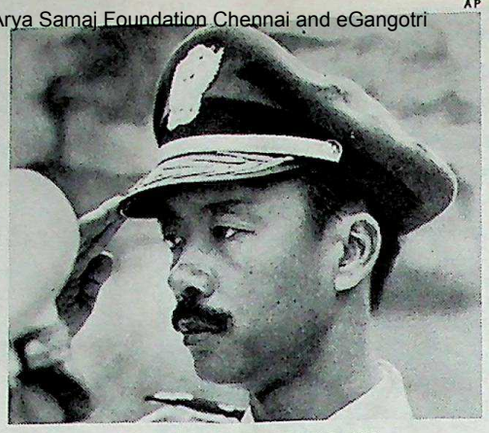
Premier Nguyen Khanh is like a kid's bell-bottom punch toy. No sooner is he knocked flat than he's up and grinning, ready for another foul blow. Last week the swat of a rebellious fist seemed to knock Khanh cockeyed, but within moments he was back on his feet—ready to be knocked down again.

For the third time since last November, when General Duong Van ("Big") Minh ousted President Ngo Dinh Diem, tanks and troops swept into Saigon with the intent of remaking a revolution. And indeed the rebels had a cause: Khanh had ad-libbed his role as leader of a war-torn nation for too long. His only ideological offerings were weary anti-Communism and vague nationalism. Meanwhile, the war went poorly, and in defeat Buddhists and Catholics found their historical hatreds coming to a boil. When Khanh dismissed Roman Catholic Interior Minister Lam Van Phat, a dour, desiccated brigadier general who felt the Premier had given in too easily to Buddhist reform demands, the situation reached flash point.

To the Rescue. The revolt was short-lived, and what put Phat in the fire was simply bad organization. His was one of two groups that had been plotting a coup and, of the pair, the least likely to succeed. Composed largely of Roman Catholic "outs," Phat's men were strong in their denunciation of Khanh as a "traitor" but weak on rallying tactical military support. Phat's only triumph lay in convincing Major General Duong Van Duc to send elements of his Mekong Delta–based IV Corps north to Saigon. Ironically, Duc thought he was joining another coup—that of a group of younger officers headed by Air Commodore Nguyen Cao Ky—and when Duc found out he had been duped, he quickly defected.

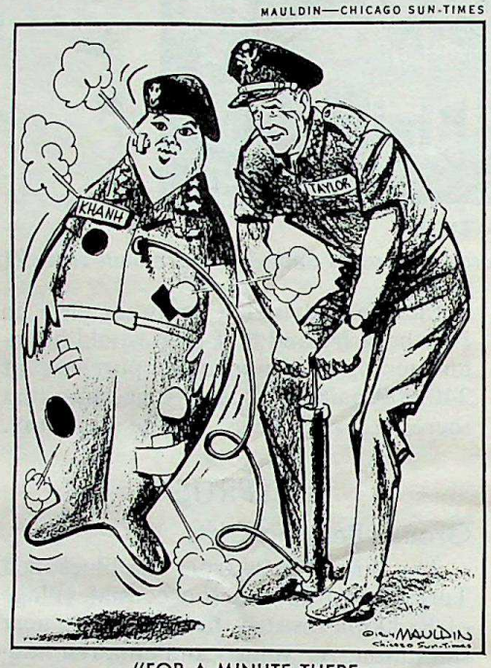
That left Ky in a strong position. A hot-shot, American-trained aviator of 34, Ky affects orange coveralls, pearl-handled revolvers and political dash.

AP



AIR COMMODORE CAO KY

MAULDIN—CHICAGO SUN-TIMES



"FOR A MINUTE THERE I THOUGHT WE'D LOST YOU"

Duc was duped.

When he realized that Phat's "coupette" had failed, he quickly sent his U.S.-built jets circling low over the capital to threaten the rebels. Meanwhile, a pair of C-47s (lent to him by the U.S. Air Force) whipped down to Cap St. Jacques, where two companies of South Vietnamese marines loyal to Khanh were waiting. Several battalions of loyal army troops were also ferried into Saigon, and the coup quickly dissolved.

Heads on a Pole. Khan found himself suddenly in the debt of another aspirant to his thankless job. Ky's group demands that Khanh clean house on all "corrupt, dishonest and counter-revolutionary" army officers, civil servants and profiteers—and threatens Khanh's ouster if those rather sweeping conditions are not met. But who is to say who, in all of South Viet Nam, is "corrupt, dishonest and counter-revolutionary"? Now, in addition to the steady pressures exerted on him by Catholics and Buddhists, Punch Toy Premier Khanh faces the even more random fists of self-seeking Young Turks.

Though his position remains precarious, Khanh was apparently standing sturdily enough to permit the Viet Cong to resume fighting. The Communists had held off during the days following the coup attempt for fear that renewed combat might push popular support back to Khanh. But last week Radio Hanoi urged an immediate "rise again... the Americans and their lackeys." H... noi's hyperbole reached a crescen... over the latest incident involving U... destroyers in the Tonkin Gulf (*see* T... U.S.).

In the Mekong Delta, the Viet C... went just as quickly on the offens... and by week's end the war was as gr... and bloody as ever before. In one f... fight near Canduoc, a popular So... Vietnamese corporal was killed by... bullet through the head. His buddies ... taliated by decapitating three of ... Viet Cong. The grisly trophies, mou... on a pole, were marched back ... town.

PAKISTAN

Challenge from Fatima

Pakistan's President Ayub Khan ... frankly declared that his country w... ready for parliamentary democracy ... cause it requires a "cool and phlegm... temperament that only people living ... cold climates seem to have." Accor... ingly, only 80,000 "basic democrats" ... out of a total population of 100 mil... —are allowed to vote for the Presi... and legislature, and Ayub has jailed ... most outspoken critics.

But with new elections due ... next year, five weak opposition par... last week summoned up their ne... and nominated a candidate to challe... Ayub. The nod went to Fatima Jin... sister and collaborator of Moham... Ali Jinnah, the late father of Pa... stan independence. Razor-tongued ... prickly (she once snubbed visiting ... eanor Roosevelt after a fancied sli... "Miss Jinnah" enjoys such personal pr... tige that probably no government co... silence her—and she has been increa... ingly critical of Ayub. But she probab... represents no great threat to Pakista... soldier-chief; a political novice ... around 70 years old, "Miss Jinnah" ... hardly match the stature of Ayub w... for all his stern ways, is probably ... most popular figure in the nation.

YEMEN

The Alexandria Duet

In Egypt last week, the Arab summ... was over, but one important guest l... gered on. He was Saudi Arabia's lea... eagle-beaked Premier Feisal, who d... ing the week-long conference of Mid... East leaders had huddled privately w... Egypt's President Gamal Abdel Nasse... with a view to finding a solution in t... bitter, two-year war in Yemen.

Both Feisal and Nasser now kn... that military victory was probably ... possible in the bleak, strife-torn la... where some 40,000 Egyptian troop... have been propping up a wobbly repu... lican regime against the Saudi-back... royalist tribesmen who are trying ... restore the Imam Mohamed el Badr ... his throne. The civil war has cost scores ... of thousands of Yemeni lives as well ... an estimated 10,000 Egyptian casualti... It has also put off the day all Ara...

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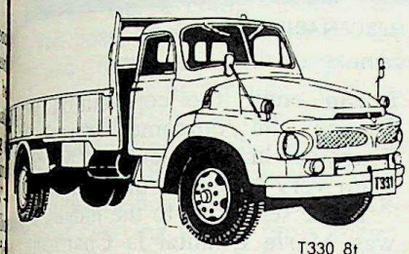
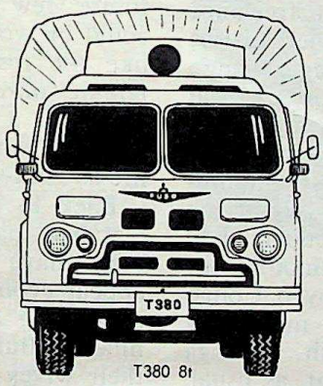
It takes all kinds



T330 8t

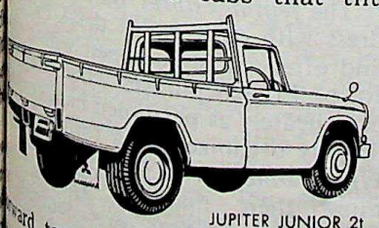
Visitors to Tokyo are usually amaz- at the number and variety of cks. They're everywhere. In al- . Barrelling down the express- ys.



T380 8t

But a city this size eds trucks, if only to p things like groceries d construction projects ving. So obviously, y kinds of trucks are uired. And Mitsubishi kes them.

Our trucks come in all shapes d sizes. Some have flat beds that tch as far as 20 feet. Others, n the front, resemble sedans and just as comfortable to drive. A le of more have cabs that tilt



JUPITER JUNIOR 2t

rard to make things easier for kering mechanics.

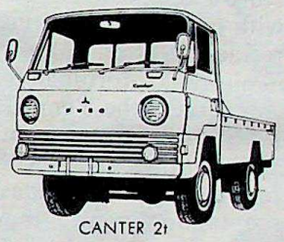
In any case, each truck is designed for a specific job. And do it better than any of its predecessors.

You'd almost think our trucks had ambition of their own the way they go about their work. Say you have an 8-ton section of pipe to haul. This task would fall to one of those trucks with the long, flat beds. No load could be more secure, because nothing in the truck will ever let you down. The chassis is as strong as man can devise. The engine, too. A trouble-free life, then, is something you can depend on.

Or you get an urgent request to carry freight from the docks to a destination downtown. Now docks are designed to handle ships, not necessarily trucks. But we have a truck that maneuvers like a forklift. It carries 2 tons of anything — economically.

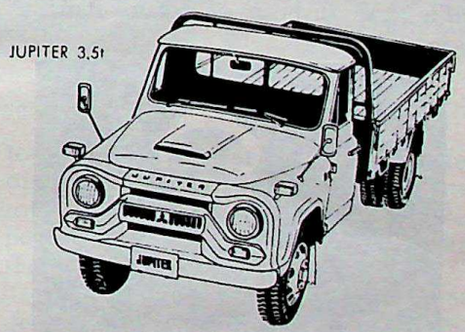
We also make a truck whose specific job is deliberately non-specific. It's a lorry, panel van or dump truck, depending on what you have in mind. Just make sure you don't exceed the $3\frac{1}{2}$-ton load limit.

If all this sounds pretty grand, you must consider that we've been making trucks since the 1920's. We don't claim that our first truck is still putting in a full day's work, but a few that date back almost as far — long past the retirement age — show no signs of quitting.



CANTER 2t

These relics bear not-so-mute testimony to the fact that it takes all kinds. And that Mitsubishi is a name to be reckoned with, in as many industries as you would care to name.



JUPITER 3.5t

MITSUBISHI
HEAVY INDUSTRIES, LTD.
Head Office: Marunouchi, Tokyo, Japan

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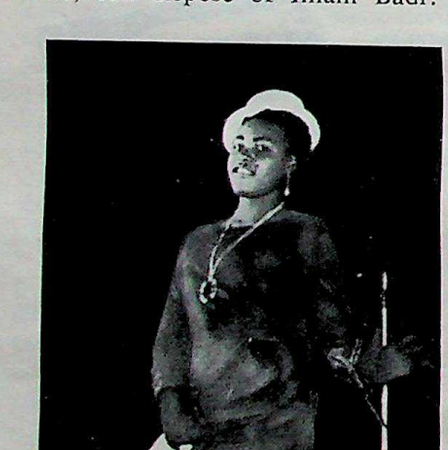
dream of when they can turn their united forces against Israel.

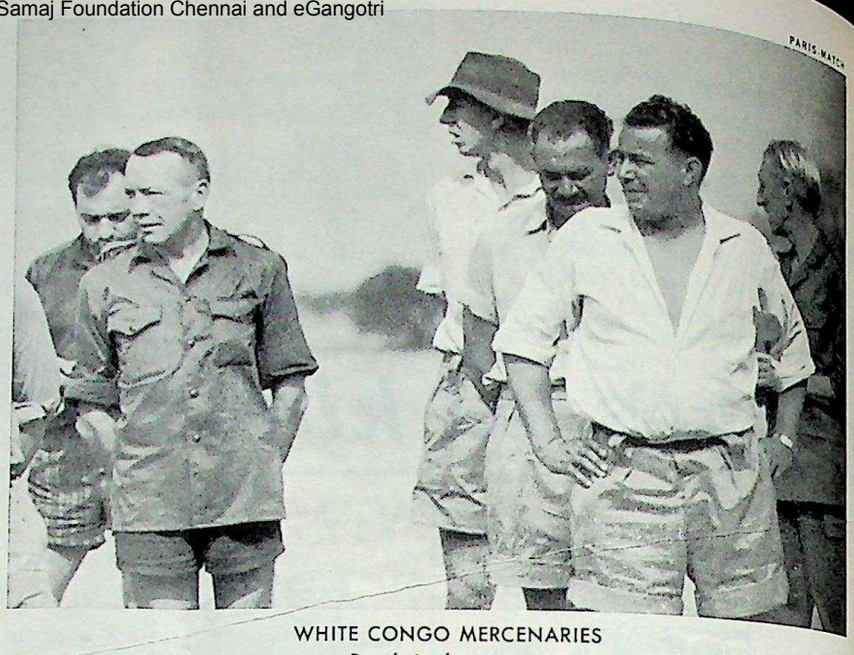
Brimming Heart. For Nasser, the very talks with Feisal were tacit admission that his forces were not really scoring ringing victory after ringing victory, a startling retreat from the extravagant claims he had been making in the past. Nasser also backed down from his pretense that the Yemen war was caused solely by infiltrators from Saudi Arabia and the British colony of Aden. In their official communiqué the two leaders promised to 1) cooperate fully to solve the existing differences between the various factions in Yemen, 2) work together in preventing armed clashes in Yemen, and 3) reach a solution by peaceful agreement.

Though there was no mention of removal of Egyptian troops from Yemen, the communiqué was widely hailed in the Arab world, and Washington called it a "statesmanlike action" and a "major step toward eventual peaceful settlement of the long civil war." To show the world their new fraternal affection, Nasser and Feisal warmly embraced at Alexandria's airport and called each other "brother." Feisal, who once muttered curses at Cairo's boss, said he was leaving Egypt "with my heart brimming with love for President Nasser."

Paper & Promises. Unfortunately, the people most concerned, the Yemenis themselves, have yet to be heard from. A hardy and hard-fighting race, with long memories for feuds and vendettas, it may take some talking before they will lay down their arms. Nasser can perhaps make the republicans do his bidding, even to dumping their ailing President, Abdullah Sallal, if necessary. But only the royalist princes, not Feisal alone, can dispose of Imam Badr. A possible compromise might lie in recognizing the Imam as a religious potentate without civil powers. But until the contending parties in Yemen reach agreement, the accord between Nasser and Feisal remains only a piece of paper and a lot of promises.



MISS KATANGA OF 1964
Getting ahead.



WHITE CONGO MERCENARIES
Back in business.

THE CONGO

How to Appear *Evolué*

It was a week of triumph for the Congo's professionals. In a freelance foray, a band of 14 white mercenaries blithely recaptured the strategic Congo River port of Lisala, despite orders from the timorous Congolese army high command not to overextend their supply lines. The mercenaries—mostly Southern Rhodesians—cut down 160 of the 3,000 well-armed rebel defenders, had to drive their Jeeps over mounds of rebel dead to enter the Moyen Congo provincial capital. Another mercenary band took back the North Katanga town of Kongolo, found that, as usual, the rebels had slaughtered the whole "intellectual" population of the town —anyone who could read and write.

For all their success, the mercenaries remained in bad odor with the rest of black Africa. But Premier Moise Tshombe, in Nairobi for talks with the Congo Reconciliation Committee headed by Kenya's Jomo Kenyatta, made it clear that though he wants black African help in quelling the rebellion, he would brook no "interference in the internal affairs" of his country. That seemed to mean the mercenaries would stay—for the time being at least.

Assemblage of Aphrodites. In the Katangese capital of Elisabethville, professionals of a different sort were performing. They wore such names as Alphonsine la Turbulente and Mathilde la Coquette, and they were competing for the title of Miss Katanga 1964. No ordinary beauty contest, this year's assemblage of African Aphrodites was hallmarked by the narcissistic story the girls planted in a local newspaper praising their own good looks. "My mirror says I can enter the competition without fearing the outcome," wrote Miss Françoise la Sentimentale. "My fans say I am very seductive and I agree."

More seductive to the judges, though was Marie Chantal la Charmante, who paraded across the stage in a bl dress and a rakishly cocked, daffo yellow boater while a 22-man ba consisting largely of electric guitars a tom-toms, shrilled maniacally. La Ch mante won handily, thus enhancing future few American beauty quee could or would hope to have. For s like the rest of the contestants, is *femme libre* (literally "free woma —one of a select crowd of Congole hostesses who play a key role in offic life as semi-wives.

Back to the Manioc. The men Katanga, particularly those in gover ment, have no greater desire than appear *évolués* (progressive) in the e of visiting African and European d nitaries. But they learned long ago th their wives would be no help. Usual married by 15 and quickly saddled wi the burdens of multiple motherhood, t Katangese wife has no time to acqui social graces. At a formal affair, s usually sits immobile, responding to co versational gambits with an agonized or *non*, counting the minutes until s can return to her manioc masher.

The *femmes libres*, on the other hand dress with style, rarely drink too muc and often come equipped with a han ful of French phrases which they dro as delicately as perfumed handkerchiefs Tightly organized by a formidable, fo tyish *femme* who sees to it that fre mind their manners, Elisabethville 2,000 free women now dominate th distaff side of diplomatic life. And now and then they go beyond the ca of diplomatic duty, the wives don't min and neither do the husbands. In an case, the *femmes* feel they have con siderable social utility. "If someone dis tinguished like a minister takes a liking to me," said Marie Chantal la Charm mante, "I am naturally very pleased. am more *évoluée* than the wives."

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CUBA

Phantom Raiders

The Cuban exiles are quick to cheer any small foray in their lopsided fight against Fidel Castro. But last week there was one blazing action in the waters off Cuba for which no one wanted to claim responsibility. It involved the 1,600-ton Spanish freighter *Sierra Aranzazu*, some 40 miles northwest of Great Inagua Island in the Bahamas, bound for Havana with a cargo of garlic, cognac, chicken coops and cows.

As the *Sierra Aranzazu* approached Cuba in the late evening hours, two small, fast boats swooped down on the vessel and raked it with repeated machine-gun bursts at a range of 20 to 50 yards. The captain and two crewmen were mortally wounded. The rest of the crew abandoned ship, which was now on fire. Fourteen hours after the attack, the lifeboat carrying all 20 crew members, eight of them wounded, two dead and one soon to die, was spotted by a U.S. Coast Guard plane, and a Dutch freighter sped to their rescue, carrying them to Great Inagua.

In Havana, Castro angrily blamed the attack on Cuban exiles, "equipped, paid and directed by the CIA," in retaliation against Spain for trading with Cuba. The Spaniards were just as angry. The Spanish ambassador in Washington, the Marquis de Merry del Val, loudly wondered how such an incident could happen in an area practically controlled by the U.S." And at week's end 1,000 Spaniards demonstrated noisily outside the U.S. embassy in Madrid, chanting: "Assassins. *Cuba sí, Yanqui no.*"

The State Department hastily assured Spain that there was no evidence that the attackers came from U.S. territory—though it was not certain where they did come from. The strongest and most active exile group is Manuel Artime's Revolutionary Recovery Movement, which blew up a sugar mill on Cuba's southern coast last May and set up a Russian radar station in the same area two weeks ago. Artime, a leader in the abortive Bay of Pigs invasion, now operates out of Central America, is believed to have some dozen torpedo boats armed with 57-mm. recoilless rifles and other weapons. Two other exile possibilities: the smaller November 30 Organization, which says it hijacked a Cuban freighter homeward-bound from Canada two weeks ago; and the *Comandos Mambises*, which claims to have attacked a Russian vessel in the Cuban port of Cabañas early this month.

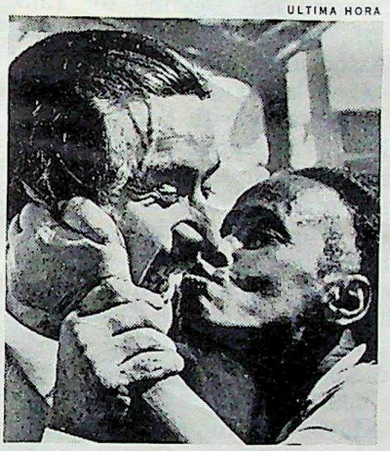
Although all three vehemently deny it, chances are that one of the groups staged the attack on the *Sierra Aranzazu*, either as a warning to nations trading with Castro, or in a case of mistaken identity, thinking it was the Cuban freighter *Sierra Maestra*, which had sailed through the same area the week before.

BRAZIL

The Law of the *Favelas*

Rio de Janeiro's *favelas* are the dregs of a city, teeming slums where the crime rate makes Harlem tame by comparison. The pastel-painted shantytowns with their deceptive names—"Pleasure Hill," "Peacock," "Heaven"—breed hoods with monikers like "Tidal Wave," "Uncle Horrible" and "Dried Meat." The cops are helpless, always patrol in groups and only during daylight. Except one. For the past 25 years, *favela* law, or what there was of it, largely rested on City Detective Perpétuo de Freitas da Silva.

ULTIMA HORA



PERPÉTUO FENDING OFF ADMIRER

MANCHETE

THE FUNERAL

One bullet learned the way.

To win authority in the slums, Perpétuo had to be good, clever—and lucky. He never bothered to arrest small-timers, passed out candy to the kids, found jobs for dozens of ex-cons, personally sent food and clothing to mothers widowed by killers he had not caught up with in time. He could draw his .45 faster than any thug, could shoot so straight that crooks often surrendered when they heard he was after them. Bullets missed him so often that it seemed they would never learn the way. He once climbed unscathed up a hill through a hail of slugs to collar two pistol-happy punks, another time managed to arrest a gunman who emptied his revolver at him from point-blank range.

By Mistake. Three weeks ago, "Bulletproof" Perpétuo's luck finally failed. His downfall began when a convicted murderer, "Horseface" Manuel Moreira, got a parole "by mistake" and, once out of jail, shot a close colleague of Perpétuo's. Enraged by the bureaucratic sloppiness that released Horseface in the first place, Perpétuo dropped everything and went after the killer. Though the rest of the force was stymied, he had a good lead within two days. But while he was waiting in a bar for Horseface to show up, two cops from another district wandered in. Jealous of Perpétuo's fame, they argued over who had jurisdiction, started fighting. Suddenly one of them pulled a gun, while the other pinned Perpétuo's arms. Then, as he stood helpless, Bulletproof Perpétuo, 51, was shot dead by one of his fellow policemen.

His funeral drew the high and mighty. But Perpétuo belonged to the *favelados*, and 5,000 of them turned out to march in the procession, and crowd around his coffin for a last look, or touch, or tear. After the burial, leaders of the "Skeleton" *favela* solemnly met to discuss changing the name to "Perpétuo" *favela*. "He would have liked that," was the explanation.

By the Mob. If *favelados* were saddened by the loss of the only policeman they ever liked, the cops were left completely at loose ends. Though Perpétuo's killer was quickly captured at the scene, Horseface was still at large, and a milling, uncoordinated hunt for him was mounted. In the last two weeks police have pulled in 500 smalltime hoods for their own brand of "questioning," have descended en masse on dozens of *favelas*. Brandishing machine guns, they burst in on one surprised family and so frightened the father that he died of a heart attack. Last week the police said they were still searching. But the word around the *favelas* was that the cops had found Horseface all right, had killed him and hidden the body rather than risk judgment in Brazil's notoriously lenient courts.

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MISS AMERICA & HER COURT*

A queen to be seen.

Beauty contestants should be seen and not heard. But not the new Miss America, who is a ventriloquist and thus has two voices. The night she reached the finals, **Vonda Kay Van Dyke**, 21, of Phoenix, chirruped: "Barry Goldwater, here I come!" But once the crown was in place, she became a benign queen, and said: "I think the President is our greatest man." Then she was off for a series of nationwide appearances that will earn her $75,000, in addition to the $11,000 in scholarships she will use next fall at the State University. The other girls were already on their way back to school. But from their pictures with Her Loveliness, it was clear that even a loser in Atlantic City is a winner on any campus.

• • •

From France to the U.N. Secretariat in Manhattan came a stained-glass memorial on the themes of peace and love: a 12-ft. by 15-ft. panel designed without fee by Painter **Marc Chagall**, 77, as his remembrance of U.N. Secretary-General **Dag Hammarskjold**. "A poet always uses the same vocabulary," says Chagall, and his translucent sonnet displays his familiar metaphors of thin-lipped cow, floating patriarch and spiritual chicken. In Pocantico Hills, N.Y., the preserve of the Rockefellers, the Union Church received a stained-glass Chagall window depicting the good Samaritan, to be dedicated by the family to the memory of Philanthropist **John D. Rockefeller Jr.**

• • •

His life has been as bitter as his father's darkest tragedies, and **Shane O'Neill**, 45, Eugene's disinherited son, believes he suffers from a tribal curse. His brother, Eugene Jr., committed suicide; his first child, Eugene III, smothered at the age of three months. And, like his father's mother, the model for Mrs. Tyrone in *Long Day's Journey into Night*, Shane has been for 20 years a drug addict. Last spring in Manhattan, he was arrested for trying to steal prescription blanks to obtain narcotics. Last week, calling him "the most bedraggled, woebegone man ever to come before this bench," the judge gave Shane a suspended sentence. Perhaps his luck is changing: with some $200,000 his wife recently inherited, he has promised to settle with her in Ireland to start life anew.

• • •

"Float like a butterfly" could be a tall order for **Cassius Clay**, 22, who at a portly 230 lbs. is surely the world's heavyweight something, but not, apparently, its boxing champion anymore. Scoring the TKO it has threatened ever since it started investigating the rank finances of February's fight, the World Boxing Association stripped Cassius of his title when he signed in Boston for a Nov. 16 rematch with Sonny Liston. Unfazed, the Lip zipped to Manhattan to bedizen his ample middle with a $500 gold-plated championship belt from Ring Magazine. Verbally, he still stings like a bee. Gazing at the solid silver waistband Charley Mitchell won for going a bare-knuckle 39 rounds against John L. Sullivan in 1888, Muhammad Ali bumbled: "They got cheap with the belts. They used to make them better." Maybe they did the fighters too.

• • •

Three large yellow and white vans from Washington pulled up at the 85th Street entrance of a Fifth Avenue apartment, and unloaded the toys, clothes and furniture of **Jacqueline Kennedy**, 35, Caroline, 6, and John Jr., 3. Mean- while Jackie, staying at the nearby Ca- lyle Hotel, went through the autum- whirligig of a Manhattan mother, su- pervising the redecoration of her 15- room duplex, which will be ready in a month or so, enrolling Caroline at the 91st Street Academy of the Sacred Hear- taking John for a ride on the Centr- Park carrousel. And then one day, sh- was out with her children rowing o- the Central Park Serpentine, where a- alert amateur in the next dinghy took an incredulous look, rapidly unshi- tered his Rolleiflex to capture a metro- politan Manet.

• • •

The Wall Street banker's daughter as- tonished the Russians this summer by asking for an iron so she could pres- her own dresses. And **Neva Rockefeller**, 20, who was visiting Nikita Khrushchev with her father David, is independen- in other ways. A Radcliffe junior an aspiring playwright, she made know- her engagement last week to Germ- Michael Medearis, 24, a St. Louis publ- school graduate, who interrupted h- Harvard education for four years t- "find himself" by working in a Holly- wood sound studio.

• • •

Ill lay: Los Angeles' James Franc- **Cardinal McIntyre**, 78, in a Rome ho- pital following his collapse from hea- and fatigue during the Mass official- reopening the Vatican Council; New York's **Francis Cardinal Spellman**, 7- recuperating on Cape Cod following prostate operation; Japan's Premi- **Hayato Ikeda**, 64, undergoing treatme- at the National Cancer Institute in To- kyo for a nonmalignant throat infec- tion; Massachusetts' Senator **Levere- Saltonstall**, 72, recovering at his hom- in Dover from a torn tendon suffered in a fall at Boston's Logan Airport.

PETER ROSENBERG—N.Y. DAILY NEWS

JACQUELINE KENNEDY, CAROLINE & JOHN

A pause in the whirligig.

* *Left to right: Miss Texas, Sharon McCauley; Miss Arkansas, Karen Carlson; Miss West Virginia, Ella Kessel; Miss Minnesota, Barbara Hasselberg.*

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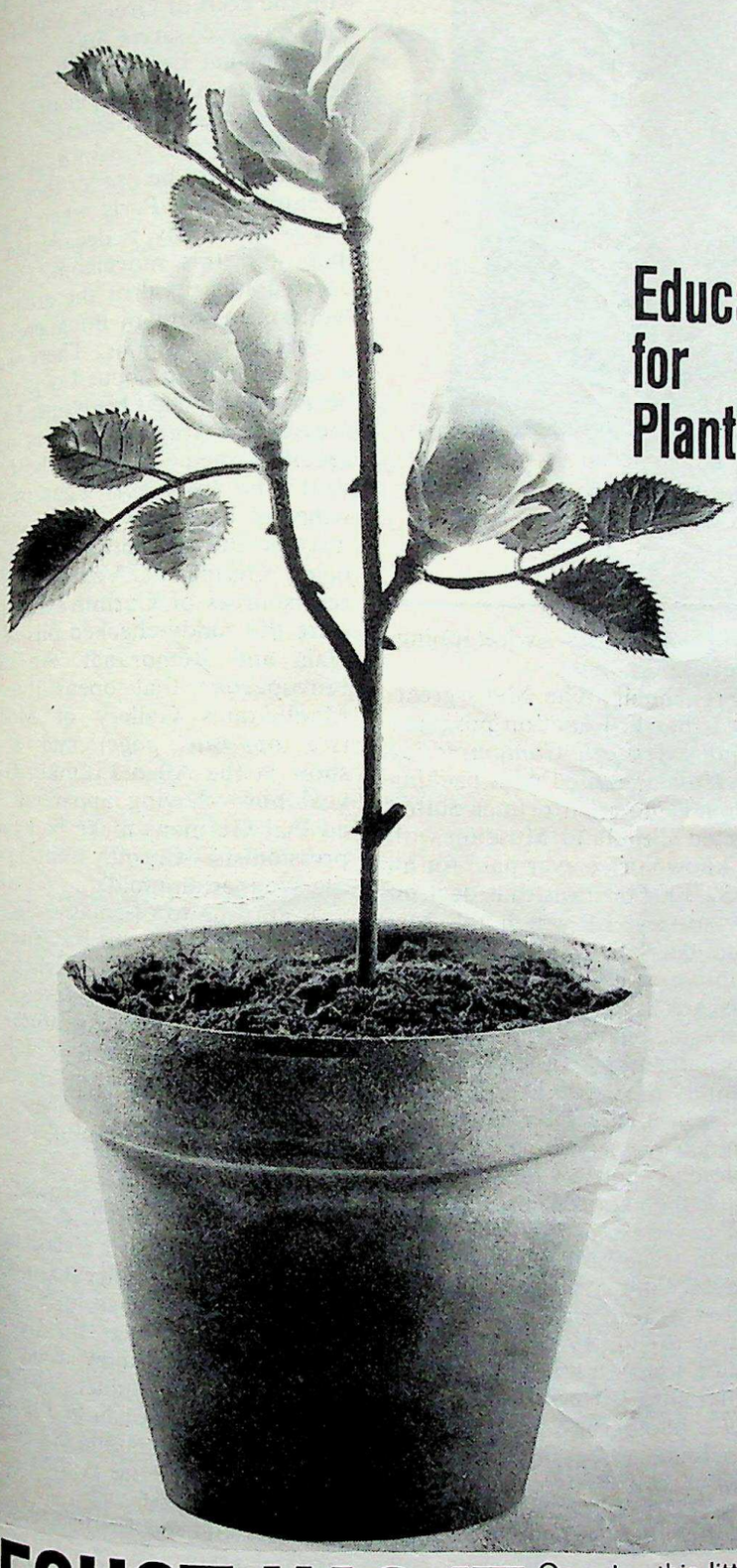
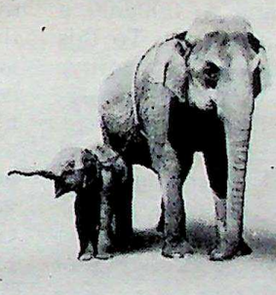


Education for Plants?

Vaccination for Pets?



HOECHST HAS IT

One day this little thrusting plant may be top of its class in the nursery, where, no doubt, it will hear about Hoechst. Hoechst fertilizers may feed it and Hoechst pesticides protect it. Hoechst provides protection for pets, too. Even for big ones like India's pampered pachyderm. Your pet isn't an elephant? No matter. Vaccines by Behringwerke, a Hoechst subsidiary, are not intended exclusively for those with thick skins but to defend animals everywhere against epidemics. Remember, wheter it's a fertilizer, pesticide, or vaccine... Hoechst has it.

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RORIMER, HOUGHTON & REDMOND IN MET BOARD ROOM
Smooth machinery, sharp elbows—and loads of money.

ART

MUSEUMS

New Guide for the Gettingest

The acquisitive philosophy of Manhattan's Metropolitan Museum of Art is forthright: it will get the best, regardless of the envy of lesser museums, by spending vast effort and $1,000,000 a year to spot and buy good art. To this end it uses a learned and competitive director, plus 100 knowledgeable curators who constantly travel the world. Guiding the effort, by electing the director and curators, and balancing it, by curbing or encouraging them, is the job of the Met's 38-man board of trustees—and most particularly the president of the board.

Last week the Met got a new president who uniquely blends industry and esthetics: Arthur Amory Houghton Jr., 57, president of Steuben Glass.

Whispers & Wiretaps. Houghton succeeds Wall Street Lawyer Roland Redmond, 72, whose 17-year reign has been marked by unprecedented growth. Met attendance nearly quadrupled, to 7,000,000 last year. Half of the museum's 20 acres of floor space has been renovated, and a glamorous series of openings will take place this season.

But the Met's soaring stature is also a measure of its cloak-and-dagger, sharp-elbowed driving to get the best.

Day-to-day sleuthing is carried out by the energetic director, James J. Rorimer, and his globe-trotting staff, who scrutinize possibilities with "everything from smell to X rays." Rorimer refuses to tell how his hawkshaws receive their tips. Says he: "Reporters don't reveal their sources and neither do we." The director concedes that masterpieces may be heard of through "a letter, a phone call, a whisper," that U.S. embassies are sometimes sources of information, and that "it is a business fraught with difficulties—wiretapping, fraud, forgeries."

Frantic Frenchmen. The Met's greatest stroke was its 1961 auction purchase of Rembrandt's *Aristotle Contemplating the Bust of Homer;* armed with backing from Redmond's board, Rorimer outbid the well-heeled Cleveland Museum with the highest known price ever paid for an art object, $2,300,000. But that deal involved only money, of which the Met has access to loads ($104 million-plus in assets, exclusive of its art riches); other triumphs are more intriguing. Four years ago, the Met stirred outrage in the Gaullist Parliament by quietly acquiring, for possibly $750,000, *The Fortune Teller* by the belatedly discovered 17th century French master, Georges de La Tour. Redmond himself spotted this buy, but how the export license was arranged has never been revealed. When the Met wants something, it can pounce like a cat. Recently a trusted art dealer discovered a 16th century German chessboard in a country house in England, placed a transatlantic call to Rorimer; the Met snapped up the object on the basis of a photograph.

Making Taste. The Metropolitan's new president can be counted on to maintain its efficient voracity. A rare-books collector in his own right, and scion of the Corning Glass Works founding family, Houghton in 1933 was given control of an ailing subsidiary, Steuben. He took a lead pipe and, with two aides, smashed up Steuben's $1,000,000 stock of "blinding-colored glass monstrosities." Then, with an architect, a sculptor and a stable of artist-advisers that included Thomas Hart Benton and Salvador Dali, set out to create radical new forms in colorless crystal. Says Houghton: "We made taste"—which is not a bad way of describing his challenge at the Met.

PAINTING

Valhalla Revamped

Even after the turn of the century most German art still looked like stage sets commissioned by Wagner. Idealized landscapes, preferably misty, thronged with the gods of Greece, Valhalla tough and Bacchic satyrs like some sort of mythological beaux-arts ball. It took a few artists of more personal vision to make German art modern.

At first Lovis Corinth did not look as if he would be one of them. He went to study art in Paris when impressionism was already a decade old. Rather than join this movement, Corinth became a star pupil of the arch-academic Nudesmith William Bouguereau.

Stroke of Genius. There was, however, something about Lovis (so known because he spelled his name, Louis, with the Roman form of *u*) that never was readily tamed. He was a beefy bon vivant who invariably kept two jugs of wine by his elbow during dinner. His lust for life got him the reputation of being Germany's Van Gogh, but the real sources of Corinth's robust energy were the ruddy-cheeked oils of Rubens, Hals and Rembrandt. An exhaustive retrospective that opens this week at Manhattan's Gallery of Modern Art (*see opposite page*) and a graphics show at the Allan Frumkin Gallery reveal how—having apparently concluded that Germans make bad French impressionists—Corinth went on to smash the Wagnerian mold.

Returning to Germany, Corinth scandalized Munich with his sensual imagery. He painted slaughterhouse scenes, leering nymphs and popeyed Grafs with equal candor and caricature. He happily moved to Berlin to join the impressionist Secessionists, an art society that scorned the academy. Then in 1911, a near-fatal stroke reminded him of the dark side of delight.

Skeleton in the Alphabet. Possibly because of the partial paralysis, Corinth's brushstroke took on a slashing angularity, his colors a staccato spectrum. He studied his own face in 50 oils and 60 etchings; none bear the mark of flattery, and many show a skeleton looking over his shoulder. His moodiness could only be broken by his wife, Charlotte Berend, a painter 22 years younger than he, and he replied by painting her 81 times.

Until his death in 1925, Corinth worked night and day. He opposed the new German move toward expressionism, but his lustiness and his awareness of death gave his art a touch of personal agony that overwhelmed the visible world he painted. "True art," he wrote, "is to depict unreality." And his brusquely applied colors readied the public for the subsequent makers of German expressionism, such as Max Beckmann and Oskar Kokoschka. In awe, one expressionist, Ernst Kirchner, admitted of Corinth: "At first he was mediocrity. At the end, truly great."

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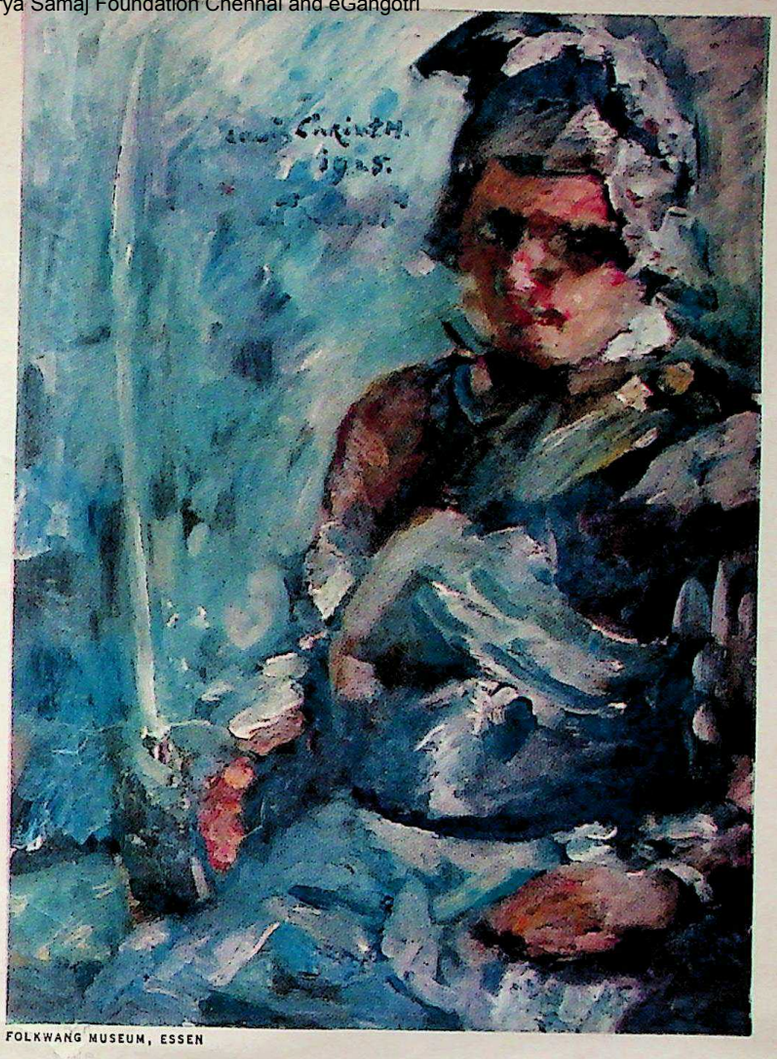
THE MOODY EYE OF LOVIS CORINTH



ARTIST'S SON suited in armor was depicted in swirls of painterly introversion. Corinth did portrait shortly before he died, aged 67, in 1925.

FOLKWANG MUSEUM, ESSEN

ERLIN ZOO scene, done in 1908, ripples with averick brushstroke that gave the artist repuion as Germany's counterpart to Van Gogh.

STADTISCHE KUNSTHALLE, MANNHEIM

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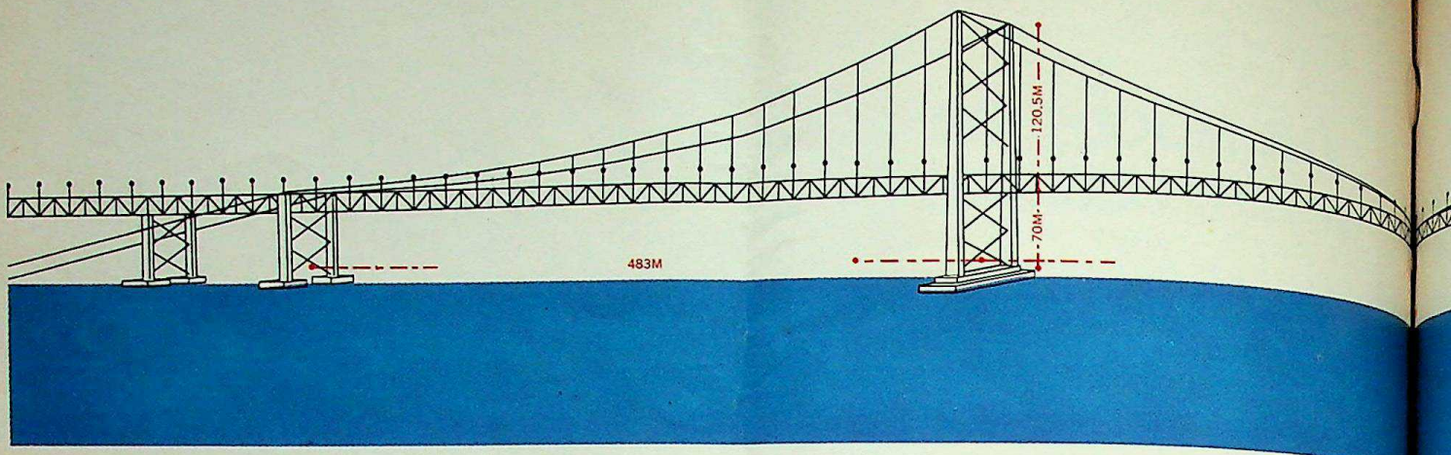
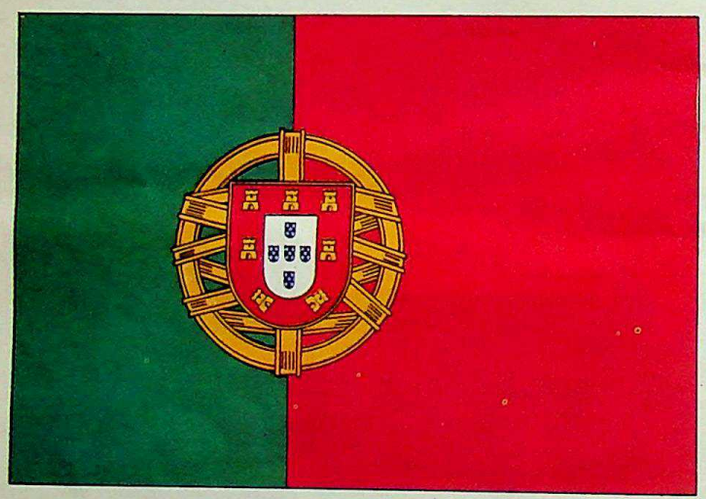


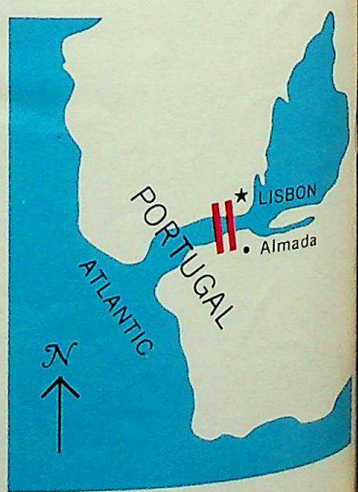
Europe's biggest bridge...by United States Steel International



The Tagus River flows 600 kilometers from central Spain southwesterly through Portugal, forming a magnificent harbor on Lisbon's south shore. In 1953, the Portuguese Government ordered a complete study covering the feasibility of a bridge and decided to build it after an international competition. The Government Agency which was in charge of the feasibility study and supervises supplementary studies, tenders, contracts, and construction, is the Gabinete da Ponte sobre o Tejo of the Ministry of Public Works. The prime contract, which is one of the largest ever let for a construction project, was awarded to United States Steel International (New York), Inc.* The Tagus River Bridge will be a record-breaker. When it is completed it will be the longest span in Europe, and the longest bridge in the world designed for both highway and rail traffic. This suspension bridge features the world's longest continuous trusses. The towers are Europe's highest and one of its piers is the deepest in the world. There are over 72,000 metric tons of USS steels in the structure, including over 54,000 kilometers of bridge wire in the main cables.

International Ability

The United States Steel International companies have the ability to act as prime contractors on a construction project of this scope. For example, to save weight, the Portuguese Government engineers specified the con-



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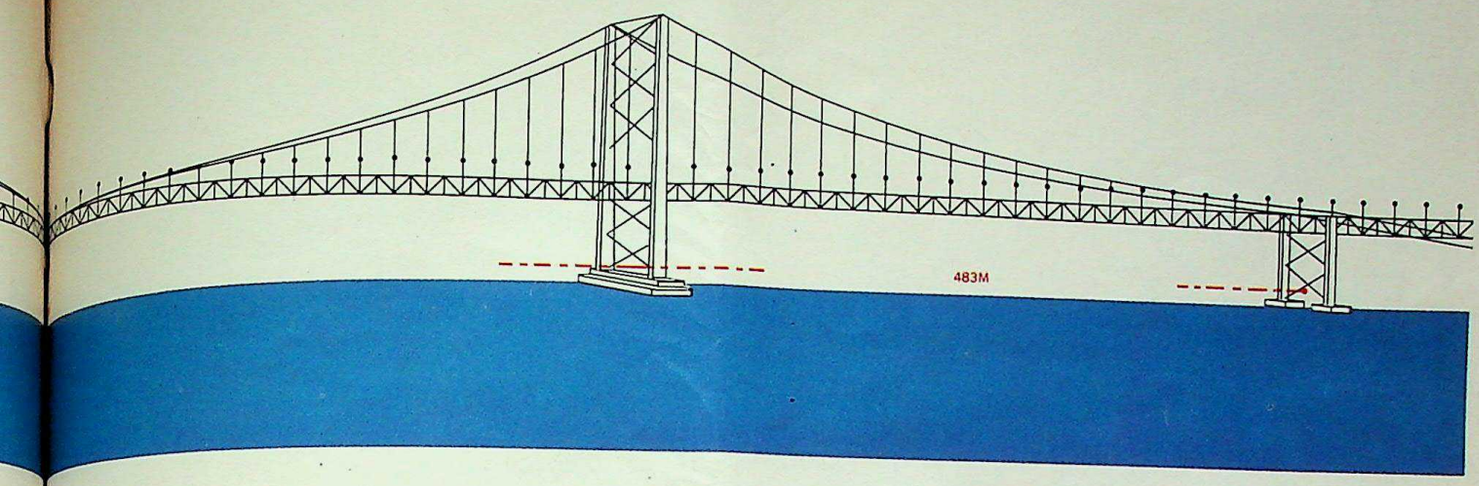
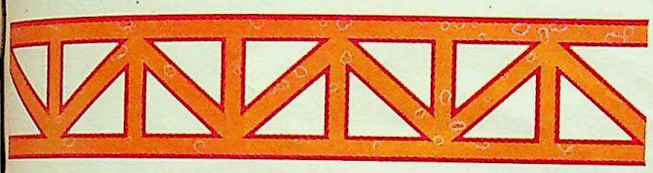
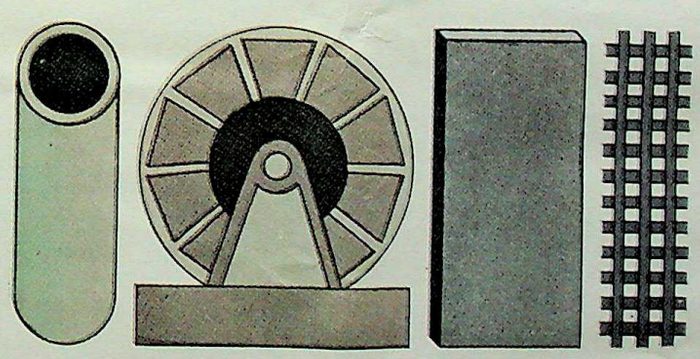




tinuous truss system. It would have been difficult to meet the established truss geometric requirements without the existence of a family of new, stronger USS steels. The stiffening trusses would have been much heavier had these steels not been available.

One Source

All in all, United States Steel furnished a large variety of steels and steel products, including plates and structurals, bridge wire, suspender ropes, steel flooring, guardrail, prestressing cable, reinforcing bars, tubing, sheathing, even chain-link fence.



The advantage of this single source, United States Steel, is that production, fabrication, and delivery of all material to the site can be closely coordinated.

World Builders

Right now United States Steel is also at work on the main cables, roadway trusses and floor system for the world's largest suspension bridge—the Verrazano Narrows Bridge in New York; and shortly United States Steel International, Ltd., will begin work on the main span superstructure of the Orinoco River Bridge—South America's longest.

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WORLD COUNCIL

Who'll Be Head Man?

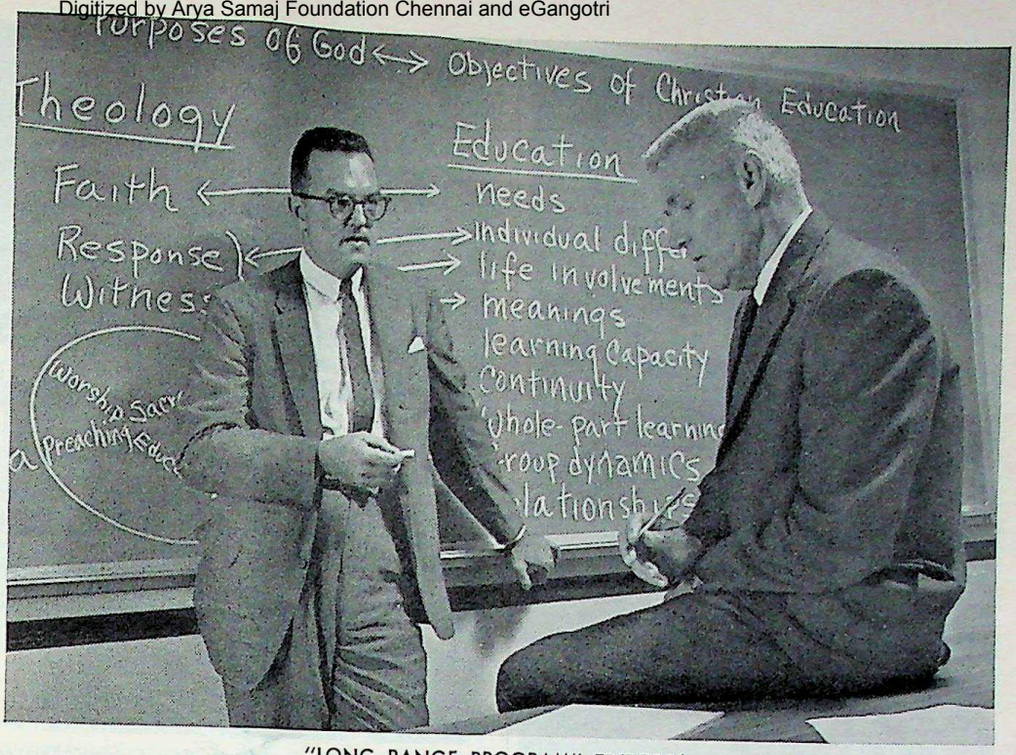
A great ecclesiastical manhunt has been under way for a successor to the Rev. Willem Visser 't Hooft, the first and only General Secretary of the World Council of Churches. Tempers have become slightly frayed during the search as was demonstrated last week when the *Christian Century* published a letter from 16 ecumenists protesting the way that the Rev. Patrick C. Rodger, 43, was nominated for the job by the World Council's 14-man executive committee.

Tempest in a Chalice. On the surface, the demure public battle over the nomination appeared to be a tempest in a chalice. The *Century* letter charged that the executive committee had made its choice public before consulting the council's 209 member churches, and that news releases made it seem as if there were to be no rival nominations to Rodger's, who will probably be accepted for the job by the 100-member central committee at its annual meeting next January in Enugu, Nigeria.

World Council officials argued that other nominations can still be made at the central committee meeting, but that Rodger, a scholarly priest of Scotland's Episcopal Church who has been the executive secretary of the council's Faith and Order Department since 1961, was a plausible choice. A theologically minded German would have been anathema to the Orthodox churches. A representative of the "younger churches," such as Bishop Lesslie Newbigin of the Church of South India, might be too identified with mission problems to please more established denominations. Many veteran ecumenists—U.S. Lutheran Franklin Clark Fry, for example—have reached the age when they could serve only as interim secretary, are busy running their own churches, or have made too many enemies as well as friends in the course of building the council.

Theological Issue. The search for Visser 't Hooft's successor involves large theological questions as well as personalities. Within the ranks of professional ecumenists, there is considerable argument about whether the World Council is to be simply an administrative servant of the member churches or have "ecclesiological significance" as a budding superchurch. Within recent years, council membership has been extended to include churches, such as the Orthodox and Pentecostals, that are jealous of their independence and theological traditions, and some are wary of bringing another forceful secretary replace Visser 't Hooft when he retires.

The opposing argument is that ecumenism will dissipate its spiritual energy unless the council adopts a strong permanent executive. So far, there is no clear-cut alternative to Rodger. But Rodger's opponents feel that the executive committee's selection of a man relatively new to the council, whose main merit seems to be a lack of potential opposition, commits the council to a weakened secretariat—and to a theological position that has not yet been resolved by the member churches.



"LONG RANGE PROGRAM" EDITORS*
For teen-agers, Love, Sex, and Life.

LUTHERANS

Life-Involvement Learning

Just as secular schools have discovered the need for "new math" and "new reading," churches have had to devise new ways of teaching religion. No U.S. denomination has spent more time and money ($5,000,000) solving the problem than the 3,227,157-member Lutheran Church in America, which last week introduced the most modern and most comprehensive Christian education program in the nation's history.

Nine years in the making, the Lutheran Long Range Program combines sound scholarship, modern educational theory and a correlated curriculum for every teaching agency of the church. The aim is to provide a cradle-to-the-grave "life involvement" with religion, and the more than 400 texts range from colorfully illustrated kindergarten paperbacks to bibliography-laden study books for adult courses. The lessons have been carefully geared to the learning capacities and interests of the students. Thus for eight-year-olds, who are learning how to play and live equably with classmates, the title of the Sunday church school book is *Fellow Workers for God*. If they attend a vacation church school, they will learn about *Exploring God's World*.

Modern in Tone. For some Lutheran conservatives, the curriculum is almost painfully modern in tone. There is a candid text for teen-age students on *Love, Sex, and Life*, and a seventh-grade Sunday school course on the Gospels admits that there is a considerable discrepancy among the Evangelists' accounts of the Resurrection. Another seventh grade text explains the grandeur of God by making this comparison: "When you stand before a 6-ft. 10-in. basketball player, you feel like a runt."

At all levels, teaching material has been carefully vetted in the interests of interfaith good will. Biweekly newspapers for children will describe Jewish feasts of the season, and explain what the Vatican Council means to Roman Catholics. Says Dr. W. Kent Gilbert, executive secretary of the Board of Parish Education and director of the project: "It is an attempt to understand what the beliefs of others are, rather than try to render judgments about people."

Church-Tested. Gilbert says that the ultimate success or failure of the program will not be known until the year 2000, when three-year-olds now learning about God will have become church leaders. But the Lutherans have painstakingly tested it. For four years draft texts were tried out in 62 congregations, and rewritten in the light of weekly critical reports submitted by the churches. The pilot parishes reported that their teen-age group classes went up in attendance as the program unfolded.

ROMAN CATHOLICS

Not to Herself, but to God

Martin Luther has been spoken of before in St. Peter's Basilica; last week, for the first time, he was mentioned favorably. At the Vatican Council, bolstering his argument to give the Virgin Mary a new title of honor, Polish Archbishop Josef Gawlina cited Luther's devotion to her and quoted him as saying,

* The Rev. Frank Klos, editor of confirmation materials, and Dr. Martin Heinecken, a theological consultant.

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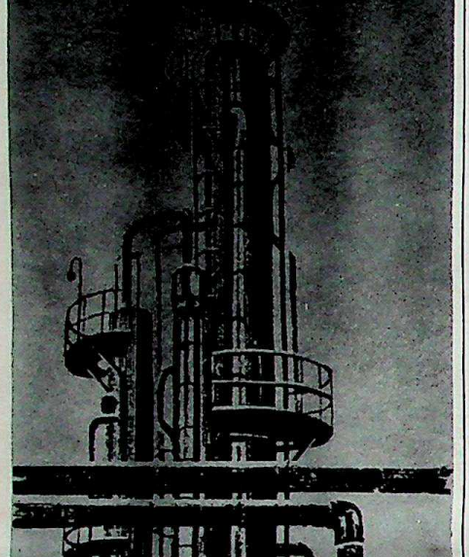
WHAT'S IN A NAME



昭和電工

SHO WA DEN KO

This is the way Showa Denko, the name of a leading Japanese chemical and metal manufacturer, is written in Japanese.

"Showa" is a proper noun—the name of the period under the reign of the present Emperor of Japan. Thus, in Japan, 1964 is known as the 39th year of Showa. "Denko" means electrical industries. It was originally adequate because the company started out as a manufacturer of electrochemical and electrometallurgical products. As a result of continued expansion in these sectors, today it consumes more electricity than any other enterprise in Japan.

With its rapid advance into petrochemicals in recent years, however, Showa Denko has outgrown its name. The petrochemical products now manufactured by Showa Denko and its subsidiaries include polyethylene, synthetic rubber, carbon black and propylene glycol. It also uses petrochemistry in producing vast amounts of ammonia.

There has been much advice to the contrary. But we're holding on to the name, because it has become synonymous to so many people both inside and outside Japan with products of uniformly high quality.

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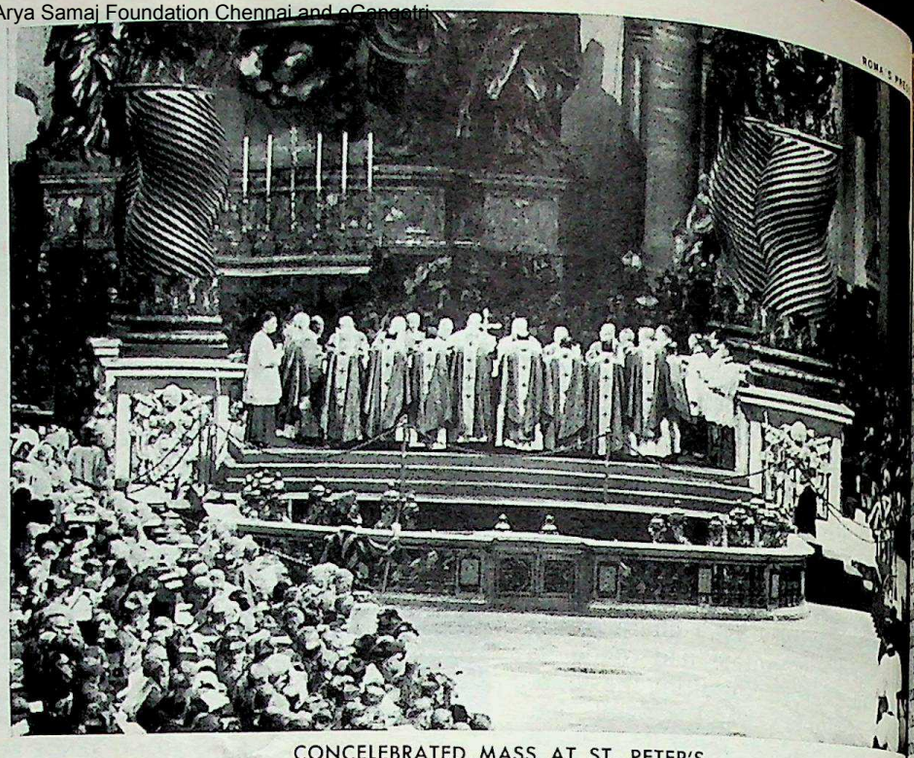

CONCELEBRATED MASS AT ST. PETER'S

For Martin Luther, a favorable mention.

in his exposition of St. John's Gospel, that "she does not want to lead us to herself but, through herself, to God."

Discussion of Mary's relationship to the church was the session's first controversial order of business, after an impressive solemn pontifical Mass concelebrated by Pope Paul VI and 24 other bishops, and a demand for speed by council officials. To help nudge matters along, the popular coffee bars on each side of the aula were not opened until 11, two hours after the morning sessions begin. But the Marian question may not be easily resolved, since the council fathers are closely divided between "maximalists" and "minimalists."

Bishops from Spain, Poland and Italy argued that the draft of the chapter on Mary was too timid and should include a new title of praise for the Virgin, such as "Mediatrix" between man and God. Some Latin American prelates warned that current excesses of devotion to Mary were a scandal to those outside the church and tended to obscure Christ's unique mediation with God. Mexican Bishop Sergio Méndez Arceo dryly pointed out that if Mary were to be titled "Mother of the Church," which is the mother of men, she becomes everybody's grandmother. And Augustin Cardinal Bea, of the Secretariat for Promoting Christian Unity, argued that any title implying a new Marian doctrine would do grave harm to the cause of ecumenism.

Breathing Room in Hungary

In Pope Paul's Vatican diplomacy, *realpolitik* blends with visionary hope: a so-so deal is better than none if it gives promise of some day leading to attainment of the church's goals. Last week, at the Foreign Ministry in Budapest, Monsignor Agostino Casaroli of the Vatican's Congregation for Extraordinary Ecclesiastical Affairs signed an agreement with Hungarian Bureaus Jozsef Prantner that will provide a sm but significant bit of breathing ro for the country's 6,000,000 Ro Catholics.

Casaroli, who recently negotiated disposition of Roman Catholic prope with Moslem Tunisia, took over the of dealing with Hungary from Vien Franziskus Cardinal König. Origina the Vatican tried to arrange the parture of Josef Cardinal Mindsz from asylum in the U.S. legation Budapest, hoping that an agreem about the status of the church in H gary would follow. When that appro failed, Casaroli started dickering some freedom for the church, on theory that sooner or later a solutio Mindszenty's problem might be fou

The first concrete result was Pope's appointment of six Hungar bishops; the Communists dropped th insistence that any appointments to hierarchy be chosen from the Red-lini "peace priests." The church agreed let priests take an oath of loyalty to government and gave jurisdiction o Rome's Pontifical Ecclesiastical H garian Institute—run by exiled pries who specialize in anti-Communist prop aganda—to the country's bishops.

The agreement noted that sever other questions of church-state relati remain to be negotiated. Among th are how much freedom the bishops w have to rule their dioceses and com municate with Rome, and the right the church to carry on religious educa tion. As for Mindszenty, he has alway insisted that he could not leave Hunga until freedom for his church has bee guaranteed. Now that the Vatican a the Hungarian Communists are rea and willing to negotiate, most observer think that his leverage is gone and th proud, heroic prelate will soon leav for Rome.

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TRENDS

That Happy Feeling

Though the red-checked tablecloths and steins of beer might as easily be found in Heidelberg or Hanover, the audiences are more akin to Hackensack. Some, of course, are college kids, but a surprising number are middle-aged couples, flushed of face and strong of voice, swinging down memory lane, with a stop now and then for a swig and some peanuts. The band is properly twangy, the repertory—*On, Wisconsin!*, "Hold That Tiger," "Roll Out the Barrel"—the sort that only a trombone, a tuba, a washboard and a couple of banjos can get away with.

Beer-and-banjo fun was started six years ago in San Francisco at the Red Garter on North Broadway Street, and from Frisco the fad has rippled across the land. There's the Blue Banjo in Seattle, the Levee in Dallas, the Silk and Satin in Portland, the Red Garter in Chicago.

Typical is Your Father's Mustache in Manhattan's Greenwich Village. There, for $3, the nostalgiophile can sit back with a pitcher of Schlitz and have a look under the mellow light of Tiffany lamps at gilt-framed pictures of Civil War officers. Fellows feeling particularly risqué can peep at pictures of Gay Nineties showgirls; those feeling like a change of face can purchase a mustache for 50¢. Young people feel a sense of release from the rapt silence that is *de rigueur* at cool-jazz joints. Stag girls prefer the clubs because the wholesome entertainment reassures them that the boy singing *Bye Bye Blackbird* across the stein is not likely to turn out to be a mugger (and even if he is, at least he's a happy one).

Mustache is owned by Joel Schiavone, 27, a barefoot boy from Harvard who sports a stubble of raggedy beard. A banjo strummer himself, Joel opened a club in Boston two years ago shortly after graduating from business school. Happily riding the banjo tide, he has opened another in Cape Cod and is planning a new one on New Orleans' Bourbon Street. But Joel views the future with the cold eye of a trained economist. "Novelty wears off and the crowds drop off," he says. "The life expectancy of these places is ten to 15 years at most."

FRIEDMAN-ABELES

THE SCENE AT YOUR FATHER'S MUSTACHE
Swinging down memory lane.

BALLET

Dancing That Counts

"I could never follow the story of *Raymonda*," complained Prince Peter Lieven, after seeing the Marius Petipa–Alexander Glazunov ballet, which was premièred at St. Petersburg's Maryinsky Theater in 1898.

Raymonda, as revised and presented last week by Leningrad's Kirov Ballet at Manhattan's Metropolitan Opera House, makes no more sense. There's still the wicked Saracen and the noble Hungarian knight named Jean de Brienne, a duel, an attempted abduction, a wedding, Spanish and Moorish dances, and of course the maiden Raymonda herself.

But the absence of a plot is no disaster. *Raymonda* becomes a series of exquisitely varied, buoyantly assertive dances that cascade at staccato pace across the stage, and after all it is the dancing that counts.

Impressionistic sets convey the mood of weightlessness and airiness suggested by Glazunov's pastel-colored music. Raymonda's feather-light leaps and soaring turns keep the heroine airborne for the better part of the performance. Raymonda is among the most difficult roles in Russian ballet, and it was rendered with elegance, grace and precision in two successive New York performances by Irina Kolpakova and Kaleria Fedicheva. Jean de Brienne, portrayed in both performances by Vladilen Semenov, Kolpakova's real-life husband, spends most of the time as Raymonda's elevator man.

The Kirov, launching a three-month tour of U.S. and Canadian cities, also offers a gay version of *Cinderella*, which is tricked out with international dances by the simple device of making the prince search for his ashy love all over the world. The Kirov versions of *Swan Lake* and *The Sleeping Beauty* are impeccable, if cold. All the principal dancers are technically irreproachable. If they lack the idiosyncrasies that make great stars out of merely superb dancers, at least there is the consoling virtue that it does not matter much, except to close students of the dance, which ballerina is seen in any particular performance. And no U.S. company, lacking the Government subsidy that makes Russian ballet the most pampered of proletarian arts, can provide the costuming and scenery that creates the magical illusion of that not-now-and-never-was world, where the lovely princess does not spend her honeymoon water-skiing but soars to the sky on seemingly gossamer wings—with no political complications whatever.

WAYNE SHILKRET

SEMENOV & KOLPAKOVA IN "RAYMONDA"
Detour around water-skiing.

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COLUMNISTS

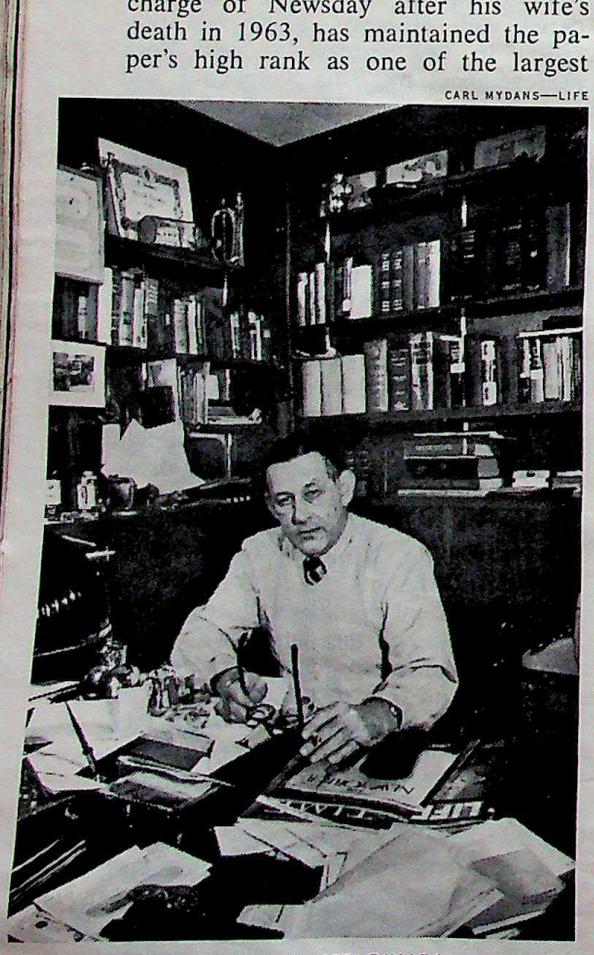
Appointment on Long Island

I want to get it all down on paper while I can. The United States in this century is what I know, and it is my business to write about it to the best of my ability, with the sometimes special knowledge I have. I want to record the way people talked and thought and felt, and to do it with complete honesty and variety.

John O'Hara, who wrote those lines in a prologue to *Sermons and Soda-Water*, a trio of novellas published in 1960, likes to think of himself as a social historian whose principal medium happens to be fiction. When Historian Allan Nevins said that no one could really understand the U.S. of the 1930s without reading O'Hara's novel *Butterfield 8*, the author took it as the handsome compliment it was intended to be. The journalist in O'Hara ever lurks just beneath the surface of the novelist; *Butterfield 8*, in fact, was a piece of reportorial fiction based on a playgirl's mysterious death. Last week, the journalist in Novelist O'Hara was assured a proper hearing.

No Change. Beginning next month, his byline will appear in the weekend edition of Newsday, the highly successful Long Island tabloid founded in 1940 by the late Alicia Patterson. The new partnership delights both sides. Captain Harry F. Guggenheim, who took charge of Newsday after his wife's death in 1963, has maintained the paper's high rank as one of the largest suburban dailies in the U.S. (present circ. 400,000). Last spring, in an effort to attract new advertisers and readership, he attached a Weekly Review to the Saturday paper and began a search for distinguished bylines. O'Hara is the captain's most significant catch.*

CARL MYDANS—LIFE



COLUMNIST O'HARA
"I do like to unload."

At 59, O'Hara is looking forward to his return to active journalism, a profession that he left in 1933, after stints on the Herald Tribune, Hearst's New York Daily Mirror and TIME, to write *Appointment in Samarra*, his first novel, an immediate popular and critical success. O'Hara's contract at Newsday was drawn precisely to the O'Hara taste. "They agreed to print everything I said, and not change a word," he said, "and the dough was extremely attractive. I could live comfortably on it alone." Newsday plans to syndicate the O'Hara column, which will be titled "My Turn."

Grand Design. But for a man whose fiction has already put him in the 87% income tax bracket, there are more compelling rewards. "I do like to unload," O'Hara said. "I am a man of many interests. Every day when I read the papers I want to comment on something. If there's any grand design to my work, it has been to put down my time to the best of my ability, so that I will be as indispensable to historians of the future as Dickens is to the historians of the 19th century.

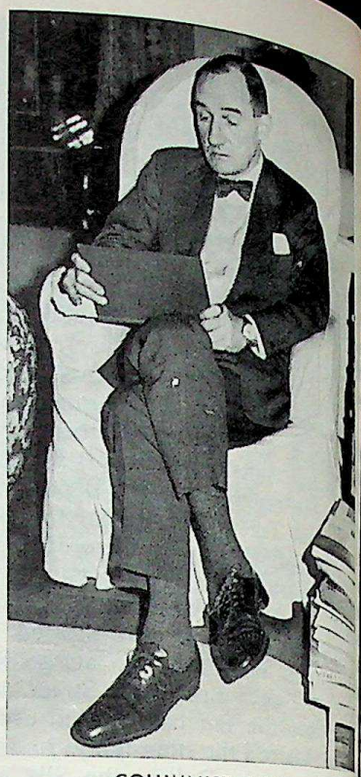
"In my novels I don't say very much about the day-to-day picture and about my own intensely personal feelings. For whatever they're worth, they're going to be in this column, as long as it lasts, and as long as I last."

Vacation from Dreariness

"I'm afraid that I have made the not uncommon mistake of trying to act as though I was still as young as I used to be." With that reluctant admission, Syndicated Columnist Joseph Alsop took off for Europe last week on an indeterminate leave of absence. His abrupt departure seemed surprising in a man who has always relished the partisan enthusiasms of a presidential campaign, the chance to expound for his readers on every facet of American politics. But this year, said Joe in his final column, "the campaign has been a dreary business." And in a letter to his syndicate, he explained that the dreariness was as much in him as it was on the hustings:

"Last year, supposing I could work nonstop as I once could, I devoted my whole holiday from the column to my book on the Greek Bronze Age. Consequently, I went back to my regular work about as stale as one of those pieces of

* Others: Marguerite Higgins, the New York Herald Tribune's erstwhile foreign correspondent, and Ruby Hart Phillips, who was the New York Times's woman in Havana until Fidel Castro kicked her out.



COLUMNIST ALSOP
"I'm like the One Hoss Shay."

3,000-year-old bread that they so- times find in Egyptian tombs. T last spring I made an extremely ta round-the-world reporting trip. A getting back from Saigon in mid-M I was never really well, and this g eral misery crystallized into an in minable bout of summer flu and b chitis that made this year's holiday f the column the opposite of restora

"I shall not bother you with sy toms, except to say that I am now ing recurrent liver trouble, plus p nearly all the other afflictions no for a 53-year-old man in a tired, down condition. My doctor says effect, that I am like the One Hoss S just prior to its famous last journe still able to take the road, but u immediately repaired, quite likely come apart for good and all."

NEWSPAPERS

The Word from Moses

By the exquisite standards of Ro Moses, 75, father and president of New York World's Fair, the 646-a monument to Mosaic vision is fal somewhat short of the mark. The f first season ends Oct. 18, and only million fairgoers have materialized. spite Moses' estimate of 40 million. A then there are all those amusement c cessions that have folded for want customers. But, as usual, Moses kn just who is at fault. Last week, addr ing a luncheon crowd of 250 newspa publishers from upstate New York, pinned the blame squarely in his us Old Testament style. The trouble, h nounced Robert Moses, was a hos New York press:

"I am told by some publishers th we should gladly suffer all faultfind including those whose eyes, too irrita by motes and beams no longer remo

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...ble in drugstores, see little that is good ...a sad world. When it comes to the ...fair, I know what disturbs the chemistry ...of the critics. Their sour stomachs dis...tend and churn when they hear that we ...have discovered gold nuggets on the ...banks of Flushing Creek. The truth is ...that they hate like hell to see the fair ...moving to success. I don't overrate these ...people, but one drunk can interrupt a ...Mass; a rotten egg can silence Hamlet, ...and a stink bomb can empty a theater.

"It's an old story. You can't please ...everyone. There will always be com...mentators who find it simpler and easier ...to get someone to call someone else an ...ass, or a bastard than to write some...thing intelligent that requires real work, ...accuracy and fairness. On the other ...hand, we must not lose our capacity for ...indignation. We have been listening too ...much to the raving hyenas, scavengers, ...jackals, parrots and vultures who should ...be kept behind moats in the Bronx Zoo. ...It is too bad that the rest of America ...does not realize how few and unrepre...sentative these discordant voices are. ...The shallows murmur, but the deeps ...are dumb."

The Six-to-One Party Press

Out to the ten Hearst newspapers ...got a wire from the boss. "Following ...red editorial is a must go for Page ...one in all editions," read the instruc...tions to editors. "Please use signature ...of W.R.H. [Editor-in-Chief William ...Randolph Hearst Jr.] at end." And so, ...last week, the Hearst papers made their ...first Democratic presidential endorse...ment since W.R.H. Sr. put his chain in ...Franklin Roosevelt's pocket in 1932.*

If there is any surprise factor at all ...in the U.S. press's editorial posture this ...presidential year, it lies in the eagerness ...with which publishers who are normal...ly Republican have tossed bouquets at ...Lyndon Johnson.

Last week Johnson also harvested ...a surprise support of the *Saturday ...Evening Post*, which has been Republi...can ever since the party was founded ...in 1854. "Barry Goldwater's tongue is ...like quicksilver," said the *Post* in a ...two-page editorial explaining WHY ...LYNDON JOHNSON MUST BE ELECTED. "His ...position is like quicksand . . . changes ...directions' almost as often as his shirt ...—a grotesque burlesque of the con...servative he pretends to be."

The New York Herald Tribune, which ...has not yet publicly made up its mind ...about the candidates, took a census of ...the papers that have, and reported ...that the President's newspaper endorse...ments outnumbered Goldwater's by ...more than six to one. Among Barry's ...few recent backers: the Boise, Idaho, ...*Statesman*, which is traditionally ...Republican, and the Arizona Tribune of ...Phoenix—the only Negro newspaper in ...the state.

...historic deal in which F.D.R.'s part of ...bargain was to pick John Nance Garner ...for Vice President.

New Sun, Small Hello

The London Daily Express ignored the birth entirely. The Daily Mail gave it five cool lines, the Daily Telegraph 20. The London Times was the only neighbor to show any cordiality at all. "The Sun has burst forth with tremendous energy," said the Times in an editorial welcoming Britain's first new national daily newspaper in 55 years.*

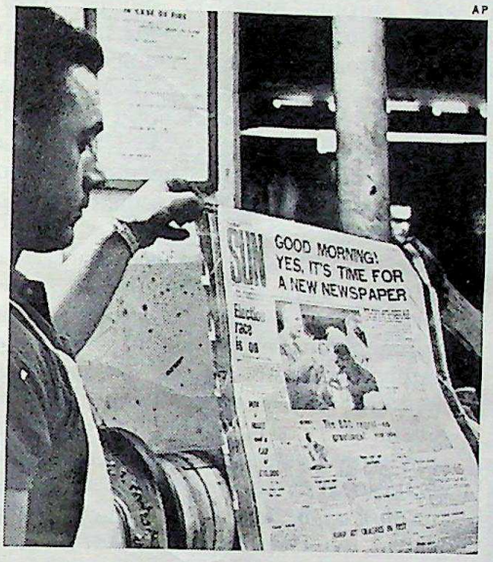
For an event that had been heralded as the most audacious gamble in Fleet Street's history, it seemed like a very small hello. Against it, the Sun's own birth notice sounded almost shrill. YES, IT'S TIME FOR A NEW NEWSPAPER, it headlined on Page One, as if the fact lay beyond argument. "Look how life has changed. Steaks, cars, houses, refrigerators, washing machines are no longer the prerogative of the 'upper crust,' but the right of all. People believe, and the Sun believes with them, that the division of Britain into social classes is happily out of date."

Coppering a Bad Bargain. The fact was that neither this thesis nor the paper born to support it can lay any serious claim to originality. The Sun is not really a new paper, but a derivative hybrid started by Fleet Street's most ambitious press lord, Cecil Harmsworth King. It borrowed its jaunty makeup and style from King's successful Daily Mirror (5,000,000 copies a day) and owes its very existence to the demise of King's unsuccessful Daily Herald, which ceased publication.

In one sense, the venture was merely King's way of coppering a bad bargain. Three years ago, when he took over Odhams Press Ltd., a magazine-publishing house (TIME, March 10, 1961), he also acquired the Herald, a moribund paper heavily barnacled with Labor Party doctrine. King had no use for it, but the Trades Union Congress, which held a 49% interest in the Herald, exacted from the new proprietor a promise to keep it going for seven years. After sinking upwards of $7,000,000 living up to this pledge, King began looking for a gentleman's way out.

A solution was found for him by Hugh Cudlipp, 51, editorial director of International Publishing Corp., King's parent company. Cudlipp proposed erecting, on the Herald's grave, a paper that would be geared to the Labor Party's future rather than its past. "There's no question whom the Sun will be for," said Cudlipp.

To explore the market potential of a paper addressed to a young, aspiring and pragmatic crowd, King assigned Dr. Mark Abrams, a London sociologist with Fleet Street experience (he once did a survey for the Observer on "the ideal car"). Abrams' findings encouraged King to act. For $200,000, he retired the Trades Union interest in the Herald. It took another $6,000,000 to put the Sun on the street.



AP

DEBUT COPY OF THE SUN

DEREK BAYES

HUGH CUDLIPP

Different, if not exactly new.

Mirror Reflections. Sustained by curiosity value, the paper sold out its debut issue of 3,500,000. Its look was different, if not exactly new, although some of the headlines might have been mirror reflections of the Mirror (I'M NOT PUSHED FOR MONEY SAID THE PRINCESS BUT I'M SIMPLY TIRED OF STAGNATING). In that traditional pasture for British editorials, the center fold, the Sun spread a two-page promotion for *Goldfinger*, the U.S. film that will have its première in London sponsored by Cecil King. Readers curious about the Sun's assessment of the coming British elections had to wait until page 9, where a story by the Sun's political correspondent added up to the uninformative statement: LIBERALS HOPE TO HOLD THE BALANCE.

Whether this sort of fare could guarantee King a place for his Sun was a question for which only time—and King's millions—could find the answer. But the odds are against it. Fleet Street is contracting rather than growing. Six popular papers have vanished in the last five years, and daily readership is down 600,000 since 1954.

* The Daily Sketch was first published in 1909.

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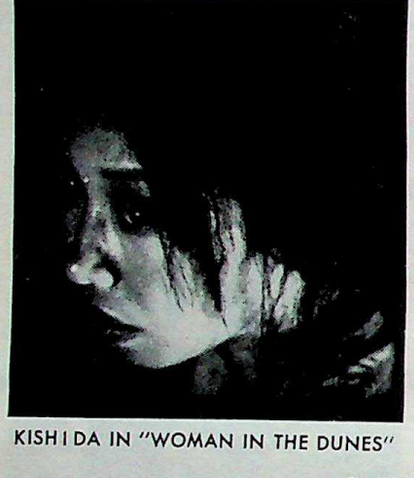
WALTER DARAN

MOREAU IN "CHAMBERMAID"



KISHIDA IN "WOMAN IN THE DUNES"

DAVID GAHR

"THE BRIG"

BEN MARTIN

KARINA IN "WOMAN"

SY FRIEDMAN

ANDERSSON IN "TO LOVE"

Out of the booby trap, an astonishing art.

Festival in New York

In a year starved for screen greatness, the second New York Film Festival, currently pulling near-capacity crowds into the blue fastness of Lincoln Center's Philharmonic Hall, is a creditable success. What Lincoln Center offers in effect is a festival of festivals "dedicated to the exhibition of the year's outstanding films," a list that includes the cream of films shown at Europe's major festivals.

A film festival is an esthetic booby trap fraught with perils. It can be little more than a lure for cinesnobs who like to see important movies before the public does. It can be the cause of ulcers and chronic hangover among bleary international delegates who traipse the circuit year after year, vying for palms, cups, lions and laurels at more than 100 festivals from Valladolid to Venice, from Karlovy Vary to Knokke-Le-Zoute. But it can also be the crackling excitement of the new cinema giving birth to authentic genius.

Because the conservative sponsors of the New York festival offer no prizes, horse trading and razzmatazz are minimal. Opening night was a sober, even stately occasion, geared to the Slavic measures of *Hamlet,* Soviet Director Kozintsev's 2½-hour epic in collaboration with Pasternak, Shostakovich and Shakespeare. Some viewers were enthralled, some appalled by the brooding, glacial, quasi-operatic doings at Elsinore, which at times seemed haunted by the ghost of *Boris Godunov*.

If some of this year's 26 festival choices fall short, others give glowing evidence that cinema, for all its vicissitudes, remains an astonishingly diversified international art. Moviemakers of eleven nations sent films. At least two of the five Japanese entries introduced gifted young directors whose achievements may well challenge the supremacy of Japan's great Akira Kurosawa. Four U.S. films flail at the nerve ends with everything from nuclear war (*Fail Safe*) to nymphomania (*Lilith*). Passionate cinemanes may also scrutinize works by established masters (Satyajit Ray, Kenji Mizoguchi, Joseph Losey), and scope flashy *Wunderkinder* from Argentina, Sweden, Italy, France and Canada. Among the better entries:

PROTEST

The Brig is a raw slice of new American cinema filmed on an off-Broadway stage by Jonas and Adolfas Mekas (*Hallelujah the Hills*) with such brutish authenticity that it won a Venice festival grand prize as best documentary. Part drama, part polemic, with shock-wave sound and a nightmare air that suggests Kafka with a Kodak, the movie does exactly what it sets out to do—scare an audience by the shirtfront and shake it around from wall to wall for a grueling day in a Marine Corps lockup.

She and He, directed by Susumu Hani, 35, is an exquisitely ironical tragedy of progress. The hero (Eiji Okada), a rising young executive who lives in a handsome Tokyo housing development, discovers to his dismay that one of his old college chums is living in the ragman's row he can see from his back window. Tactfully he offers to get the fellow a better job; tactfully the ragman refuses. Why? Perhaps, Hani suggests, it is difficult to have a head full of things and a heart full of joy. Perhaps, in building a terrestrial paradise, modern man is actually building a spiritual slum.

Passenger. Two worldly matrons meet aboard a luxury liner, and flashbacks recall their relationship in Auschwitz concentration camp, one as a strong-willed prisoner, the other as a vindictive German guard. There, in an unexpected reversal of the usual atrocity tale, the guard is revealed to be not the master but the victim of the evil power she owns. Polish Director Andrzej Munk died in an auto accident in 1961 before the film was finished, but admiring associates fleshed it out with narration and eloquent still photography to shape a classic, poignant memorial.

PARABLE

Woman in the Dunes, the second picture directed by Hiroshi Teshigahara, 37, is a cinema masterpiece. Deep, original, strange, it propounds the parable of a young teacher (Eiji Okada again) who takes a field trip to an isolated duneland, misses the last train, accepts an invitation from the village elders to sleep in a shack at the bottom of a sand pit. In the morning he finds the ladder drawn up and no way out of the pit. "I'm sorry," says the young woman

* Missing from the Lincoln Center bill, however, were Jacques Demy's *The Umbrellas of Cherbourg,* winner of the 1964 Cannes Festival's Grand Prix, and Michelangelo Antonioni's *Red Desert,* recent top choice of the judges at Venice.

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(Kyoko Kishida), who lives alone in the sand pit. "You cannot leave." Again and again he tries, again and again he fails. Slowly, through long years of suffering, he learns to relinquish his will, to accept his fate. In the end, serene as a sage, he fathoms a great mystery of life: a man is not free unless his will is free, but if his will is free it does not matter if his body is bound.

SEX

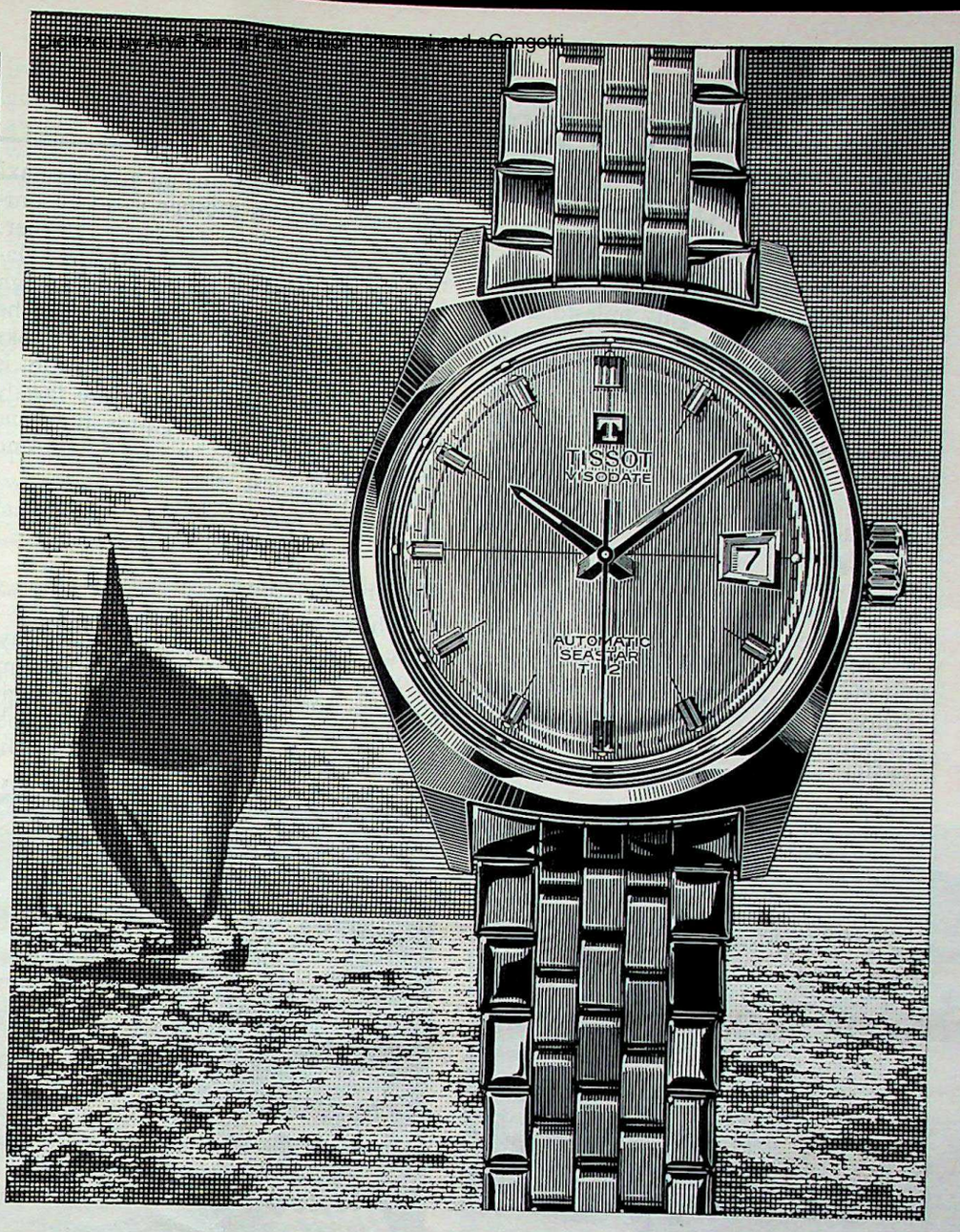
To Love announces an exciting new talent from Scandinavia: Jörn Donner, 31, a prolific writer and critic turned moviemaker and a Finnish protégé of Ingmar Bergman. In his second full-length movie Donner has produced a satyr play, the story of an orgiastic courtship of a merry widow (Harriet Andersson) by a lecherous travel agent (Zbigniew Cybulski) that some will consider too sexplicit, but almost all will find continually and wildly hilarious.

A Woman Is a Woman is a 35-mm. salute to life, liberty and off-beat movies by Director Jean-Luc Godard (*Breathless*), whose joy in his work has never been more apparent. In this fresh and giddy free-form improvisation, Godard weaves all the bright idiocy of a Hollywood musical into some very *je m'en fiche* French rounds involving an ecdysiast (Anna Karina) who sheds her last flimsy inhibition and decides to have a baby with her lover, or—if it happens to work out that way—with her lover's best friend (Jean-Paul Belmondo).

SATIRE

The Inheritance, the work of Argentina's Ricardo Alventosa, 33, is a wicked little misanthropic comedy that develops as a spectacular succession of sight gags. The plot is taken from Maupassant's tale of a legacy and the absurd and appalling things three people do to get it; the wit is dry, fast, subtle. When an impotent man looks at an obelisk, he dances. When a sour old spinster finally drops dead, her happy-go-lucky brother rises up to the death bed, leans forward with a glitter of maniacal triumph in his eyes and deftly distorts her customary sneer into a pretty little smile. At its best, Alventosa is a master mechanic of comedy, an intellectual Keaton.

Diary of a Chambermaid, like the Gallic classic on which it is based, begins as a gay little gibe at the manners and morals of a French provincial town. Like most movies made by Mexico's Luis Buñuel (*Los Olvidados, The Exterminating Angel*), it ends as a harrowing vision of hell on earth. In the early scenes Buñuel respectfully inspects the comfortable surfaces of life in a "good family." In the rest of the film, with the help of his cunning heroine (Jeanne Moreau), he cruelly forces the family's secrets and drags out its skeletons: avarice, impotence, sadism, frigidity, fetishism, rape, murder. The film is not Buñuel's best, but it demonstrates anew that he is the most powerful and profound of cinema satirists.



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YOUTH

Four-Way Birthday

In 35 of the United States, a boy's 16th birthday is a mighty milestone: he becomes eligible for a driver's license. But for the boy of the future, age 16 may be a quadruple milestone—as it was last week for Gregory Potter, who celebrated his birthday by qualifying to drive not only cars, but also single-engined planes, twin-engined planes and helicopters.

A slight and bespectacled young man, Gregory arrived at Seattle's Boeing Field Airport last Sunday with his car license already in hand. The FAA inspectors had obligingly arranged to give him his three airborne tests in close succession as part of Boeing Field's weekly air show.

First came the single-engined-plane test; aloft for little more than ten minutes, Gregory brought the red and white Cessna-150 to a perfect, gentle stop, shook hands with a newspaperman ("That boy's palm was barely moist," he reported to the crowd), and bounded on to the twin-engined-plane test. The red, white and black Aztec swooped without a tremor to the skies, made a landing the pilot's mother called "soft as a marshmallow," and was welcomed to earth by a drum-and-bugle corps that sounded a fast fanfare. Gregory fidgeted; a bystander, he said, had fiddled with the plane's gasoline tank cap, but "there was nothing to worry about, I probably only lost two or three gallons."

Onward he went, this time to wheel a helicopter up and out of view, and back again. A helicopter is a perverse and difficult craft; a pilot has to use both hands and feet, and even the pros consider them miserable things to handle. "This fellow did a masterly job," said FAA Supervisor Joe Princen. Said Gregory: "I am probably supposed to have been nervous, but I wasn't."

Gregory's father runs an airplane taxi company, and his mother is an accomplished pilot, as is an older brother. Even his twelve-year-old brother David can fly the family Aztecs, although the law insists a pilot be 16 before he can solo. Gregory's window overlooks the Potter family helipad, and he is now empowered to take out the family chopper any time. This puts him one up on his father, who has not got around to taking that test yet.

CUSTOMS

Whom To Complain To?

Whether to beg a boon or pick a bone, the man of action has always known where to go and whom to complain to. Job, for example, went straight to the top, while others took their problems to lesser officials, settled, like Juliet, for a friar; like Aladdin, for a genie; like Oedipus, for an oracle; or like Dorothy, for an available wizard. It is only modern man—charged with an item he did not purchase, in arrears on accounts he has long since paid, his mail misdirected, his drains stopped up, toaster broken or license expired—who does not know where to turn.

JOHN BICKEL

POTTER WHEELING

POTTER WHIRLING

His palm was barely moist.

The world is full of such beleaguered souls, looking, like Kafka's Joseph K, for someone authorized to cope. And naturally enough, this modern dilemma reaches an apogee of sorts in New York, the world's most modern city. There, the tenant who pays some $250 for his apartment is likely to find the price does not include a kindly landlord or even one who can be tracked down; faced with a leak that can't be stopped, and no one but his wife who cares, he must plunge into the morass of building regulations.

Ear, Name & Number. First, of course, comes the matter of the nature of the leak. If it comes from a sink, it falls under the jurisdiction of the Department of Buildings, if from a toilet (sewage), the Department of Health. ... it is a leak that causes waste of water ... is the Department of Water Supply, G... & Electricity. If the leak is outdoo... it is the Department of Sewers. ... Fire Department is concerned with le... occurring near electrical fixtures, ... the Police Department if the leak co... from an adjoining apartment. The s... tion in New York, in fact, is so tri... and convoluted that, were it not ... a volunteer angel named Ellen S... the city would even now be shou... high in stagnant water.

Mrs. Straus, wife of the presiden... Radio Station WMCA, is a dry-mi... girl who decided a year and a half ... to "bring about a system to end a... chaos." With a volunteer staff o... (including socialites and civic lea... one secretary (Columnist Max Le... daughter) and five telephones, Ca... Action set up shop. Sparked by spo... nouncements over (naturally) W... assuring listeners that a phone c... the group would expedite a comp... Call has handled complaints from ... ly 15,000 natives suddenly afford... sympathetic ear and, more impo... the name and telephone numbe... the proper municipal authority to ... In addition to telephone guidance ... for Action has assembled and ... lished a neatly tabbed book listi... of the city's agencies, with a cross-... linking each problem with cause ... solution.

Pets & Smoke. Under "Pets," *Book You Shouldn't Need* provide... information that if the neighbor's ... is keeping you awake by night-long ... ing, you call the Police Departme... the annoyance is merely smelly ... result of bad house training, appe... the Department of Buildings. But ... neighboring pet turns out to be a ... (fond of dropping in through your ... dow unannounced and at odd ho... the appeal is to the Health Depart... (keeping dangerous animals wi... proper safeguards).

If your apartment is suffused by ... pleasant smoke, determine where ... comes from. If you can't, call the ... Department. If it can be traced to ... incinerator or a defective boiler in ... the building, call Health; if to defec... wiring, apply to the Department of ... ter, Gas and Electricity. If it co... from a belching chimney outside ... building, call the Department of ... Pollution Control, being careful to ... the density of the smoke, the time ... occurred, how long it persisted, and ... exact location.

Unfortunately, however, the ho... not all that shouldn't be needed, but ... Though Mayor Robert Wagner pro... ises that a central switchboard will ... be available to process complaints, ... fellow with a problem also needs ... goodly dose of patience to see ... through the time (often as long as ... months) before the authorities can ... around to his case.

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...g. In three days the lead changed ...ands three times, with the three top ...eams—the Yankees, the Baltimore Ori...oles and the Chicago White Sox—sep...arated by only a half-game. Very un...nerving—but great fun for the also-...ns. And nobody was getting a bigger ...uckle out of all that chaos than Dean ...hance, 23, a righthanded pitcher for ...e sixth-place Los Angeles Angels. Last ...ek Chance made life miserable for ...e red-hot (12 victories in 16 games) ...ankees with a nifty two-hitter, 7-0.

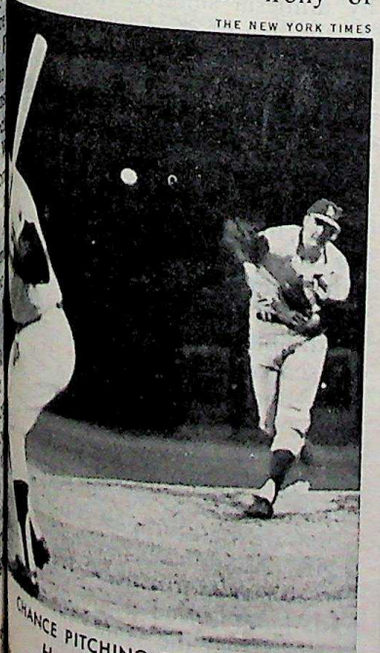
Don't Look. This week it will be ...timore's turn and then Chicago's. ...r Orioles and White Sox. So far ...s season, Chance has won 19 games, ...luding five two-hitters, a three-hitter ...d four four-hitters. He has lost only ...en, four of them 1-0 heartbreakers. ...s ten shutouts put him within strik... distance of the 54-year-old Amer... League record of 13, and his ...rned-run average is an astonishing ...9. The last big-league pitcher to go ...ough a season with an ERA that low ...s Walter Johnson in 1919. To top it ... Chance seems best under pressure. ...record against the Yankees: one run ...50 innings.

A rangy six-footer, Chance has a ...ng fastball, a roundhouse country ...e, and a curious quirk in his pitch... motion: he turns his back on the ...er during his windup. "Never take ...r eyes off home plate" is a cardinal ... of pitching, but Chance shrugs: "It ...t make too much difference if I ...k at the plate or not, 'cause I don't ...too well outa my left eye anyhow." ...he not, but it makes a big differ... to the hitters. "They don't know ...ether he's going to hit the plate or ...," explains a rival pitcher. Actu... Chance's control is excellent: in ... innings this year, he has walked ...73 men.

...ose Pay. A farm boy sensation in ...ster, Ohio, Chance won 51 high ...ol games, lost only one, signed a ...r-league contract with—irony of ironies—the Baltimore Orioles. "It's a good thing the Orioles let him get away," sighed a Yankee player last week, "or there wouldn't be any pennant race at all." Drafted by the Angels in 1961, Chance won 27 games and lost 28 over the next two seasons, picked up a reputation as a slicker at snooker and gin, hit the gossip columns regularly by palling around with Playboy Pitcher Bo Belinsky. Last spring Chance announced that he was "a settled-down fellow," told the Angels he wanted a raise to $18,000. There was some small argument, but he won; the Angels even sweetened the pie by another $7,000 last June. All that did was whet Chance's appetite.

By last week he was demanding $400 to let sportswriters interview him ("There's this poor little church back home, see . . ."), laying plans for an off-season tour of poolrooms in the U.S. and Japan ("Two shows and $600 a day"), and threatening to quit baseball if the Angels don't pay him $50,000 next year. "The kind of year I've had, I'm gonna get paid for," he said. "You better believe it."

THE NEW YORK TIMES



CHANCE PITCHING TO MANTLE
He turns his back.

SAILING

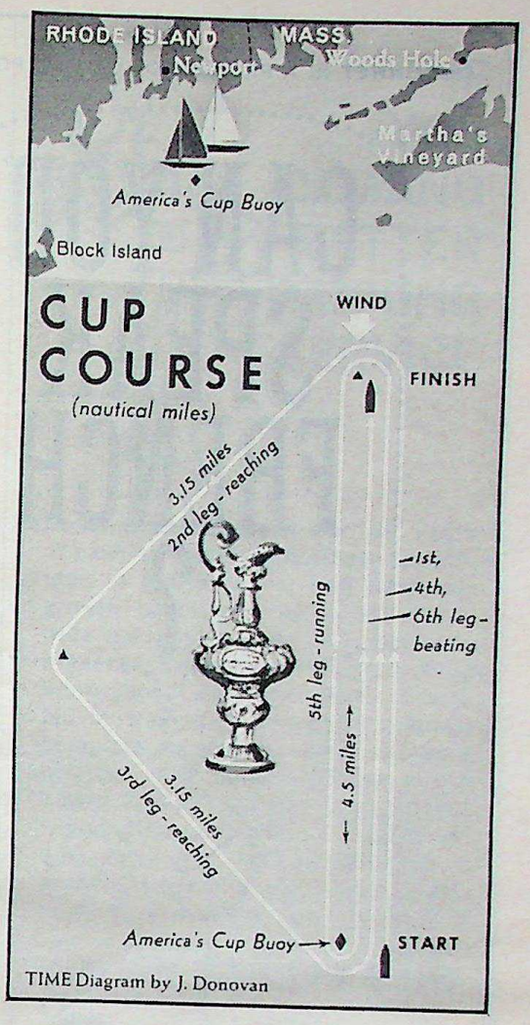
The Knife & the Scow

Still wearing his racing dungarees, Peter Scott, helmsman of Britain's *Sovereign*, sat in Newport's Ann Street Armory answering reporters' questions. Why was *Sovereign's* mainsail flapping like a sheet on a clothesline? "I'm afraid," smiled Scott, "that's its normal behavior." Well, what was the most encouraging thing about *Sovereign's* initial performance? Scott sighed. "The most encouraging thing was that *Constellation* didn't beat us by more."

If ever a stiff upper lip was called for, this was it. In the first test of the best-of-seven series, *Constellation* had trounced *Sovereign* by 5 min. 34 sec., leading every foot of the way around the 24.3-mile triangular course. It could hardly get any worse—but it did. In the second race, with crashing seas and a stiff, 20-knot breeze, *Connie* went out and humiliated *Sovereign*, winning by the widest margin in modern America's Cup history.

Seamanship was never an issue; the battle had been won and lost long months before on the designers' drawing boards. *Sovereign's* Scott actually put his boat across the starting line five lengths ahead. But Rival Helmsman Bob Bavier simply sailed *Constellation* through *Sovereign's* lee, within 15 minutes had a ten-length lead as Designer Olin Stephens' powerful hull knifed smoothly through the buffeting swells, while *Sovereign* pounded like a flat-bottomed scow. When *Constellation* swept across the finish line, *Sovereign* was 2¼ miles and more than 20 minutes behind. Aboard the British tender, *Sovereign's* designer, David Boyd, hid his face in his hands.

The third race was more of the same:



Constellation winning by 6 min. 33 sec. Only a miracle could help *Sovereign* now—and Scott was a realist. "What do I think of *Sovereign's* chances?" he answered reporters. "I expect pretty much the same as you."

SCOREBOARD

Who Won

▶ Tony Lema, 30: the World Series of Golf, shooting a two-under-par 138 at the Firestone Country Club in Akron. "Champagne Tony," the British Open winner, fired a last-round 68, coasted to a five-stroke victory and the biggest paycheck in golf: $50,000. It was all "unofficial" as far as the Professional Golfers' Association was concerned, but the victory boosted Lema's 1964 winnings to $122,555—ranking him ahead of the two top "official" moneywinners, Arnold Palmer ($110,743) and Jack Nicklaus ($101,917).

▶ Boston College: a stunning 21-14 victory over Syracuse, the East's No. 1-ranked team in preseason college-football polls, in Newton, Mass. With the score tied 14-14 and seconds left, Quarterback Larry Marzetti uncorked a 53-yd. pass to End Bill Cronin for the winning touchdown. Penn State's fired-up Nittany Lions held Navy's All-Everything Roger Staubach to five pass completions and −14 yds. rushing, but the Middie defense intercepted two Penn State passes, and Navy won 21-8. Other scores: Oklahoma 13, Maryland 3; Southern California 21, Colorado 0; Northwestern 7, Oregon State 3.

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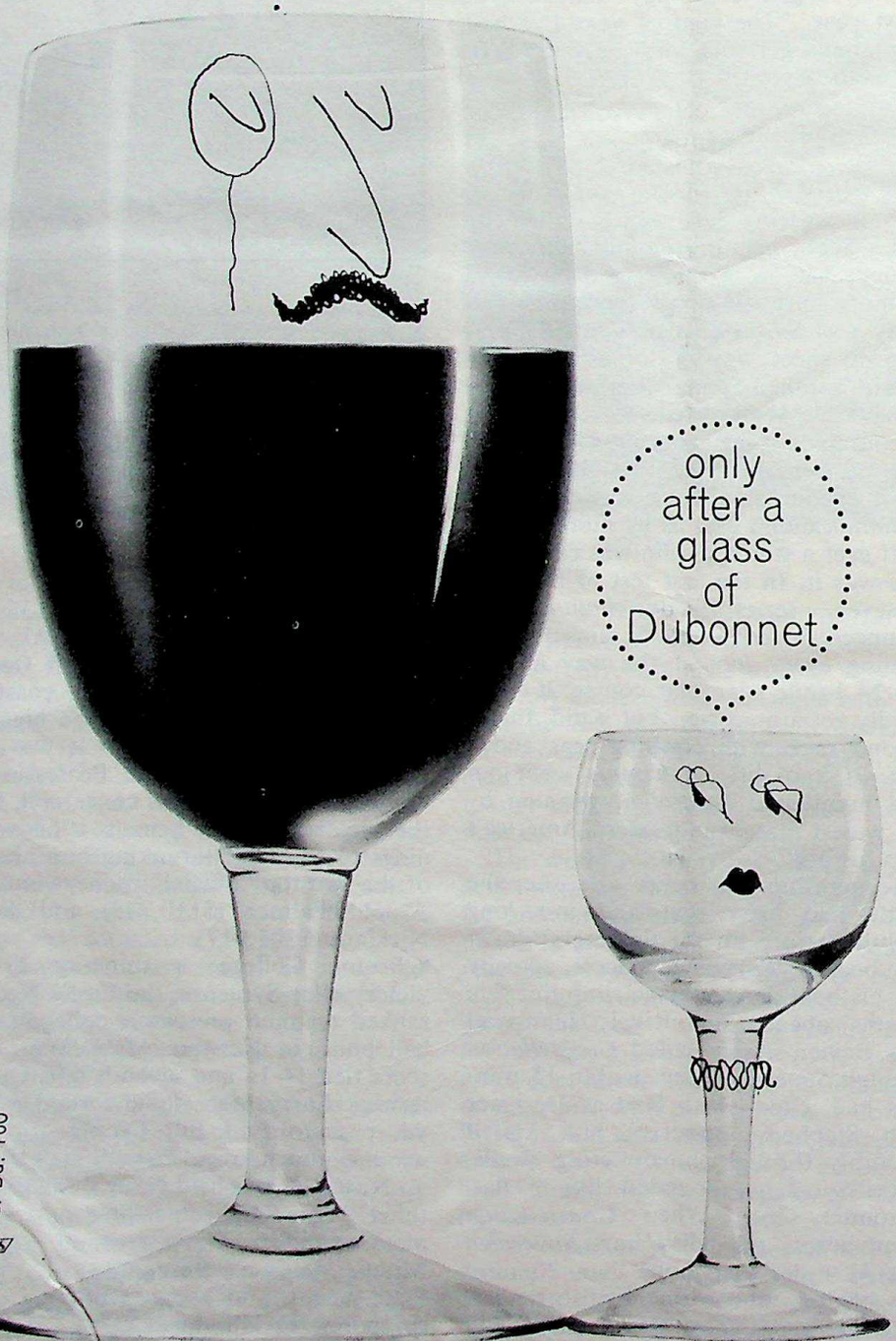

only after a glass of Dubonnet

E. Du. 160

DE PLAY

THE THEATER

New Season—Old Play—Not

Traveller Without Luggage, the Broadway season's opening play, is 27-year-old drama by Jean Anou that does not so much betray its age it does the ineptness of the Fre playwright in his youth. He concentra on outer mechanics rather than in change. He is more concerned w proving an intellectual thesis than w pumping the whole blood of the matic imagination into characters command the stage. They merely m the playwright's favorite thoughts. corrupts. A man's memory is a his of petty and monstrous crimes, of f illusions lost. Only a man witho past, Anouilh seems to be saying free of the past.

The play's hero (Ben Gazzara) been abruptly freed of his past a

FRIEDMAN

GAZZARA & DUNNOCK IN "LUGGAGE
Outer mechanics, not inner change

by amnesia suffered in World W At the age of 36, he is claimed by eral families, and when he stumbles his real relatives, he begins to loathe self that was. As a boy, it appears was cruel to small animals. He h his mother (Mildred Dunnock), she hated him. He crippled his friend in a fight over a chamberm He had an affair with his older broth wife (Nancy Wickwire), who is than ready to resume it.

An able but seemingly perplexed can scarcely redeem itself, let alone play. Ben Gazzara sets the acting of the evening with a performance marmoreal monotony. Everyone strenuously over the point that An talkily belabors: to be robbed of worst, or the best, past is not a thef a gift. Anouilh further argues, his later agile irony and cogent wit, a man can indeed escape his past. suggests that the young playwright harbored at least one fond and foolish illusion.

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MILESTONES

Married. Michael Balfe Howard, 22, Yale senior, grandson of retired Newspaper Magnate Roy Howard; and Carolyn Harrison Bottjer, 21, fine arts major at Sarah Lawrence College; in Sudbury, Mass.

Married. King Constantine of the Hellenes, 24; and Princess Anne-Marie of Denmark, 18; in a Greek Orthodox ceremony; in Athens (*see* THE WORLD).

Died. Florence ("Big Fanny") Storr, 56, massive (240 lbs.) leader of the Canadian Doukhobors' Sons of Freedom, a small (3,000 members) but fanatic religious sect that broke away from the more peaceable "Douks" after they emigrated from Russia in 1899, and is forever giving the authorities fits for squatting on government land, ignoring public schools and legalized marriage, and burning their homes and parading around naked whenever police try to enforce the law; of cancer; in Vancouver.

Died. Charles Douglas ("C.D.") Jackson, 62, publisher and public servant, former vice president of Time Inc., managing director of TIME-LIFE International (1945-49), publisher of FORTUNE (1949-53) and LIFE (1960 to last March), spearhead of Radio Free Europe and Project HOPE, Eisenhower speechwriter and special assistant (he helped draft the Atoms for Peace proposal), U.S. delegate to the U.N. (1953-54) and, most recently, founder of the International Executive Service Committee, which he envisioned as a Peace Corps of businessmen; of cancer; in Manhattan.

Died. Dr. Alfred Blalock, 65, leading U.S. heart surgeon who teamed with his chief pediatrician, Helen Taussig, in 1944 to perform the first Blalock-Taussig "blue baby" operation, which has since been restored to health an estimated 1,000 children born with congenital heart defects; of cancer; in Baltimore's Johns Hopkins Hospital, where he was surgeon-in-chief from 1941 to last July. Dr. Blalock's operation, "blue babies" (so called because of their blue lips and finger tips) were considered incurable. They suffered from such acute lack of oxygen in their bloodstreams that they usually died shortly after birth or spent their short lives as invalids.

Died. James Frank Dobie, 75, folklorist of the U.S. Southwest; of a heart attack; in Austin, Tex. He called himself a Texian, adding the *i* and defining it as "one of the old rocks of the state." That he was, spending his life slouching across the land in battered Stetson and sundown boots, collecting all the tales, true or tall, of oil and gold, cowboys and outlaws, then spinning them into humorously irreverent lectures as the University of Texas' "Professor Pancho" and weaving them into 21 books, of which *Coronado's Children* and *The Mustangs* were among the best known. He loved Texas as it was—not as it is—and when he said, "I damn sure would rather hear a coyote bark than anything I've heard on another man's radio," no one doubted his word.

Died. Lord Raglan, 79, British author and anthropologist, great-grandson of the man who ordered the charge of the Light Brigade and invented the slope-shouldered Raglan sleeve, himself a salty-tongued gadfly who in the course of nine lively volumes (*Myth and Drama, How Came Civilization?*) suggested, among other things, that Shakespeare was the least literate member of a six-man play-writing syndicate; of a heart attack; in Monmouthshire, England.

Died. Sean O'Casey, 84, grand and rebellious old man of Irish letters; of a heart attack; in Torquay, England. A blustery, self-proclaimed "guttersnipe who could jingle a few words together," O'Casey was a Protestant among Catholics, so savagely attacked what he considered the bullying clergy and bullheaded country folk during Ireland's 1916-21 uprising that enraged Dubliners stormed performances of his early—and most famous—plays, *Juno and the Paycock*, a portrayal of Dublin tenement life, and *The Plough and the Stars*, about the 1916 Sinn Fein Easter Week rebellion. By 1928 he was in England, still tilting at the church, now flirting with Communism, and forever filling his prose with such searing rhetoric and tumultuous Irish illogic that he began to feel, he once said, that life had left him "tattered and torn, like a man tossed by the cow with the crumpled horn, but still sparring for defense and a forward blow."

Died. Mark Charles Honeywell, 89, retired board chairman (1937-53) and one of the founders of Honeywell Inc., who in 1906 started an oil-heat company in his home town of Wabash, Ind., 20 years later merged with his biggest competitor, Minneapolis Heat Regulator Co., to form the major enterprise that has since gone beyond oil burners and thermostats to all manner of computers and space controls with annual sales of $650 million; in Wabash.

Died. Charles Graham, 111, oldest onetime U.S. Negro slave, who "got freed when the rest was freed," on his 103rd birthday reflected that "slavery was inhumane, but not as torturous as some believe," and that his own longevity was due to two lifelong habits: "When you drink, don't drink with a crowd, and when you shovel, take it easy"; of cancer; in South Bend, Ind., where he moved from Mississippi in 1945.

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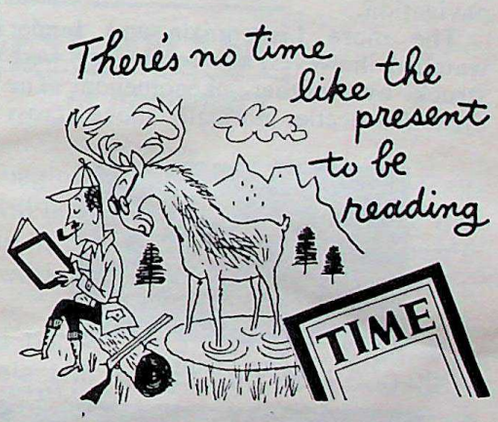

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ENTOMOLOGY

The Beetle with Go Power

Insects have a long list of ingenious means for fending off predators. They go in for camouflage coloring and offensive odors; in some cases they even mimic other insects that their enemy has no taste for. But few match the imaginative arsenal of the little (quarter-inch long) *Stenodus* beetle, which has a defense mechanism as sophisticated as tomorrow's anti-missile missile. Attacked by a water strider, a fast, long-legged bug that is its customary nemesis, the *Stenodus* simply squirts out a charge of fluid detergent from a pair of abdominal glands. The detergent destroys the thin elastic layer of water that marks the boundary between fluid and air. With that surface tension gone, a small water wave rises and propels the *Stenodus* out of danger. When the attacking water strider, which is normally supported by the film of surface tension, tries to follow, it sinks and drowns.

45 Feet at Top Speed. This novel means of protection was discovered almost accidentally by German Entomologists Karl Linsenmair and Dr. Rudolf Jander of Freiburg Zoological Institute. In flooded gravel pits alongside the Karlsruhe-Basle autobahn, the two men were studying the orientation mechanism by which the *Stenodus* does its navigation.

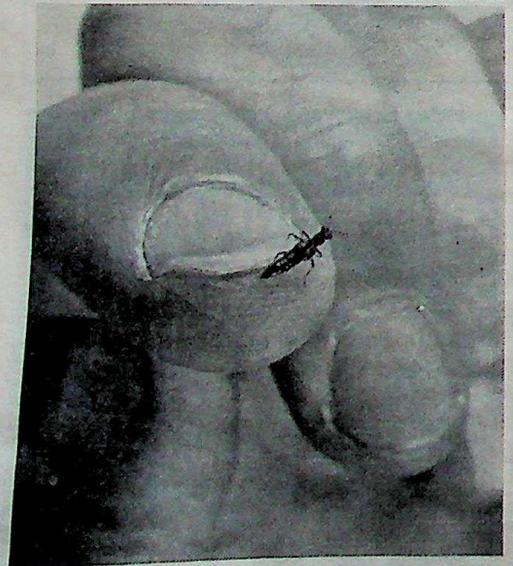
The more Linsenmair and Jander watched, however, the more they were struck by another phenomenon. The *Stenodus* beetles normally move across water by slow paddling. But whenever they were attacked, they spurted out of danger at much greater speed. They can travel 2½ ft. a second and can continue at that pace as far as 45 ft. This rapid motion had been noted by entomologists since the turn of the century, but no one had explained it. Linsenmair and Jander discovered that the *Stenodus*' getaway power came from its internally manufactured detergent.

Kills Every Time. If a *Stenodus* exhausts all of its detergent in one 45-ft. dash, it needs a week or more to replenish its supply. But the canny beetle seems to know this and uses its emergency throttle sparingly. Linsenmair and Jander watched *Stenodus* beetles turning and weaving like PT boats, as if to catch their enemies squarely in their wakes. Like most weapons, though, the *Stenodus*' go power can be out-maneuvered: the detergent works only astern, and water striders on frontal-attack patterns made kills every time.

ROMAN VISHNIAC

WATER STRIDER

WILLY PRAGHER



DEFENDER STENODUS

For the attacker, death by detergent.

ELECTRONICS

Making Resistors with Math

Brief, high-power pulses of electrical energy throbbing through intricate circuitry are the heartbeats of modern radar. But they are the bane of many an electronics engineer. Sometimes the high-frequency currents that are crammed into a pulse swirl through a simple resistance as if it were also a small coil (inductance); sometimes the pulses treat the resistance as if it were a capacitor. Either way, coil or capacitor, those unwanted effects introduce annoying problems.

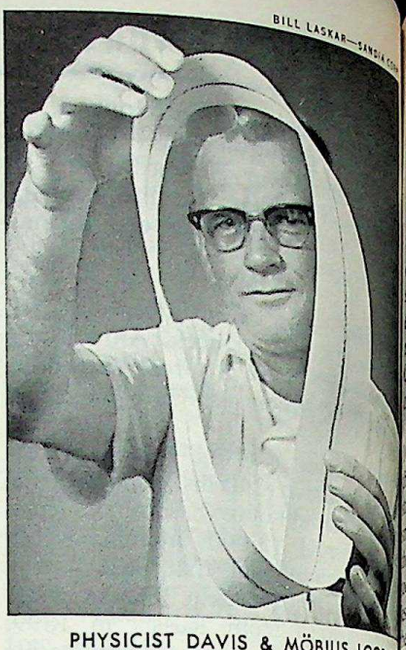
In an effort to reduce such side effects, electronics experts have resorted to all sorts of tricks. But in most cases the best they could do was follow advice as old as Scottish Physicist James Clerk Maxwell, the father of electrical theory, who died in 1879. It was Maxwell who pointed out that resistors could be bent into hairpin turns so that their current flowed in two directions, canceling out capacitance or inductance. Later, Physicist Georges Chaperon wound resistances into intertwined coils with the same result.

Wandering Mind. Those solutions work well, but not quite well enough for today's high-power equipment. At Sandia Corp. in Albuquerque, Physicist Richard L. Davis was busy trying to devise improvements. One day he let his mind wander and remembered an old mathematical parlor trick, the Möbius loop.* Math suddenly merged with electronics, and Davis had what he was searching for: the design of a noninductive Möbius resistor.

A Möbius loop can be made by cutting a narrow strip of paper and gluing its ends together after giving the strip a half-turn. The loop that results has peculiar qualities. Most important, though the paper it is made of has two sides, the loop itself has only one surface. This can be proved by drawing a pencil line down the middle of the strip. The pencil line covers both sides of the paper and returns to the starting point without the strip's being turned over. When cut along the pencil line, the paper forms not two loops but one long narrow loop. Cut once more in the same manner, the narrow loop becomes two interlocked loops.

* Named for German Mathematician August Möbius, 1790-1868.

BILL LASKAR—SANDIA CORP.



PHYSICIST DAVIS & MÖBIUS LOOP

To pamper pulses, an old parlor trick

Double Passage. Davis made a Möbius loop out of a strip of nonconducting plastic that had metal foil bonded to both sides to serve as an electrical resistance. He attached wires to the foil on opposite sides of the strip. When he sent electrical pulses through the wires, the current divided, flowed in both directions through the foil, and passed itself twice. Because of the double passage, the inductance was as low as Davis had hoped. He is delighted but still puzzled. The pulses apparently pass right through themselves, and he cannot be sure how or why his device works. "Maybe Maxwell could tell us," he says, "but he's dead."

ASTRONOMY

The Prevalence of Planets And the Probability of Life

Science fiction crawls with intelligent BEMs (bug-eyed monsters) and humanoids (manlike creatures) that live on planets revolving about distant suns. Most fact-fancying scientists are much more skeptical. Somewhere in the universe, they say, there may indeed be a scattering of planets with salubrious atmospheres and temperatures, and some-thing like earthly life. But the planets are probably few, and the odds against finding or communicating with them or out creatures, say the skeptics, are exceedingly high.

Caltech Geochemist Harrison Brown

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...lemurs. It is a good bet that populated ...planets are spotted throughout the uni... verse, says he, and their civilized inhabi... tants may well be trying to talk to earth.

Invisible Bodies. In *Science*, Dr. Brown spells out his reasons for believing in the prevalence of populated planets. The stars that man sees in the sky, he says, are masses of matter big enough to support thermonuclear reactions that give off a great deal of light. Objects with less than 7% of the mass of the sun do not shine.

According to Brown's estimate, the 10,000 cubic parsecs* of space around the sun contain about 1,000 visible stars. Most of them are comparatively small; the smaller and dimmer being the most numerous. But stars that are so small and dim cannot be seen unless they are very near the earth, so their apparent number is low. If they are slightly smaller still, they give no light and cannot be seen at all.

This does not mean that they do not exist. There is good evidence, says Brown, that when such visible stars condensed out of primitive gas and dust, many smaller bodies were also formed at the same time. Seven invisible objects somewhat bigger than Jupiter have already been detected by the wobbling motion that they cause in the stars around which they revolve. Dr. Brown estimates that 10,000 cubic parsecs of space contain 12,730 invisible bodies with sizes ranging from one-sixth the mass of the sun down to "earth equivalent"—the mass that the earth would have if its original hydrogen and other gases had not been driven off by the heat of the nearby sun. Small bodies down to "Mars equivalent" number 60,-000, which makes them 60 times as common as luminous, visible stars.

Life Zones. Of this enormous heavenly host only the sun's planets are near enough to be seen by reflected light, but most of the rest are probably organized into planetary systems too. Dr. Brown believes that nearly half of these groups contain no central body large enough to be self-luminous. The other systems contain an average of about 50 members each, but nearly all of them are too cold or too hot to support life. Perhaps two planets per luminous star have conditions suitable for life as it is known on earth.

This adds up to a vast number of "life-zone" planets—at least 200 billion in the Milky Way galaxy alone—and if planets smaller than Mars are included, the number is greater still. "If Brown is right," says Dr. Brown, "one might conclude with equal conviction that the earth is not alone—that his equivalents may occupy hundreds or even thousands of bodies within our galaxy. Listening for evidence of the existence of such forms may indeed prove a profitable and exciting pursuit."

*A parsec is equal to 3.26 light-years or 19 trillion miles.

Marion 7900 Walking Dragline at work in coal fields in southwestern U.S.A.

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TELEVISION

The New Season

Let us now praise television. Its longbows, drawn since springtime, finally twanged last week and 17 arrows flew. Wunk. Tunk. Boink. Doyng. One after another, TV's new series all hit on or near the mark.

The single word that best distinguishes this year's series is honest. Unlike many plays of Broadway and films of Hollywood, they are free of pretension—unprepossessing, undisturbing and unoffending. They are accomplishments of theatrical engineering, designed to say and mean nothing while being diverting, with a net moral value of point zero zero. All were offered by NBC and ABC—CBS has temporarily held its fire.

The most interesting trend visible so far is an emphasis on sex. The TV men have also forsaken their experiments with ever longer shows. In fact, most of the new series are 1954-style, hardtop, 30-minute comic potboilers.

Plot and situation, however well-turned or bizarre, have much less effect on the lifespan of a TV series than the personalities of its performers. If the performers are liked by the watching families, they are wanted back in the living room next week—and that is what keeps the Nielsen ratings high and the sponsors contented. Most of the new shows are adequately deep in personable people.

ABC

Valentine's Day, for example, is a house of cards about a young bachelor publisher who likes a white fuzzy drink called Cotton Gin and keeps a portable fireplug in his Jaguar XK-E to help create parking spaces. Last week he was publishing a book called *The Fraudulent Female*, which claimed that women criminally exaggerate the burden of housework. To prove its thesis to a potentially dangerous female critic, he went off with her for a weekend on Staten Island, where he did all the chores for a family of five. Impossible as it may seem, the show was amusing, but only because Tony Franciosa, as the publisher, delivered a winning personality far in excess of the requirements of the script, and Jack Soo, who looks like Robert Mitchum, was irresistible as his Chinese manservant, who talks hip and fancies the ponies.

The Addams Family are successful incarnations of the necrogeists in Charles Addams' cartoons. Their house is a great Victorian cobweb with a bear rug that growls when stepped on, a stuffed sailfish that has the legs of a child protruding from its mouth, and a mailbox with a hand in it that receives letters. Including guillotined dolls and thoroughbred spiders that are raised by the children, the props are obviously first-rate, but the people are even better. Beautiful Carolyn Jones plays the mother, Morticia, with a chilling verve that should make any dead-blooded man want to share a bier with her. Her husband Gomez (John Astin) and Uncle Fester (Jackie Coogan) are quite sufficiently insane, but one could research the annals of television and not discover the likes of her butler Lurch, who is played by Ted Cassidy, 6 ft. 9 in., 250 lbs., with a massive, embalmed face and a deft touch on the parlor spinet.

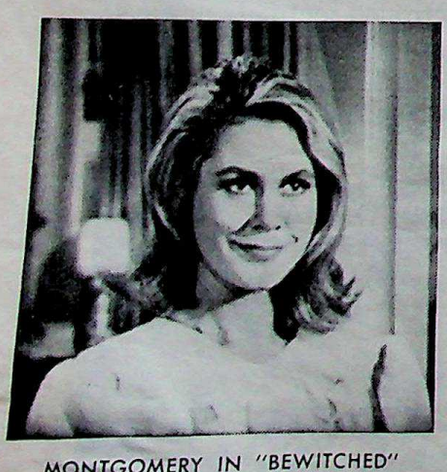
The Tycoon stars 70-year-old Walter Brennan as a board chairman. Both the show and the corporation obviously float on his style alone. Last week, on a bet, he went out to prove that he could start over again with $10 and captain a new industry in no time. He did, with a clanking assist from the script. But what he owed the writers was nothing beside what they owed him. He even scored with an old one-liner about banks: "Never trust a place where they pull the shades down at three o'clock in the afternoon."

In **Wendy and Me**, George Burns is the owner of a Los Angeles apartment building where he acts as chorus and narrator of a running story about his tenants, centering on the nutty wife of an airline pilot. She speaks in a kind of implosive syntax. "I didn't want you to think I was out when I was gone," she reassured her husband last week. "I always want you to know where I am even when we're together." Sadly, the fictional Wendy (played by Connie Stevens) recalls the late Gracie Allen, who died in August. There is nothing funny real about the show, however. Burns's interpolated remarks save it whenever it sags. Unexpectedly sticking his cigar into the action last week and looking straight into the camera, he said: "This show has everything." Perhaps not. But it has him.

The Bing Crosby Show has a similar asset. Crosby plays Bing Collins, an electrical engineer with a wife (Beverly Garland) and two daughters. All he did last week was drift through a nostalgic routine that kidded middle age. Even the laughs were wearing baggy sweaters, but he drew them.

Mickey presents Mickey Rooney as an Omaha salesman who inherits a ranch in Southern California, and with it a crooked Chinese manager who has a lifetime contract. The situation is unpromising and the dialogue ("Only registered guests are permitted to drown in the pool") needs mouth-to-mouth resuscitation, but inside Mickey Rooney there is a profound sense of the absurd and last week in moments of wordless action—resisting seduction by Guest Star Dina Merrill or running through downtown streets wearing only a mink coat—he developed humor in the tradition of comic pathos.

Bewitched, on the other hand, succeeds because of its situation and not in spite of it. Elizabeth Montgomery and Dick York are newlyweds. She is a witch. Her mother (Agnes Moorehead) is a witch too. And it is a pleasure to watch a man try to cope with a mother-in-law who is a real one. When, with



MONTGOMERY IN "BEWITCHED"

THE ADDAMS FAMILY

A year of sexual seismographs and necrogeists . . .

MALONE IN "PEYTON PLA

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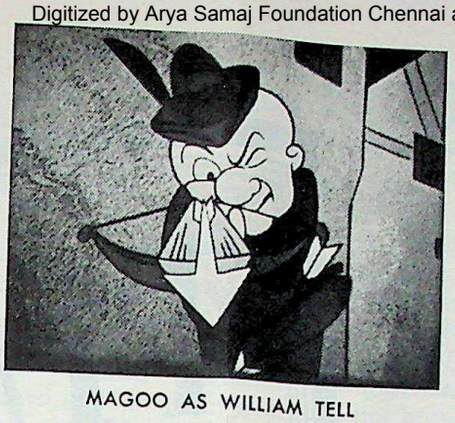
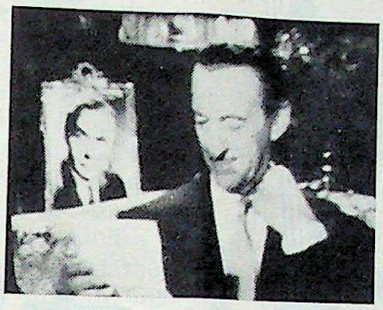


MAGOO AS WILLIAM TELL



NIVEN IN "THE ROGUES"

DAVID GAHR

WEAVER (STANDING) IN "KENTUCKY JONES"

. . . of Chinamen, hoods and Rin Tin Tuna.

ved pupils, the bridegroom approaches
he hotel bridal chamber, he suddenly
nds himself standing in the lobby.

No Time for Sergeants is TV's most
eserving new show because it would
eem to be high time for *Sergeants* to
mp into the television trough and suck
some of the gravy from the hillbilly
ud it started as a Broadway play—il-
erate mountaineers burbling with un-
ruptible goodness. As Will Stock-
. Actor Sammy Jackson ought to
ke it. Guys pick fights with him and
e their fists against his stomach
in and again while he just stands
e smiling. Reveille is at 6 a.m., he
ned when he started basic last week.
ain't going to get up that late for
ody," he said.

Peyton Place glows in the night not
e but twice a week. The camera im-
ently scurries from house to house
e small New England town, func-
ing as a kind of sexual seismograph,
rding the slightest tremor. Most of
m are very slight, indeed. For ex-
le, last week's biggest one involved
an who had made his secretary his
ress but disapproved of his son's go-
out with the secretary's daughter.
since all the other new comic and
matic series are developed through
d caricature, the odd thing about
marathonical bore is that it is about
most realistic of the new shows that
e opened so far.

Jonny Quest is this season's new ani-
ed series from Hanna-Barbera, pro-
ers of *The Flintstones, The Jetsons,*
Yogi Bear. Dr. Benton Quest, jack
l sciences, and his son Jonny were
week combatting a horde of enemy
s dressed as lizards, who were de-
ing shipping with laser beams in
rea of the Sargasso Sea. Zow. It is
to imagine better television than

ly two of ABC's new shows are
minuters. Both are consecrated to
resentation of heroic deeds. **Twelve**
ock High, derived from the novel
movie of the same name, is about
who flew B-17s in World War II.
ert Lansing is the central figure—a
general named Savage, who can
220 nails a minute. "I'm going to
you lay square eggs," he told one
pilots last week. "I'm going to
you a copilot who's all thumbs,
mbardier who can't hit his plate
this fork, a navigator who can't
s own feet." He did, too.

oyage to the Bottom of the Sea
something to Admiral Rickover
ven more to Jules Verne. It is the
of an enormous nuclear subma-
that patrols the ocean floor, com-
g the sinister forces, human and
, that threaten the American
Last week earthquakes of unprec-
ted ferocity were about to produce
es that would drown almost
e in the U.S. who did not happen
vacationing on Pikes Peak. To coun-
these H-breakers, the sub had to
them with H-bombs before they

got rolling. For one hour, on land and at sea, machine guns chattered, torpedoes schlurped through the deep, and missiles sang in the air. *Voyage* is all it tries to be: fast-moving calisthenics for young eyeballs.

NBC

The Rogues is probably television's most awaited new series, since it stars Charles Boyer, David Niven, Gig Young, Gladys Cooper and Robert Coote, a cast that would bestir Broadway. They are an international family of aristocratic robbing hoods, who steal from rich raff and usually give to the deserving. Unfortunately, they do not all appear all the time. Niven starred in the opener, supported by Coote and Guest Star Dina Merrill, who was having a big week in one-shot appearances. Even though she went swimming nude in the Mediterranean and nearly married a Greek shipping magnate, Dina looked preoccupied, as if she were wondering how she was going to seduce Mickey Rooney on Wednesday night. Niven, posing as an Australian financier in his effort to fleece the shipping magnate, seemed to be looking around desperately for Alfred Hitchcock, of whose style *The Rogues* is an awkward imitation. Traveling by everything from yacht to donkey cart against Riviera backgrounds, *The Rogues* was all ashuffle with impossible predicaments, lightning solutions and fantastic coincidences. Everywhere they went, in fact, its characters kept running into one another as if they were actors on an overcrowded television set.

Flipper stars a 300-lb. Florida porpoise, a kind of Rin Tin Tuna, who saves the day when the people in the story seem doomed. Last week a skin-diver with a rare blood type was chewed by a shark. A container of the rare blood soon arrived by helicopter, but was accidentally dropped into 50 fathoms of water. Flipper flipped to retrieve it. Hi-ho, Flipper! But did the audience flip too? Not flipping likely.

The Famous Adventures of Mr. Magoo features the world's most unlikely casting. Tired of the nearsighted rut he was in, the animated Mr. Magoo has opted to play roles from the classics —Don Quixote, the Count of Monte Cristo, Captain Ahab, D'Artagnan, Ulysses, Merlin, Paul Revere. You name it; Magoo is it. And he is not kidding. He is not playing for farce at all. The tales are told straightforwardly, and predictably they will be excellent fare for children. Magoo started his series as William Tell. Looking less nearsighted than blind, he lifted his crossbow, sighted the apple on his son's head, and let 'er fly. The apple split into matching hemispheres. And what was that second arrow for, pray, Tell? Perhaps for the first person to laugh.

Another actor, this one real, who has broken away this season from his stereotyped past is Dennis Weaver. After limping through ten years of *Gunsmoke* as Mr. Dillon's deputy Chester, Weaver is now walking alone and normally as **Kentucky Jones.** Trainer of race horses, he is also a widower with a nine-year-old Chinese boy to raise (this is the Year of the Tiger for Chinese TV actors). The little boy, called Dwight Eisenhower Wong, is an escapee from the Chinese mainland, and he has brought with him both ageless philosophy and ancient cuisine. Seeing Weaver in a hung-over condition last week, he warned him: "Lover of wine is cousin of goose." Perhaps as an antidote, he thereafter gave him a steaming pot of powdered horse-manure tea.

. . .

The second installment of the season's new TV series will arrive next week—one more from ABC, two from NBC, and twelve from CBS. NBC is holding two others for later premières, including **Profiles in Courage.**

Anchors Away

Anchorman Walter Cronkite no longer rusts on the bottom. After drifting ineffectually through the Democratic Convention with two replacements, CBS has restored Cronkite—and banished the word anchor from its vocabulary. On election night, Cronkite's title will be "National Editor Assigned to Integrate and Summarize the Overall Election Story." Which is a long way to spell crow.

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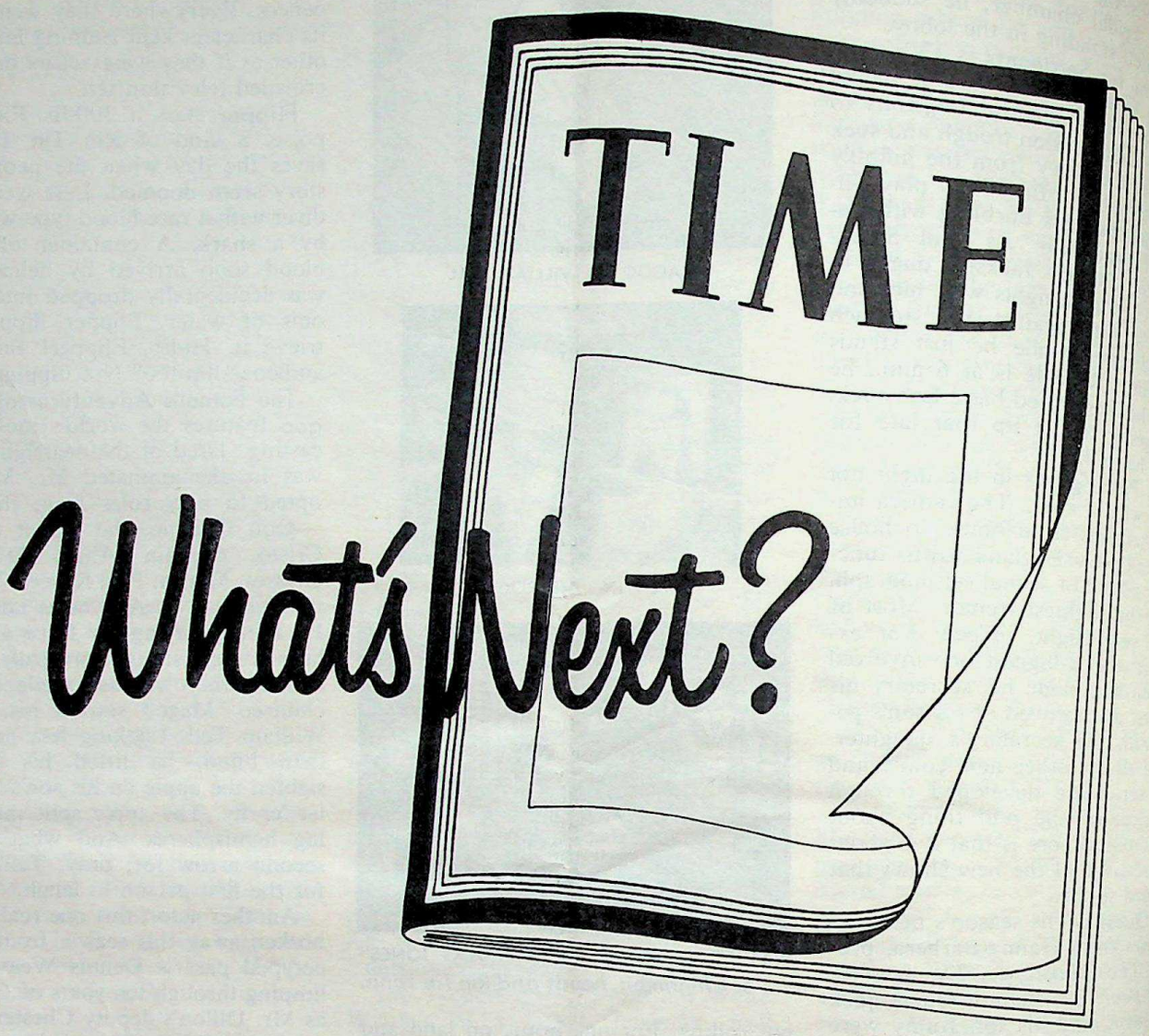

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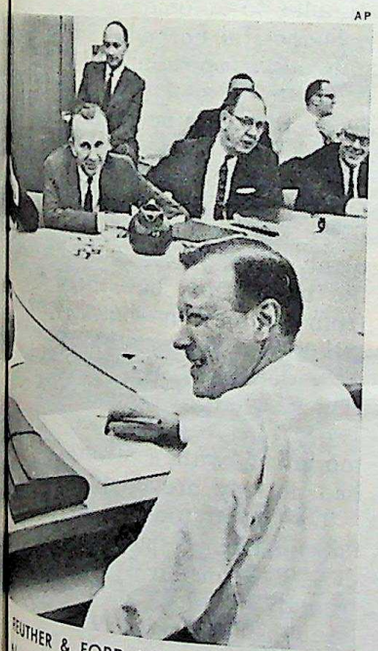
U.S. BUSINESS

THE ECONOMY

Contracts à la Mode

Two down—one to go. Walter Reuther is keeping the score, and recording it as some of the most generous figures in Detroit's history. By chalking up another victory at Ford last week, Reuther took the contract that he won from Chrysler one step farther toward becoming the labor manifesto of the auto industry. In the worried view of the economists (*see* following story), he could also have taken the nation another step toward the revival of inflation. The settlement, which will cost Ford an estimated 57¢ an hour for every worker, gives U.A.W. members essentially the same wage and fringe benefits obtained from Chrysler: earlier retirement, increased pensions, continuation of the annual productivity raise and more paid vacation time. In addition, there was, as Reuther phrased it, "attractive chocolate frosting to the Henry-birthday cake we got at Chrysler—a $25 to $100 annual Christmas bonus for Ford's 130,000 hourly-rate employees, probably beginning in 1965. This week Reuther will turn his full attention to General Motors, attempt

AP



REUTHER & FORD NEGOTIATORS
Next: the biggest and richest.

to gain similar economic concessions from the biggest and richest of the Big Three. Although there are troublesome "economic" issues involving production standards and working conditions to be resolved with G.M., Reuther is well on his way toward a perfect score. Would the U.A.W. seek even more from G.M.? Promised Reuther: "We're going to take the à la mode approach. That approach is sure to prove attractive to more than the United Auto Workers." At week's end six unions set a strike deadline against most of the nation's railroads.

Some Pinch in the Plants

The U.S. is clearly in for an extended debate on the imminence of inflation, set off in earnest by the results of the auto negotiations.

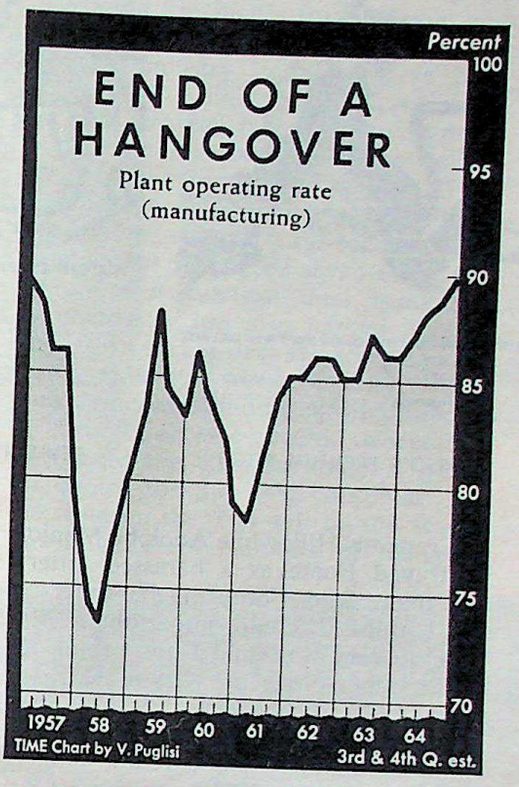
Economists attending the meeting of the National Industrial Conference Board in Manhattan last week not only split about their forecasts for next year —many holding, for the first time, that a slowing or downturn is in the works —but differed widely about whether the U.S. is headed for another inflationary spell. The N.I.C.B. itself seemed to have little doubt: in a special report, it declared that "it is very difficult indeed to establish economic grounds for inflation." At the same time, Manhattan's Morgan Guaranty Trust said in its monthly survey that "the warning is clear that the economy may be close to a new outbreak of inflation."

Gauge to Watch. Though rising wages and prices are two obvious heralds of inflation, economists also keep a close watch on plant capacity—the extent to which industry uses its facilities to turn out the goods it needs to meet demand. Reason: any strong and widespread increase in the use of capacity indicates that demand is pressing existing facilities, thus increasing pressures for price hikes. Rising demand has gradually alleviated the painful hangover of idle facilities that followed the plant-building binge of the mid-'50s, but U.S. industry in general is still not being strained to its limits. The nation's factories are now running at 88.5% of capacity *v.* 87% when the year began, are expected to hit between 89% and 90% before year's end.

Some industries, however, are already being squeezed toward full use of facilities, particularly steel, aluminum, machine tools, heavy machinery, autos and paper. The squeeze shows up not only in rising overtime in these industries but in slower delivery of key items and in the activation of plants that were formerly headed for the scrap heap. Aluminum capacity is so tight that Kaiser Aluminum plans to reopen a smelter in Tacoma that it shut down six years ago. U.S. Steel has just reopened a 47-year-old mill in Gary, Ind., to cope with the demand for heavy plate. A fifth of the nation's basic steel capacity is still idle, but bottlenecks are developing in the rolling mills that form finished steel for autos.

Some industries are also cramped by shortages of skilled workers. For the first time since 1955, steel's pool of laid-off labor has evaporated. Farm-equipment and machine-tool companies, loaded with orders, are struggling to recruit more seasoned help.

Good Insurance. Pressure on factory capacity is also strongly reflected in the estimated gain of 13% (to $44.2 billion) in spending for new plant and equipment this year, even though much of this goes into modernization rather than straight-out additions to capacity. Papermakers have boosted capital investment by 30% above last year's level, and the chemical industry, despite excess capacity, has massive expansion underway to provide the new production lines required by new products. All this building helps to lessen the pressures on capacity and, because of the cost-cutting automation that goes with it these days, is good insurance against a profit squeeze that some economists fear may develop by the end of 1965. Moreover, the new plants mean new jobs, payrolls and spending that will help the economy grow some more.



ADVERTISING

Ex-Chain-Smoker's Exit

People leave advertising agencies all the time and for all sorts of reasons, ranging from a knife in the back to a boot out the door. Last week one of the ad world's top executives resigned his $150,000-a-year post for what, as he stated it, was a rather different motive. Said Emerson Foote, 57, chairman of McCann-Erickson: "I will not have anything to do with any advertising agency which promotes the sale of cigarettes."

Foote first made a name for himself in the advertising business by working with Albert Lasker and George Washington Hill on American Tobacco's tumultuous Lucky Strike account. As some middle-aged moviegoers still remember, the Hollywood version of *The Hucksters*, a broad 1947 caricature of the ad game, cast Sydney Greenstreet

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ESSO'S PREMIUM PITCH

REVLON'S MALE STOPPER

LEGGS'S FOOTREST

U.S. ROYAL'S COME-ON

More grrrrr, less sex.

as a raucous Hill, while Adolphe Menjou portrayed Foote as a harassed, jittery yes man. Said Foote at the time: "I don't think I could impersonate Mr. Menjou very well, and I don't think he could impersonate me very well."

In 1948 the advertising firm that Foote had helped to found—Foote, Cone & Belding—jolted fellow admen by resigning the $12 million-a-year American Tobacco business. Foote later left Foote, Cone & Belding, and landed in 1951 at McCann-Erickson, now the biggest agency in the world's largest advertising combine, Interpublic. A former chairman of the American Cancer Society's executive committee, he gave up chain-smoking five years ago. This year he was appointed to the President's Commission on Heart Disease, Cancer and Stroke. Now he hopes to work for anti-cigarette causes "as a volunteer propagandist, behind the scenes," but plans to continue as a professional adman, even if he has to form his own agency to do it.

Burning Bright

It may be the Year of the Dragon in the Orient, but along Madison Avenue 1964 has clearly become the Year of the Tiger. From elephants to foxes, animals have long helped admen to peddle their wares, but the tiger has roared onto the advertising scene with irresistible force, turning up as a prop for everything from rented autos to hair oil. Says Martin Baker, an account executive for Doyle Dane Bernbach: "It's almost as if ads are giving up sex for tigers."

Humble Oil is pushing its gasoline sales with pictures of a huge tiger and the advice: "Put a tiger in your tank." U.S. Rubber is using a tiger to stress the clawlike grip of its tires. Revlon is backstopping its pitch for an anti-dandruff preparation with a feline-voiced gal, lounging on a stuffed tiger, who makes every man sit through the commercial by crooning: "I want a word with all you tigers—you men know which ones you are." Kellogg's tigers are puffing vim into breakfast food on the fronts of cereal boxes. Williamson-Dickie Manufacturing Co. of Fort Worth advertises its campus slacks by picturing them worn by a tiger, and another manufacturer of slacks, Thomson Co. of New York, shows a tiger skin with a girl's head. Fabergé has added a "Tigress" nail polish and lipstick to its "Tigress" perfume, which is advertised with a tiger-stripe background.

Admen track the origins of the fad to Britain, where a Humble affiliate used a fierce tiger to introduce a premium gas. In the U.S. the trend has been helped by collegians who for years have been referring to any really swinging types as "tigers." As the psychologists see it, the tiger is a symbol of virility; as the admen see it, it is a surefire gimmick: sales of U.S. Rubber's tiger-paw tires have almost doubled since it began its campaign, and tigers now absorb a third of the company's $6,000,000 tire-ad budget.

The tiger has roamed into unexpected territory. Hertz uses it to symbolize its dominance in the car-rental field, and Britain's Rootes Motors has just brought out a new $3,400 sports car called the Sunbeam Tiger, with the slogan "Grab a Tiger by the Wheel." Gimmick manufacturers are selling countless cloth tiger tails, priced from 18¢ to $1, to department stores. Humble dealers have sold thousands of tiger-tail tips to customers, most of whom clip them onto gas tanks. This fall Humble is ready to introduce napkins, clothing, and trick-or-treat bags with the tiger theme on all of them.

AUTOS

The Change Is Gradual: Slabs, Cubes & Some Curves

Millions of Americans will crowd into showrooms this week for their first close-up look at the widely heralded 1965 autos, which are all being unveiled in a busy, three-day period, closer together than ever before. What the potential customers think of the new models is important not only to Detroit but to the entire U.S. economy—and will help determine how long the current economic advance continues. Hoping to match or better 1964's estimated sales of 8,200,000 autos, the industry has spent more on its new cars than ever before: $525 million by Ford, $3[illegible] million by Chrysler, about $70 mil[illegible] for American Motors, and probably more than all of them put together by General Motors. "No similar industry-wide model change in the past," says Chrysler President Lynn Townsend, "has ever failed to bring a strong stimulus to automobile sales."

Successful Formula. Surprisingly, despite all this spending and all the publicity about the most dramatic changes in years, there are no sudden styling [illegible] in the 1965s—nothing like the [illegible] airplane-nosed model introduced by Studebaker in 1950, or the fins that sprouted all over in 1957. There are plenty of changes, of course—most of the major cars have been made [illegible] from the dies on—but they are gradual rather than dramatic, often showing up in such details as headlights, bumpers and grilles. Detroit wanted new cars for 1965, but it was reluctant to tamper too much with a styling formula that had already proved so successful.

The trend toward square lines and flat, unadorned slab sides, originated by the 1960 Lincoln Continental but more recently refined and popularized by Pontiac, has spread to the new Chrysler and to American Motors and Ford models. Perhaps the ultimate in rectilinear styling has been achieved in the new Mercury, whose squared-off front bumper gives it a cubed look. Even the Cadillac, which abandoned tail fins for the first time in 18 years, has replaced its usual side-panel sculturing with the slab look.

Suggestive Hop-Up. Despite the trend to angularity, several models, notably in General Motors' divisions, have begun to curve cautiously back toward softer, more flowing contours. Hardtop models of the Chevrolet, Buick, Oldsmobile and Pontiac have new roof lines that flow gracefully into their rear decks, and the new fashion for [illegible]

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...ars this year seems to be the "hop-up," ...delicate swelling in the rear quarter ...panel of the car that suggests the out... ...line of a rear fender. G.M.'s square... ...shaped Corvair has become as round... ...ed as the Karmann-Ghia, and a new ...curved-roof version of Ford's highly ...successful Mustang has joined the Val... ...iant Barracuda and the Corvette Sting ...Ray as the industry's only true fast... ...backs. Automen have hedged their ex... ...pensive bets on public acceptance of ...the new styling by offering most of ...the nameplates with curved roofing in ...notched-off, T-Bird roof versions too, ...as G.M.'s turn toward softer lines en... ...tices an increasing trend in this direc... ...tion for 1966 and beyond.

The public's demand for ever greater ...variety and the increasing competition ...among automakers—even among divi... ...sions in the same company—to sell to ...segments of the market has resulted ...in a record 331 different models for ...1965. There are nine different Corvairs, ...six big Chevrolets, twelve different ...Chevelles, seven different Chevy IIs and ...three Corvettes—for a total of 45 Chev... ...rolet division models. Ford has 44 mod... ...els, Oldsmobile 32 and little American ...Motors 29. Chrysler's Chrysler-Plym... ...outh division alone offers 60 models, ...so that it now blankets 74% of the industry's total price range with cars as far apart in size as the compact Valiant and the luxury Imperial. More than ever, the man who buys a new car in the '65 model year will need to do some studying up before he enters the showroom.

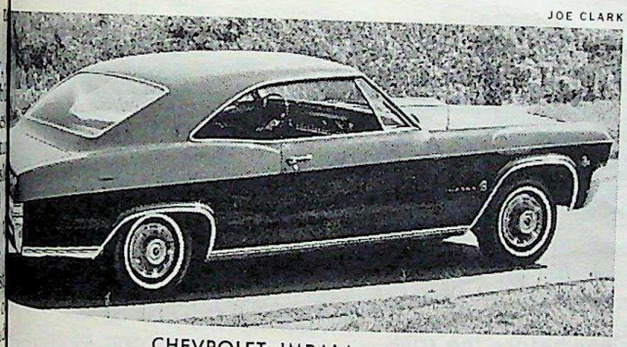
Important Ballot. Auto buyers seem to want more pizazz as well as more models—and 1965 will be the greatest pizazz year in history. There will be more convertibles, hardtops, four-on-the-floor transmissions and bucket seats than ever before. Many models will be available in sporty "two plus two" versions that have bucket seats not only in front but in the back as well. Ford is out with the industry's first "six plus four" station wagon, which seats six in the front and middle bench seats, and an additional four in two facing, side-aligned rear seats. Most of the restyled cars are longer; American Motors, whose future depends on its performance this year, has at last tacitly admitted to the swing away from compacts by adding five inches to its Classic and ten to the Ambassador.

Some industry traditions have been abandoned, while others have been formed. Chrysler has given up its push-button transmission for the conventional lever on the steering column; Ford has hexagonal taillights instead of the customary round ones. Style-leading Pontiac has influenced seven other cars to adopt its vertical dual headlights. The industry has also harked back to the auto's earlier days for some models, using simulated-wood steering wheels and dashboards and discarding hubcaps to expose chrome-covered wheelbolts. Whatever the changes, there is plenty of choice for the U.S. consumer, and his vote on the '65s will be the second most important balloting of the year.

J. EDWARD BAILEY

CHRYSLER NEW YORKER

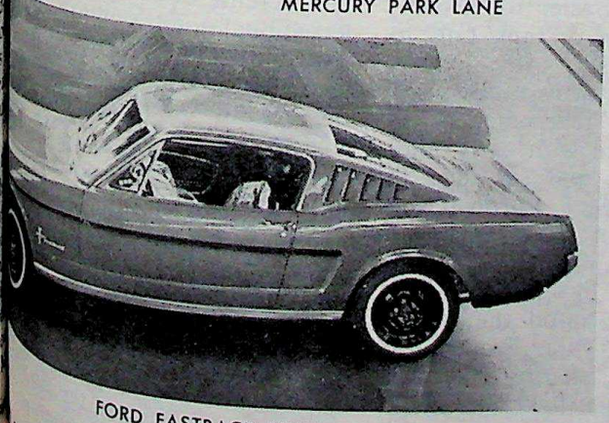
JOE CLARK



CHEVROLET IMPALA

MERCURY PARK LANE

RAMBLER AMBASSADORS



FORD FASTBACK MUSTANG

CADILLAC SEDAN DE VILLE

More models, more pizazz.

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BRITAIN

Trouble for the Pound

The British must trade to eat, and there was general rejoicing last year when Britain sold enough goods to increase its share of worldwide exports for the first time since the late 1940s. Economists rushed to predict that this year would be even better. But 1963 proved to be a fluke, and 1964 has been anything but good for British trade. Last week the government announced that Britain's trade balance showed a discouraging deficit of $143 million in August—bringing to $930 million the deficit for the first eight months of the year. Because so much British money is going into foreign coffers, the British pound, one of the free world's two reserve currencies, is sagging perilously.

Some Cushioning. Last week the pound had dropped from its parity of $2.80 to as low as $2.78 5/16, the lowest in seven years and uncomfortably close to its official floor of $2.78, at which the Bank of England is legally obliged to intervene and support the rate by purchasing pounds. Britain's gold and hard currency reserves are at their lowest level since the sterling crisis of 1957, and the respected National Institute of Economic and Social Research has flatly predicted that Britain will show a balance-of-payments deficit for 1964 of $1.4 billion. Whichever party wins next month's elections, Britain will almost certainly have to draw funds from the International Monetary Fund before year's end.

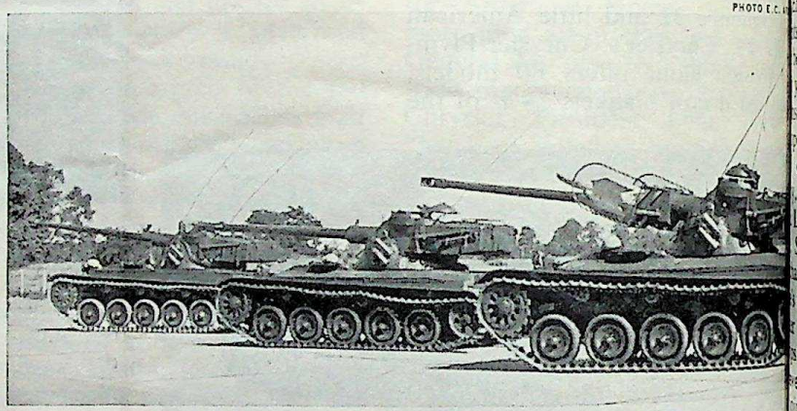
Despite such troubles, no run on the pound has developed. For one thing, Britain's trade gap has been partly cushioned by a buildup of sterling balances held in London by other sterling area countries. For another, the Bank of England, which has let the sterling rate sag without much intervention, has resources at its call that are formidable enough to discourage currency speculators: $2.5 billion of Britain's own reserves, several hundred million dollars available from Continental banks, a $500 million swap arrangement with the U.S. and $1 billion in stand-by credits from the IMF. Besides, no government is likely to prescribe medicine as stiff as devaluation, the move on which the speculator gambles.

Reluctant to Bother. The cure for the quivering pound is as plain as its cause: trade. Manufacturers claim that rising costs and shortages of skilled labor are hampering exports, but that is not the whole story. Ted Heath, President of the Board of Trade, called last week for "more aggressive salesmanship overseas, based on new manufacturing techniques and keenly competitive costs." The trouble is that when business is good at home, many small firms do not want to bother with exports. British officials, noting that Britain's share of the giant U.S. market has slipped this year, tried to persuade businessmen to take part in 15 trade shows across the U.S. The response was apathetic.

SUDDEUTSCHER VERLAG MUNCHEN

WEST GERMANY'S STANDARDPANZER

PHOTO F.C.



FRANCE'S AMX13s

The hardest fighting comes before the sale.

WESTERN EUROPE

Clash of Arms

Armaments are once again a big and growing business in Western Europe. The defense budgets of the major NATO powers have increased by about 45% since 1959, but few nations maintain defense establishments large enough to match their ability to produce arms. Result: A fiercely competitive battle for contracts, and the possibility of financial disaster for a company if its new plane or tank fails to win enough customers.

Tank Trouble. The arms makers sell chiefly to their own governments, but most of them also vie with each other for NATO contracts and for sales to nations—such as Greece, Portugal and Norway—that do not have their own major armaments industries. Britain does a good business in selling arms on the Continent and around the world. From 1960 to 1963, the French did well in foreign sales, thanks largely to the popularity of their light tanks and the Mystère II interceptor jet. West Germany still relies heavily on arms purchases from the U.S., but its defense industry, just emerging from postwar eclipse, is beginning to look more export markets.

The competition is growing tougher, and so are the tactics. In current negotiations about building Franco-German turboprop transports the French are holding out for a fifty split of the contract, while Germans argue that they have ordered more of the planes and should get more of the production. Right now the tanks of four nations are facing each other across battle lines: the British Chieftain, the West German Leopard, the French AMX30 and the U.S. M60. The French, whose armaments salesmen are trying hardest, have sold many of their light AMX13 tanks, but are having trouble with the newer AMX30; it has failed to win a clear military endorsement over the Leopard, which Germany has just begun to produce.

replace its Standardpanzer. Belgium recently balked at signing an order for the AMX30, and The Netherlands grumbled that some of the AMX13s it bought have become immobilized by cracked gun mounts. Other European armies are not so sure that they will buy any new tanks at all, preferring to wait until a more sophisticated joint tank or German tank is introduced in the 1970s.

New Pattern. To overcome nationalist bias and to broaden their markets, several defense companies are forming international joint ventures. French and British companies have joined to develop air-to-ground missiles. Last year the U.S.'s General Dynamics and France's C.S.F. established a Paris subsidiary called Sestro for the research and production of aerospace instruments. A new pattern of NATO armaments cooperation may be set by companies now seeking the contract for a $300 million NADGE (for NATO air defense ground environment) system, an electronic "fence" to be strung from Norway to Turkey. There are no obvious national bidders for the job—only international consortiums.

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ITALY

...ooling the Cycle

...Sun-baked Sicily is a poor and prom-...hungry land whose chief exports are ...us fruit and talent. Armed with na-...Sicilian shrewdness and the desire ...get ahead, thousands of its sons have ...ped into the mainstream of Italian ...ness. Few of them have had more ...acular success than Milan Finan-...Michele Sindona, who founded and ...s a corporate complex of manufac-... firms in nine countries and real ... firms in five. While many Italian ...ssmen are nervously retrenching ...e face of rising costs and tightened ...s, Sindona, 44, is moving ahead ...the economy were still at full pitch ...d for him, it is.

...st week Sindona met with repre-...tives of the U.S. General Foods ... to make plans for a joint venture ...ily, did his homework for a similar ...ing session this week with Britain's ...bros Bank, and between times ...ed a telephone in his art-adorned ...e to hold Italian, French or limp-...English conversations with aides and ...s on either side of the Atlantic. He ...een on the telephone a lot lately. ...ear he made news by swimming ...st the flood of U.S. acquisitions in ...e to buy, with two partners, a ...controlling interest in Chicago's ... McNeill & Libby food-packing ...Last month, in a second such ven-... Sindona took control, by stock ...ases and proxies, of New Hamp-... Brown Co., a paper and plywood ...that has suffered from industry ...s and takeover battles.

...versing Trends. Sindona's penchant ...int ventures and foreign partners ...key to his good financial health. ...he moved north from Sicily in ...he worked as a tax lawyer and ...tant for such companies as So-...Generale Immobiliare and Snia ...a. In the process he noticed a ...but significant economic fact: ...some countries were undergoing ...others were almost inevitably ...oom. Sindona reasoned that he ...eat the economic cycle by found-...s in various countries, thus cov-...possible losses with almost certain ...sewhere.

...sizing a Liechtenstein holding ...y called Fasco, A. G., Sindona ...profits he had made in real estate ...a small Italian construction com-...he hired American technicians to ... firm, won contracts across Eu-...d the Middle East. Eventually ...% of the company to Belgians ...ved on to new ventures in Brit-...nce, Switzerland and the U.S. ...a soft-spoken executive who ...y reading Tolstoy and collects ...nce art, runs such distant ac-...through aides who have ...authority. He insists that his ...increase overseas activities ...their own risk, points proudly ...out that by so doing, Libby last year raised sales 5% to $289 million and tripled earnings.

SINDONA & 14TH CENTURY CARVING
Joint ventures and foreign partners.

Contact Man. Sindona is now president of seven companies, vice president of three and a director of twelve others. Along with protecting him against the winds of misfortune at home, his international complex has another purpose. Sindona is a dedicated free trader, believes businessmen can achieve tariff reductions faster than diplomats. "When enough European companies have interests in the U.S. and enough American companies have interests in firms in Europe," he says, "nobody will want to keep trade barriers up." To speed their fall, Sindona volunteers his services as a contact man and consultant without fee whenever he notices Italian and non-Italian companies that he feels should get together.

AVIATION

A Meeting of Worriers

For all its promise of a three-hour flight between New York and Paris, the supersonic transport seems not to have broken the worry barrier yet. Governments worry about the high cost of developing it, which ranges from $13.5 million per plane for the British-French job to $40 million for a U.S. design that has not yet been settled on. Airframe makers worry about technical problems —from keeping fuel cool to developing new alloys. Among the most worried of all, as it turned out last week, are the world's airlines, which have already ordered 45 Concordes and 91 of the proposed bigger, faster U.S. model.

In Bogotá, at the annual meeting of the 93-member International Air Transport Association—which the normally secretive outfit opened to the press for the first time in 20 years—airmen sounded sorry that they had ever heard of the SST. They fretted about sonic booms, expressed reluctance to give up the highly profitable jets that they now operate, and worried about the shattering effect that they fear supersonics will have on their balance sheets. "At $40 million," said Air India's Chairman J.R.D. Tata, "we would be paying five times as much for an aircraft doing only 2½ times the work. I cannot see how we can do this."

A trio of SST engineers tried hard to overcome doubts. Though many airmen have feared that the SSTs would be useless for medium-range flights because of the lengthy ascents they require to reach cruising altitudes, the engineers insisted that the planes will be practical down to flights of only 600 miles, will be able to operate productively for ten hours a day *v.* nine for the present jets. They held out promise that the sonic-boom problem will be solved eventually, possibly by delaying until high altitudes the cross-over from subsonic to supersonic speeds. Most of all, they stressed the inevitability of the SST—a telling argument to an audience that included many whose careers date back to the trimotor Ford.

In Bogotá, Sir William P. Hildred, 71, who has served as I.A.T.A. director-general for 18 years, announced that he will retire after next year. His replacement: Swedish Diplomat Knut Hammarskjöld, 42, a nephew of the late U.N. Secretary-General. Sir William had a word or two about the SST. "I hope," he said, "that I shall not live to see the damned things."

An SAS of the East?

The Scandinavian Airlines System, jointly owned by Denmark, Sweden and Norway, is a rare example of several countries cooperating in a single transport commercial enterprise. Before long, the world may have another example. Exploratory talks are now being held among representatives of Pakistan, Turkey and Iran about the possibility of establishing a joint three-nation air system similar to SAS. A final decision will be made within a year, and the decision is expected to be yes.

Each of the three would continue to operate its internal routes, but international flights to such points as Vienna, Rome, Geneva, Athens and Frankfurt would become a joint service. Together, as the planners see it, the three nations would be able to finance and fly new equipment and negotiate traffic rights that are difficult to attain alone in an increasingly complex air age. The backbone of the new line would probably be Pakistan International Airlines. One international run that profitable, government-owned PIA would continue to fly solo: its weekly flights from Dacca to Red China, which have been so successful that the line last week started a second weekly flight. Turkey and Iran do not recognize Red China.

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MEDICINE

OBSTETRICS

Fewer Drugs for Happier Mothers

"Instead of being tired, I was exhilarated," said one mother. "In the recovery room," bubbled another, "I wanted to sing and shout about my Pavlov baby." The 300 young women wearing diaper-shaped name tags who flocked around the huge, white-icinged cake in a suburban St. Louis garden last week all showed the same enthusiasm. All of them had given birth without general anesthetics in St. Mary's Hospital, where more (1,182) babies have been delivered by natural childbirth than in any other hospital in the U.S. The fifth-birthday celebration of St. Mary's natural-childbirth program last week reflected the growing acceptance of a method that was first tried (and denounced) in the U.S. less than 20 years ago, and is now at least a part-time practice in maternity wards from Long Island to Los Angeles.

Fear & Pain. Modern concepts of natural childbirth were first suggested more than 40 years ago by British Obstetrician Grantly Dick Read, who taught that bearing children is not necessarily painful, that pain comes only because of fear, which may interfere with contractions of uterine muscles that open the womb and push the child out through the birth canal. Pavlovian psychologists in Soviet Russia took Dick Read's idea one step farther. Both fear and pain, they reasoned, could be overcome by conditioning. During the 1940s, Soviet doctors began educating mothers to be unafraid of childbirth, and by 1951 hospitals in Moscow, Kharkov and Leningrad all used the natural-childbirth method.

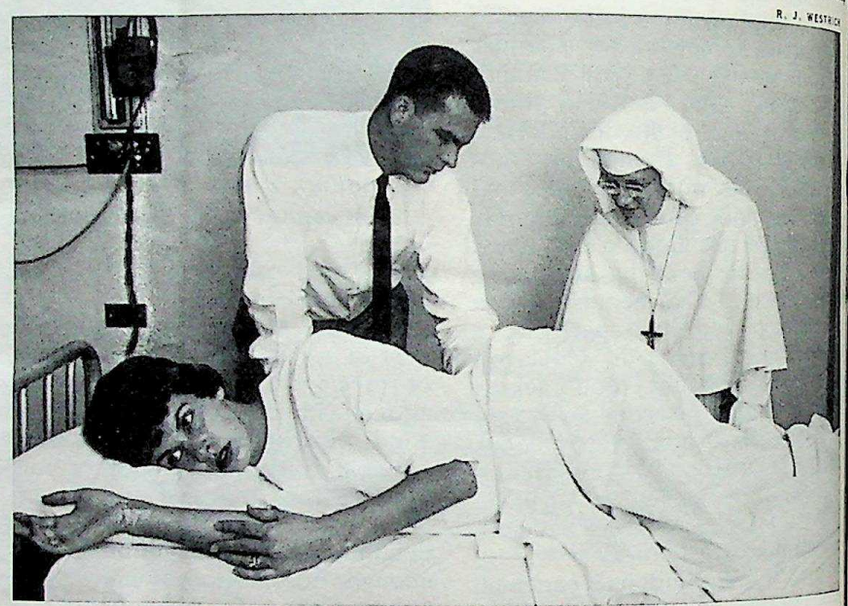
Visiting Russia in 1951, French Obstetrician Fernand Lamaze brought psycho-prophylaxis, a new form of childbirth preparation, back to France with him, began insisting that maternity patients get ready for birth with a routine of exercise. He taught his patients chest breathing to prepare them for the time when their abdominal muscles would help expel the baby from the uterus. He schooled his patients in *effleurage*, a simple massage of the lower abdomen that serves to lessen muscular tension during contractions. Most important, Lamaze taught women to relax while participating actively in labor.

Slow & Shallow. The Lamaze method is now taught in a dozen major U.S. cities, and even hospitals where doctors are not Lamaze disciples admit to weaving some of his and Dr. Dick Read's teachings into their obstetrics. Just about all big-city hospitals allow the husbands to be with their wives during labor (a Lamaze precept; it helps to relax the mother), and the most diehard anti-naturalists among obstetricians now recognize the value of prenatal education and exercise.

St. Mary's in St. Louis begins teaching Lamaze breathing exercises (slow, deep breathing when contractions begin; shallow panting when they increase) to women in their seventh month of pregnancy. "The babies are born happier when they're delivered the Lamaze way," insists Sister Mary Charitas, a small, peppery nun who also teaches nursing at St. Louis University School of Nursing and Health Services. "They're easier to take care of, they're more alert—probably because the mother has not had medication that would make them sleepy."

Sister Charitas' observations are based on sound medical theory. Obstetricians are increasingly aware that an overdependence on anesthetics can lead to fetal damage. On the other hand, nobody expects mothers going through natural childbirth to be martyrs. St. Mary's Dr. Carl Dreyer tells all natural-childbirth mothers in the delivery room: "Any time this ceases to be fun, we can give you gas." But a surprising number never ask for it, prefer instead to reap the psychological benefits of wide-awake participation in their baby's birth. "It is common for a natural-childbirth mother right after birth to talk about having another baby," says Sister Charitas, "but I have never known a mother who had a general anesthetic to mention having another baby that soon."

Nonetheless, among U.S. medical men, nonbelievers still outnumber believers in natural-childbirth methods, and many obstetricians tend to deride the evangelical fervor of the naturalists for drugless childbirth. But even doctors who are not advocates of natural childbirth are willing to acknowledge that there is good in what the naturalists preach. Nowadays, fewer mothers are anesthetized in delivery—a practice long scorned by naturalists. There is also a growing trend toward the type of prenatal preparation and exercise that naturalists have been strongly recommending as standard obstetrics for more than three decades.



R. J. WESTRICH

EXPECTANT PARENTS IN ST. MARY'S LABOR ROOM
Any time it ceases to be fun, turn on the gas.

RESEARCH

Thalidomide Remembered

Ever since thalidomide became a drug-industry scandal, medical researchers have made every effort to find ways and means of determining the effects of drugs on unborn children. But how to study a developing fetus *in utero* reacting to drugs passed through its mother's bloodstream? Last week such research was given a hopeful boost when the National Institute of Child Health and Human Development awarded a $48,500 contract to the Marquardt Corp., of Van Nuys, Calif., to probe the effects of drugs on embryonic opossums.

The opossum was chosen because it is a unique animal. Born only two days after conception, it spends the next 60 to 70 days in its mother's pouch, firmly and continuously attached to her breast. During that period it grows and behaves much as a human embryo in normal gestation. Marquardt researchers are already well acquainted with the opossum, having learned how to detach the tiny fetus from the mother's breast to feed it artificially. Most drugs with the food, the researchers should be able to observe firsthand their effects on a growing fetus.

PSYCHIATRY

The Wife Beater & His Wife

Psychiatrists have delved for years into the psyche of the alcoholic in an attempt to understand what drives him to drink. But rarely have doctors investigated the unlovely but all too frequent byproduct of alcoholism—wife beating. Now, in the *Archives of General Psychiatry*, three psychiatrists probe

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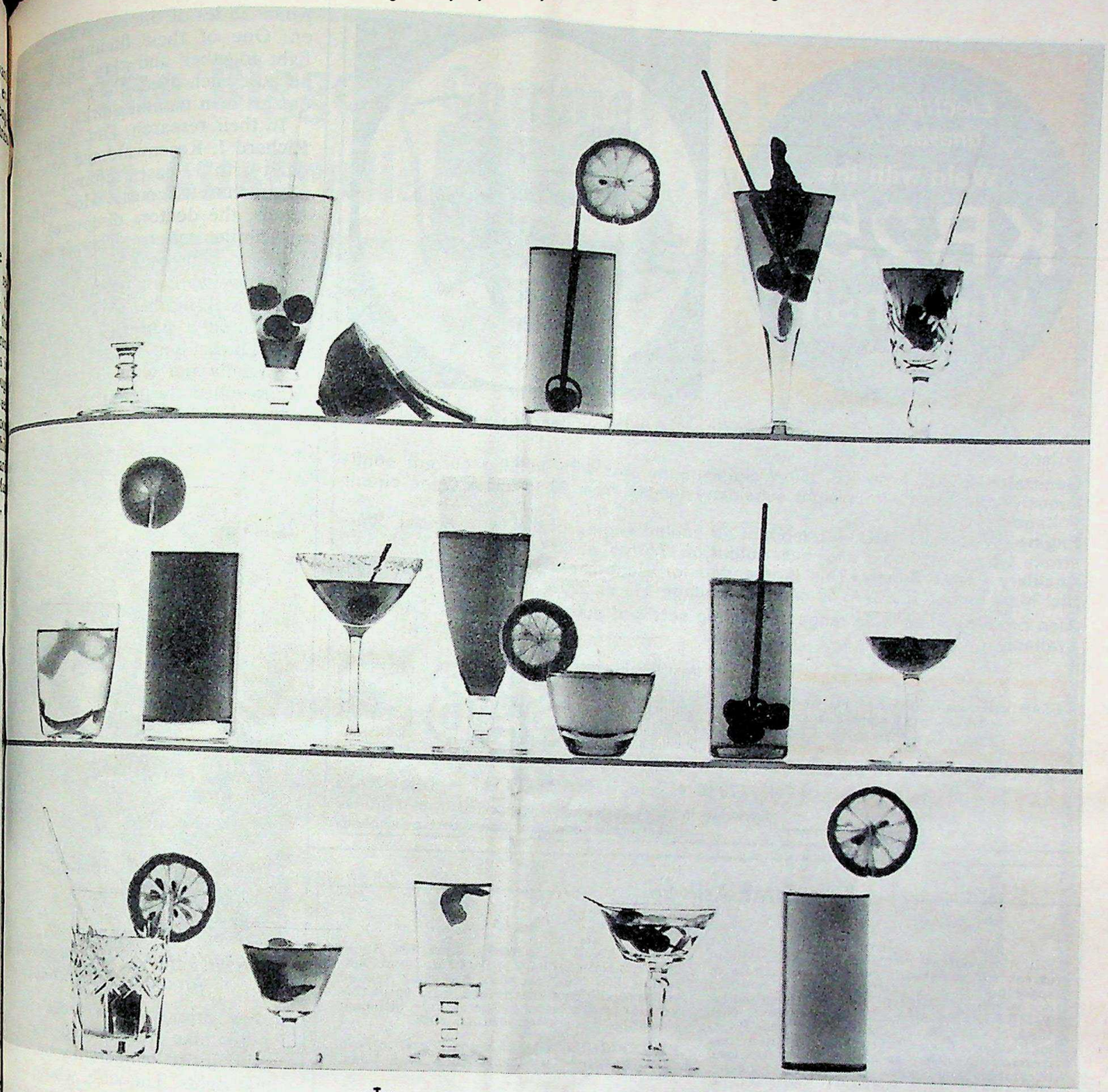

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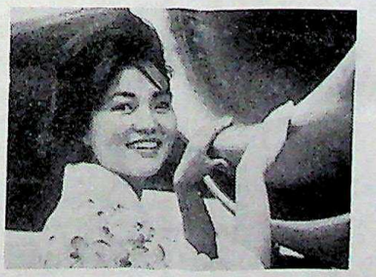

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ROYAL DUTCH AIRLINES

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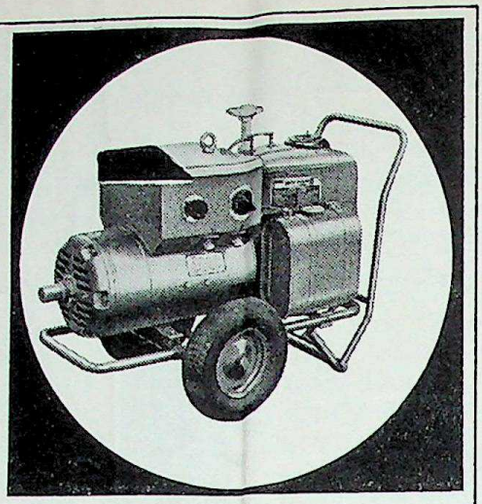
Electric power unavailable?
Weld with the
KB 250
Wisconsin



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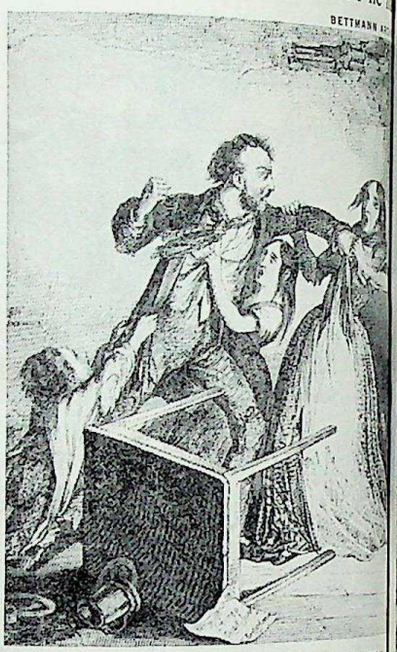
personalities of the beater and the bea
en. One of their findings: those wh
fight together and stay together do s
because each needs the other to balance
out his own mental quirks.

In their research, Drs. John E. Sn
Richard J. Rosenwald and Ames Rob
dealt with 37 cases referred to them
Massachusetts courts. Most of the
bands, the doctors discovered, fell
a definite pattern. Though reasona
hard-working and outwardly respec
ble, they were in reality "shy, sexua
ineffectual mother's boys." The wi
also fitted a pattern—"aggressive, e
cient, masculine and sexually frigid."

Usually the wife was boss, and
weak-willed husband was content
play the subservient role—until he



CRUIKSHANK'S "FEARFUL QUARRELS"
An unlovely byproduct.

a few drinks. Then "role alternat
would take place, and the hus
would insist belligerently upon his
jugal rights. The wife, whose father
usually been a wife beater, would
sist. The ensuing fight had, howe
helpful overtones. "The periods of
lent behavior by the husband," the
tors observed, "served to release
momentarily from his anxiety about
ineffectiveness as a man, while giv
his wife apparent masochistic gratifi
tion and helping probably to deal w
the guilt arising from the intense h
tility expressed in her controlling,
trating behavior."

Such violent, temporary therapy
hardly what the psychiatrist would
scribe. But the doctors concluded
the battlers seem to need "a frequent
ternation of passive and aggressive r
to achieve a working equilibrium" a
seldom change their ways until a th
party horns in. The third party is usu
ly a teen-aged son with protective fe
ings toward his mother and a less th
friendly attitude toward Dad. What w
the size of teen-agers these days, th
fight often gets so furious that Mo
finally begins to worry that someone
may get hurt. Then she calls the cops.

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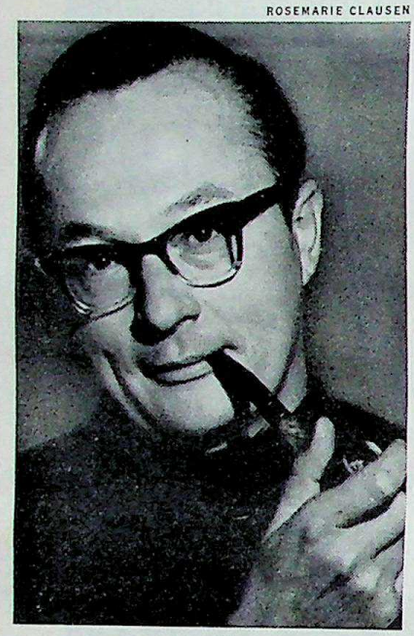
Search for a Mission

THIS GERMANY: THE STORY SINCE THE THIRD REICH *by Rudolf Walter Leonhardt.* 275 pages. *New York Graphic Society.* $7.95.

"The Germans find themselves in the same position as the French, the English, cats, or tobacco," aphorizes Author Leonhardt. "To be hated for the right reasons is not always pleasant, but to be loved for the wrong ones can be downright embarrassing." With that essentially negative prelude out of the way, the West German journalist launches into a wry and gritty explanation of what it is like to be a German today. Leonhardt feels that the Germans are among the world's most unliked peoples, but his *apologia* gives a tough, fascinatingly qualified answer of yes to the question: "Do you like being a German?"

ROSEMARIE CLAUSEN



LEONHARDT
Schizophrenia can be a challenge.

"Protest-Weary." Leonhardt, 43, is eminently qualified to answer that question. As cultural editor of Hamburg's prestigious weekly Die Zeit, he knows Germany inside out; seven years in England as a foreign correspondent taught him also to know it outside in. Published in Germany under the title *X-Mal Deutschland* (X-times Germany), this John Gunther-like look at both Germanys sold 300,000 copies and raised many a hackle—or wattle, as Leonhardt would put it.

In a series of curt, kaleidoscopic essays loosely tied to the framework of a trip Leonhardt made through Germany with a group of non-German friends, he discourses on anti-Semitism ("Since they murdered the Jews, the Germans are becoming more and more stupid"), the abominable German tourist ("His yearning to communicate assumes loudspeaker proportions as soon as he crosses the border"), the political decline of West German Protestantism (they are "protest-weary"). But Leonhardt is too thorough a journalist not to buttress his arguments with shocks of statistics and a quorum of quotes from sources as disparate as Madame de Staël ("Love of liberty has not been developed at all among the Germans") and Thomas Wolfe ("How can one speak of Munich but to say it is a kind of German heaven?").

"Tough Humility." At the heart of Leonhardt's book, though, lies the schizophrenia of a Germany divided—affluent and self-satisfied to the west of the Iron Curtain, lean and paranoid to the east. Earlier conquerors—the Romans, the armies of Gustavus Adolphus in the Thirty Years' War, the Napoleonic French—dropped their Iron Curtains between north and south. Over the centuries there developed a dour, methodical, Protestant North, and an affable, beer-drinking, Catholic South. The East-West split, Leonhardt argues, has cut this historical Germany into quarters and generated an "Athens *v.* Sparta" complex that most Germans believe can only be cured by reunification.

Being a German today, he feels, means accepting not so much the disgrace of political separation, since Germany has been a nation for only 75 years in her long lifetime, but rather the pain of a sharp cultural rupture. "There we are," Leonhardt concludes, "saddled again with a mission and not at all sure which one. Bulwark against the east? Bulwark against Leipzig and Dresden [both East German cities]? If it were a question of industry, thoroughness, organizing talent, we would have nothing to fear. But I am afraid the world is going to ask of us just what we have least of: the imagination to understand somebody else's point of view and still preserve our own: the tough humility of the democrat." That challenge, Leonhardt believes, makes being a German worthwhile.

All' italiana

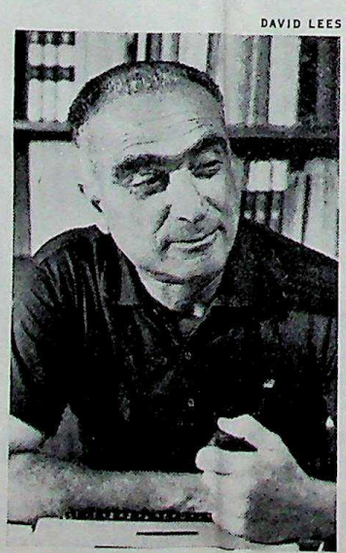
THE ITALIANS *by Luigi Barzini.* 35[illegible] pages. *Atheneum.* $6.95.

Some painful, intimate truths are f[illegible] easier to confess to a chance frie[illegible] opportunely met than to the clos[illegible] member of the family. A couple [illegible] drinks, a quiet dinner, brandy and [illegible] gars before the inn fire—and imp[illegible] ceptibly, from behind the urbanity a[illegible] wit emerge the true facts of a marria[illegible] in shambles or of a mortal sickn[illegible] This is exactly the kind of book t[illegible] Milanese Journalist Luigi Barzini [illegible] written to explain to the U.S. the [illegible] lights and secret deficiencies of [illegible] countrymen's manners and morals.

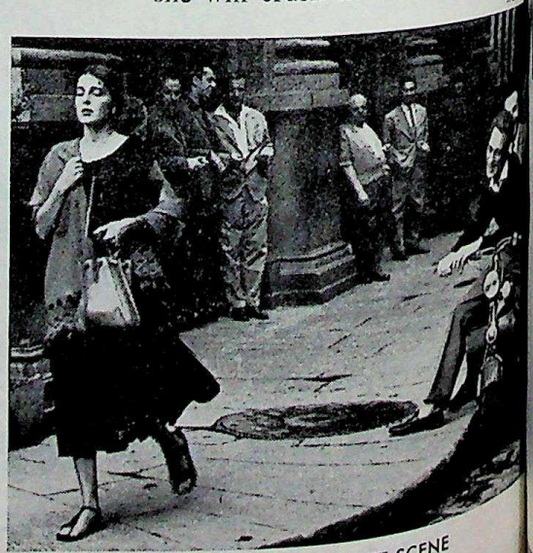
Foreigners have always loved I[illegible] Barzini points out. Tourists by the ti[illegible] sands, and recently by the millions, h[illegible] gone there each year, the Germans [illegible] Scandinavians looking for sun, [illegible] Americans and Russians eager to [illegible] sorb culture, the artists and fake ar[illegible] searching for refuge, the rich seek [illegible] laxly enforced tax laws and the p[illegible] seeking "a place where indigence l[illegible] like modest affluence by contrast [illegible] the surrounding poverty." Men com[illegible] Italy to pursue the young women, [illegible] Barzini concedes, "are now more [illegible] turbingly beautiful than they have [illegible] been," with "harmonious behinds [illegible] double mandolins"; foreign women [illegible] ten find Italian men irresistible in t[illegible] "charm, skill, lack of scruples, and h[illegible] ness." Many return, captivated by [illegible] gaiety, warmth and apparent ca[illegible] that are the overt features of the Ita[illegible] national character.

Lies for Happiness. The troub[illegible] that the Italians themselves are c[illegible] vated by these qualities, Barzini [illegible] gests. "Watch an Italian mother fo[illegible] her baby. If she is alone, she is te[illegible] and solicitous like any other mother [illegible] a matter-of-fact way. As soon as so[illegible] body enters the room, she will im[illegible] diately act a tasteful impersonation [illegible] Mother Love. Her face will sudd[illegible] shine, tears of affection will fill her e[illegible] she will crush the infant to her br[illegible]

DAVID LEES



BARZINI



ITALIAN STREET SCENE
Deceptions can be disastrous.

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sing to him . . ." But even at its most innocent, the trait lends "a theatrical quality which enhances but slightly distorts all values."

From here it is but a step to the "polite lies and flattery," still well-intentioned, which Italians use to make life more agreeable. "Tailors praise your build. Dentists exclaim: 'You have the teeth of an ancient Roman!' The doctor cannot help remarking that he has rarely encountered an influenza as baffling as yours." Even speedometers "are made to lie in Italy for your happiness," set to read 10% ahead of the actual speed "to make you feel proud of your automobile and driving skill."

Self-Swindlers. Unfortunately, the deceptions can sometimes be disastrous. In Italy, Barzini argues, "ordinary people must usually choose between the unrestrained expression of counterfeit emotions and the controlled expression of real ones." The inevitable result is automatic distrust of idealism, and a cynicism so widespread that "there is a large part of reality the realistic Italian never grasps."

As for the extraordinary people, it was the adventurer Casanova and the swindler Cagliostro who raised deception to a way of life and a high art; Machiavelli who made it a cardinal principle of statecraft; while Mussolini was by no means the first Italian leader to perish finally believing the deceptions he had himself created. At the start, Barzini thinks, Mussolini "watched himself playing the great role he was inventing as he went along, hamming at it with gusto," but over the years he began to believe the stirring show and the lies and flattery, came to read his own newspapers with pleasure, and mistook the parades for real military power, until "in the end he lived within a private imaginary world of his own."

Habits of Mind. "The only fundamental institution in the country" is the family, thinks Barzini. Within the family, Italians practice "virtues other men usually dedicate to the welfare of their country at large; the Italians' family loyalty is their true patriotism." High honor, great love and sacrifice can result. But the strength of the family is not only a defense against disorder, argues Barzini, "but one of its principal causes," forestalling the development of strong political institutions, fostering the habits of nepotism and corruption that every Italian instinctively understands.

In the end, for all his tone of jaunty worldliness, Barzini's is a cry of despair: "The tenacity and the eagerness with which the individual pursues his private interests and defends himself from society, his mistrust of noble ideals and motives, the splendid show, the all-pervading indulgence for man's foibles, make Italian life pleasant and bearable in spite of poverty, tyranny and injustice. They also waste the efforts and the sacrifices of the best Italians and make poverty, tyranny and injustice very difficult to defeat."

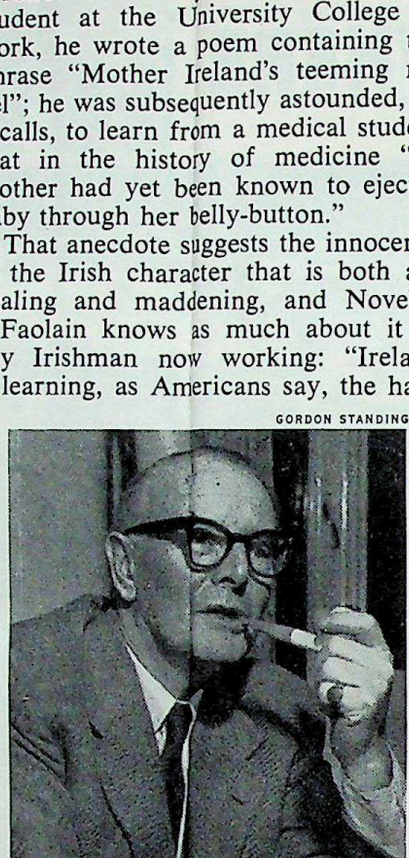
A Corner of the Universe

VIVE MOI! *by Sean O'Faolain.* 374 pages. *Little, Brown.* $6.75.

When Irish Novelist Sean O'Faolain (pronounced O'Fay*lawn*) was 20 and a student at the University College in Cork, he wrote a poem containing the phrase "Mother Ireland's teeming navel"; he was subsequently astounded, he recalls, to learn from a medical student that in the history of medicine "no mother had yet been known to eject a baby through her belly-button."

That anecdote suggests the innocence in the Irish character that is both appealing and maddening, and Novelist O'Faolain knows as much about it as any Irishman now working: "Ireland is learning, as Americans say, the hard

GORDON STANDING



SEAN O'FAOLAIN
Out of the featherbed's soft smother.

way. Ireland has clung to her youth, indeed to her childhood, longer and more tenaciously than any other country in Europe."

O'Faolain's autobiography is the presumably unfinished story ("Thus far: Dublin, February 1964" reads the final notation in the book) of how one Irishman slowly took in the world "in nuclear bits and pieces," and became a writer in the process.

Withering Sirocco. In the city of Cork at the turn of the century, the O'Faolains were "shabby genteels at the lowest possible social level, always living on the edge of false shames and stupid affectations." O'Faolain's father was a police constable in the Royal Irish Constabulary; his mother was a farm girl, a deeply pious woman whose "religious melancholy withered everything it touched, like a sirocco." The ambition of both of them was to see their three sons reach "the highest state in life that anyone could achieve"—that of a Gentleman. No one of the brothers quite made it to Gentleman, but two of them did well enough so that the family no longer had to "think about beer of themselves." One became a priest, the other a revenue inspector in the British Civil Service. The youngest, Sean, opted for writing—a decision that his mother never quite forgave.

His writer's instinct was first honed at the stage door of the Cork Opera House, where every Sunday afternoon he witnessed "the arrival of forests, waterfalls, mountains, white clouds, [and] veiled halls, cannons and candelabra." Out of them he fashioned "highly emotional images of the Admirable Life," undisturbed by the fact that the stage hands who handled the props might be "Lazy Casey or Georgie Cantwell, who might, tomorrow morning, be hoisting up the street corner by the quay waiting for the pub to open."

In the parish church, young Sean would kneel by the hour before a life-sized carved and colored figuration of Purgatory," praying most particularly for "the girl highest in the group, always almost redeemed, her long golden hair always falling to her waist, her manacles always already parted, her uppermost hand always just out of reach of the Divine Child's foot." O'Faolain's father was "absolutely loyal to the Empire, as only a born hero-worshiper can be," and after Sunday services Sean would accompany him to the Barracks army barracks on Wellington Road to watch the regiment parade and "when the drums rolled and the brass shook the air, I could hear the saber clash, the hoofbeats, the rifle fire of *The Relief for Khartoum, With Kitchener in the Soudan.* My father would nod approvingly sagely and proudly. We belonged."

Impaled and Trodden. It took nearly 30 years, says O'Faolain, to free himself by "slow, tentative, instinctive steps from the "soft smother of the provincial featherbed." The first step took him to the university, where he learned "the hot and vivid [Irish] pleasure of aimless disputation, of purely conscientious shindyism." A second, more important, step took him in 1920 into the Irish Republican Army. His experience in the I.R.A., first fighting the British and later the troops of the Irish Free State during the civil war, left him with a "savage disillusion with Ireland's ineptitude." At 26, he won a graduate fellowship to Harvard and departed for England, convinced that "I don't care if I never see the bloody place again."

He cared a great deal more than he thought. By the time his two years at Harvard were up, he knew that he belonged to an old, small, much-troubled country, where every field, every ruin had its memories, where every last corner had its story. It took him seven more years to get back, but he was back to stay. If his book is "a love to my own boyhood, my own youth, even to my own parents," it is a love of "the basic experiment with life" that made him a writer. For better or worse, he notes, he remains "impaled on the green corner of the universe."

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The Good Guy

HERZOG by Saul Bellow. 341 pages. Viking. $5.75.

It may be that Saul Bellow is just too nice a guy. He obviously wishes the world well; he wants the world to be blessed with him; and this benevolence, this "potato love," as Bellow calls it, may have damaged the work of a writer who has long been on the threshold of the U.S. literary pantheon but has never quite managed the "big" novel that would put him there permanently.

Bellow's early novel, *The Victim*, had the tension of tragedy: an eerie encounter between a Jew and an anti-Semite in which the Jew turns out to be as much persecutor as victim. This first *succès d'estime* was followed by the book that made Bellow a popular success as well: *The Adventures of Augie March*, a picaresque tale of a Jewish Huck Finn who experiences about the U.S. and Mexico sprawling and quickly tiring of all manner of jobs, creeds and persons. But Bellow sacrificed the dramatic tension of *The Victim* and rambled. Bellow's subsequent novel, *Henderson the Rain King*, rambled even more; and in *Herzog* the tension has snapped completely in a flood of good will.

Not a Goose. Few novels have been more eagerly awaited or more often deferred. It has been seven years since the publication of *Henderson*, during which time Bellow has traveled in Europe on a Ford Foundation grant, then settled down at the University of Chicago as one of the Committee on Social Thought. Lecturing on literature in the afternoons, he has spent his mornings working on *Herzog* and on his first play, *The Last Analysis*, about an aging Jewish comedian with a scheme to save humanity, which will open on Broadway next month.

The individual episodes in *Herzog* are often brilliant; Bellow can wring a rare pathos out of the most unlikely, unlovely materials. Scenes of common, everyday, slightly squalid home life, with the kids sniffling, the wash on the line and mommy savagely nagging daddy. No one, in fact, slices life with a sharper eye than Bellow. But on the whole, the new novel is disappointing. Moses E. Herzog, teacher-scholar, becomes everybody's door mat. Things happen to him; he does nothing. He is tossed out of his own home by his wife and her lover. He is bullied by lawyers, psychiatrists, cops, a priest and friends. At the beginning of the novel, he is at least writing off undelivered letters to all sorts of people, living and dead, who have offended him. At the end, he gives even that. He is unfit for the roughness of the world, he acknowledges, because he was "brought up on principles as Victorian ladies were on pianoforte and needle point. He had spared the destruction of certain documents as the pet goose is spared

Herzog, despite his learned jokes and

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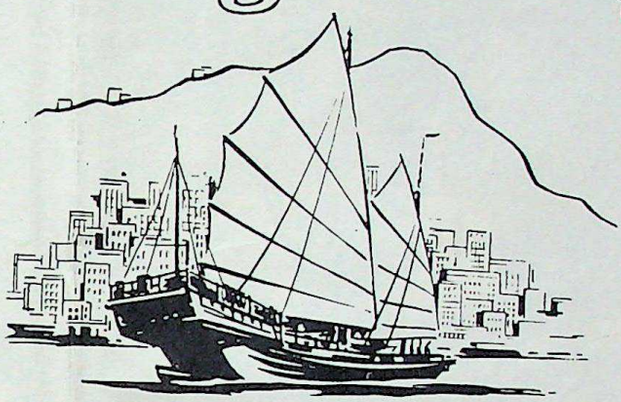

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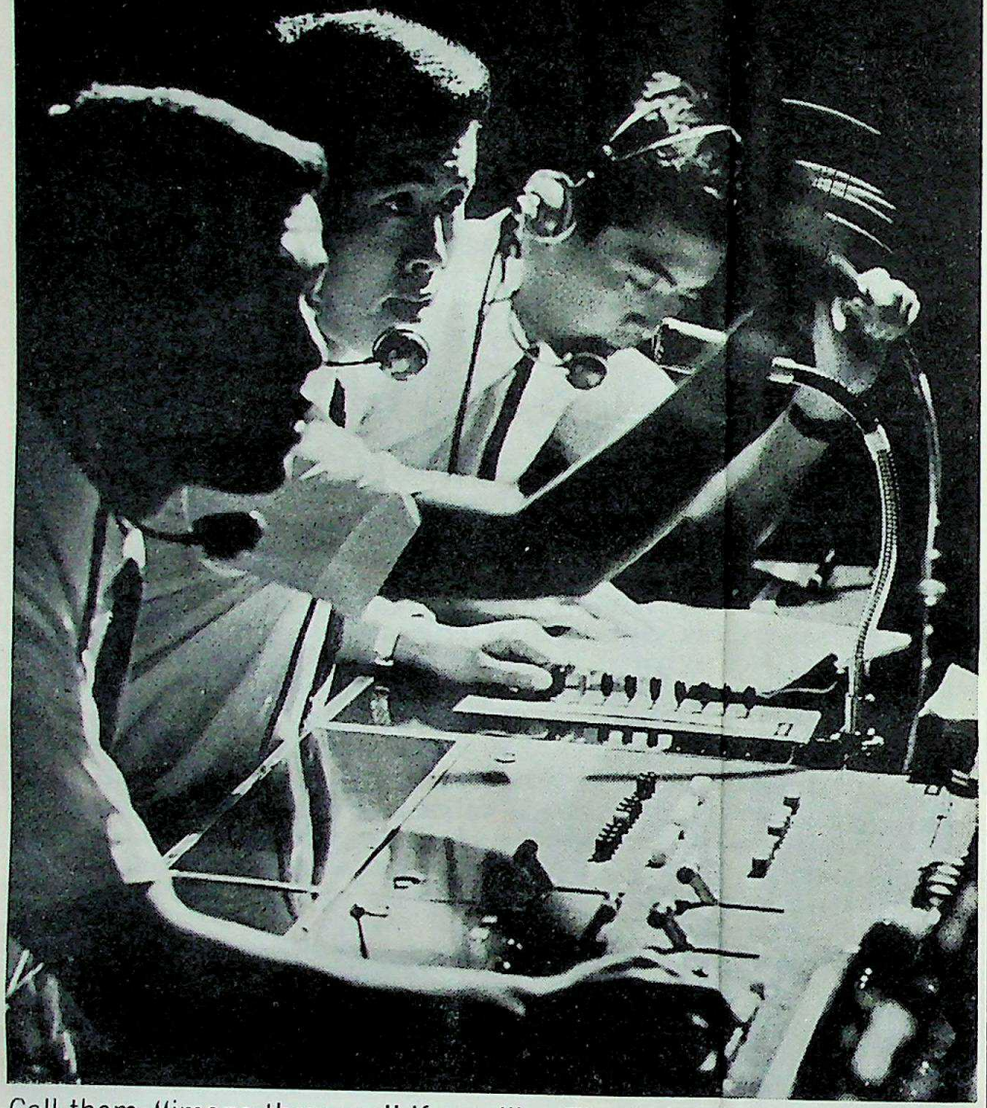
Toshiba salutes — an Olympic champion sans medal



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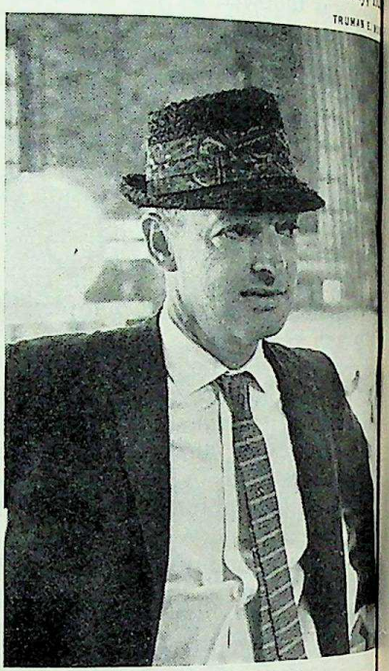
sophisticated dalliances with a series of ladies, is that common figure of today's literature: the anti-hero champion of the ordinary life, whose plain decency is contrasted with the theatricality and contrived cruelties of everyone around him. The novel is an attack on the proud intellectualism of over-rationalistic Jews (and others). "We love apocalypses too much," Herzog decides, "our crisis ethics and florid extremism with thrilling language. Excuse me. I am a simple human being, more or less."

All Is Dust. But if Herzog is an emotional deadbeat, other characters have plenty of chutzpah. Herzog's wife Madeleine is the perfect man killer with her cold, carnivorous smile, her facial tics and gnawed nails; she strips Herzog of his bank account during the day, ra-



SAUL BELLOW
A stumble on the threshold.

cules him into impotence at night; at meals she is in the habit of applying lipstick while gazing at her reflection in a knife blade. Her lover, Valentin Gersbach, is an ex-disk jockey who tries to "yuk it up" with intellectuals. Herzog fatherly lectures on how to live along with his wife.

In keeping with the chief character, Bellow's prose is sometimes puddingy, soft, mushy and too sweet; but at other times it is as good as anything he has written. In fact, where the novel does not limp, it moves majestically, as in a grimly tender description of the death of Herzog's mother. It is just that Bellow does not seem to be covering any new ground. Toward the end, Herzog reflects: "I look at myself and see chest, thighs, feet—a head. This strange organization, I know it will die. And inside —something, something, happiness . . . Something produces intensity, a high feeling . . . 'But what do you want, Herzog?' 'But that's just it—not a necessary thing, I am pretty well satisfied to be, to be just as it is willed, and for as long as I may remain in occupancy. . . .'

There must be more to say than that.

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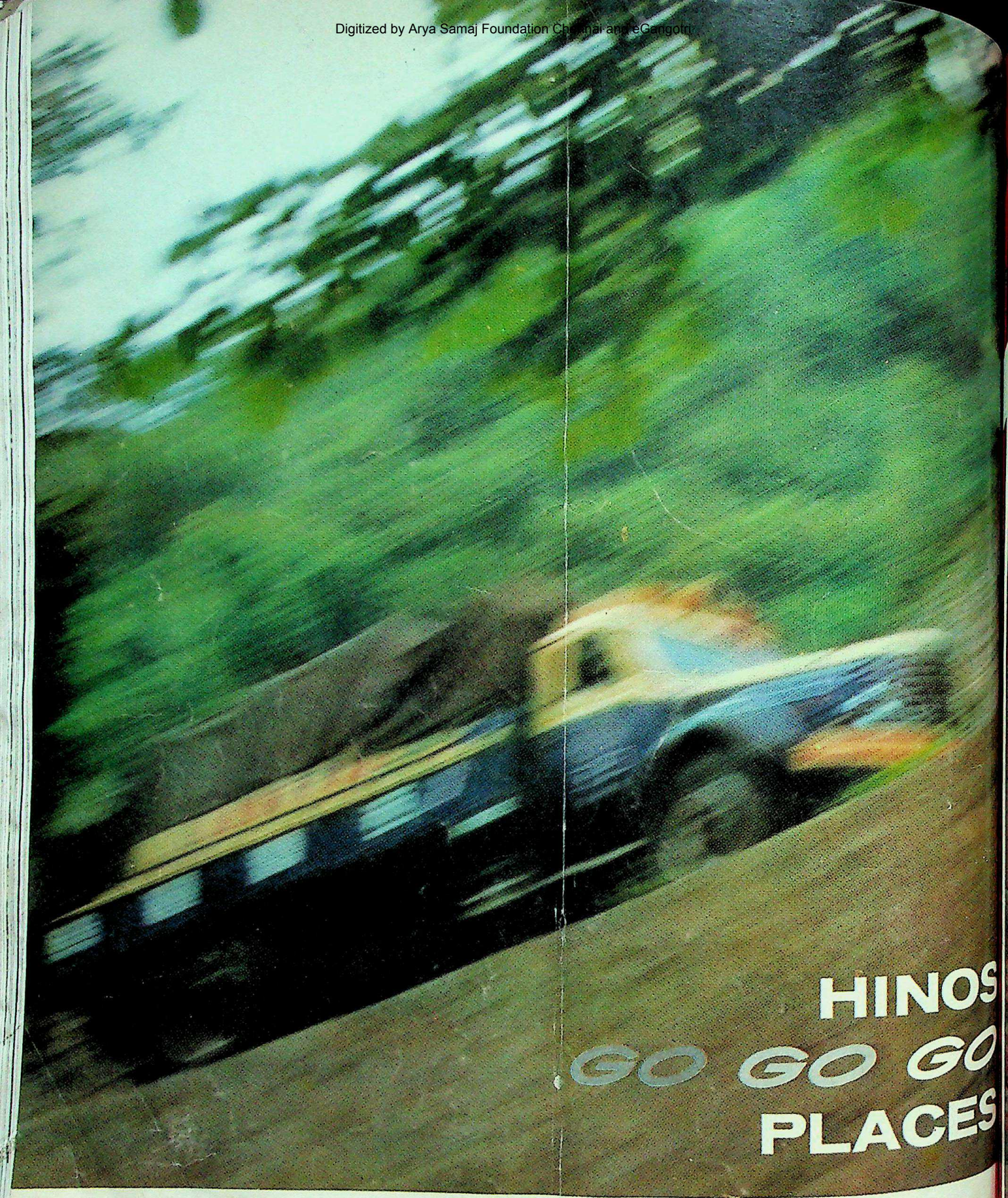

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TIME

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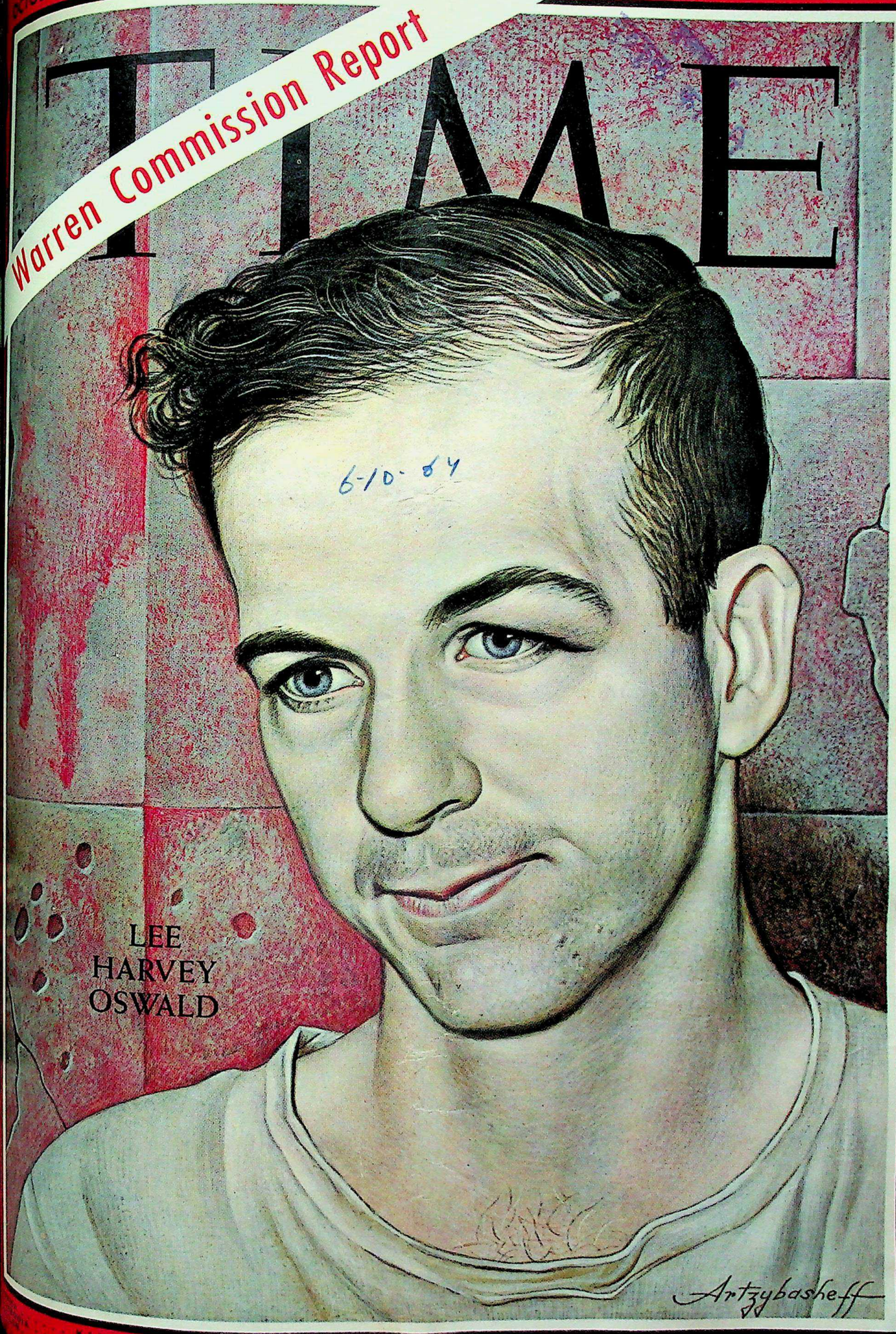

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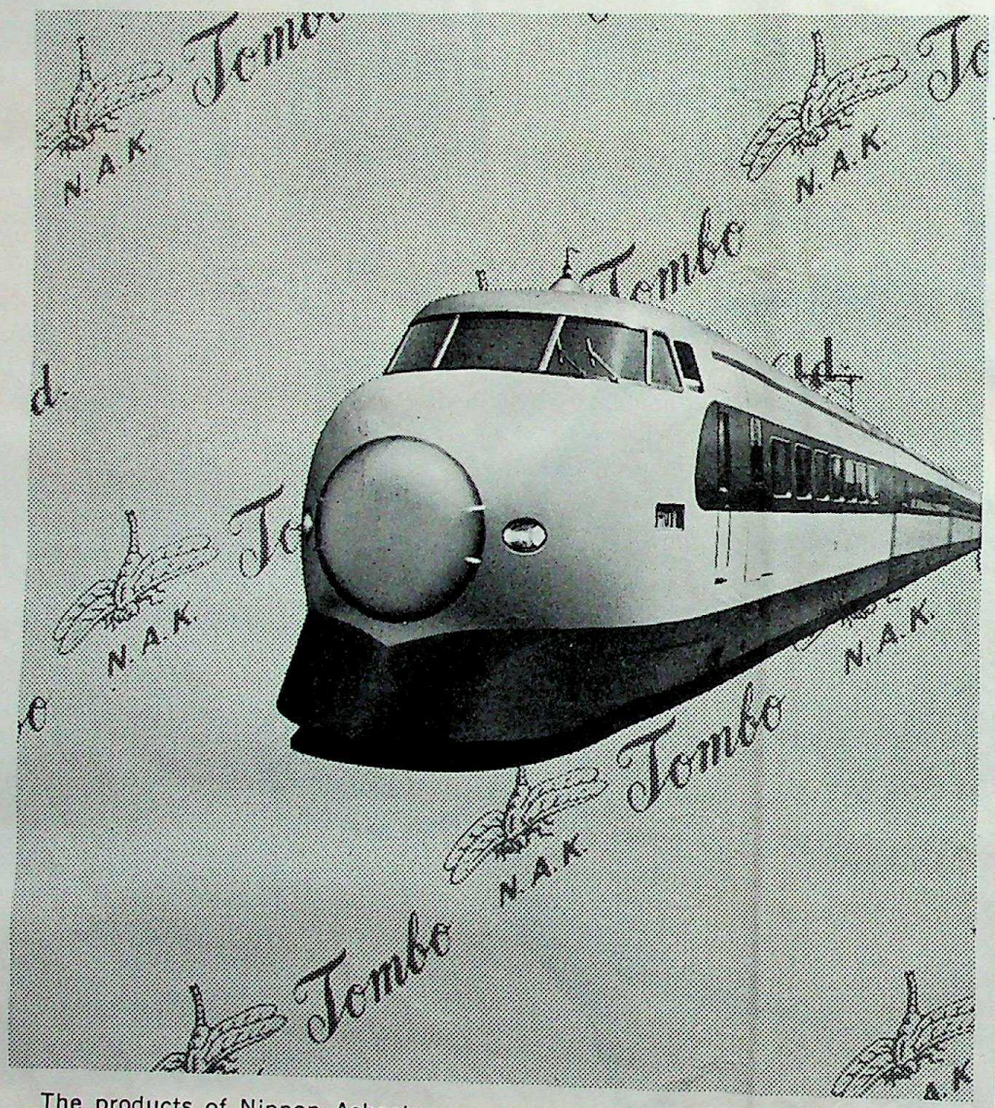

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TIME LISTINGS

TELEVISION

Wednesday, September 30

FACE THE NATION (CBS, 7:30-8 p.m.). Republican Vice-Presidential Candidate William E. Miller answers questions.

POLITICS '64 (ABC, 10:30-11 p.m.). A report on the growing strength of the Republican Party in the South.

Thursday, October 1

THE DONNA REED SHOW (ABC, 8-8:30 p.m.). Guest Stars Willie Mays, Don Drysdale and Leo Durocher appear in "Play Ball," doing just that as ringers in a baseball game between doctors and college freshmen.

KRAFT SUSPENSE THEATRE (NBC, 10-11 p.m.). Sal Mineo, Jo Van Fleet and Albert Dekker in a drama about a deaf-mute apprentice cabinetmaker who is framed for the murder of his boss.

Friday, October 2

BOB HOPE PRESENTS THE CHRYSLER THEATER (NBC, 8:30-9:30 p.m.). Fred Astaire, in his first TV musical comedy, plays a record-company owner who is trying to put a popular comedian (Louis Nye) under contract. Fred also dances.

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM (NBC, 9:30-10 p.m.). Jack, as Paul Revere, and Gisele Lucille Ball, as his wife, present their version of the real story behind Revere's midnight ride.

Sunday, October 4

DIRECTIONS '65 (ABC, 1-1:30 p.m.). A contemporary morality play, *Will the Real Jesus Christ Please Stand Up*, in which the producer of a big-budgeted Biblical spectacular auditions five costumed actors for the starring role of Jesus Christ, and must decide who best fits the part.

THE TWENTIETH CENTURY (CBS, 6-6:30 p.m.). The producers strapped a shoulder-holster camera and wireless microphone on Chicago Black Hawks Forward Stan Mikita to capture the lightning-paced action of big-league professional hockey.

Monday, October 5

90 BRISTOL COURT (NBC, 7:30-9 p.m.). Another new family-situation comedy, but this is a three-in-one, 90-minute package of interlinking stories about neighboring families in a Southern California apartment court: *Karen* stars 15-year-old Debbie Watson, with Richard Denning and Mary LaRoche as her parents and Gina Gillespie as the little sister; *Harris Against the World* has Jack Klugman in the title role and Patricia Barry as his wife; *Tom, Dick and Mary* stars Steve Franken as Dick, Joyce Bulifant as Mary, and Don Galloway as Tom. Première.

RECORDS

Chorals & Song

VERDI: REQUIEM (2 LPs; Angel). When Verdi wrote his *Requiem*, most critics complained that it was too passionate and sensuous, but one sympathizer defended him. Italians have their own emotional habits, he argued, and should be allowed to "talk to the dear Lord in the Italian language." Conductor Carlo Mario

* All times E.D.T.

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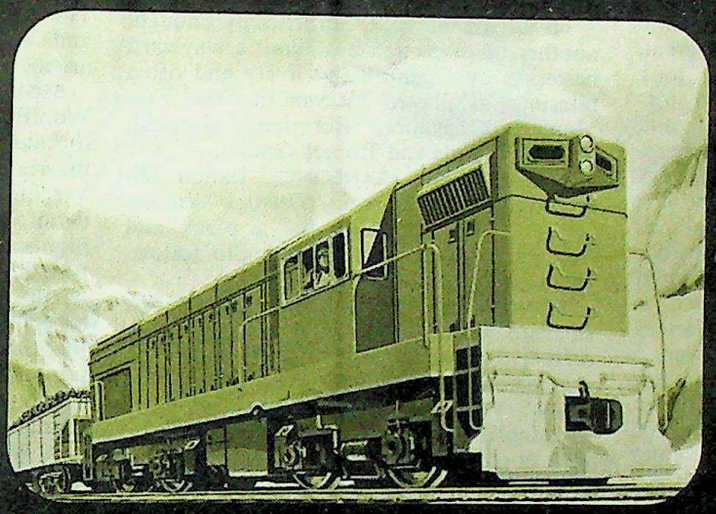
Aktieselskabet Sydvaranger*



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NEW YORK WORLD'S FAIR

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Giulini does so here, and it is unlikely that anyone could be more eloquent. He does not set the *Dies Irae* ablaze as Toscanini did, but his performance has a steady incandescence. Honors also go to London's Philharmonia Orchestra, its huge chorus, and the four soloists, Soprano Elisabeth Schwarzkopf, Tenor Nicolai Gedda, Bass Nicolai Ghiaurov, and the especially lustrous Mezzo-Soprano Christa Ludwig.

MAHLER: SONGS FROM DES KNABEN WUNDERHORN (Vanguard). In the 1890s, Mahler was so drawn to the German folk poems in the old anthology called *The Youth's Magic Horn* that he not only turned them into songs but turned the songs into symphonies. The texts are often grim or sardonic. The "tra-la-lee" in *Reveille* celebrates a roll call when "dead comrades muster," and after St. Anthony preaches to the fishes, "the carp's still a glutton, and sermon forgotten." Felix Prohaska conducts the orchestral accompaniment for the Swiss baritone, Heinz Rehfuss, and the Canadian-born contralto, Maureen Forrester, who divide the songs and the honors between them.

HAYDN: MASS IN TIME OF WAR (Deutsche Grammophon). This is the first of Haydn's six last Masses, those great, sturdy monuments of faith that look backward musically to Handel and forward to Beethoven. Rafael Kubelik and the Bavarian Radio Symphony Orchestra and Chorus perform the superb work so deliberately that it seems staid at first but builds slowly to an impressive climax in the *Agnus Dei*, with its insistent rolls of drums that give the work its popular title, the *Paukenmesse* or *Drum Mass*.

RICHARD STRAUSS: SONGS (RCA Victor). Soprano Lisa Della Casa has carved a career for herself in Strauss operas and can also confidently interpret his lieder. Here she sings *Zueignung, Ständchen,* and other songs of Strauss's youth in a voice like silver filigree. Her accompanist, Arpád Sándor, achieves the same fragile brilliance on the piano as they evoke both the dark and lighter moods of love.

THE PLAY OF HEROD (2 LPs; Decca) is a 12th century music drama reconstructed from a manuscript belonging to the French Benedictine monastery of Fleury. It begins with the archangel's announcement of the birth of Christ and ends when the holy family returns to Galilee after the slaying of the innocents. With its chanted Latin lines, the music sounds strange to 20th century ears—and might seem a trifle odd to medieval ghosts as well, for although the melodies were clearly indicated, rhythms and instruments were not. Scholars aided by a grant from the Ford Foundation prepared the work for a stunning performance at the Metropolitan Museum's Cloisters last December. The recording, also, comes alive, thanks to the musicality and dedication of Noah Greenberg and the New York Pro Musica (TIME, July 10).

OLIVIER MESSIAEN: THREE LITTLE LITURGIES OF THE DIVINE PRESENCE (Columbia). Scored for soprano chorus, strings, and a miscellany of soundmakers including a vibraphone, Chinese cymbals, gongs and the electronic instrument called Ondes Martenot, this 20-year-old work is a reminder of Messiaen's Orient-tilted talents. Like a preacher shaking his fist, the French composer uses wild, sliding sounds, surprise rhythms, and his own effusive text to insist that God is omnipresent. Leonard Bernstein keeps the Women's Chorus of the Choral Art Society and musicians from the New York Philharmonic at fever pitch.

CINEMA

TOPKAPI. Melina Mercouri and Peter Ustinov make a suspenseful jewel theft in Istanbul look like grand foolery in Director Jules Dassin's niftiest caper since *Rififi*.

THE APE WOMAN. Italian Director Marco Ferreri fashions a superb parable of man's inhumanity from this squalid tale about a fast-buck promoter who meets, marries and makes a freak show of a girl (Annie Girardot) covered from head to toe with brown silky hair.

MARY POPPINS. In Walt Disney's drollest movie in years, Julie Andrews works miracles as the rosy-cheeked young nanny who slides up bannisters and whisks the kiddies off to the airier reaches of a fantasy that offers many more lifts than lapses.

ROBINSON CRUSOE ON MARS. Based on valid speculation, this science-fiction saga imagines what might happen to a U.S. astronaut marooned on the red planet.

I'D RATHER BE RICH. Surprisingly enough, another of those mix-ups about a wayward heiress proves continually lively and often hilarious as played by Sandra Dee, with Maurice Chevalier, Hermione Gingold, Andy Williams and Robert Goulet.

SEDUCED AND ABANDONED. Italian Director Pietro Germi (*Divorce—Italian Style*) returns to Sicily for a black and bitter comedy about the imbroglio following a young girl's fall from virtue.

RHINO! An African hunt for a pair of rare white rhinos triggers a timely, scenic, instructive and highly entertaining melodrama.

GIRL WITH GREEN EYES. Britain's Rita Tushingham is cute, cunning, brassy and just about everything else that a movie actress should be in this warmly witty account of an Irish colleen's romance with an aging author (Peter Finch).

A HARD DAY'S NIGHT. The Beatles hit their nimble stride in a smooth, fresh, unexpectedly funny comedy that is the answer to a maiden's prayer, and then some.

THAT MAN FROM RIO. Jean-Paul Belmondo dodges poisoned darts and mad scientists in a wildly hilarious parody of Hollywood's next-earthquake-please epics.

THE NIGHT OF THE IGUANA. At a seedy Mexican resort, Director John Huston steers Ava Gardner, Deborah Kerr and Richard Burton through some choppy but choice sessions of group therapy derived from Tennessee Williams' drama.

BOOKS

Best Reading

VIVE MOI!, By Sean O'Faolain. The Irish novelist and essayist writes his autobiography with a candor that few writers can quite achieve in cold type. The result is a fever chart of an overworked Catholic conscience, and a collage of the scenes of an Irish childhood.

THIS GERMANY, by Rudolf Walter Leonhardt. An urbane German journalist analyzes his bustling nation and tries to explain what makes Germans one of the most admirable, and most disliked, of the world's peoples.

THE ITALIANS, by Luigi Barzini. This exuberant book focuses more on individuals than Leonhardt's sociological study of the Germans. Italian Journalist Barzini finds his countrymen self-centered, corrupt and instinctively theatrical. But, unwittingly, he celebrates their warmth, spontaneity and fierce individuality.

HERZOG, by Saul Bellow. This long-awaited novel will not quite establish Bellow in his long-reserved place in the U.S. literary pantheon. Though the writing and the characterizations are often brilliant, and each single page is a delight, Anti-Hero Herzog is too passive and mauldin to carry a plot to a wholly satisfactory conclusion.

CORRIDORS OF POWER, by C. P. Snow. Charles stalks the British Establishment again. This time his quarry is a brilliant M.P. who hitches his considerable ambitions to a controversial cause but fails to reckon with the complex motivations of both friends and enemies.

GIDEON'S TRUMPET, by Anthony Lewis. A lively account of Clarence Earl Gideon, the jailhouse lawyer who changed the law of the land, is used to animate a complex subject—the changing philosophy of the U.S. Supreme Court in the past quarter century.

THE GOLDEN BEES, by Theo Aronson. The gossipy story of *all* the Bonapartes and their clamorous pursuit of instant aristocracy.

BEGINNING AGAIN, 1911-1918, by Leonard Woolf. In the third volume of his memoirs the author writes of the early years of his marriage to the young esthete and writer Virginia Stephen. In loving but painful detail, he recounts Virginia Woolf's first flights into insanity and back, years before her great novels were published.

THE ITALIAN GIRL, by Iris Murdoch. As other unsteady Murdoch heroine walks the thin line between old rules and new temptations. She wavers, of course, to give the author another opportunity to pit human emotions against moral tradition.

A MOTHER'S KISSES, by Bruce Jay Friedman. A very funny novel about a domineering mother and her miserable teen-age son. Friedman balances bitter humor and driving obsession to create an intolerable comic style.

Best Sellers

FICTION

1. Candy, Southern and Hoffenberg (1 last week)
2. The Spy Who Came In from the Cold, Le Carré (1)
3. Julian, Vidal (5)
4. The Rector of Justin, Auchincloss (4)
5. This Rough Magic, Stewart (7)
6. You Only Live Twice, Fleming (6)
7. Armageddon, Uris (3)
8. Convention, Knebel and Bailey (9)
9. A Mother's Kisses, Friedman
10. The Man, Wallace

NONFICTION

1. Harlow, Shulman (1)
2. The Invisible Government, Wise and Ross (3)
3. A Moveable Feast, Hemingway (2)
4. A Tribute to John F. Kennedy, Salinger and Vanocur (4)
5. The Kennedy Wit, Adler (5)
6. The Italians, Barzini (7)
7. Four Days, U.P.I. and American Heritage (6)
8. Mississippi: The Closed Society, Silver (8)
9. Diplomat Among Warriors, Murphy (9)
10. Herbert Hoover, Lyons

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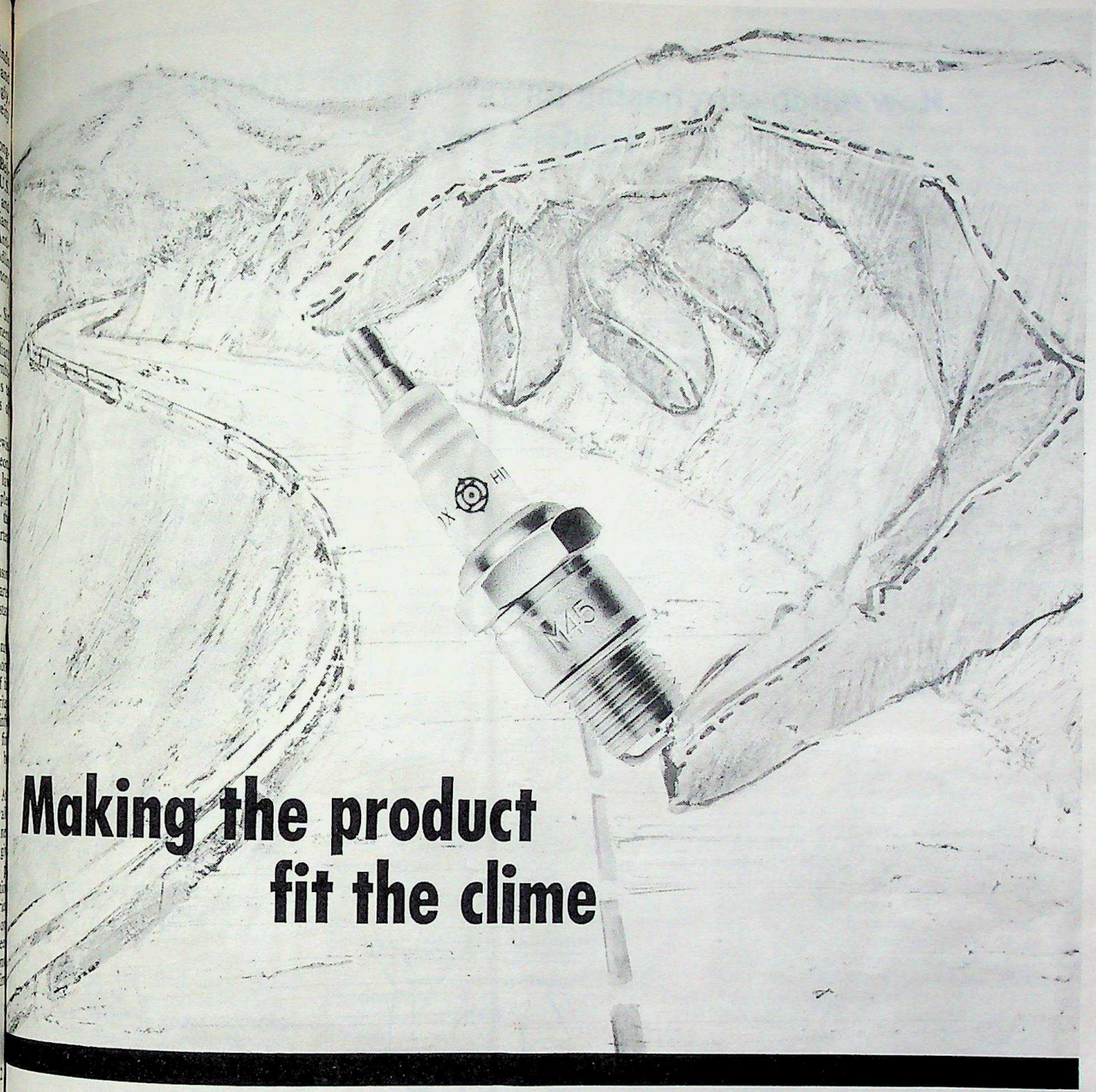

Making the product fit the clime

an is blessed (?) with a distinct four-
ason climate, with radical changes in
perature and humidity from one sea-
to the next. Japanese motorists
nd that imported spark plugs that
ked fine during one season had a
dency to foul during another. So
achi's research engineers put their
ads together to design a spark plug
t would work well all year. Their
rts resulted in a full line of plugs
marketed throughout the world un-
the trade name HALOX.

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ader heat range than similar products
give smooth performance under ali
ng conditions. What makes this pos-
le is Hitachi's unique HALOX insulator
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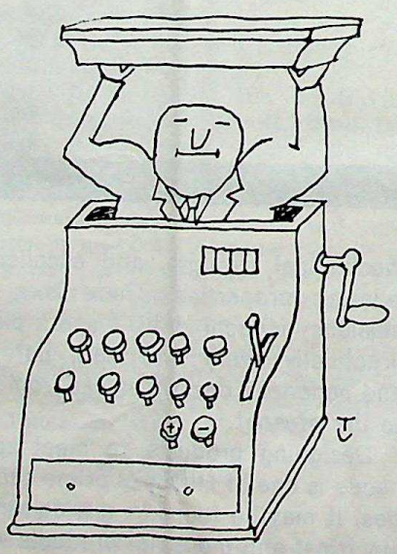

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LETTERS

The Nuclear Issue

Sir: So immune have the members of this affluent society become to the nuclear concept that in recent years, the danger of a holocaust has turned into a comfortable, abstract improbability. Your newer article [Sept. 25] may awaken the minds of those who have let partisanship blur above an awesome problem. The nuclear issue has turned into a maze of contradictions and evasions, thanks to those who have thrown it where it should have never been in the first place: in politics.

HENRI SHREM

Lynbrook, N.Y.

Sir: Your diagram of tactical nuclear weapons graphically illustrates the steps of escalation each side would inevitably be forced to take once the very smallest nuclear weapon had been used. As part of the same inexorable process, strategic weapons must follow until the "ultimate" (100-megaton?) bomb would be launched by each side still able to do it. This elementary fact must be brought home to those who still cannot grasp it.

ERIC GASTON

Jamaica, N.Y.

Sir: According to Christ, men should prefer physical death to spiritual death. According to the American electorate, it is better to choose moral corruption than run the risk of dying in a nuclear war. We have lost our sense of values.

EMIL D. CRISCITIELLO

Mount Vernon, N.Y.

Sir: The Democratic National Committee's political commercial is poetic, not political. It speaks eloquently on issues that transcend politics: survival, beauty, and the survival of beauty. In an ugly political campaign, it reminds a hypnotized people of the real cost of living.

RICHARD E. TURNER

Nacogdoches, Texas

Sir: After reading the first two paragraphs of your article on nuclear weapons, I made my decision about the election. I was made physically sick by your description of the television commercials being presented by the Democrats. These made me realize that what I had refused to believe about Lyndon Johnson was true: that he would go to any lengths to remain President, even if it meant subjecting the American people to an unprecedented hate campaign.

MRS. W. R. FELDER

New Orleans

Sir: The big question is whether Goldwater himself is fit to handle nuclear weapons. Can a man with his history of shooting off his mouth be trusted not to shoot off something worse?

JOHN F. HELLEGERS

Philadelphia

Sir: I prefer that the finger on the trigger be guided by Barry Goldwater, not a bumble-brained L.B.J.

J. R. FORBES

Hudson Falls, N.Y.

Sir: I hope Goldwater reads your article on nuclear policy and uses some of your explanations to clarify his position! At long last, I have found an article that didn't raise an emotional storm of fear against Senator Goldwater, but rather attempted to clarify the issue.

PETER B. WOOLLETT

Glendale, Calif.

Percy's Campaign

Sir: It is true that Percy's brand of Republicanism [Sept. 18] is less conservative than Goldwater's. Percy's campaign is being run on state issues, the most telling of which is the lack of leadership by Governor Kerner.

HAROLD & MOLLY BICKFORD

Crystal Lake, Ill.

Sir: Thanks be to TIME for further illuminating the brilliant, transparent career of one of the nation's most successful phonies, Charles Harting Percy.

S. B. SCHULLER

Chicago

Sir: Your story developed three or four points better than anything else I have seen thus far. Your report on Jacob Arvey's comments is the talk of the town. Your conclusion that Chuck should be rated no better than an even chance will serve as a continuing challenge to us.

TOM HOUSER
Campaign Manager
Charles H. Percy for
Governor Committee

Chicago

Sir: The statement attributed to me in the article on Charles Percy is a distortion of what I said. Your quote contains only half of the sentence. I actually said, "Otto Kerner is an awfully nice fellow, but I do wish he had some of Chuck Percy's ability in the field of public relations and promotional gimmicks."

J. M. ARVEY

Chicago

Sir: I read with interest your reference to Charles Percy's "deep, dogged idealism." Prior to the Republican Convention, Mr. Percy did not say if he supported or opposed Goldwater for the nomination because he did not want to make enemies; he only supported him after a majority of the Illinois delegates did so. Mr. Percy now supports a Republican platform that in many ways repudiates the platform he helped draft in 1960. At the Republican National Convention, he ducked the votes on the civil rights and Rockefeller amendments to the Republican platform. He says he was for a fair employment practices act because "there was a consensus in the state for it," but that he was against open occupancy because "there is no such consensus for open occupancy." We Democrats in Illinois do not regard this as "deep, dogged," or any other kind of idealism.

ADLAI E. STEVENSON III

Chicago

Chub Snubbed

Sir: Although you mentioned Governor Endicott Peabody's "fumbles" in office [Sept. 18], you failed to mention his outstanding legislative record, his dedication to the job, and his honest campaign. The people of Massachusetts can be proud of the Service Corps, the Massachusetts Bay Transit Authority, the Consumers' Council, tax cuts and housing for the elderly and the aid for education.

MANIE T. KEEFE

Boston

Barry's Forebears

Sir: It is a family tradition but not a proven fact that Senator Barry Goldwater is descended from Roger Williams, as one of your readers claimed [Sept. 18]. The family of Mrs. Baron Goldwater, the Senator's mother, definitely traces its lineage to Hurkey Williams, who lived in Brunswick County, Va., in the middle part of the 18th century. Some confusion exists about the lineage earlier than this point, for Hurkey's father sometimes has been identified as a Mr. Roger Williams who had emigrated from either Wales or Scotland to Virginia some years before.

BERT M. FIREMAN
Executive Vice President
Arizona Historical Foundation

Phoenix

The Murdered Colonel

Sir: As a prisoner of war in Germany, together with approximately 2,500 other Polish officers, I was liberated on April 1, 1945, near Borgentreich, Warburg area, by U.S. troops. This day remains full of light and happiness in my memory. The U.S. troops were mostly colored. They behaved in a profoundly human way when saving us—much better than many other people (all white) we met during later days and years. I wonder if Army Reserve Lieut. Colonel Lemuel A. Penn was one of them. I read with sorrow in your Sept. 11 issue about his death in Georgia.

W. J. ROZYCKI

Beccar, Argentina

▶ *Lieut. Colonel Penn survived combat in four major campaigns in the Pacific, but was not stationed in Europe.*—ED.

Prince Plon-Plon

Sir: As an Italian and a Piedmontese, I am deeply offended at the idea of anybody's thinking that "Prince Plon-Plon" Bonaparte was ever King of Sardinia [Sept. 18]. Princess Clotilde consented to

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AKAI

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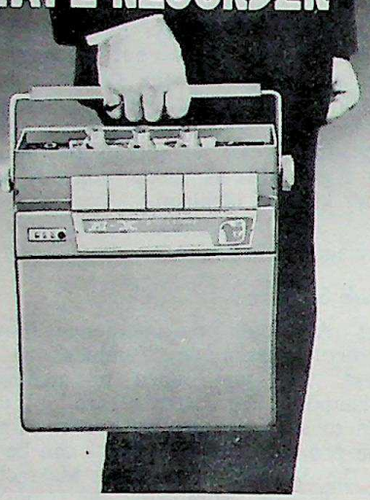

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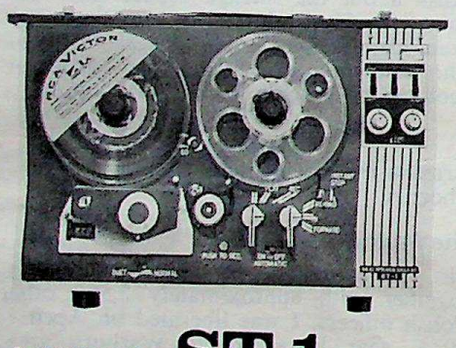

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the marriage with degenerate Plon-Plon (who was never king of anything) in order to foster the alliance of her country with France, which led to the victorious 1859 war with Austria. From the Castle of Casotto, which had previously belonged to my family, she wrote a noble letter to Prime Minister Cavour consenting to sacrifice her youth and happiness for the good of her country.

GUSTAVO GALLO-ORSI

Villa Corinna
Villanova Mondovi, Italy

Extreme Old Lady

Sir: I was unpleasantly surprised at your treatment of the death of Elizabeth Gurley Flynn, head of the U.S. Communist Party [Sept. 18]. One would think that you could produce something besides laudatory little biographical notations concerning the woman. After all, she wasn't exactly a sweet little old lady in sneakers. She was an ugly, venomous old wretch who worked for the destruction of our Government.

BARRY PARIS

Wichita, Kans.

$6.1 Billion in Exports

Sir: Your Sept. 18th article on successful U.S. efforts to step up agricultural exports was excellent. It condensed the essence of a cooperative U.S. Department of Agriculture and trade association promotion effort, which has done much to push the annual value of U.S. farm-product exports to a history-making record of $6.1 billion.

ORVILLE L. FREEMAN
Secretary

U.S. Department of Agriculture
Washington, D.C.

Electricity Costs

Sir: Terrific was your article on Donald Cook, president of American Electric Power Co. [Sept. 11]. It's an amazing job that the electric utilities have done, to continuously reduce the consumer cost of electrical energy. Don Cook is an outstanding leader in the field. Why can't Ma Bell (A.T. & T.) take a few lessons from Don Cook?

ALBERT PETERSEN

Wheatridge, Colo.

Barnum's Bear Woman

Sir: The grotesque plot of *The Ape Woman* [Sept. 18] has precedent in fact. Julia Pastrana, the Mexican "Bear Woman," exhibited by P.T. Barnum, married a man named Lent; after her death, he had her embalmed and exhibited the remains. Barnum tells of this in an 1877 letter to Professor Duhring, the famous American dermatologist.

JAMES T. VAIL JR., M.D.

St. Clair Shores, Mich.

Fake Doctor

Sir: Re Impostor Novak [Sept. 18]: the only justice, in my opinion, for this crime would be four years' hard labor at the medical school of his choice, or until graduation from a medical sch ol. Anything less would penalize not only Thomas Novak, but the society in which he lives.

KENNETH SEUBERT

Buffalo, N.Y.

Natural Childbirth

Sir: No longer will women be satisfied with the curt denouncements by the uninformed doctor, who dismisses all inquiries with a smirk or a flat statement that nat-uralists are masochistic [Sept. 25]. Your fine coverage of a subject close to the hearts of all who know and use the Lamaze method is appreciated.

(MRS.) MARIE LYNESS LORELLO, R.N.

Philadelphia

Sir: I ran across *Thank You, Doctor Lamaze*, by Marjorie Karmel, just eleven days before the birth of my third child. I religiously practiced the exercises it suggested and enjoyed a delivery free of discomfort. It was a tremendous experience. Even more important, my husband was also permitted to witness his baby's birth, thus making it what it should be—a satisfying experience for both parents.

MRS. ROBERT GERBER

Milwaukee

Raus mit Rauschenberg

Sir: Enough is enough is enough! Rauschenberg and all others like him who leave their droppings like undisciplined banal characters in the arena of contemporary art should not be given the presstige inherent in a color spread of TIME. Most artists anticipate your articles, but are becoming very irritated with these so-called "experiments."

PATRICK J. YESH

Detroit

Professional Fund Raisers

Sir: When the Rev. Theodore Palmer [Sept. 4] says, "Our people don't like to give when they know that 10% of the money will go to professionals," he is suggesting that hosts of dedicated churchmen, including workers and givers, are victims of fraud. Our latest survey of 63 campaigns conducted by members of this association alone demonstrates that the total costs of fund raising, including professional counseling fees, are well below the alleged 10% for fees alone, showing in fact a median of 2.6%. Please do not denigrate the tradition of voluntary action for which true professional fund-raising counsel provides experienced and economical know-how.

ELDREDGE HILLER
Executive Director

The American Association of
Fund-Raising Counsel, Inc.
New York City

That Old Jinx

Sir: As most baseball players are superstitious by nature, I was surprised to see Hank Bauer's picture on your cover [Sept. 11]. Doesn't he know that a cover picture on TIME is a jinx? He can never win the pennant this year.

HAROLD R. SORKIN, D.D.S.

Syosset, N.Y.

▶ *'Tain't necessarily so. Among TIME's recent and unjinxed cover sportsmen: Jack Nicklaus (June 29, 1962); Vince Lombardi (Dec. 21, 1962); Cassius Clay (March 22, 1963); Roger Staubach (Oct. 11, 1963).*—ED.

Sir: I sure felt good when my doctor told me right before he operated on my arm that I had made TIME. I am the lady who dislocated her shoulder and had to go to the hospital. It was June 24th, in the 8th inning. I raised my arm up, started yelling—and couldn't get it down. All the Oriole boys autographed a ball and a cast for me. I hope we make it. The pennant, I mean.

(MRS.) FLORENCE WINTERLING

Baltimore

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TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

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OCTOBER 2, 1964

A letter from the PUBLISHER

Bernhard M. Auer

THERE could be little doubt of Oswald's guilt," wrote TIME two weeks after President Kennedy's assassination, and continued, "Lee Oswald was plainly a man of demonic frustrations and fanaticisms." Most of the U.S. press shared that conclusion, but the major job of reporting then shifted from journalists to the members of the Warren Commission. By the time Mrs. Marina Oswald testified, it had become even clearer that, as TIME said, "there was no dark conspiracy . . . no plot." This week the Warren report massively confirmed these views.

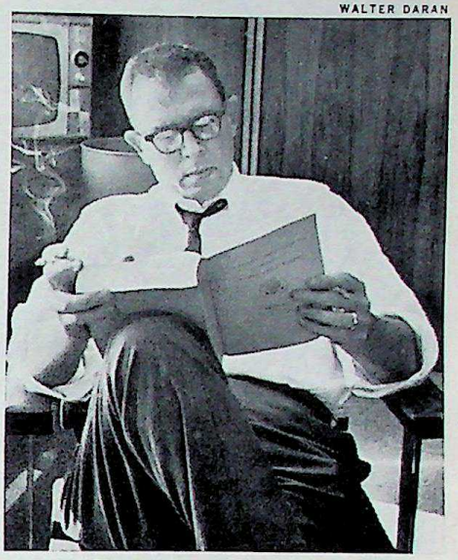
While printing presses ran day and night to reprint the full document in various editions, our job was different: we went to work to excerpt the report, cull its most significant detail, and summarize its meaning in a special nine-page section.

•

The task began on Friday morning, 54 hours before the report's official release and less than 36 hours before this issue was to go to press. In the Indian Treaty Room of Washington's old Executive Office Building, advance copies were being handed out to the press from three pushcarts. Near the head of the line that had formed was John Brown, a messenger working for TIME's Washington Bureau. He placed ten copies in a suitcase and headed for the airport. Less than two hours later, copies were turned over to a team assigned to prepare the special section—Nation Editor Champ Clark, Writers Marshall Loeb and William Johnson, Researchers Harriet Heck and Pat Gordon. They closed their doors and started reading the nearly 300,000 words.

About seven hours later, they were ready for a dinner conference with TIME's managing editor. The entire section was written, edited, checked and in type not long after our usual press time on Saturday night. Weary Editor Clark and his colleagues found the project both exciting and haunting, for it revived the tragic happenings of last November with extraordinary immediacy.

WALTER DARAN



EDITOR CLARK & REPORT

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Whenever TIME's cover presents an unsavory or criminal character, a few of our readers protest—and probably will again this week. This sentiment was typified when we ran a cover on Caryl Chessman, the convicted kidnaper and sex offender who had become the center of a major legal dispute over capital punishment. A reader then wrote: "How could you glorify such a despicable criminal?" Similar thoughts were expressed about Lee Oswald when TIME did a cover story on his wife. We acknowledge the readers' feelings that to be on TIME's cover is a distinction quite different from being in a newspaper headline. And in most cases, our cover subjects have achieved importance by the good they have done. But there are those who achieve importance by doing evil, and neither the journalist nor the historian can ignore them. Lee Oswald is on TIME's cover not to be "glorified," but to be examined and judged as a protagonist in a historical event.

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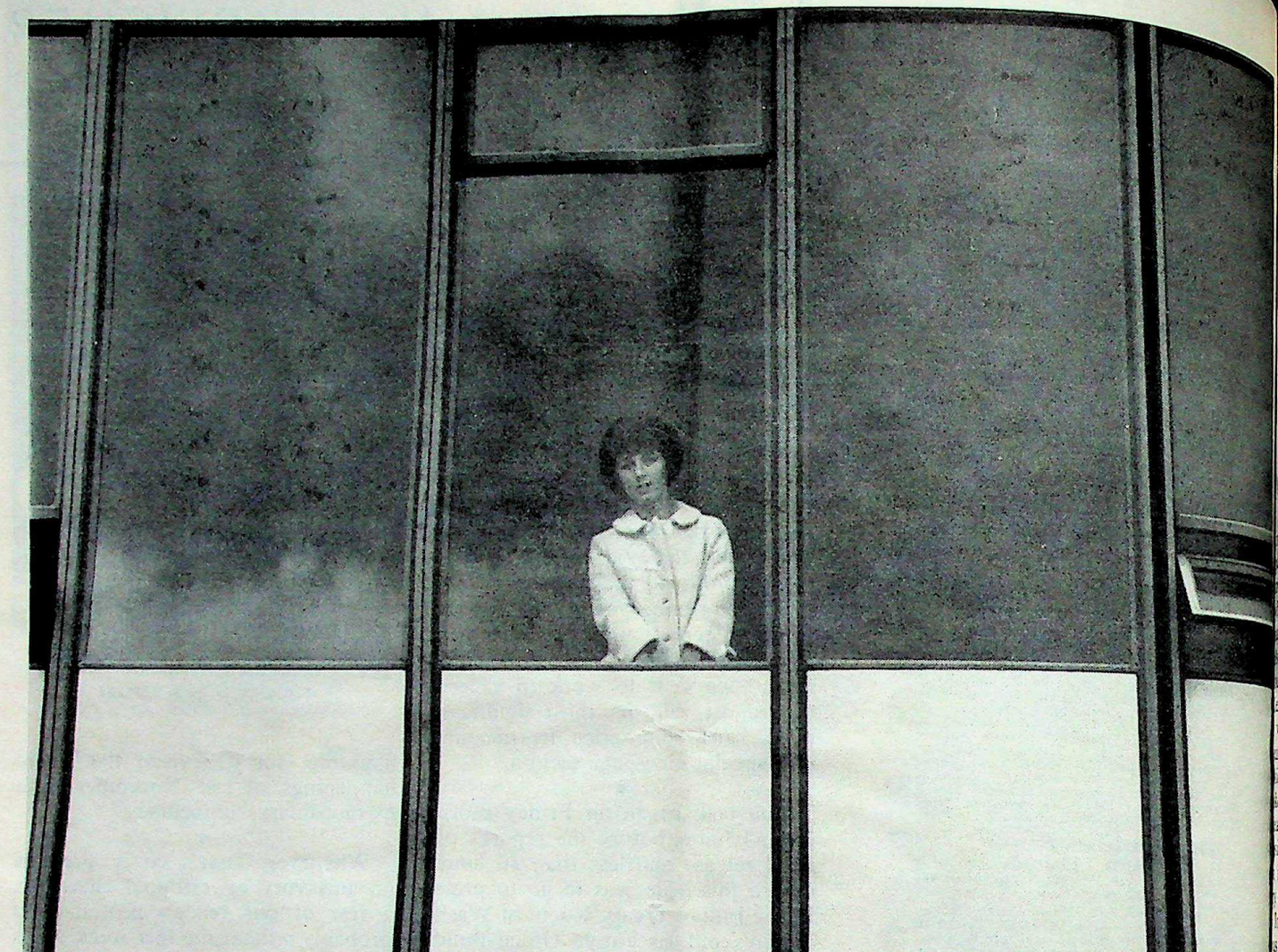
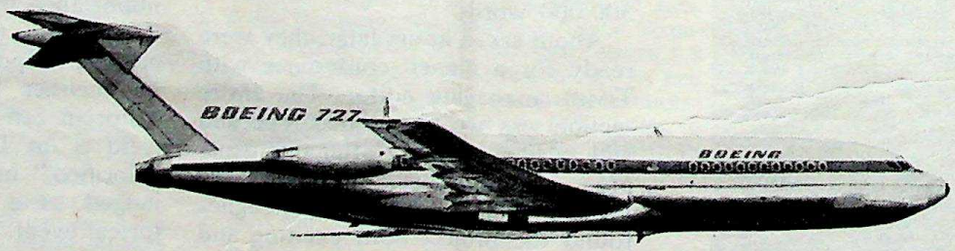


If the only thing you hate about a business trip is saying goodbye to your wife,



take her with you.

She'll enjoy the swift, quiet ride in a Boeing jetliner as much as you do. The whole trip, in fact, will be more fun.

You'll be sharing the enriching experiences of travel together. This is a significant added dimension —one that can turn a routine business trip into a mutually rewarding travel adventure.

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Now flying Boeing jets: *Air Afrique, Air Algerie, Air Congo, Air France, Air-India, Air Madagascar, All Nippon, American, Avianca, BOAC, Braniff, BWIA, Continental, Eastern, El Al, Ethiopian, Iberia, Irish, LIA, Lufthansa, Nigeria, Northeast, Northwest, Pacific Northern, Pakistan, Pan American, TAP, TWA, Sabena, Saudi Arabian, South African, Swissair, United, Varig, Western, World.* Later: *Ansett-ANA, JAL, National, Pacific Southwest, TAA (Australia).*

BOEING Jetliners

LONG-RANGE 707 • MEDIUM-RANGE 720 • SHORT-RANGE 727

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TIME
THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE
October 2, 1964 Vol. 84, No. 14

THE U.S.

THE CAMPAIGN

What Kind of Madness?

With the publication of the absorbing fact-filled Warren Commission report, the U.S. this week harked back to the still vivid day last November when John F. Kennedy was assassinated. In a campaign year, the mood also stirred memories of the hard-fought 1960 election that sent Jack Kennedy to the White House. It was a vigorous, meaningful campaign that cut not merely for the famous television debates, but for hard questions asked and swiftly answered, issues early staked out and hotly debated, position papers, policy speeches, and real intellectual challenge in almost every accusation.

In other words, the campaign of 1960 was a good deal different from that of 1964. At first, several significant issues seemed likely to emerge in this year's campaign. There was civil rights, for example, but its real importance was quickly lost in an emotionally charged fight about "law and order" and "white backlash." There was the nuclear-control issue, but Lyndon Johnson has helped it die by refusing to answer Goldwater's questions about it. There is Viet Nam, but it takes two to debate, and Lyndon just hasn't been in a debating mood.

PAUL SCHUTZER—LIFE

KENNEDY & NIXON BEFORE FIRST DEBATE
Thrust and counterthrust.

Schoolyard Tactics. The fact is that the campaign, though it originally gave promise of developing into an exciting confrontation between two sharply differing philosophies, has since degenerated instead into little more than a contest between two sharply differing personalities. There is almost none of the usual election-year exchange of thrust and counterthrust, charge and countercharge over really substantial issues. Instead, there is invective and counter-invective.

The campaign has become so vituperative, in fact, that South Dakota's Republican Karl Mundt, himself a notable rough-and-tumble campaigner and a strong Barry Goldwater partisan, rose in the Senate last week to decry its "low-level, schoolyard" tactics. Complained Mundt: "What kind of madness is upon us? Ignoramus, crook, warmonger, demagogue, trigger-happy, vote-thief—these are some of the terms we hear booted about by candidates for President of the greatest country in the world." But there is still time, he said, "to restore some degree of dignity and decency."

The Essentials. So far neither candidate has shown much inclination toward that end, and there are other facts working against it. Each man by now has attracted a considerable following that desperately wants him to win and doesn't much care how or for what reasons. These voters run the gamut from those who think Johnson will usher in Communism to those who feel just as strongly that Goldwater will provoke war. The other fact is that Johnson is so far ahead in all the polls that very few people feel a serious debate would make any difference anyway. Even Goldwater's top aides agree with national polls that show their man running about 30% to Johnson's 60%. "We have only one direction to move in," said Barry, "and that's up. We can't go any lower."

As it is, countless votes will likely be cast not so much for Lyndon Johnson as against Barry Goldwater. It is possible that the landslide will be enormous, but it is also probable that the presidency will be somewhat soiled and diminished for having been won in an indifferent and disappointing campaign.

UPI

L.B.J. IN ATLANTIC CITY*
Invective and counter-invective.

Promises & Punches

In Atlantic City one day last week, Campaigner Lyndon Johnson gazed happily into the faces of 3,500 shouting, stomping members of the United Steelworkers Union who had just endorsed him unanimously. When the ruckus subsided, Lyndon took off on his familiar specialty: a recital of his Administration's accomplishments and of better things to come.

It started out in predictable, above-the-battle tones. Nobody ever had it so good, he said, ticking off the latest bench marks of prosperity. September was the 43rd month of economic expansion: employment stood at an impressive 70 million. He promised to give the economy still another shot in the arm by cutting excise taxes next year; he reaffirmed his stand on medicare, on increases in the minimum wage and unemployment compensation.

"A Raving Demagogue." Then, for the first time since the campaign began, the President climbed down from the battle's summit and made for Barry in language that, to his own credit, he had eschewed in the past. "We will do all these things," he cried, "because we

* With Steelworkers President David McDonald.

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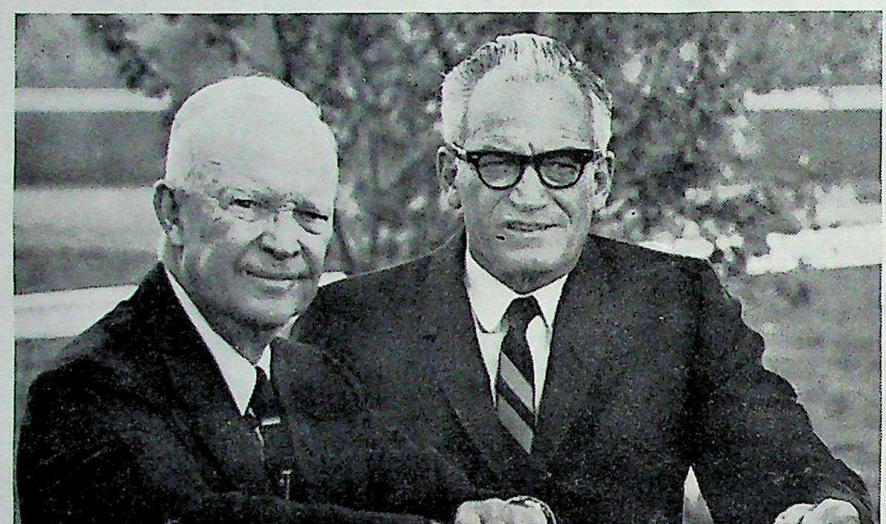
love people instead of hate them; because we have faith in America, not fear of the future; because you are strong men of vision instead of frightened crybabies; because you know it takes a man who loves his country to build a house instead of a raving, ranting demagogue who wants to tear down one! Beware of those who fear and doubt and those who rave and rant about the dangers of progress!"

Again, speaking before a meeting of the International Union of Electrical Workers in Washington, Lyndon kept punching. "Americans," he said, "are not presented with a choice of parties. Americans are not presented with a choice of liberalism and conservatism. Americans are faced with a concerted bid for power by factions which oppose all that both parties have supported. It is a choice between the center and the fringe, between the responsible mainstream of American experience and the reckless and rejected extremes of American life."

Now, climbing back to his nonpartisan perch, Lyndon waxed spiritual. "We know not what may be God's will," he said. "But his course is to do justice, to love mercy, and to walk humbly. I would like to feel, as I leave this room and return to the lonely acres that are surrounded by a big, black iron fence, that whatever I do, wherever I go, wherever my decision may lead us, I will have your prayers and your support."

Have Problems, Will Travel. At week's end, the President was off on a prop-stopping trip that took him to Oklahoma, Arkansas and finally Texas. In El Paso, Johnson met Mexican President Adolfo López Mateos for ceremonies marking the settlement of the longstanding El Chamizal border dispute between Mexico and the U.S. (TIME, July 26, 1963). The two men exchanged international pleasantries. But Johnson's speech was directed back home as well as around the world.

"The Presidents of the last 20 years," he said, "have all been willing to go anywhere, to talk to anyone, to discuss any subject, if their efforts could strengthen freedom and advance the peace of the world. And I pledge you here today I will go to any remote corner of the world to meet anyone, any time, to promote freedom and to promote peace." Almost as Johnson spoke, German Chancellor Ludwig Erhard was saying in Bonn that he hoped the American President would travel to Germany after Nov. 3 to discuss the problems of the Western Alliance and the possibility of a multination summit meeting. It appeared that Lyndon Johnson might have just such a trip in mind.



BARRY & IKE AT GETTYSBURG

On camera, some pasture fence politicking.

Images & Oratory

While leaden skies drip rain, a twin-engine Convair rolls up the ramp at the Albany, N.Y., airport. Out step Barry Goldwater and Wife Peggy. There to greet them are Governor Nelson Rockefeller and his wife, Happy. The overheard conversation:

Peggy: Well, Mr. Governor. Nice to see you.

Rocky: Welcome to Albany.

Barry: Sorry we're late.

Rocky: Listen, we're just glad you're here.

Barry: Well, thank you. How do you do, Mrs. Rockefeller?

Rocky: We're sure glad to have you.

Happy: Sorry you didn't get here in time to come to the house.

With that, the Rockefellers and the Goldwaters were off to a political rally where Rocky affably introduced Barry as "one of the most dedicated, hard-working, courageous members of the Republican Party." Barry responded in kind, told the audience of 5,000 that "all across this country, we look to this state with envy for the Governor you have."

Goldwater, of course, was doing his bit for party unity; he even implored New Yorkers to vote for Incumbent Senator Kenneth Keating, notwithstanding the fact that Republican Keating has so far not returned the compliment. Barry's fleeting sojourn in New York, in fact, pointed up his effort last week to smooth the jagged edges of his public image.

Earlier in the week he made a flying trip to Dwight Eisenhower's Gettysburg farm to tape a paid party television with Ike. While cameras whirred, the two leaned over a pasture fence and talked about the campaign. Then they moved on into a rambling discussion of presidential power, the dangers of centralized government, foreign policy and NATO. Toward the end, Barry mentioned his No. 1 political headache. What did Ike think about charges that Barry and Running Mate Bill Miller are trigger-happy warmongers? "Well, Barry," said Ike, "in my mind this is actual tommyrot. Now, you know about war, you've been through one. I'm older than you, I've been in more. But, I tell you, no man that knows anything about war is going to be reckless about this."

"Yo-Yo." But lest anyone mistake image-polishing for softness on Democrats, Goldwater rolled up his oratorical sleeves and walloped away with vengeance. In Charlotte, N.C., he likened Lyndon Johnson to a dictator of despotic power, and in Odessa, Texas, to Neville Chamberlain. Over and over he linked Johnson and Defense Secretary Robert McNamara as a team that seemed devoted to the ruination of the country.

Speaking before the American Legion convention in Dallas, Barry proposed that "Yo-Yo" McNamara ("who keeps going down there to Viet Nam and coming back") "must be charged with mistake after mistake in evaluating the intentions of Communism. His efforts to turn the Defense Department into a Disarmament Department, his participation in the massive misevaluation of Soviet intentions, which led to the Cuban missile crisis, are parts of the indictment on this score."

In Amarillo, Barry snorted: "They call me trigger-happy. The most trigger-happy man in America is Yo-Yo. He got us into a war in Viet Nam and didn't tell us about it." In the same speech, Barry ripped into Johnson's talk about Viet Nam. "To become recklessly involved as we've become, in charge, is dereliction of this Administration. And so far we have no answer —we have no statement to the American people." His voice rising to a shout, Barry added: "If the President wants the unity he speaks about, let him be honest to the American people and quit lying to us!"

Peter. Goldwater saved his more sardonic powers to describe his opinions on affairs in Washington. He jeered at

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the presidential use of "bureaucratic lackeys" and "even buildings" to speak for him: "We keep hearing that the White House announces, or that the Pentagon says such and such. The Pentagon talks so much that I've suggested to be given a name like Peter Pentagon." And as for Bobby Baker, said Barry, "we have a new measure in Washington. It's called the Baker's dozen. They give you 13 and you kick back two."

On the Receiving End

In the give-and-take of partisan politics, New York's tart-tongued G.O.P. vice-presidential candidate, Bill Miller, usually gives a lot more than he gets. But last week, as Miller swept along a 931-mile trail through Indiana, Iowa, South Dakota, Montana, Idaho, Utah, Oregon, California, New Mexico and Colorado, he found himself on the receiving end for a change, fending off a volley of charges.

No Secret? One was leveled by Mississippi's former Democratic Congressman Frank Smith. In 1951 or 1952, Smith said, Miller offered to get him a $400-to-$500 monthly "public relations" retainer from a company with which Miller was associated. At that time, Smith happened to be a member of a House subcommittee that was considering a bill, co-sponsored by Miller, dealing with private development of Niagara Falls power. Miller never actually mentioned the bill, said Smith, but after he voted against it, he never heard another word from Miller about the retainer. "It took quite some time for the thing to sink in that this had been some kind of direct lobbying," said Smith. Miller has denied that he had ever offered Smith "$5 or 5¢."

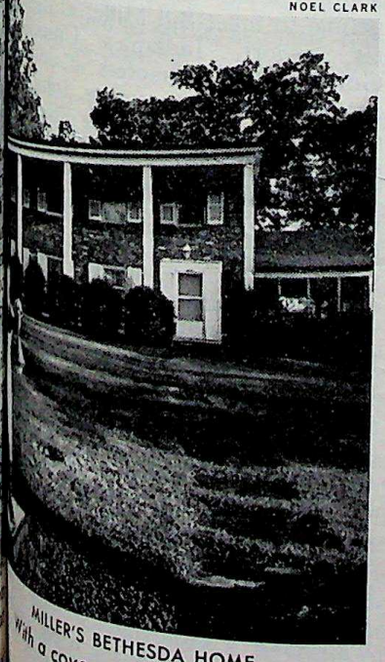
Then there was the disclosure that Miller has been a $7,500-a-year director and assistant secretary of the Lockport (N.Y.) Felt Co. throughout his 14-year career in Congress, and has been taken at least twice on the House floor to task for not disclosing adversely affecting the felt industry. "It's never been a secret," protested Miller. But he never exactly broadcast it around town either. For the fact is that few—if any—of his colleagues were aware of his official connection with the company when he was defending its interests in Congress. In addition, Miller owns $27,500 worth of stock in Lockport Holdings, Ltd., a Canadian-based outfit in which Lockport Felt has substantial interests.

Utter Contempt. Another unkind cut was delivered by the Republican but anti-Goldwater New York Herald Tribune. In an article on Miller's career, the Trib disputed the claim made in his official biography that he "played a major role in the prosecution of Nazi war criminals during the famous trials at Nürnberg." Actually, Miller spent only four months with the War Crimes Office, performed nothing more major than examining captured war documents. Said Miller lamely: "I never claimed I was one of the trial lawyers."

On one issue, however, Miller saved himself from the kind of attack that can never be completely countermanded. He announced that the deed to his $60,000 Bethesda, Md., home had been subject to an anti-Negro covenant before he owned it. He bought the house ten years after the Supreme Court's 1948 decision voiding all such clauses. This was entirely different from the situation he had publicized in Austin, Texas, where an anti-Negro clause was inserted in the deed to property Lyndon and Lady Bird sold three years before the Supreme Court decision.

Miller described the attacks as "a typical Democratic operation. The Justice Department, the Army, the Internal Revenue Service, and every other bureau of Government are doing nothing these days except trying to investigate Senator Goldwater and myself. They're trying to get me off Humphrey and Johnson and make me defend myself for the rest of the campaign. I will not be diverted into a waste of time answering sleazy, unsubstantiated smears." Added Barry Goldwater: "Bill Miller's honesty is beyond reproach. The smears against him have my utter contempt."

NOEL CLARK



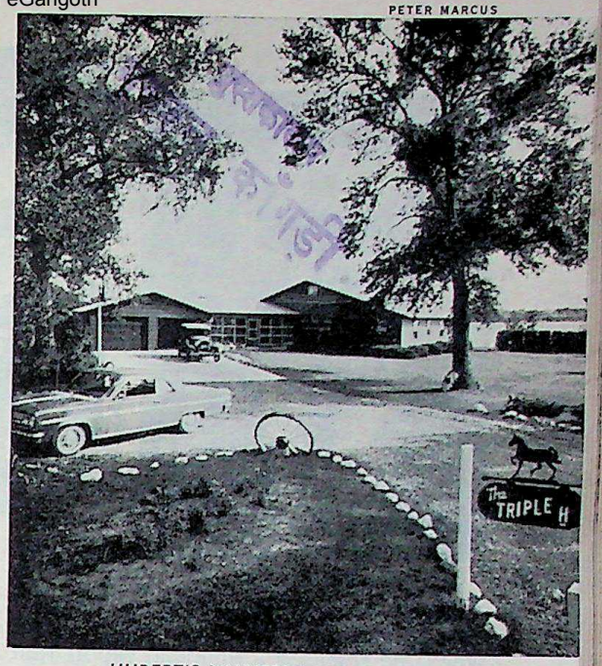
MILLER'S BETHESDA HOME
With a covenant from the past.

On the Short End

Hubert Humphrey's twelve-car motorcade was zipping across the Brooklyn Bridge one afternoon last week when suddenly the phone began to ring in the communications car ahead of him. The caller was—well, who else would telephone somebody in the middle of Brooklyn Bridge? Hubert ordered the procession to a halt when he got off the bridge, rushed up to the phone for a four-minute chat. "We had a great day," he beamed, "a terrific day here in New York, Mr. President."

Carrying the Burden. Lyndon Johnson really needn't have worried about how his running mate was faring in the big city. Stumping three of New York's five boroughs (Manhattan, Brooklyn, Queens), Hubert sat beside Democratic

PETER MARCUS



HUBERT'S WAVERLY HOME
With $100 in hand.

Senatorial Candidate Bobby Kennedy in an open red convertible, drew the biggest crowds he has yet seen. Bobby, with his appeal to the Robert-sox and hair-curler sets, had a lot to do with that, but Hubert drew his share of applause.

Best of all were the lunch-hour throngs in midtown Manhattan. Swinging onto Fifth Avenue, Humphrey and Kennedy were stalled for 15 minutes by a tumultuous turnout rivaling the one that greeted John Kennedy in 1960. It took 80 minutes to inch 25 blocks to the Seagram Building, where Hubert lunched with $1,000-a-year Democratic contributors at the elegant Four Seasons restaurant. Hubert just couldn't resist slowing things down even more by halting the motorcade several times to harangue the crowds through a portable loudspeaker. "This is perfect Democratic weather," he jubilated. "The sun is high! The sky is clear!"

Grasping the Opportunity. Through the week Humphrey carried the burden of infighting and partisanship to which he had been assigned. In Chicago, he accepted an enormous, imitation monkey wrench from the Plumbers Union, promised that he would use it "to put the screws on the Republicans." During a three-city swing through Indiana, he derided Barry Goldwater's view of freedom as "the freedom to remain uneducated or ignorant, the freedom to be sick, the freedom to stay unemployed, the freedom to be hungry. Some philosophy! Some freedom!" Reacting to G.O.P. charges that his longtime association with the Americans for Democratic Action marks him as a dangerous liberal, he described the A.D.A. as a patriotic outfit whose enemies are "Communists, Birchites, and a few misinformed Republicans."

Again and again, Hubert argued that "opportunity is the theme of this Administration." As a matter of fact, he himself was a splendid example of opportunity well grasped. Early in the

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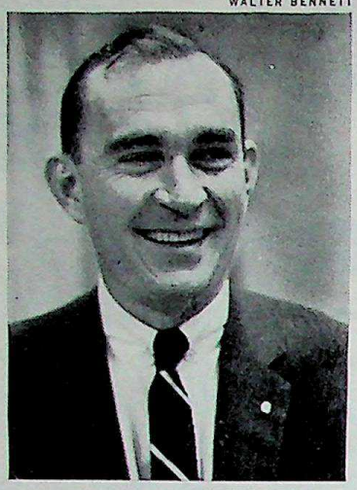
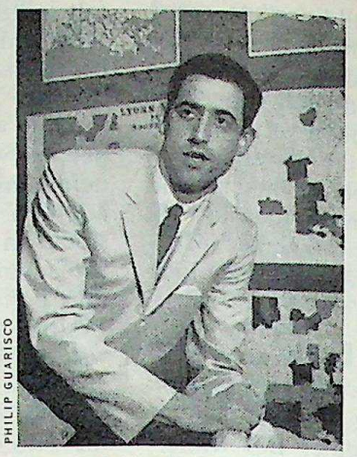

WALTER BENNETT

CHAIRMAN BURCH

JO MOORE STEWART

IOWA ENTHUSIASTS


PHILIP GUARISCO

LOUISIANA'S ELLIS

CALIFORNIA'S BRE

The gun is cocked—but where's the ammunition?

week, he released a financial report that showed him to be worth $171,396. That left him a poor fourth behind the other candidates, but it still was a comfortable sum for the son of a Depression-plagued druggist. Apart from houses worth $36,000 in Chevy Chase, Md., and $28,000 in Waverly, Minn., and assorted Government and corporate securities worth $86,302, Hubert listed $6,215 in a checking account, $1,026 in two savings accounts, $3,900 invested in his father's Huron, S. Dak., pharmacy and "approximately $100" in hand.

It wasn't much, compared with the other candidates, but as Hubert said, "There'll be enough to take care of Mother."

REPUBLICANS

Looking for a Break

"What you do is build a good organization and then wait for a break," explained energetic John Grenier, executive director of the national Goldwater-Miller campaign. "That's what the Kennedys did in 1960, and when their break came—after the first TV debate—they were ready for it. There are breaks in any election. If you're organized, if you've got a good team, when the hole comes along you can go through like gangbusters."

A really big break is obviously what Barry Goldwater badly needs if he is to become President. And in Washington a team of tough tacticians, personally hand-picked by Barry to run the Republican National Committee, has developed a taut organization far better prepared to capitalize on the breaks than any G.O.P. team since the one that rushed Dwight Eisenhower into the presidency in 1952. "We're ready," says National Chairman Dean Burch. "The gun is cocked, and we can handle any political ammunition we get."

Every Sunday, in downtown Washington's Cafritz Building, Burch convenes a steering committee that includes Campaign Director Denison Kitchel and such experienced political pros as New York's Len Hall, Ohio's Ray Bliss and California's Bill Knowland, to review and plot progress. They study polls, preview ad drives, advise on policy, and discuss what to do about the chronic shortage of campaign funds. Already, the top advisers have analyzed past election returns in sufficient detail to assign every county in the U.S. (total: 3,131) a quota of Goldwater votes to deliver. Their three-phase plan for precinct-level activity: 1) canvass every household for Goldwater votes, 2) help those voters get to the polls, 3) watch the polling places so as to be sure that the votes are tallied accurately.

Saints & Sinners. Out where those votes are, local Goldwater organizations generally have far more volunteers to get the job done than the G.O.P. could muster in 1960. Nowhere are these torrid troops used more effectively than in the South, where Republican organizations are now far more efficient than the long-complacent Democratic groups there. In New Orleans, Texan LeRoy Ellis, 29, plots Goldwater strategy for Louisiana in a "war room" covered with 13 maps pegging population growth and political patterns in every parish. His precinct workers have assembled 600,000 IBM cards containing the name and address of every Louisiana urban voter, all of whom will be reached this month, either in person or from 50-telephone "boiler rooms," in order to determine their party, sex, age, occupation and race. That information, punched on the cards, will be riffled through just before the election to turn up the most likely Goldwater voters.

Tennessee Republicans expect to employ 20,000 volunteers to reach virtually all of the state's 1,100,000 voters. Under North Carolina's Republican Chairman J. Herman Saxon, G.O.P. registration in his state has jumped 100,000 in the past 18 months. In Florida's Duval County, Republicans already have canvassed half of the 148 precincts to tag voters as either "saints" (Republicans), "savables" (shaky Democrats) or "sinners" (unshakable Democrats). Tulsa Republicans, who had only 51 precinct workers for Nixon four years ago, now have 1,300 signed up.

The Goldwater drive is generally well organized, too, in the Rocky Mountain states, where most regular party officials were pro-Goldwater well before San Francisco. Under red-haired Los Angeles Lawyer Bernard Brennan, Goldwater has a strong organization in California, which turned out 15,000 workers in Los Angeles alone for the state primary. Brennan expects to field 200,000 Barry-hustlers throughout the state in November. Similarly, the party has developed strong cadres in Washington, Arizona, Minnesota, Connecticut, Iowa, Delaware and Wisconsin.

Lost in Translation. In much of the rest of the nation, however, those neat lines on national headquarters organizational charts do not translate into efficiency at the state level. There are great gaps in organization in New York, New Jersey and Pennsylvania. Predictably, Goldwater Republicans have only sputtering organizations in most of New England. In the traditionally safe Midwest, they are suffering to a surprising degree. The best a Goldwater director can say of the Kansas area is that "we've seen a switch from general carping about everything to constructive bitching." An all-day telephone drive in South Dakota got out fewer than 1,000 people to meet Bill Miller at the Minneapolis airport. Indiana's Citizens for Goldwater has chapters in only about half of the state's counties. John Kennedy had a stronger Citizens group in conservative Nebraska than Goldwater has today. Illinois Republicans are working hard for Gubernatorial Candidate Charles Percy, but liaison with Goldwater forces is weak. Says Michigan Citizens Chairman Creighton Holden: "Things couldn't be much worse. We haven't got the money. We haven't got the organization. We just don't have enough of the right people."

In sum, Republican organization is infinitely better than it was in 1960, especially at the national level. In many places in the field, it is a model of efficiency and effectiveness. But in the places where it counts—notably in the Midwest where the electoral stakes are high—Barry Goldwater's troops are still yet ineffectual. If Barry needs a break, that's where it would do the most good.

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DEFENSE

Shots in the Dark

A "skunk," in Navy parlance, is any unidentified ship that pops up on a radarscope. Last week a bad odor lingered over four such radar contacts. They were the blips that appeared in the Tonkin Gulf a fortnight ago and drew the fire of two patrolling U.S. destroyers—and, since then, the fire of innumerable Republican sharpshooters. Were the skunks really North Vietnamese torpedo boats or gunboats, as the destroyer captains believed? If so, were they really indulging in "hostile" behavior—preparing to attack U.S. vessels as they had on two earlier occasions? What damage was really done? The Pentagon has offered no answers, but a few facts about the mysterious engagement in the Gulf of Tonkin have managed to leak out nonetheless.

Zig for Zag. The two patrolling destroyers were carrying special electronic "hearing" equipment; because of the ships' sensitive, U-2-like role, the Pentagon was unwilling to release their names. Early in the evening of Sept. 3, the destroyers picked up the four skunks, found them to be moving at speeds of around 40 knots—too fast to be anything but torpedo boats. The destroyers increased their own speed to 30 knots, began running a zigzag course, and kept their narrow sterns to the approaching blips.

The four pursuers shadowed the destroyers, matching them zig for zag. At a range of 11,000 yards—5½ nautical miles—the destroyer captains decided that the pursuers were "hostile," opened fire with their radar-controlled 5-in. guns, although they still could not see their targets by eye. Why did they begin shooting at such a great distance? After the first Tonkin incident, when the U.S.S. *Maddox* sank one of three attacking torpedo boats, President Johnson had been scornful of the lone destroyer's marksmanship, so this time the skippers wanted to get in as many range rounds as possible to improve their score.

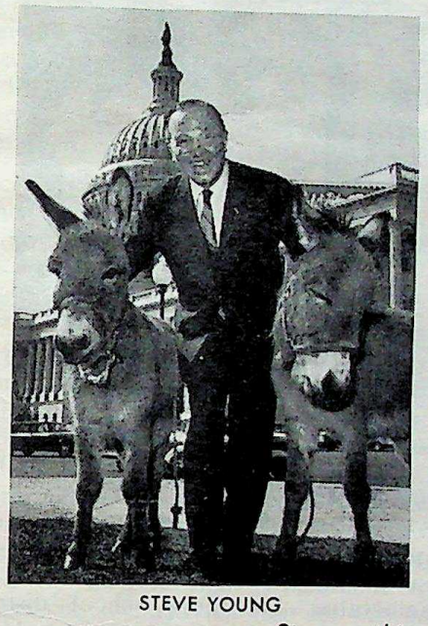
Glee for Gunfire. The first rounds were warning shots fired ahead of the approaching blips. But at 6,000 yards, when the blips kept closing in, the destroyers began firing for effect. The torrent of impacting 5-in. shells sent spouts of water skyward, creating a whole new set of momentary blips on the radarscopes. The attacking boats disappeared in the welter of the new radar images. When the scopes cleared, only one moving target remained. Neither destroyer fired torpedoes or answering gunfire, but two lookouts claimed they spotted the bow of a boat. A thorough search of the area next day turned up none of the debris—life jackets, cans, splintered wood or bodies—that would be expected to mark a sunken vessel. The only ones who seemed to be sure of what had happened were the Russians. Tass, with barely disguised glee, reported helpfully that three ships had been sunk by the U.S. gunfire, but its statement was nowhere confirmed.

Were the Navy's shots in the dark justified, or were they merely a trigger-happy reaction by nervous skippers? On the basis of the existing evidence, the Pentagon is unsure. Last week the Navy sent a special investigating team to the Far East in hope of turning up better answers.

OHIO

Son of Mr. Republican

In normally Republican Ohio, some abnormal things are happening. When physicians drove up to a meeting of the Butler County Medical Society, an astonishing number of their cars bore L.B.J. bumper stickers. Yet, at the same time many of those same cars carried a second sticker with another name on it: TAFT.



STEVE YOUNG

TERRY ARMOR

BOB TAFT

Strange things are happening.

Embraceable? The extent of the Republican defection to Johnson in Ohio—in one county, a Republican official estimates it at 20%—is surprising. But the fact that many of these same people plan to split their ballots and vote for Republican Robert Taft Jr. for the U.S. Senate is not. The Taft name obviously packs a potent political punch in the state that sent Bob Jr.'s grandfather, William Howard Taft, to the presidency and established his father in the Senate as the nation's "Mr. Republican." But beyond that, "young" Bob, in his cool, deliberate manner, has carefully cultivated a reputation of his own as a constructive legislator in the Ohio house of representatives and as a one-term member of Congress. Many Republicans see Taft, 47, as one of the party's most likely new national leaders.

Taft is trying to unseat Democratic Senator Stephen Young, 75, who startled Ohio back in 1958 when he managed to upset Republican Senator John Bricker. Most political observers figured in the past that Taft was a cinch to clobber Young. But as of last week, the Taft-Young race was surprisingly tight. Taft's big worry is not Steve Young but Barry Goldwater, who could lose Ohio by such a whopping margin that he might drag Taft down to defeat too.

Aware of that possibility, Taft is trying to remain true to his own conservative principles, yet taking equal pains not to embrace Barry too boldly. "I agree with him on most of the important issues," Taft tells his audiences. But then he makes clear that this certainly does not include Goldwater's negative stands on the civil rights bill, test-ban treaty and general federal aid to education. He has agreed to campaign with Goldwater in the most Republican areas of the state, but Taft plans to slip quietly away from Barry in those regions where he hopes to pick up non-G.O.P. votes.

At the Fair. Steve Young, noted for his dyspeptic letters to constituents,* is aware that his only hope for survival lies in trying to tag Taft as one of Barry's boys. "Goldwaterism, Taft Juniorism and extremism are all the same commodity," he charges. "I am against Birch, Barry and Bob." While that kind of pitch may prove effective, Young also bears a heavy handicap: many Ohio voters fail even to recognize him when he meets them in the street. Taft, on the other hand, is forever being introduced as "Senator Taft" before he makes it on his own.

While Taft still is favored to win, he is running scared—hitting as many as three county fairs in a single day to stay ahead. In the end, he may well stand or fall on how many Johnson voters will take the trouble to split their tickets.

* Sample: "Dear Sir—You should know that some crackpot is writing me letters and signing your name."

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THE CONGRESS

Sense & Insensibility

The Senate last week blasted clear of its great reapportionment logjam. After six weeks of didactic debate, fulminating filibuster and mule-headed obstinacy on all sides, a quorum of weary Senators finally compromised, 44-38, on a "sense of Congress" resolution: federal courts are requested to grant a breathing spell to states reapportioning their legislative districts. In the softest of language, the resolution asks that courts give the states at least one legislative session, plus an additional 30 days, to meet the Supreme Court's one-man-one-vote requirements. But the "sense of Congress" really makes very little sense: there is no legal machinery that can compel the federal courts to take cognizance of the resolution. It is about as binding as a rubber band.

. . .

With logjam broken, the Senate speedily turned to remaining business. Before the week was out it had:

▶ Approved, 45-16, the $3.3 billion foreign aid bill—$216 million less than President Johnson originally asked—which now goes to a Senate-House conference. There, two other sticky amendments, one denying aid to Indonesia, the other raising interest rates on development loans, may give the bill further trouble.

▶ Adopted, 54-11, and sent to the White House, a Senate-House conference report on the $4 billion Food for Peace program. The bill stipulates that the U.S. may not sell farm surpluses to Yugoslavia and Poland unless they are paid for in U.S. dollars. The President opposes that restriction, but a veto is unlikely.

▶ Quickened Lyndon's heart by passing, 45-13, the $1 billion "New Hope" plan for the impoverished Appalachia region, last of the President's major anti-poverty schemes. The bill now goes to the House, where a close vote is expected.

THE SOUTH

At Summer's End

Last spring the rest of the U.S. settled back to watch the South suffer: if the civil rights bill failed to pass in Congress, people reasoned, frustrated Negroes certainly would step up their revolution; if it did pass, Southern whites certainly would resist every effort to test the new law. Either way, violence would spread. Yet, as it turned out at summer's end, it was the North that had been racked by riots. And—with the ignoble exceptions of Alabama and Mississippi—the South's racial summer added up to a surprising plus. Items:

• GEORGIA. The one case of raw violence was the nighttime murder of Negro Educator Lemuel Penn on a Georgia highway. Public parks and beaches, as well as many hotels and motels, were integrated. Six more school districts were integrated without incident. About 48,000 Negroes registered to vote.

• TENNESSEE. Nashville, Memphis and Knoxville accepted the public accommodations provision of the civil rights bill gracefully. Fourteen school districts were newly—and peacefully—integrated. Some 15,000 Negroes joined voter registration rolls.

• NORTH CAROLINA. Even before the Civil Rights Act, the state had desegregated most of its public accommodations. For the first time, Wake Forest College added Negro football players to its freshman team. Western Carolina College boasted a Negro basketball star. Two Ku Klux Klansmen were given stiff jail terms for trying to burn a Negro church. Twenty-one school districts were integrated. More than 240,000 Negroes registered to vote.

• SOUTH CAROLINA. For the first time, Negroes and whites attended school together as 15 districts were integrated. Public accommodations were not really tested in the state. Negro voter registration grew by 32,000.

• ARKANSAS. Little Rock, scene of massive trouble over school integration in 1957, complied with the new civil rights law. Eight school districts were integrated, and the number of Negro students in previously white schools—though still a mere 898—was double that of a year ago.

• LOUISIANA. A Negro was shot after trying to eat at a lunch stand, but most of the better New Orleans restaurants served Negroes. Many restaurants in bitter Shreveport became private clubs rather than welcome Negroes. After a long court battle, stubbornly segregationist St. Helena Parish gave up, integrated its schools. Louisiana State University and New Orleans kindergartens also opened their doors to Negroes. Negro voter registration, however, was virtually stalled; fewer than 1,000 signed up.

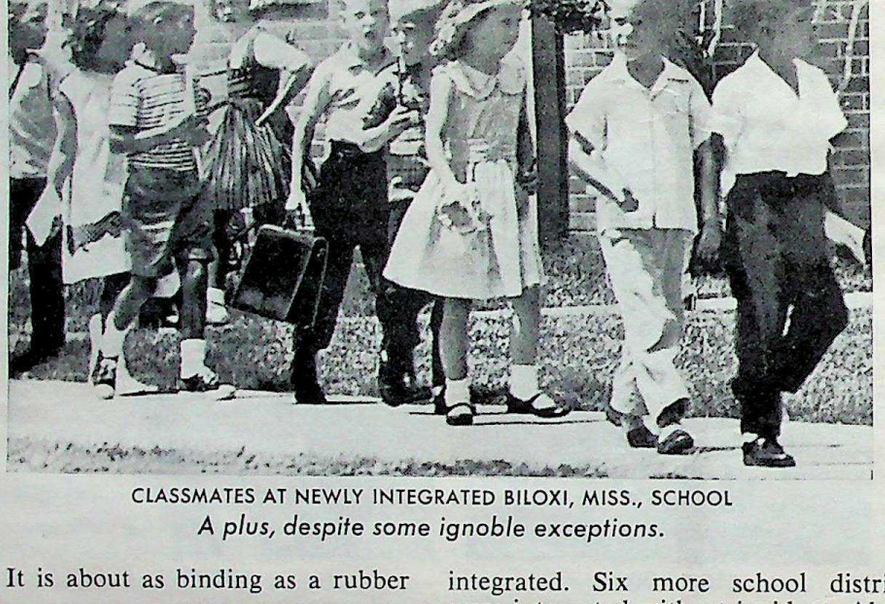
• VIRGINIA. Resistance to integration took place almost entirely in the courts. Of Virginia's 128 public school divisions, 80 are now integrated, 25 of them for the first time. Negro voter registration grew briskly after the elimination of the state's poll tax, may top 140,000—a jump of 20,000 this year.

• FLORIDA. Police, Ku Klux Klansmen and white gangs beat Negroes who tried to integrate St. Augustine restaurants, churches and beaches, and there was scattered violence in Jacksonville. Otherwise, Florida was generally calm. Negro enrollment in integrated schools grew from 5,000 to 8,000. Negro voting registration almost doubled, standing at about 300,000.

• ALABAMA. Teen-aged toughs in Tuscaloosa mobbed an integrated movie theater. Whites slammed Negroes with toy baseball bats as they sat at a Birmingham lunch counter. State police kept a "subversives" file that included the names of out-of-state newsmen. Now even volatile Birmingham opened public accommodations to Negroes. Some schools were integrated in Montgomery and Gadsden and in Bullock County; desegregation continued slowly in Mobile and Birmingham. But, at best, only 10,000 more Negroes were permitted to register to vote.

• MISSISSIPPI. Three civil rights workers were murdered, and eleven other unsolved murders had racial overtones. Four Negroes were wounded, 37 churches were bombed or burned to the ground, 400 people were arrested in civil rights disturbances. Still, four school districts were integrated, and some motels and restaurants were at least temporarily desegregated in Jackson. Only 1,000 Negroes joined voting rolls.

Throughout the South, much of the Negro progress, particularly in school integration, was still of the token variety. Yet last week Assistant Attorney General Burke Marshall of the Justice Department's Civil Rights Division was rightly optimistic. Said he: "We have had more widespread compliance with the bill than any one of us expected. I don't know of a major city anywhere in the South where there isn't substantial compliance. It's just remarkable.



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CLASSMATES AT NEWLY INTEGRATED BILOXI, MISS., SCHOOL
A plus, despite some ignoble exceptions.

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THE WARR

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The Conclusions

On Nov. 29, 1963, just seven days ter he became President of the U.S. ecause of the assassination of John F. ennedy, Lyndon Johnson issued Exec- ive Order No. 11,130, setting up blue-ribbon commission, headed by hief Justice Earl Warren, to investi- ate each and every aspect of the na- onal tragedy.

The Warren Commission took ten onths before finally submitting its re- ort to the President last week. In the gonizing interim, there were complaints hat the Commission was being deliber- tely desultory—perhaps trying to de- y until past the November elections. In its final form, the Commission's eport was amazing in its detail, re- arkable in its judicious caution and straint, yet utterly convincing in its ajor conclusions. The wonder was not hat the Commission took such a long me to complete its report but that it d so much so swiftly.

There could be no question that the ommission lived up to the responsi- ity outlined to it in its instructions om President Johnson: "To satisfy elf that the truth is known as far as can be discovered." Backed and bul- arked by an astonishing array of facts, gures, investigative reports, interviews, inute-by-minute timetables, and a t amount of common sense, the ommission concluded that:

There is "no evidence that either e Harvey Oswald or Jack Ruby was rt of any conspiracy, domestic or reign, to assassinate President Ken- dy . . . Because of the difficulty of oving negatives to a certainty, the ssibility of others being involved with r Oswald or Ruby cannot be estab- hed categorically, but if there is any

The Evidence Against Oswald

The Warren Commission's evidence against Lee Harvey Oswald is overwhelming beyond reasonable or even rational doubt.

Oswald's Nov. 22 presence in the Texas School Book Depository Building, both before and until shortly after the assassination, is absolutely authenticated. Moreover, an eyewitness placed Oswald near the killer's sixth-floor storeroom lair a scant 3 minutes before the fatal shots were fired. In that storeroom, the Commission says, Oswald's palmprint was found on a carton that had been moved to make a nest for the assassin as he peered out the window.

The Rifle. Within minutes after the assassination, cops found hidden in the storeroom a cheap, Italian-made Mannlicher-Carcano 6.5-mm. (about .26-cal.) rifle, serial number C2766. The FBI learned that the same rifle, already mounted with a Japanese-made, four-power telescopic sight, had been mailed in March 1963 from a Chicago firm to "A. Hidell, P.O. Box 2915" in Dallas. Handwriting experts told the Commission that the coupon ordering the weapon, the signature on a money [illegible] such evidence it has been beyond the reach of all the investigative agencies and resources of the United States and has not come to the attention of this Commission."

▶ "The shots which killed President Kennedy and wounded Governor John Connally were fired by Lee Harvey Oswald . . . The Commission has found no evidence that anyone assisted Oswald in planning or carrying out the assassination . . . The Commission has found no evidence to show that Oswald was employed, persuaded, or encouraged by any foreign government to assassinate Kennedy or that he was an agent of any foreign government."

▶ "No direct or indirect relationship between Lee Harvey Oswald and Jack Ruby has been discovered by the Commission, nor has it been able to find any credible evidence that either knew the other . . . The Commission has found no evidence that Jack Ruby acted with any other person in the killing of Lee Harvey Oswald."

▶ There is "no evidence that the extreme views expressed toward President Kennedy by some right-wing groups centered in Dallas or any other general atmosphere of hate or right-wing extremism which may have existed in the city of Dallas had any connection with Oswald's actions on Nov. 22."

The report contains no sensational revelations or unorthodox conclusions. In its sum and substance, it reaffirms almost everything that was already known and understood by most knowledgeable people. Its great value comes from the thoroughness with which the Commission carried out its investigation, from its laying to rest many malignant rumors and speculations, and from its fascinating wealth of detail by which future historians can abide.

lice did discover a palmprint from Oswald on a section of the barrel attached to the stock. Said the Commission: "Oswald's palmprint on the underside of the barrel demonstrates that he handled the rifle when it was disassembled." A tuft of cotton fibers—blue, grey-black and orange-yellow—was found clinging to the rifle butt. Under microscopic examination, the fibers matched those in a shirt that Oswald had worn the day of the assassination.

Oswald's wife Marina identified the weapon in testimony to the Commission as the "fateful rifle of Lee Oswald." In May 1963, she said, she had often seen Oswald holding the rifle while lounging on their screened porch, peering through the cross hairs in the telescopic sight, constantly practicing the use of the bolt mechanism.

Marina took a backyard photo in the spring of 1963 that showed her husband arrogantly posing with his rifle and a holstered pistol. In its investigation, the Warren Commission had the FBI photograph a man in an identical stance with Oswald's rifle under identical lighting conditions. There could be no doubt that it was the assassination weapon. A photography expert tested the [illegible] negative.

The Assassination

In Fort Worth on the morning of the day he died, John F. Kennedy and his wife discussed the risks that a President inevitably faces when he makes public appearances. What Kennedy said was mentally recorded by his special assistant, Kenneth O'Donnell, who repeated it to the Warren Commission: "If anybody really wanted to shoot the President of the U.S., it was not a very difficult job—all one had to do was get a high building some day with a telescopic rifle, and there was nothing anybody could do to defend against such an attempt." A few minutes later, Kennedy departed for Dallas.

Maximum Exposure. As the Warren Commission observes, Kennedy's trip to Texas had three purposes: to smooth over splits among state Democrats, to make fund-raising appearances for the party, and to see—and be seen by—the people. Everyone at the White House agreed that a motorcade through Dallas would be the way to win maximum exposure. A lone dissenter, Texas Governor John Connally, argued that it would take too much time away from other appearances; he withdrew his objection when Kennedy decided to extend his Texas tour from one day, as originally planned, to two.

The chief of the Dallas office of the Secret Service, Forrest V. Sorrels, proposed the route for the motorcade, bearing in mind that the Secret Service was expected to send the President, in Kenny O'Donnell's words, "through an area which exposes him to the greatest

* From left: McCloy, Rankin, Senator Russell, Congressman Ford, Chief Justice Warren, President Johnson, Dulles, Senator Cooper, Congressman Boggs.

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THE SOUTH

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route, only four miles separate Love Field, where the President's jet landed at 11:40 a.m., and the Trade Mart, where he was scheduled to speak. But the motorcade meandered ten miles through suburbs and city. There were plenty of high buildings along the way.

In the 15-car motorcade, the Kennedys and the Connallys rode in the third car, a 1961 Lincoln convertible equipped with a clear plastic bubble top. But on O'Donnell's instructions, the bubble top was down; it was a clear, sunny day. Moreover, the President had ordered that no Secret Service agents were to ride on the small running boards at the rear of the car.

"That Is Very Obvious." On the drive into Dallas, Kennedy twice called his car to a halt, once to respond to a sign asking him to shake hands, the second time to talk to a Catholic nun and a group of small children. The welcome, said the Warren Commission, was "tumultuous." For days, the city's officials and editorialists had exhorted the people to give a hearty, nonpartisan welcome to their President. They were still smarting from the bad publicity that Dallas had received a month earlier when a band of right-wingers jostled and spat at Adlai Stevenson.

The crowd was thick at the triangular Dealey Plaza, on the western end of downtown Dallas. There the motorcade slowed down to turn right into Houston Street for one block; then it turned left onto Elm—and, traveling at precisely 11.2 m.p.h., headed down a slight slope past the seven-story, orange brick headquarters of the Texas School Book Depository Co., a private firm that distributes textbooks. Inside the Lincoln, Mrs. Connally turned and smiled: "Mr. President, you can't say Dallas doesn't love you." Replied Kennedy, smiling: "That is very obvious."

o'clock, reports the Warren Commission, Jacqueline Kennedy "heard a sound similar to a motorcycle noise and a cry from Governor Connally, which caused her to look to her right. On turning, she saw a quizzical look on her husband's face as he raised his left hand to his throat. Mrs. Kennedy then heard a second shot and saw the President's skull torn open under the impact of this bullet. As she cradled her mortally wounded husband, Mrs. Kennedy cried, 'Oh, my God, they have shot my husband. I love you, Jack.'

"Governor Connally testified that he recognized the first noise as a rifle shot, and the thought immediately crossed his mind that it was an assassination attempt. From his position in the right jump seat immediately in front of the President, he instinctively turned to his right because the shot appeared to come from over his right shoulder. Unable to see the President as he turned, the Governor started to look back over his left shoulder, but he never completed the turn because he felt something strike him in the back.

"Mrs. Connally, too, heard a frightening noise from her right. Looking back over her right shoulder, she saw that the President had both hands at his neck. She watched as he slumped down with an empty expression on his face. [Secret Service Agent] Roy Kellerman, in the right front seat of the limousine, heard a report like a firecracker. Turning to his right in the direction of the noise, Kellerman heard the President say, 'My God, I am hit.'

"Mrs. Connally heard a second shot fired and pulled her husband down into her lap. Observing his blood-covered chest as he was pulled into his wife's lap, Governor Connally believed himself mortally wounded. He cried out: 'Oh, no, no, no. My God, they are going

kill us all.' At first Mrs. Connally la[w]ght that her husband had been grate[d], but then she noticed an almost dent[r]ceptible movement and knew that thou[g]as still alive. She said, 'It's all that[']. Be still.' The Governor was lying

• LO[O]his head on his wife's lap when he tryin[g] a shot hit the President. At that of th[e] both Governor and Mrs. Con- serve[d] observed brain tissue splattered bitter[ly] he interior of the car."

rathe[r] evidence is that three shots were long[-] but there is disagreement about tioni[n] ones hit whom. Connally be- grate[d] that the first one struck Kennedy vers[e] neck, that Connally was hit by also[,] second, that the third caused the Neg[a]ive wound in the President's head, virt[u] the Commission presents evidence sign[i]

• V[O] one shot went wild and two hit— took[,] the one that pierced the President's Of[f]t continuing on to hit Connally. sions[,] et Down!" Two cars to the rear, them[,] e Lincoln carrying the Lyndon regis[t]ons and Texas Senator Ralph Yar- natic[n]gh, Secret Service Man Rufus W. 140,[0]gblood heard "an explosive noise."

• FLO[O]heeled around from the front seat, and [J]ohnson on the shoulder and yelled to in[-]down!" Reported Johnson: "Almost in the same moment in which Youngblood hit or pushed me, he vaulted over the back seat and sat on me. I was bent over under the weight of Agent Youngblood's body, toward Mrs. Johnson and Senator Yarborough."

In the second car behind Johnson, Mrs. Earle Cabell, wife of the mayor of Dallas, saw a "projection" sticking out of a window of the School Book Depository building. From a press car at the rear of the motorcade, Robert H. Jackson, a Dallas Times Herald photographer, saw a rifle being slowly drawn back through an open window. Directly across from the building, Amos Lee Euins, a 15-year-old ninth-grade student, saw a man shoot twice from a window; Euins hid behind a bench.

Steamfitter Howard L. Brennan, standing across from the School Book Depository building, had noticed a man at the sixth-floor corner window; while waiting for the motorcade to arrive, Brennan had watched him leave the window "a couple of times." After Brennan heard a shot, he looked up again: "And this man that I saw previous was aiming for his last shot. Well, as it appeared to me, he was standing up and resting against the left window sill, taking positive aim, and fired his last shot. As I calculate, a couple of seconds. He drew the gun back from the window as though he was drawing it back to assure hisself that he hit his mark, and then he disappeared." Brennan stopped a police officer, gave a description of the man: slender, about 5 ft. 10 in., in his early 30s. The description was flashed to all Dallas patrol cars. Brennan later picked Lee Harvey Oswald out of a police line-up.

"His Condition Was Hopeless." Five minutes after the shooting, the presidential limousine screeched into the driveway of the Parkland Memorial

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Hospital. Vice President Johnson's car and two cars loaded with Secret Service men arrived almost simultaneously. Agent Clinton Hill removed his suit jacket and covered the President's head and chest to prevent photographs.

The braking of the car jolted Governor Connally back to consciousness. Despite his grave wounds, he bravely tried to stand up and get out so that the doctors could reach the President. But he collapsed again. Mrs. Kennedy held the President in her lap, and for a moment she refused to release him. Then three Secret Service men lifted him onto a stretcher and pushed it into Trauma Room One.

Twelve doctors had rushed into the emergency room. Surgeon Charles J. Carrico was the first to examine Kennedy. Says the Warren report: "He noted that the President was blue-white or ashen in color; had slow, spasmodic, agonal respiration without any coordination; made no voluntary movements; had his eyes open with the pupils dilated without any reaction to light; evidenced no palpable pulse; and had a few chest sounds that were thought to be heartbeats. On the basis of these findings, Dr. Carrico concluded that President Kennedy was still alive." But, added the report, "his condition was hopeless, and the extraordinary efforts of the doctors to save him could not help but to have been unavailing."

One bullet had hit near the base of the back of the President's neck slightly to the right of the spine, traveled slightly downward, ripped the windpipe, and went out the front of his neck at almost the same speed at which it hit; it nicked the corner of the knot on his necktie. That wound, says the Warren Commission, "would not necessarily have been fatal." But the second bullet that hit entered into the right rear of his skull, causing a massive and fatal wound" approximately five inches wide on the right side of his head. So extensive was the damage that the Parkland doctors were unsure whether the bullets had entered from back or front. They did not discover the wounds in the back of his neck or head, because they did not roll him over to examine him. Said Dr. Carrico: "I suppose nobody really had the heart to do it."

Dr. Carrico inserted a tube in the throat wound, connecting it to a Bennett machine, which stimulates respiration. Dr. Malcolm O. Perry, the chief surgeon, decided that a more radical procedure was necessary; he performed a tracheotomy, making an incision that cut away the wound in the front of the throat. Meanwhile, two doctors infused blood and fluids into the President's right leg and left arm. Dr. Carrico gave him hydrocortisone. Two others inserted chest tubes to drain off blood and air from the chest cavity.

But nothing could revive the nerves, muscles or heart. At about 1 o'clock, Father Oscar L. Huber administered the last rites, and Dr. William Kemp Clark pronounced the President dead.

The Evidence Against Oswald

The Warren Commission's evidence against Lee Harvey Oswald is overwhelming beyond reasonable or even rational doubt.

Oswald's Nov. 22 presence in the Texas School Book Depository Building, both before and until shortly after the assassination, is absolutely authenticated. Moreover, an eyewitness placed Oswald near the killer's sixth-floor storeroom lair a scant 3 minutes before the fatal shots were fired. In that storeroom, the Commission says, Oswald's palmprint was found on a carton that had been moved to make a nest for the assassin as he peered out the window.

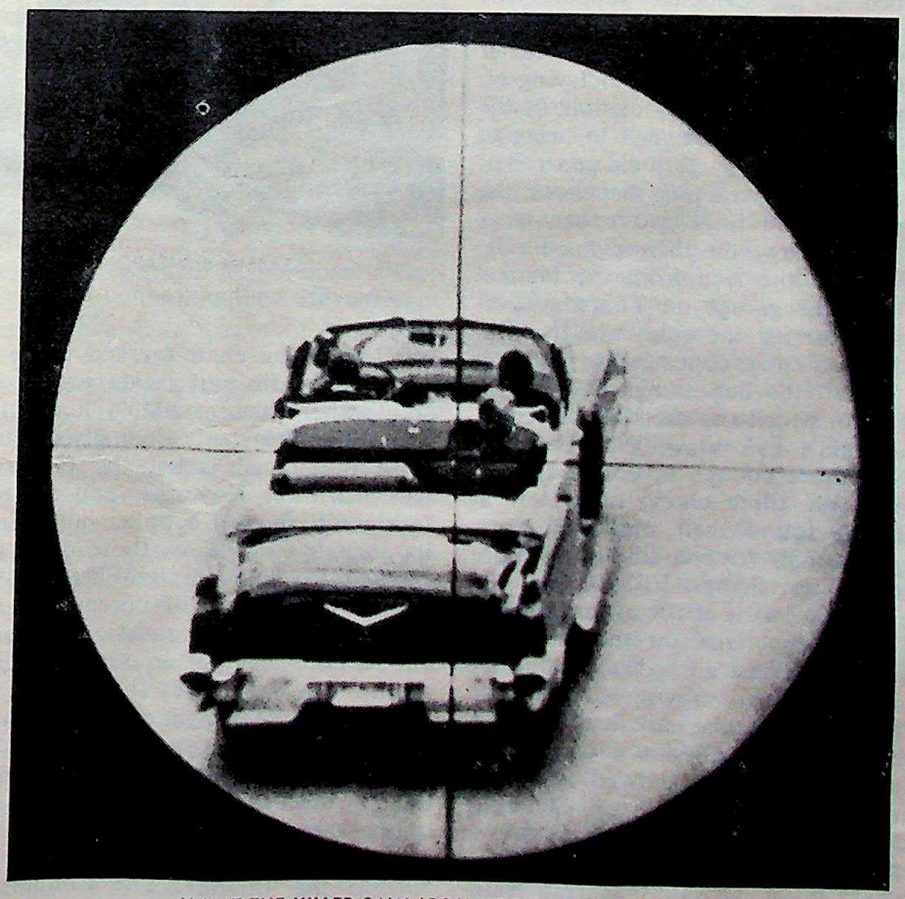
The Rifle. Within minutes after the assassination, cops found hidden in the storeroom a cheap, Italian-made Mannlicher-Carcano 6.5-mm. (about .26-cal.) rifle, serial number C2766. The FBI learned that the same rifle, already mounted with a Japanese-made, four-power telescopic sight, had been mailed in March 1963 from a Chicago firm to "A. Hidell, P.O. Box 2915" in Dallas. Handwriting experts told the Commission that the coupon ordering the weapon, the signature on a money order to pay for it and the address on the envelope all were written by Oswald's hand. Oswald's wallet contained fake identification cards for "Alek James Hidell"; one such card carried Oswald's own photograph.

No identifiable fingerprints were found on the rifle after the assassination. According to the Commission, this was partly because the wooden stock was too rough to hold them. But the police did discover a palmprint from Oswald on a section of the barrel attached to the stock. Said the Commission: "Oswald's palmprint on the underside of the barrel demonstrates that he handled the rifle when it was disassembled." A tuft of cotton fibers—blue, grey-black and orange-yellow—was found clinging to the rifle butt. Under microscopic examination, the fibers matched those in a shirt that Oswald had worn the day of the assassination.

Oswald's wife Marina identified the weapon in testimony to the Commission as the "fateful rifle of Lee Oswald." In May 1963, she said, she had often seen Oswald holding the rifle while lounging on their screened porch, peering through the cross hairs in the telescopic sight, constantly practicing the use of the bolt mechanism.

Marina took a backyard photo in the spring of 1963 that showed her husband arrogantly posing with his rifle and a holstered pistol. In its investigation, the Warren Commission had the FBI photograph a man in an identical stance with Oswald's rifle under identical lighting conditions. There could be no doubt that it was the assassination weapon. A photography expert tested the original negative of the photograph, testified that it had been "exposed in Oswald's Imperial Reflex camera to the exclusion of all other cameras."

Fibers & Prints. Oswald had kept his rifle, wrapped in an old brown-and-green blanket, in a garage at the Irving, Texas, home of Mrs. Ruth Paine, where Marina stayed the last eight weeks before Nov. 22. Oswald himself was living in a Dallas rooming house and



WHAT THE KILLER SAW (COMMISSION RE-CREATION)
It was not a very difficult job.

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rarely visited the Paine home on week nights. But, on the evening of Thursday, Nov. 21, he hitched a ride to Irving with a fellow Book Depository worker, Buell Wesley Frazier. Oswald's explanation: he wanted to pick up "some curtain rods" to use in his rooming-house quarters (which were, says the Warren Commission, already supplied with curtains and curtain rods).

Oswald stayed overnight in the Paine home, never mentioned the curtain rods, departed in the morning with a bundle with brown-paper wrapping. He placed the package in Frazier's car, casually explained that it contained the curtain rods. When Frazier and Oswald arrived at the Book Depository parking lot, Oswald hurried to the building some 50 feet ahead of Frazier. He carried with him the package.

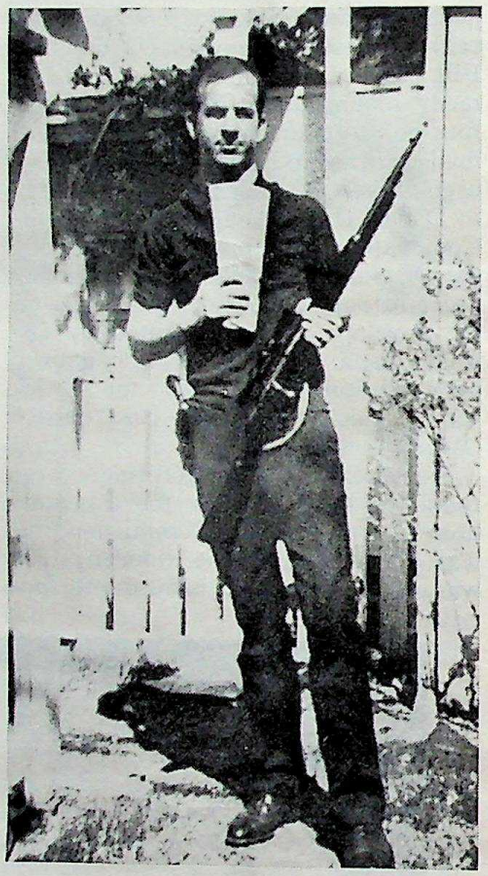
After Kennedy's assassination, police found a paper bag on the floor near the window from which the fatal shots were fired. It had been fashioned from brown wrapping paper and brown paper tape, identified by Commission experts as having come from the School Book Depository shipping department. Its size was perfect for accommodating Oswald's rifle, if the weapon were disassembled. Oswald's palmprint and a fingerprint were on the bag. Investigators also turned up several green fibers and a single brown one in the bag, tested them and testified to the Commission that they matched fibers on the blanket Oswald had used to wrap his rifle in the Paine garage.

Says the Commission: "The preponderance of the evidence supports the conclusion that Lee Harvey Oswald 1) told the curtain-rod story to Frazier to explain both the return to Irving on a Thursday and the obvious bulk of the package which he intended to bring to work the next day; 2) took paper and tape from the wrapping bench of the Depository and fashioned a bag large enough to carry the disassembled rifle; 3) removed the rifle from the blanket in the Paine garage on Thursday evening; 4) carried the rifle into the Depository building, concealed in the bag; and 5) left the bag alongside the window from which the shots were fired."

Assassin's Eye View. Was Oswald's rifle accurate enough to enable him to squeeze off three shots, of which at least two found their mark in something less than 7.9 seconds? After more than 100 test firings, FBI experts said that it was. One FBI agent testified that the cross hairs on the telescopic sight were off just enough to enable the assassin to hit his moving targets without having "to take any lead whatsoever." The Commission's conclusion: "The various tests showed that the Mannlicher-Carcano was an accurate rifle and that the use of a four-power scope was a substantial aid to rapid, accurate firing. Oswald's Marine training in marksmanship, his other rifle experience and his established familiarity with this particular weapon show that he possessed ample capability to commit the assassination."

The Commission had in its possession three movie films, taken by amateurs, of Kennedy's car at the moment of the assassination. Using these films as its guide, the Commission staged a chilling re-enactment of the assassination. Oswald's rifle, with scope, was pointed out of the sixth-floor window. A camera attachment took pictures, complete with cross hairs, of a car moving past on the street below.

In that car, sitting where Kennedy and Connally sat, were two FBI men, closely resembling Kennedy and Connally in physical proportions. Kennedy's



ASSASSIN & WEAPONS
Practice on the screened porch.

stand-in had a chalk-marked circle on the back of his suit jacket just at the point where the assassin's first bullet struck the President; Connally's double wore the actual jacket the Governor had worn on Nov. 22, and its torn fabric still showed a bullet hole. From its assassin's eye view, the camera first showed the line of sight between the window and the car obscured by an oak tree (the Warren Commission was careful to note that the amount of foliage on the tree was about the same at the time of the experiment as it had been on Nov. 22). But once the car moved away from the oak tree, the test pictures, taken through the four-power rifle scope, clearly showed what an easy target Kennedy had been.

Into the Theater. The Commission also reconstructed Oswald's movements after the assassination with near minute-by-minute precision. A Dallas motorcycle cop, M. L. Baker, who was in the presidential motorcade on Nov. 22, had heard the shots, dashed into the Depository building. The Commission had him re-enact his part, timed him at 90 seconds between the time he left his motorcycle and the time he encountered (but did not arrest) Oswald outside a second-floor lunchroom. Could Oswald have run that quickly from the sixth floor to the second? A Secret Service agent, testing, moved at a "fast walk" from the killer's lair to the lunchroom in 78 seconds—without being winded.

From the Depository, Oswald moved on foot, by bus and taxi cab back to his rooming house, changed to a grey zippered jacket, picked up his mail-order Smith & Wesson .38-cal. revolver and left about 1 p.m. Says the Commission: "Oswald was next seen about nine-tenths of a mile away at the southeast corner of 10th Street and Patton Avenue, moments before the [Officer J. D.] Tippit shooting."

A description of the assassin had already been broadcast three times by police on the basis of a report from Eyewitness Howard Brennan. At 1:15 p.m., Officer Tippit saw Oswald and called him to his squad car. Oswald walked over to the window vent, spoke briefly. Tippit got out, started toward the front of the car. Oswald shot Tippit four times with his revolver. Tippit was dead before he hit the ground. Says the Commission: "At least 12 persons saw the man with the revolver in the vicinity of the Tippit crime scene at or immediately after the shooting. By the evening of Nov. 22, five of them had identified Lee Harvey Oswald in police line-ups as the man they saw. A sixth did so the next day. Three others subsequently identified Oswald from a photograph. Two witnesses testified that Oswald resembled the man they had seen. One witness felt he was too distant from the gunman to make a positive identification."

In his flight, Oswald ran within twelve feet of one witness, who heard him mutter either "poor damn cop" or "poor dumb cop." Another witness reported the killing to headquarters on Tippit's car radio, and almost immediately sirens whined through the neighborhood. Oswald paused in the doorway of a shoe store managed by one Johnny Calvin Brewer. Then, while Brewer watched, Oswald, disheveled and panting, ducked into the lobby of the Texas Theater. Cashier Julia Postal saw him, but when she heard the police sirens she stepped out of the box office. Brewer asked her if the man who had just entered the theater had bought a ticket. "No, by golly, he didn't," said Mrs. Postal. She called the police. They came quickly, entered the theater, turned on the lights, and Brewer identified Oswald in a seat near the back. Patrolman M. N. McDonald

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approached him, heard him say: "Well, it's all over now." Oswald sprang up, slugged McDonald in the face. The assassin drew a pistol, tried to fire, but fell while grappling with police.

Once in custody, Oswald was belligerent and uncooperative. Summed up the Warren Commission: "Oswald provided little information during his questioning. Frequently, however, he was confronted with evidence which he could not explain, and he resorted to statements which are known to be lies. While Oswald's untrue statements during interrogation were not considered forms of positive proof by the Commission, they had probative value in deciding the weight to be given his denials that he assassinated President Kennedy and killed Patrolman Tippit. Since independent evidence revealed that Oswald repeatedly and blatantly lied to the police, the Commission gave little weight to his denials of guilt."

Why?

The explanation of Oswald's motive for killing President Kennedy was buried with him. But the Warren Commission, convinced that Oswald, and Oswald alone, was responsible for the assassination, dug deep into his personal background in its attempt to fathom the reasons why.

"While Oswald appeared to most of those who knew him as a meek and aimless person," says the Commission, "he sometimes imagined himself 'the Commander' and, apparently seriously, as a political prophet—a man who said that after 20 years he would be prime minister. His wife testified that he compared himself with great leaders of history. Such ideas of grandeur were apparently accompanied by delusions of oppression. He had a great hostility toward his environment, whatever it happened to be, which he expressed in striking and sometimes violent acts long before the assassination."

UPI

GENERAL WALKER
An earlier target.

Traumatic Effect. Born Oct. 18, 1939, two months after the death of his father, Oswald was raised under the domineering influence of his eccentric mother. The relationship had an obvious traumatic effect on the boy. Young Oswald once told a probation officer: "Well, I've got to live with her. I guess I love her." Says the Warren Commission: "It may also be significant that, as reported by John Pic [Oswald's half brother], 'Lee slept with my mother until I joined the service in 1950. This would make him approximately 10, well, almost 11 years old.' "

After Oswald himself joined the Marines in 1956, he was nicknamed "Ozzie Rabbit" because of his baby face and his reticence in making friends—which was mistaken for shyness. Yet he was twice court-martialed, once for unauthorized possession of a pistol and once for abusive language to a sergeant. And he was unpopular among his barracks mates for his open advocacy of Marxism.

Discharged from the Marine Corps in 1959, Oswald went to the Soviet Union and demanded U.S.S.R. citizenship. He expressed his feelings about the U.S. in a letter to Robert Pic: "In the event of war, I would kill *any* American who put a uniform on in defense of the American Government—any American." At one point, when the Russian government was threatening to kick Oswald out of the country, he slashed a wrist in an abortive suicide attempt. The Soviet government purportedly took pity, allowed Oswald to stay on, got him a job as a metal worker in Minsk, where he met and married Marina Prusakova, then a 19-year-old pharmacist.

Open Hostility. But Oswald was not satisfied with his menial state in life, and 18 months after his defection he decided he wanted to go home. Says the Warren Commission: "His attempt to renounce his citizenship had been an open expression of hostility against the U.S. and a profound rejection of his early life. The dramatic break with society in America now had to be undone. His return to the U.S. publicly testified to the utter failure of what had been the most important act of his life."

Taking up family life in Dallas, Oswald found that things were tough there too. Through the Texas Employment Commission he got a job with an advertising photography firm in Dallas, but on April 6, 1963, he lost it.

Flopped Miserably. Four days later, Oswald, the Warren Commission states flatly, tried unsuccessfully to assassinate right-wing former Army Major General Edwin Walker in his Dallas home. Says the Commission: "Oswald had been planning his attack on General Walker for at least 1 and perhaps as much as 2 months. He outlined his plans in a notebook and studied them at considerable length before his attack." Before he left home on the night of April 10, Oswald left a lengthy note in Russian for Marina. It told her what to do if he didn't return, wound up saying, "If I am alive and taken prisoner, the city jail is located at the end of the bridge through which we always passed on going to the city." (Actually, Oswald had mistaken the location of the city jail for that of the county jail.)

EAMON KENNEDY

MARINA OSWALD
A revealing relationship.

As had happened so often before, Oswald was a failure. A rifle shot crashed through the window of Walker's study—just at the moment that Walker lowered his head to take a closer look at a book he was reading. The bullet missed. Said Marina to the Warren Commission: "When he came back, I asked him what had happened. He was very pale. He only told me he had shot at General Walker." Moreover, in Oswald's effects after the Kennedy assassination, officials found a map of Walker's neighborhood and three photographs—two showing the rear of Walker's home, the other an entrance to his driveway from a back alley.

Soon after he shot at Walker, Oswald took an abortive fling at organizing a Fair Play for Cuba Committee in New Orleans, but his deepest drive then was to get to Cuba himself. He actually talked to Marina about hijacking a plane and flying there.

On Sept. 27, Oswald went to Mexico City himself, headed straight for the Cuban embassy. He tried to get a visa to Cuba but flopped miserably. He was in Mexico seven days, and Commission investigators have traced enough of his activities there to be persuaded that he made no conspiratorial contacts about killing Kennedy at the time.

"Not a Man." Back in the U.S. with Marina, Oswald once more suffered frustrations. "The relations between Lee and Marina Oswald," says the Warren Commission, "are of great im-

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portance in any attempt to understand Oswald's possible motivation." Oswald was a wife-beating tyrant, laid down orders that Marina must not smoke, drink or wear cosmetics. But, says the Commission, "although she denied it in some of her testimony before the Commission, it appears that Marina Oswald also complained that her husband was not able to provide more material things for her." Neighbors also recall that Marina complained to them in his presence about Oswald's sexual inadequacies, that she had said he was "not a man."

On Nov. 18, Marina and Lee Oswald quarreled bitterly over the telephone. Marina was staying with Mrs. Ruth Paine, Oswald had been living in a Dallas boarding house. But now Marina discovered that he was there under a phony name. She furiously scolded him. Still, said Marina to the Warren Commission, "he called several times, but after I hung up on him and didn't want to talk to him, he did not call again."

"Perpetually Discontented." Surprisingly, Oswald arrived at the Paine home on the evening of Thursday, Nov. 21. Marina told the Commission: "He tried to talk to me, but I would not answer him and he was very upset." Oswald left the house for nearly an hour—during which time he was presumably out in the garage, disassembling his rifle and placing it in the brown paper bag he had brought with him to carry "curtain rods" back to his boardinghouse. Next morning he left for his job in Dallas, the "curtain rod" bag in hand.

Concludes the Warren Commission: "Many factors were undoubtedly involved in Oswald's motivation for the assassination, and the Commission does not believe that it can ascribe to him any one motive or group of motives. It is apparent, however, that Oswald was moved by an overriding hostility to his environment. He does not appear to have been able to establish meaningful relationships with other people. He was perpetually discontented with the world around him. Long before the assassination he expressed his hatred for American society and acted in protest against it. Oswald's search for what he conceived to be the perfect society was doomed from the start. He sought for himself a place in history—a role as the 'great man' who would be recognized as having been in advance of his times. His commitment to Marxism and communism appears to have been another important factor in his motivation. He also had demonstrated [through the attempt to kill General Walker] a capacity to act decisively and without regard to the consequences when such action would further his aims of the moment. Out of these and the many other factors which may have molded the character of Lee Harvey Oswald there emerged a man capable of assassinating President Kennedy."

IN THE PURSUIT OF THE TRUTH

THE seven unpaid members of the Warren Commission represented both parties and every major region of the U.S., had a common bond of integrity and accomplishment. As chairman, President Johnson picked Chief Justice Earl Warren, 73. From the U.S. Senate came Georgia's conservative Democrat Richard B. Russell, 66, the leader of the Senate's Southern bloc, and Kentucky's liberal Republican John Sherman Cooper, 63, a former circuit judge and Ambassador to India. From the House came Louisiana's Hale Boggs, 50, the House Democratic whip, and Michigan Republican Gerald Ford, 51, a Yale Law School graduate and an armed-services expert who is one of the most influential of all Republican Congressmen. *In Allen W. Dulles, 71, former CIA chief, the Commission had an investigator well experienced in the ways of Communists, fascists and plain crackpots; in John McCloy, 69, it had a banker who distinguished himself as Harry Truman's U.S. High Commissioner for Germany and as John Kennedy's disarmament adviser.*

FBI & CIA. To assist them, the Commission members named as their chief counsel James Lee Rankin, 57, a top Manhattan attorney who had been President Eisenhower's Solicitor General, carried the Government's argument in the 1953 school-desegregation cases and the Little Rock high school case. *Rankin recruited a staff of 14 outstanding private lawyers and law professors. All 56 field offices of the FBI lent their help. So did the CIA, the Secret Service, the State Department, the Immigration and Naturalization Service—and even the Soviet government, which sent in sketchy reports of Oswald's 32-month stay in* Russia and his visit to the Soviet embassy in Mexico last September.

Not content to rely on secondhand reports, the Commission determined to investigate everything afresh. Earl Warren interviewed Jacqueline Kennedy in her Georgetown home and Jack Ruby in his Dallas jail (Ruby called him "Earl"). Every member of the Commission flew to Dallas one or more times, painstakingly retraced the movements that Oswald was known to have made on Nov. 22. They visited the rooming house where he lived, the theater where he was captured, the jail basement where he was shot. At the Texas School Book Depository building, each one went to the sixth-floor spot where Oswald had stood, shouldered the 6.5-mm. Mannlicher-Carcano rifle that he had used—and took aim.

In New York City, Commission staffers interviewed the teachers and psychiatrist who years ago had known the young, tormented Lee Oswald; in New Orleans, they questioned those who had known him more recently from his pro-Castro work. They studied Oswald's rambling diaries and letters, also read every book and major article that had been written on the Kennedy killing. FBI and CIA agents tried to discover and analyze every step that Oswald took during a curious trip to Mexico exactly one year ago. They questioned the drivers of the buses that Oswald rode to Mexico and back, and rounded up practically every passenger who had traveled with him. They spoke to waitresses at a restaurant where he often ate, to clerks and maids in the cheap Hotel del Comercio where he stayed. But with all that, the Commission could account for only one-fourth to one-half of Oswald's time in Mexico.

At its closely guarded headquarters in Washington's Veterans of Foreign Wars Building, the Commission questioned witness after witness. The first was Marina Oswald; the last on the schedule was James Rowley, chief of the U.S. Secret Service. In between came Manhattan Lawyer Mark Lane, an Oswald apologist who contended that the assassination was a right-wing plot, and University of Illinois Classics Professor Revilo P. Oliver, a Birchер who charged that it was a Communist plot. From 552 witnesses in all, the Commission gathered millions of words of testimony. All of it will be published in 24 500-page volumes that are expected to be released this week.

Midnight Oil. Last week's summary report was several months in the writing; staffers framed the first draft, but the commissioners themselves wrote much of the final version, often working until midnight. The book that they delivered to President Johnson had 706 pages of text and 158 pages of photographs, charts and addenda.

It should become one of the best-thumbed books since the Bible. The New York Times printed the entire text in 48 pages of this Monday's newspaper; the Times also joined with Bantam Books to publish a $1 paperback edition, hopes to rush out the first of 500,000 copies by this Wednesday. The Associated Press will publish a hard-cover edition to retail at $1.50, and Doubleday & Co. plans within a month to get out a hard-cover edition that will retail for about $4. "To any objective observer, this report will settle the matter," said Hale Boggs. "But anyone who wants to believe there was a plot will probably go on thinking so."

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The Assassin's Assassin

Was Jack Ruby in any way involved with Lee Harvey Oswald in President Kennedy's assassination? And did he therefore kill Oswald to "shut him up"? To find the answers, the Warren Commission threw harsh light on every aspect of Ruby's life. It accounted for almost every second of Ruby's activities from Nov. 21 to Nov. 24 "on the premise that if Jack Ruby were involved in a conspiracy, his activities and associations during this period would, in some way, have reflected the conspiratorial relationship." Concludes the Commission: "Examination of Ruby's activities immediately preceding and following the death of President Kennedy revealed no sign of any conduct which suggests that he was involved in the assassination."

The Smudgy Details. In its investigation, the Commission seemed to dig up every smudgy detail of Ruby's shabby life. On Nov. 21, the Commission says, he "visited with a young lady who was job-hunting in Dallas, paid his rent at his Carousel nightclub premises, conferred about a peace bond he had been obliged to post as a result of a fight with one of his striptease dancers, consulted with an attorney about problems he was having with federal tax authorities [who said he owed the U.S. $3,000], distributed membership cards for the Carousel Club, talked with Dallas County Assistant District Attorney William F. Alexander about insufficient-fund checks which a friend had passed, and submitted advertising copy for his nightclubs to the Dallas Morning News." That night he took a turn as the Carousel's M.C., and "as late as 2:30 A.M. was seen having a snack near another dive, the Vegas Club.

On Nov. 22, Ruby was again in the advertising department of the Morning News, bragging about how he handled tough guys in his clubs—and also complaining about how bad business was. After the assassination, Ruby recalled, "I left the building and I went down and I got in my car and I couldn't stop crying."

He went to the Carousel, made a flock of phone calls to family, friends and business cronies in which he babbled about the assassination, got sick to his stomach, ate eating dinner at his sister's apartment, went to a synagogue service, then stopped at a delicatessen about 10:30 P.M. and bought eight kosher sandwiches and ten soft drinks.

On the Twistboard. At about 11:30 P.M. Ruby was on the third floor of the Dallas Police Department, saying that he was a translator for the Israeli press. Despite the appallingly lax security, he was present at a frenzied midnight press conference with Oswald, then left for radio station KLIF, where he parceled out his sandwiches and pop among staffers.

At about 2:30 a.m., he stopped at a diner to gab for an hour with one of the strippers and her boy friend, a Dallas cop, and about 4 he turned up in the composing room of the Dallas Times Herald, where he performed on a "twistboard," a swiveling exercise apparatus, which he was trying to promote.

Mumbling & Pacing. On Sunday, Nov. 24, Jack Ruby arose in a nervous state, mumbling to himself and pacing the floor. He later told the Commission that he had seen in the paper a "heartbreaking letter" to Caroline Kennedy and that "alongside that letter on the same sheet of paper was a small comment in the newspaper that, I don't know how it was stated, that Mrs. Kennedy may have to come back for the trial of Lee Harvey Oswald." He left

SECRET SERVICE CHIEF ROWLEY
Overworked and undermanned.

Service regulations specify that any agent working in connection with a Presidential trip is considered on duty at all times. Such agents are forbidden to drink beer, wine or liquor. But the Commission says: "After the President had retired to his hotel, nine agents who were off duty went to the nearby Fort Worth Press Club at midnight or slightly thereafter, expecting to obtain food; they had had little opportunity to eat during the day. No food was available at the Press Club. All of the agents stayed for a drink of beer, or in several cases, a mixed drink. According to their affidavits, the drinking in no case amounted to more than three glasses of beer or 1½ mixed drinks, and others who were present say that no agent was inebriated or acted improperly.

"The last agent left the Press Club by 2 a.m. Two of the nine agents returned to their rooms. The seven others proceeded to an establishment called the Cellar Coffee House, described by some as a beatnik place. There is no indication that any of the agents had any intoxicating drink at that establishment. Most of the agents were there from about 1:30 or 1:45 a.m. to about 2:45 or 3 a.m.; one agent [illegible] them his apartment about 11 a.m., a revolver in his pocket, drove to the point where Kennedy was shot and looked at wreaths scattered along the street.

Then he drove to the Western Union office. He paid for a telegram, got a receipt that was stamped 11:17 a.m. He left hurriedly, walked in the direction of the police department building where Oswald was being held. At 11:21 a.m. he lunged from a crowd of newsmen and cops to murder Lee Oswald.

Into the Past. Peering further into Ruby's background, the Warren Commission asked the FBI, the Muncie, Ind., Police Department, and the Indiana State Police to check a report that Ruby had been connected with Communist Party activities in Muncie in the 1940s. The Commission drew a blank. When Ruby was arrested in Dallas after he shot Oswald, he had in his possession radio scripts from ultraconservative Texas Billionaire H. L. Hunt's *Life Line* radio program. This of course led to reports that Ruby had been involved in a rightist plot against Kennedy; the Warren Commission found no grounds whatever for such a notion. There were reports that Oswald had been seen in Ruby's clubs. The Commission patiently chased down and canceled out each story. In answer to another rumor came this Commission statement: "The Commission has investigated rumors that Jack Ruby and Lee Harvey Oswald were both homosexuals and, thus, might have known each other in that respect. However, no evidence has been uncovered to support the rumors, the closest acquaintances of both men emphatically deny them and Ruby's nightclubs were not known to have been frequented by homosexuals."

Among the Commission's conclusions: "Ruby was regarded by most persons who knew him as moody and unstable—hardly one to have encouraged the confidence of persons involved in a sensitive conspiracy."

"Speculations & Rumors"

"Myths have traditionally surrounded the dramatic assassinations of history," writes the Warren Commission in its Appendix XII, titled "Speculations and Rumors." The report continues: "The rumors and theories about the assassination of Abraham Lincoln that are still being publicized were for the most part bruited within months of his death. Wherever there is any element of mystery in such dramatic events, misconceptions often result from sensational speculations."

In its probe into the assassination of President Kennedy, the Commission found that "many questions have been raised about the facts out of genuine puzzlement or because of misinformation which attended the early reporting of the fast-crowding events." The Commission says: "Throughout the country people reported overheard remarks, conversations, threats, prophecies, and opinions that seemed to them to have a possible bearing on the assassination. More than a few informants initially told their speculations or professed firsthand information to newspaper and television reporters. Later, many of them changed or retracted their stories in telling them to official investigators."

In short, the Warren Commission saw it as its duty not only to report what *did* happen relating to the Kennedy assassination, but also what *did not*. Appendix XII goes on for 32 pages, first citing phony rumors and bad speculations, then citing the Commission's findings that knock down the rumors and speculations.

The Source of the Shots

Gossip has persisted that one or all of the shots were fired not from the Texas School Book Depository building, where the fact of Oswald's presence is undisputed, but from the railroad overpass that the presidential cavalcade was approaching. This would tend to

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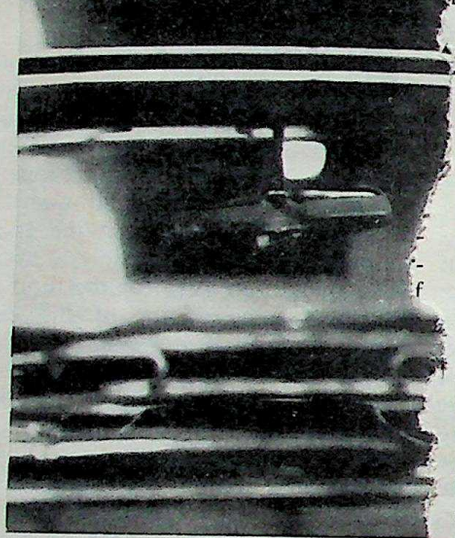
prove either that 1) Oswald, in the School Book Depository building, was innocent, since the shots had come from the overpass; or 2) Oswald, in the School Book Depository building, had an accomplice on the overpass. If the shots had come from the School Book Depository building, they would have hit the President and Governor Connally from behind (which they did). If any of the shots had come from the overpass, the victims would have been hit from in front. Excerpts from the Commission report:

"*Speculation*—The shots that killed the President came from the railroad overpass.

"*Commission finding*—The shots that entered the neck and head of the President and wounded Governor Connally came from behind and above. There is no evidence that any shots were fired at the President from anywhere other than the Texas School Book Depository building.



BULLET MARKS ON INSIDE OF WI
Reporting also w

"*Speculation*—The railroad overpass was left unguarded on Nov. 22.

"*Commission finding*—On Nov. 22, the railroad overpass was guarded by two Dallas policemen, Patrolmen J. W. Foster and J. C. White, who have testified that they permitted only railroad personnel on the overpass.

"*Speculation*—The presidential car had a small round bullet hole in the front windshield. This is evidence that a shot or shots were fired at the President from the front of the car.

"*Commission finding*—The windshield was not penetrated by any bullet. A small residue of lead was found on the inside surface of the windshield; on the outside of the windshield was a very small pattern of cracks immediately in front of the lead residue on the inside. The bullet from which this lead residue came was probably one of those that struck the President and therefore came from overhead and to the rear. Experts established that the abrasion in the windshield came from impact on the inside of the glass."

Could He or Couldn't He?

Says the Commission: "Speculations tending to support the theory that Oswald could not have assassinated President Kennedy are based on a wide variety of assertions."

"*Speculation*—Oswald could not have known the motorcade route before he arrived at work on Nov. 22.

"*Commission finding*—The motorcade route was published in both Dallas papers on Nov. 19.

"*Speculation*—Oswald spent the morning of Nov. 22 in the company of other workers in the building and remained with them until they went

"Many factors were undoubtedly involved in Oswald's motivation for the assassination, and the Commission does not believe that it can ascribe to him any one motive or group of motives. It is apparent, however, that Oswald was moved by an overriding hostility to his environment. He does not appear

HE PURSUIT OF THE TR

Russia and his visit to the Soviet embassy in Mexico last September.

Not content to rely on secondhand reports, the Commission determined to investigate everything afresh. Earl Warren interviewed Jacqueline Kennedy in her Georgetown home and Jack Ruby in his Dallas jail (Ruby called him "Earl"). Every member of the Commission flew to Dallas one or more times, painstakingly retraced the movements that Oswald was known to have made on Nov. 22. They visited the rooming house where he lived, the theater where he was captured, the jail basement where he was shot. At the Texas School Book Depository building, each one went to the sixth-floor spot where Oswald had stood at shouldered the 6.5-mm. Mannlicher-Carcano rifle that he had used—and took aim.

"*Speculation*—It is probable chicken lunch, remains of which were found on the sixth floor, was eaten by an accomplice of Oswald who had hidden on the sixth floor overnight.

"*Commission finding*—The chicken lunch had been eaten shortly after noon on Nov. 22 by Bonnie Ray Williams, an employee of the Texas School Book Depository, who after eating his lunch went to the fifth floor where he was when the shots were fired.

"*Speculation*—A picture published widely in newspapers and magazines after the assassination showed Lee Harvey Oswald standing on the front steps of the Texas School Book Depository shortly before the President's motorcade passed by.

"*Commission finding*—The man on the front steps of the building, thought or alleged by some to be Lee Harvey Oswald, is actually Billy Lovelady, an employee of the Texas School Book Depository, who somewhat resembles Oswald. Lovelady has identified himself in the picture, and other employees of the Depository standing with him, shown in the picture, have verified that he was the man in the picture and that Oswald was not there."

Oswald in Russia

Says the Commission: "Oswald's residence in the Soviet Union for more than 2½ years aroused speculation after his arrest that he was an agent of the Soviet Union or in some way affiliated with it. This speculation was supported by assertions that he had received exceptionally favored treatment from the Soviet Government in securing permission to enter and leave the country, especially the latter, because his Russian wife and child were permitted to leave with him."

"*Speculation*—It is probable that Oswald had prior contacts with Soviet agents before he entered Russia in 1959 because his application for a visa was processed and approved immediately on receipt.

"*Commission finding*—There is no evidence that Oswald was in touch with Soviet agents before his visit to Russia. Had Oswald been recruited as a Russian agent while he was still in the Marines, it is most improbable that he would have been encouraged to defect. He would have been of greater value to Russian intelligence as a Marine radio operator than as a defector.

"*Speculation*—Oswald was trained by the Russians in a special school for assassins at Minsk.

"*Commission finding*—Commission investigations revealed no evidence to support this claim or the existence of such a school in Minsk during the time Oswald was there." (In an earlier section of its report, the Commission stated: "The CIA has informed the Commission that it is in possession of considerable information on the location of secret Soviet training institutions, and it knows of no such institution in or near Minsk during the time Oswald was there.")

Lessons to Be Learned

Pondering how tragedy could have been avoided, the Warren Commission found serious lapses in security and sense.

The report faults the FBI for failing to issue warnings about Oswald after his return from Russia. It charges the Dallas Police Department with several ineptitudes, including "the security breakdown which led to Oswald's death." It accuses the horde of "news media" people who descended on Dallas after Kennedy's assassination of helping create the chaos that made Oswald's death possible.

But the Commission saves its sharpest criticism for the federal agency whose specific duty it is to protect the life of the President: the U.S. Secret Service.

The commissioners compliment Secret Service agents for their courage under fire in Dallas, agree that some

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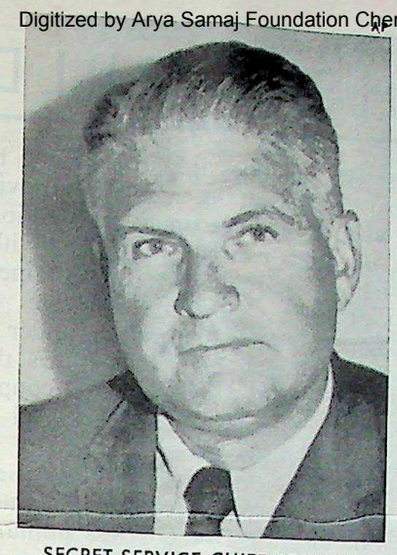
agency's advance security precau-
were "thorough and well exe-
." But in the Secret Service's most
portant job—that of identifying and
arting potential assassins—the Com-
sion declares the agency to be "seri-
ly deficient." Incredible as it may
, the Secret Service did not inspect
Texas School Book Depository be-
President Kennedy's visit, did not
that Oswald worked there, did
even know who Oswald was.

Unduly Restrictive View. The Se-
Service has 50,000 cases on file,
ost all involving persons who have
word or in writing over the last 20
s expressed direct threats against
ife of a President. The White House
room is a prime source for the file,
the list is loaded with harmless
pots. The Service tries to keep
llance over about 100 people who
considered to be "serious risks" to
President; of these, between twelve
15 are especially dangerous be-
e they have no fixed address.

hen Kennedy was assassinated, no
from the Dallas–Fort Worth area
on the Secret Service's "serious
" list. The FBI had a bulky folder
Oswald, but it did not bother to tip
the Secret Service. Says the Com-
ion: "The FBI had no official re-
sibility, under the Secret Service
ma existing at the time of the Pres-
's trip, to refer to the Secret Serv-
e information it had about Oswald.
Commission has concluded, how-
that the FBI took an unduly re-
ive view of its role in preventive
igence work prior to the assassi-
n." Adds the Commission: "The
et Service and the FBI differ as to
her Oswald fell within the category
hreats against the President' which
ld be referred to the Service."

ivided Responsibility. Liaison be-
en the Secret Service and the Dallas
ce was also faulty. Says the Com-
on: "At the time of the trip to
as, the Secret Service as a matter
ractice did not investigate, or cause
be checked, any building located
g the motorcade route to be taken
he President. The responsibility for
ving windows in these buildings
g the motorcade was divided be-
n local police stationed on the
es to regulate crowds and Secret
e agents riding in the motorcade.
Commission has concluded that
arrangements during the trip to
as were clearly not sufficient."
rebuttal, Secret Service Chief
s J. Rowley testified that an inspec-
of many blocks of tall buildings is
practical." But the Commission con-
s that "an attempt to cover only the
obvious points of possible ambush
the route in Dallas might well
included the Texas School Book
ository Building."

ner & Late Hours. In the early
g hours of the assassination day,
of the 28 agents on the Kennedy
committed what the Commission
a breach of discipline." Secret



SECRET SERVICE CHIEF ROWLEY
Overworked and undermanned.

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"The last agent left the Press Club by 2 a.m. Two of the nine agents returned to their rooms. The seven others proceeded to an establishment called the Cellar Coffee House, described by some as a beatnik place. There is no indication that any of the agents had any intoxicating drink at that establishment. Most of the agents were there from about 1:30 or 1:45 a.m. to about 2:45 or 3 a.m.; one agent was there from 2 until 5 a.m.

"Each of the agents had duty assignments beginning no later than 8 a.m. that morning. In Dallas, one of the nine agents was assigned to assist in security measures at Love Field, and four had protective assignments at the Trade Mart. The remaining four had key responsibilities as members of the complement of the followup car in the motorcade [the car behind the President's]. Three of these agents occupied positions on the running boards of the car, and the fourth was seated in the car."

SHEL HERSHORN—BLACK STAR

DALLAS POLICE CHIEF CURRY
A security breakdown.

Under agency regulations, Chief Rowley could have fired the men. "However," says the Commission, "he felt that any disciplinary action might have given rise to an inference that the violation of the regulation had contributed to the tragic events of November 22. Since he was convinced this was not the case, he believed that it would be unfair to the agents and their families to take explicit disciplinary measures." To which the Commission commented: "It is conceivable that those men who had little sleep, and who had consumed alcoholic beverages, even in limited quantities, might have been more alert in the Dallas motorcade if they had retired promptly in Fort Worth. However, there is no evidence that these men failed to take any action in Dallas within their power that would have averted the tragedy."

Experimenting with Risk. The Commission recommends a thorough overhaul of the Secret Service. It urges that the agency aggressively seek information about potential dangers to the President, instead of waiting for tips to dribble in. It suggests that the agency should make trade agreements to swap information with all other federal security agencies, and that it should work more closely with local police departments. It also urges Congress to pass a law making assassination of a President or Vice President a federal offense so that the FBI could bring its full forces to bear immediately and prevent any of the Texas-type "embarrassment and confusion" that can result when local police take charge.

Actually, the Secret Service has been streamlined somewhat since Nov. 22. It has taken on experts in such fields as psychiatry and data processing, is experimenting with methods of ascertaining which big buildings present the greatest risks along a proposed presidential motorcade route. It has equipped the presidential limousine with an optional bubble top that can deflect anything except a shot coming in at a 90° angle (the bubble top that Kennedy rejected was not bulletproof).

The Warren Commission also suggests that the Secret Service, which has been a stepchild of the Treasury Department ever since it began as an anti-counterfeiting force a century ago, be put under the general supervision of a committee of top Cabinet members or the National Security Council. Realizing that the Secret Service is overworked, undermanned, and paid less than the FBI, the Warren Commission endorses a plan to boost the agency's budget and swell its force by more than 200 men.

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EAST GERMANY

Joy, Not Jubilation

Long the Reddest, deadest corpse in the Soviet satellite closet, East Germany showed faint stirrings of unnatural life last week. East German guards were busy knocking a 5-by-9-ft. hole in the Wall as officials of both Germanys signed a pass agreement permitting West Berliners to visit relatives in the East zone five times a year. At the same time, thousands of East German pensioners began registering to go West with the cagey blessing of Communism's chief zombie in the Soviet zone, Walter Ulbricht. And when the satellite's nominal No. 2 man, Premier Otto Grotewohl, died of a stroke, he was promptly replaced by ascetic, articulate Willi Stoph, whom the Communists have artfully put forward as the kind of man the West can deal with.

Though the changes are more cosmetic than cosmic, any loosening of East Germany is an improvement, an ambiguous mood summed up in West German Chancellor Erhard's reaction to the pass agreement: "The German people will certainly feel genuine joy and satisfaction, but there's no cause for jubilation."

Hardship Clause. The pass agreement, the fruit of hard bargaining over eight months between West Berlin and East German officials, grew out of temporary visits permitted last Christmas. Now, some 800,000 West Berliners with relatives in the East will be able to make as many as five family visits a year at holiday times. In addition, West Berliners can cross the Wall within 24 hours if there is a family emergency (sickness, death, marriage or childbirth). This is permitted under a hardship clause, which also allows the East zone member of a married couple sundered by the advent of the Wall to emigrate to the West.

Ulbricht's motive in letting East German pensioners (men over 65, women over 60) visit the West is less humanitarian than it might seem. He has already let 70,000 aged and ailing East Germans emigrate since the Wall went up, saving the Republic nearly $45 million in pensions and state medical care. His new liberality will give 3,000,000 more of the unproductive among East Germany's 17 million population the chance to escape to freedom—and reduce the Communist dole roll.

Red Triumph. The death of long-ailing Grotewohl at 70 left Ulbricht as the only, lonely survivor of the old guard of East German Communism. A tragic anti-hero who might have stepped from the pages of a Graham Greene novel, Grotewohl, as leader of the Social Democratic Party in the Soviet Zone after World War II, had one brief moment of importance. He used it to ally the Social Democrats to the Communists, symbolized in his famous walk from the right of an East Berlin operetta theater in 1946 to shake hands center-stage with Communist East German President Wilhelm Pieck. The gesture gave Moscow the façade of legality that it wanted to create the German Democratic Republic in East Germany. Though Grotewohl got the premiership as his reward, Ulbricht and Moscow thereafter ignored him, letting him indulge the good life he enjoyed: he once even bought his mistress a red Triumph sports car.

New Premier Willi Stoph, in contrast, is a tough, up-from-the-ranks native German Communist with a penchant for fanatically proletarian private life and a good chance at 71-year-old Ulbricht's job as boss. Starting as an economics aide to Ulbricht after the war, Stoph displayed such administrative talent that he was given the job of organizing the Communist security apparatus; later commanded the People's Army.

Saddled with the monolithic image of hard-necked old Ulbricht, East German propagandists for months have worked overtime to build up Stoph as a man who, though dedicated, is not hidebound, and though tough, can be accessible and pragmatic. True or not, the reasons for the seeming effort to give East Germany a new look through Stoph and the pass agreement are not hard to find: Moscow has never given up trying to make the division of Germany more palatable to the West; and with the rest of the Communist European satellites in motion, the East German corpse by contrast has looked seedier than ever. In particular, Khrushchev sorely needs to build up East Germany's image for the visit to glittering West Germany that he expects to make this winter.

ZENTRALBILD

ULBRICHT (LEFT) & STOPH (RIGHT) AT GROTEWOHL'S FUNERAL
More cosmetic than cosmic.

SCANDINAVIA

Two-Way Drift

In Sweden and Denmark, Scandinavia's most prosperous nations, election results last week came as a jolt to the Socialists who have ruled both countries for decades. Though Swedes voted solidly for grandfatherly Premier Tage Erlander's Social Democrats, the big surprise of the election was a gain in Communist strength. The Reds not only added three extra seats to the five they already hold in the Riksdag's 233-member lower house; they were also the only party to increase their overall percentage of the popular vote.

Danish voters, by contrast, moved right, giving four new seats to the Conservatives. The ruling Social Democrats won 76 seats in Parliament, the same total they won in 1960. However, their coalition partners, the Radical Liberals, dropped one of their eleven seats, thus wiping out the government's precarious majority and forcing Premier Jens Otto Krag to form a minority administration.

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ITALY

Malato di Ferro

Intended by Italy's constitution mak- to be a merely ceremonial office, e presidency of Italy has actually ved out to be an important steady- influence during times of confusion Italian politics. Hence, when Presi- Antonio Segni was felled by a ebral stroke last August, Italians e concerned not only for the frail, ating Segni, whom they had long ctionately called *malato di ferro*— iron invalid"—but for their nation well.

The iron invalid bounced back again, last week was able to speak halt- write with his left hand. But it ed unlikely that he could ever re- the full duties of President, and scramble was on for the succession no clear winner in sight. Among most likely: former Christian Dem- t Premier and center-left architect ntore Fanfani; Foreign Minister seppe Saragat, a Social Democrat gly in favor of European unity; er Foreign Minister Attilio Pic- , now national president of the istian Democrats.

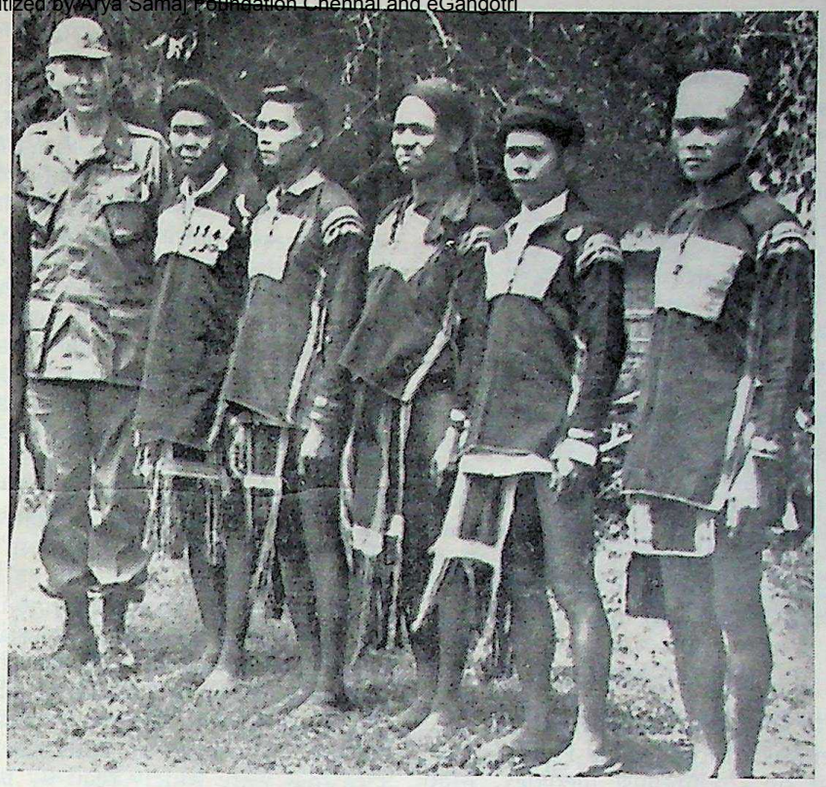
GREAT BRITAIN

The Seesaw

What ever happened to the Liberals? two years ago, the long-eclipsed y of Asquith and Lloyd George ed to many Britons a bright po- al alternative to the tired Tory gov- ent of Harold Macmillan and the on-torn Labor Party of Hugh skell. But as elections neared and major parties closed ranks under leaders, the Liberal "resurgence" eriously petered out. When Britons to the polls Oct. 15, they will prob- elect no more than seven of some Liberal candidates.

Yet the Liberals still hope to play an portant role in the new government. son: it is quite possible that who- r wins, Tory or Labor, will scrape with so small a margin (20 seats or) that it will be necessary to seek eral support on major policy issues. eral Leader Jo Grimond, while edly reluctant to hold the balance power, is already discussing the ms" on which his party would perate."

Though traditionally left-wing re- ers, the Liberals today have less in mon with the Laborites than with Tories they accuse of "tyranny." some justification, they argue that "pioneered" the Tories' belated de- n to seek admission to the Common ket, to which Labor is still strongly osed. The Liberals' chief disagree- t with the present government is Prime Minister Sir Alec Douglas- e's insistence that Britain must re- its nuclear deterrent. On most oth- issues, however, the 14-page party nifesto issued two weeks ago falls



HOWARD SOCHUREK

COLONEL FREUND & RHADE TRIBESMEN
Between mastodons and montagnards.

disappointingly short of its slogan, "Think for Yourself—Vote Liberal." Indeed, on such divisive questions as restricting colored immigration and tying industrial wages to productivity, the Liberal position is virtually indistinguishable from the calculatedly bland pronouncements of both major parties.

SOUTH VIET NAM

Trouble in the Hills

South Viet Nam's most formidable fighting men are the aboriginal tribesmen whom the French called *montagnards* —hill people. Deadly hunters with crossbows and poisoned arrows, the more than 500,000 *montagnards* live in the vast "high plateau" that extends across one-third of the country. They are darker and tougher than the lowland Vietnamese, who consider the *montagnards* racially inferior, and scornfully refer to them as *moi,* or baboons. To protect them from land-grabbing lowlanders, French colonial administrators in effect made the central highlands a tribal reservation. When the French pulled out in 1954, lowlanders once again drove the *montagnards* ever deeper into the jungle—and into the arms of the Communist Viet Cong.

Tribal State. In an ambitious attempt to win over the *montagnards,* U.S. military advisers in 1962 started a program to train and arm them so that they could defend their villages from guerrilla attack. More than 9,000 were schooled by U.S. Special Forces instructors, who found them to be fierce, loyal fighters, extremely useful in cutting Communist Viet Cong supply lines in jungle-covered mountains; most came from the relatively civilized Rhade (pronounced Rah-*day*) tribe. However, when the hated lowlanders from the Vietnamese government gradually took over the program, racial tension mounted in the training camps, and *montagnards* started defecting in ever-larger numbers. Rueful U.S. officers shrugged: "Hope we don't find ourselves fighting these *montagnards.*"

They may have to do just that. Last week some 500 rebellious Rhade warriors from five training camps swooped on strategic Banmethuot, a provincial capital 160 miles northeast of Saigon. They killed some 50 Vietnamese officers and men and seized a radio station, broadcasting demands for an autonomous tribal state. Finally, at the urging of U.S. Colonel John F. Freund, a French-speaking Special Forces adviser whom they trusted, the rebels withdrew and agreed to present their grievances to Premier Nguyen Khanh, who had immediately flown to the area.

Flatly refusing to discuss autonomy for the *montagnards,* Khanh said to an American: "That would be like your Sioux Indians seceding from America." But Khanh allowed that the tribesmen's "righteous aspirations"—for better schools and medical facilities, tribal representation at the top government level, replacement by Americans of all Vietnamese officers in their training camps—would be met. Even so, the restive *montagnards* still remained a major threat.

Endless Circle. No sooner had Khanh returned to Saigon than he was faced with another threatened coup against his increasingly ineffectual regime. The latest challenge came from the disaffected band of younger officers, including Air Force Commander Nguyen Cao Ky, who only two weeks earlier had saved Khanh from the third military rebellion since President Ngo Dinh Diem's assassination last November. They gave Khanh until Oct. 25 to purge six generals—including one mem-

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ber of Khanh's ruling triumvirate—whom they accused of seeking compromise with the Communists and neutralism for South Viet Nam.

Many officials wondered whether the rolypoly Premier would last long enough even to meet that deadline. Nor were they reassured by the regime's announcement, after a month of backstage bickering, that it had selected a 17-man High National Council to put the reeling nation back on the road to political stability and representative government. Vietnamese critics complained bitterly that the council consisted entirely of "mastodons," their term for men without power or prestige. Said a U.S. official: "It's like being in an endless circle with no way of stopping and no hope of making a fresh start. But maybe, just maybe . . ."

RED CHINA

How to End the Class Struggle

Ever since Moscow and Peking openly split on Communist ideology, Mao Tse-tung's high command has been quietly cracking down on everyone rash enough to question the hard-line Marxism separating him from the hated Khrushchev revisionists. Apparently, the purges have not been too successful, for

AFP—PICTORIAL

MAO TSE-TUNG*
Thinking for others.

last week the shadow of dialectic oblivion was falling on Mao's two most influential victims so far, and it had begun to look as if the biggest public brainwash since 1957 was not far away.

Latest victims were two widely respected intellectuals, Central Committee Member Yang Hsien-chen, party theoretician and former president of the elite Higher Party School, and Historian (and onetime English professor) Chou Ku-cheng, whose *General History of China* has been a standard work for nearly 30 years. Their crime was pure heresy: contradicting Mao's infallible doctrine that "everything tends to divide into two," which is the very foundation for Peking's dialectical battle with Moscow. According to the "one-into-two theory," disputes are never resolved except by force, so that Moscow's cherished concept of peaceful coexistence is impossible. "The contradictions and struggle between Marxism-Leninism and modern revisionism cannot be dealt with by mediation," warns Peking.

According to Yang, the one-into-two doctrine is backwards, suggesting that the Moscow-Peking split is therefore reparable. "The law of the development of things is that two merge into one," he said in a series of lectures and articles that were widely read by party intellectuals. "All opposing social forces are merging. To study dialectics is to learn the capability of linking two opposite ideologies into one."

Historian Chou went even farther. According to the Peking People's Daily, he was "in recent years" teaching the "convergence of all ideologies—the revolutionary, the unrevolutionary, the nonrevolutionary, and even the anti-revolutionary." Charged the newspaper angrily: "There is no 'convergence,' but only round after round of struggle as a result of which either you or I will live or die."

In all probability, the criticism was no life-or-death matter for Yang or Chou. But disgrace was doom enough for the pair since it presumably means they will publish no more books and teach no more classes. Which might go to prove their point that even the class struggle has its limits.

* *Looking frail and feeble as he posed last month with representatives of a French technical exposition in Peking, including* Bernard de Gaulle, *nephew of France's President, looming over his left shoulder.*

INDIA

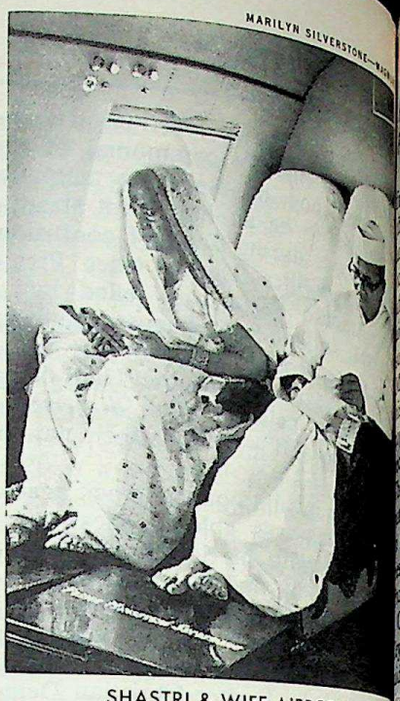
Blessed Contact

Faced with a rising tide of criticism, Prime Minister Lal Bahadur Shastri decided that he needed to get away from his desk for some hard political barnstorming. Last week he flew to Calcutta to make his first public appearance outside New Delhi since he took office.

No city needed his attention more than Calcutta (pop. 3,000,000), the steaming factory and port of eastern India. The city's labor force was in an ugly mood: some 3,000 civil servants had been on strike for higher bonus payments, and the leftist labor unions were hotly agitating for a general work stoppage.

Bare Feet. Shastri, who had spent most of the 2½-hour flight with his bare feet propped up on a metal dispatch case as he perused official papers, landed almost on the run. After brief airport ceremonies, he dashed off to a

MARILYN SILVERSTONE—MAGNUM



SHASTRI & WIFE AIRBORNE
Thinking for himself.

locomotive factory to ask the work[ers] to ignore the general strike and k[eep] the factory open, "whatever happe[ns]." Their loudly chorused reply: "It w[ill] be kept open."

Then, over crowd-lined streets, [he] headed downtown for conferences w[ith] local Congress Party leaders, af[ter] which he appeared on the Maidan, [a] big, grassy plain in the heart of C[al]cutta, to give a crowd of 350,000 [an] opportunity for *darshana*—a sort [of] blessed contact through sight—[and] more important, a major political spe[ech] plugging his own new brand of neut[ral]ism for India.

In his flat, reedy voice, the little P[re]mier told the cheering crowd that [a] month's harvest and massive new U[.S.] grain shipments would end the w[orst] part of the food crisis within f[our] weeks. Aware that accepting such [in]creased aid from the U.S. had expos[ed] him to leftist criticism, Shastri h[as] insisted that he was remaining on [the] path of the late beloved Jawahar[lal] Nehru—whose "nonaligned" post[ure] did not prevent him from taking heal[thy] doses of help from the West. As for [the] Communist attackers, he said they th[ink] "in terms of destruction and not co[n]struction" and have to "wait for instr[uc]tions from outside. They do not th[ink] for themselves."

Arms Deal. To prove the gov[ern]ment's continued dedication to neutr[al]ism, Defense Minister Y. B. Chav[an] stood up in Parliament last week [to] announce details of a new $210 milli[on] arms deal with Moscow for three squa[d]rons of MIG-21 supersonic jet fighte[rs] plus an assortment of other milit[ary] hardware and help in building a co[m]plete MIG assembly plant. And Shas[tri] himself was preparing to leave the I[n]dian subcontinent for the first time [in] his life, to fly to Cairo for next week's meeting of the nonaligned bloc in which Nehru had been such a towering figure.

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JAPAN

egrettable Destruction of eaceful Corps Existence

Ever since the Japanese recovered rom World War II and moved back into he ranks of the world's industrial gi-s, their allies have been urging them o take a greater interest in foreign airs—and especially to help out in d to underdeveloped countries. In the ccess of the U.S. Peace Corps, Prime inister Hayato Ikeda thought he saw chance. Drafting plans for a Japanese ey, he dispatched officials to likely pients in Southeast Asia and Africa. e Africans were interested enough, when Ikeda's emissaries got closer home, they ran head-on into memo-s of Japan's "Greater East Asia Co-sperity Sphere."

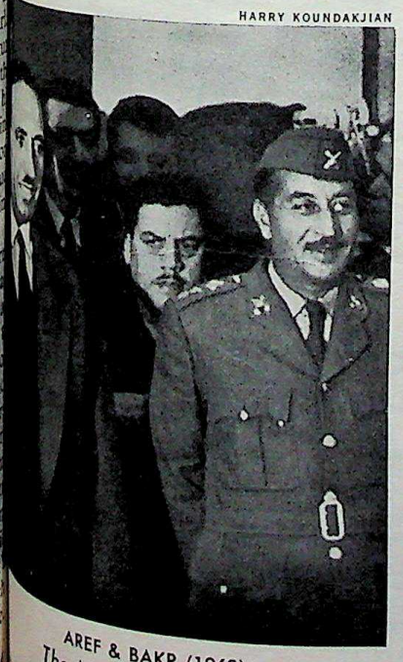
Orientally polite, India, Pakistan and lon studied their fingernails, and no thanks. Thailand, home of the er Kwai, and Malaysia, which remem-s the ignominious defeat of Britain's tion at Singapore, explained they ded engineers, not volunteers. In-nesia snarled at Ikeda's men as "cat's-s of American imperialism," and in e Philippines the Japanese were ac-ly pelted with stones. His good works ed in the bud, Ikeda last week re-dly admitted he was "postponing finitely" any further discussion of apanese peace corps.

IRAQ

e Plot That Failed

Iraq, said President Abdul Salam f, "is a factor for the production *coups d'état*." Aref should know: he mself seized power last November, ing the Baathist regime of Premier ssan Bakr which had itself over-own Dictator Kassem last year. Last week the Middle East heard de-s of the latest attempted coup to e off the Iraqi assembly line. It was duled for noon last Sept. 4 as Aref and most of his Cabinet boarded a Viscount turboprop en route to the Arab summit at Alexandria. The Viscount was to be escorted by a squadron of six MIG fighters of the Iraqi air force—and all six pilots were members of a Baathist cell, who had agreed to blast the presidential plane to bits as it took off.

HARRY KOUNDAKJIAN



AREF & BAKR (1963)
The MIGs were rigged.

Taped Anthems. As soon as the MIGs struck, the 4th Armored Brigade, at Camp Rashid outside Baghdad and commanded by Colonel Ahmed el Jabouri, a covert Baathist, would storm into the city, seize the radio station and the government buildings. They would be supported by 10,000 Baathist cadres from all over Iraq, who had been quietly assembling in Baghdad. Everything was complete, down to recordings of Baathist anthems to be played over Radio Iraq on the day of the coup.

But there was a single flaw, and it was fatal. Lieut. Harfad Sardoun, one of the six pilots, passing himself off to the conspirators as a secret Baathist, was in fact working for the regime. As the plotters' plans firmed up in late August, Sardoun fed details to Aref's police. Aref made no move until Sept. 3, eve of the coup. Then, overnight, loyal army units and police swooped down on Camp Rashid. The five Baathist pilots were rounded up and executed. Colonel El Jabouri and most of his officers of the 4th Armored Brigade were clapped in jail. Baathist ex-Premier Hassan Bakr was hustled to Selman fortress, deep in the southern desert, and mercilessly grilled. He took full responsibility for the plot and implicated other Baathist leaders at home and abroad. In Baghdad alone, 3,000 Baathists were imprisoned.

Restive Kurds. Although the coup was smashed, President Aref could be certain that more trouble lay ahead for the troubled regime. In Vienna last spring, a band of Baathist exiles met under the leadership of Brigadier Hardan Takriti, the former Baathist commander in chief of the Iraqi army, who this year was exiled to Europe as Iraq's Ambassador to Sweden. Vowed Takriti: "By the beard of the Prophet, I swear I will overthrow the traitor Aref."

Last week, acknowledging the regime's fear of Takriti, Aref published a decree removing the ambassador from government service altogether. Such steps are hardly likely to provide permanent security for a regime that is bitterly opposed by almost all of Iraq's powerful minority groups. The 3,000,000 Shia Moslems of the south are unhappy over Aref's recent Nasser-style nationalization of imports and exports, as well as his growing dependence on Cairo and Moscow. In the northern mountains, the 1,500,000 Kurds once again are restive, suspecting that Aref's promise to provide Kurdish "national rights" is little more than hollow words.

If Iraq's simmering discontent bubbles over again, Aref's foes could be more than a match for the strong, specially selected armed force with T-54 tanks that guard his presidential palace day and night.

BILL SMITH

PRIME MINISTER BANDA
The sons were sulking.

MALAWI

Challenge for Father

The small, gnomelike man danced on the floor of the Parliament chamber, fluttering his fly whisk and shouting, "Decision! Decision! Decision!" He was Prime Minister H. Kamuzu Banda, 58, and he was demanding a clear choice by Parliament between him and a band of five rebel Ministers led by the second most popular man in Malawi (formerly Nyasaland), Education Minister Masauko Chipembere, 34. Parliament's members gave Banda a vote of confidence by acclamation.

Hypnotic Image. Instead of curing the crisis, the overwhelming vote deepened it. Malawi's first major crisis, after only nine weeks of independence, has all the bitterness of a family quarrel. The young dissidents had revered Banda as a father and, until now, he had regarded them as dutiful sons. As Hastings Banda, he had spent 32 years in the U.S. and Britain, where he built up a large, and mostly white, medical practice and fought at long range for the freedom of his native land.

When he finally returned home in 1958, the dedicated young nationalists made him a gift of the leadership of the independence movement. They built him up as the Lion of Malawi, *Ngwazi* (Supreme Chief), and called him Messiah. For his part, Banda dropped the Hastings and became H. Kamuzu Banda, a name more appealing to Africans. But what stunned Banda's ministerial "sons" was the discovery, after independence, that Banda believed his press notices and was hypnotized by his own carefully fabricated image as savior of his people. He took complete charge of the fledgling Cabinet, reserving for himself most of the important portfolios. He called the Ministers "my boys," seldom let them speak up with ideas of their own, and once boasted on the floor of Parliament, "I tell them what to do. I make all the decisions!"

The Malawi crisis dismayed Western

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observers for, as one diplomat put it, Banda's "are the most realistic, sensible and encouragingly pro-Western policies in Africa today." Banda stood firm against recognizing Red China, even though Peking is reported ready to extend credits of up to $50 million in return for recognition. Another trigger of the revolt was Banda's negotiation of a trade pact with Portugal, whose policies in Angola and Mozambique are anathema to African nationalists.

No Jellyfish. When Parliament adjourned, the rebel Ministers took their case to the people, defying Banda's ban on public meetings. Banda defended himself by charging that the rebels "tried to hire a witch doctor" to murder him. Snorted Banda: "I am a Prime Minister with a spine, not a jellyfish kind of Prime Minister who is afraid of his subordinates—so now they have to kill."

The rebels' revolt struck a sympathetic chord among many Malawans who revere the Lion but wish he would soften his autocratic ways. Nevertheless, bustling little Prime Minister Banda was still hale and hearty last week and so confident of winning that he refused to attend a peace conference with the rebels arranged by the British Governor General.

ALGERIA

Synonyms for Democracy

It was a national election that President Ahmed ben Bella could not lose. Yet last week he scarcely looked like a winner.

After a week of campaigning, Algeria's voters were urged to flock to the polls to vote for one unexciting 138-man list of carefully selected candidates for the National Assembly. The pro-government newspaper Alger Républicain tried to reply to "those who regret that our country is not the scene of electoral battles as are practiced elsewhere" by lamely explaining that a "multiplicity of parties and programs is not necessarily synonymous with real democracy."

Ben Bella's government crowed that the turnout was 85%, not much below the figure last year when the electorate ratified Ben Bella as President. But Western observers, who found general apathy and indifference, felt that 60% would be closer to the truth. Indeed a cautious Ben Bella had forgone the usual pre-election mass meetings and rallies for fear that they might be lacking in enthusiasm and crowds, had confined the campaign to small neighborhood gatherings. Algiers' polling places were almost empty on election-day afternoon, though the official radio said they were kept open late "because of the heavy crowds." In Kabylia, infested with anti-government guerrillas, 43% of the voters boycotted the election, even at the risk of reprisals. Foreign newsmen were forbidden entrance to Michelet, hometown of Hocine Aït Ahmed, a rabid Ben Bella opponent.

The new National Assembly, only a rubber stamp of the regime in any case, has been purged of the few remaining "retrogrades" and "unworthy militants." Ben Bella's scattered opposition now works aimlessly toward some kind of unity. Its leaders find that though the masses are apathetic toward Ben Bella and his "Islamic socialism," they seem equally indifferent to the rebels; even Rebel Chief Aït Ahmed has been complaining of "public lassitude." Perhaps the wisest Algerian of them all is Mohammed Khider, who made his opposition to Ben Bella clear by going into self-exile in Europe, and took with him $1,000,000 in party funds.

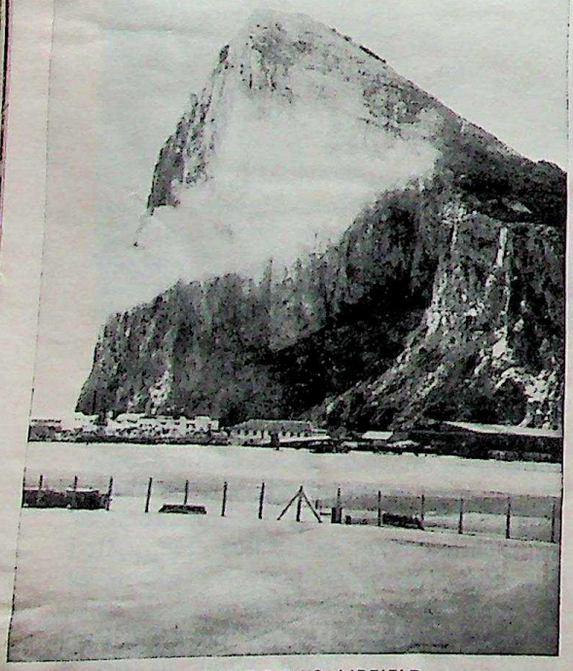
GIBRALTAR

The Most Happy Colony

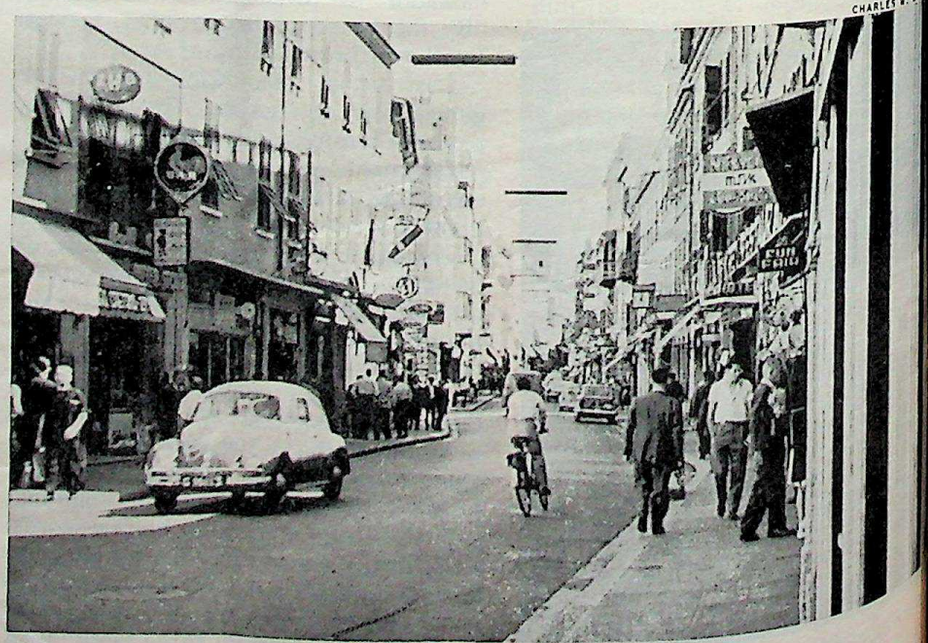
"Why, sir!" exploded the British governor when a Spanish general threatened to attack Gibraltar in 1748, "if you dare give me any more of your damned nonsense, I will kick you from Hell to Hackney." In the 260 years since Admiral Sir George Rooke captured the Rock from Spain, the kicking match has gone on almost nonstop. Last week, when General Francisco Franco opened his umpteenth campaign to regain the terrain for Spain, the British were ready with both feet.

Before the United Nations Decolonization Committee, Britain's Cecil King reasoned that it was up to the people of Gibraltar to decide for themselves between British and Spanish rule; Franco vehemently opposes self-determination for the Rock. King received spirited support from Sir Joshua Hassan, the colony's vigorous, voluble chief minister and a sixth-generation Gibraltarian. Said Sir Joshua: "If we had a plebiscite on whether Gibraltar was to remain British or become Spanish, my only fear would be that we might get a 120% majority for the status quo."

Pescado & Chips. Gibraltar's original inhabitants all fled when the British first landed. Most of today's "Rock scorpions," as Gibraltar's 24,000 natives proudly call themselves, are not of Spanish ancestry but are descended from the Jewish, Maltese, Genoese and Moroccan immigrants whom the British encouraged to settle there. A tough, cocky breed, the citizens of Britain's only European crown colony speak breakneck English and a kind of cockney Spanish, follow British soccer as avidly as they bullfights, and pride themselves on their stiff upper lips, the view from their 1,400-ft.-high peak (Africa is only 3 miles across the straits), and the fact that the great-great-great-great-grand-



THE ROCK'S AIRFIELD



MAIN STREET

Omnium-gatherum at the gate.

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ich one

years old?

You cannot tell the age from the stars. Both have the same brilliance. Only the radiator has changed. That was inevitable. Advanced technical design deserves modern styling. Mere fashion is not enough. The Mercedes-Benz of 1938 and of 1963 prove that.

The first Mercedes was built in 1900. Its 4 cylinder engine delivered 38 HP (35 PS) and was sufficient for a top speed of about 54 mph (86 km/h). The latest Mercedes-Benz was introduced in 1963. Its name is: 'The Grand Mercedes'. Its V. 8 fuel injection engine supplies 300 HP SAE (250 Din PS) and gives a maximum speed of 127 mph (205 km/h).

MERCEDES-BENZ

48 Ale

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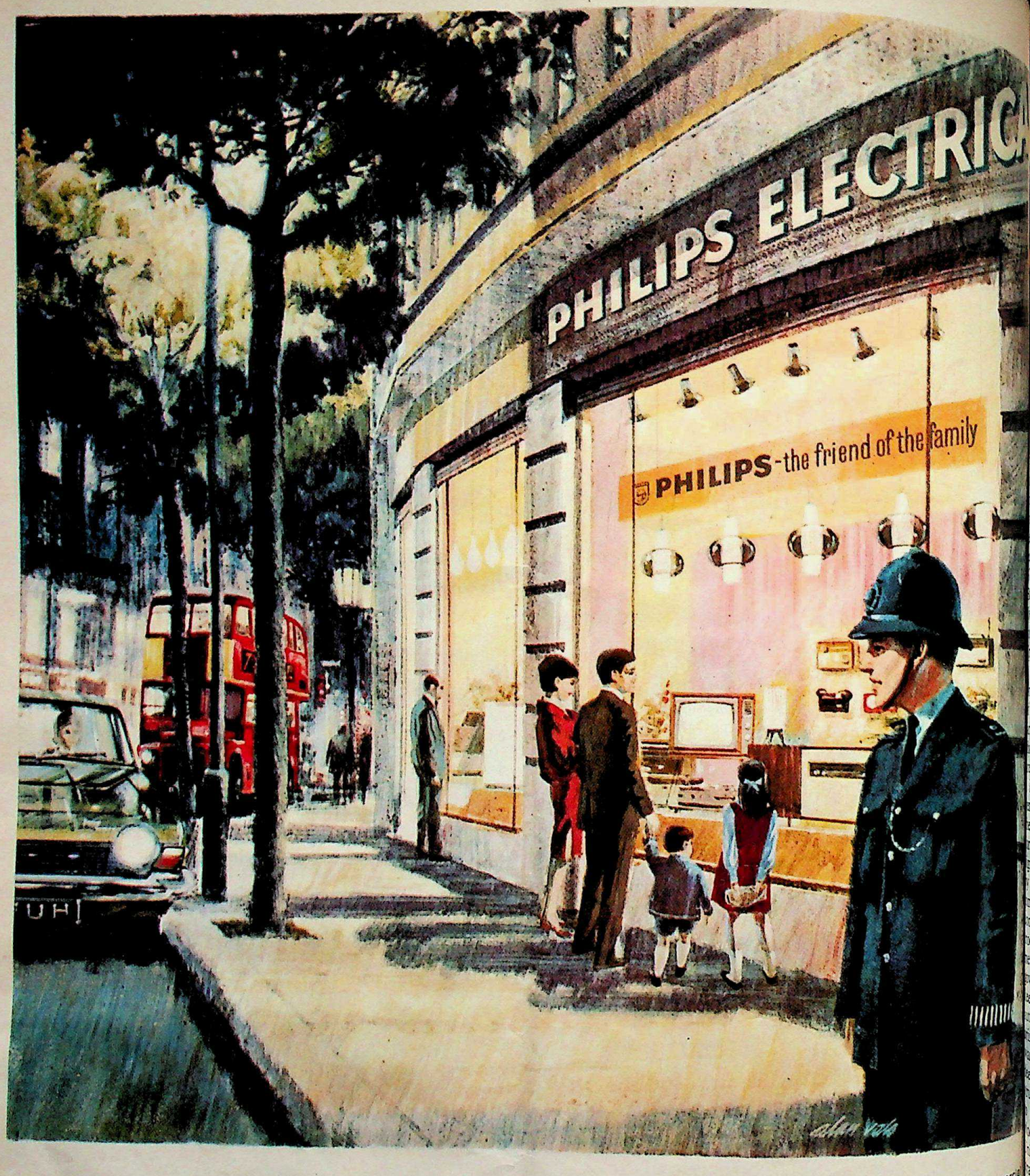

Friend of the family

In Great Britain, Philips are known as 'the friend of the family'. A strong claim for a commercial organization to make — but true. Whether the family is at home, or out and about, Philips help to make life easier and more enjoyable. From electric shavers to television, from portable radios to washing machines, Philips make a wonderful variety of products for all the family. Philips also contribute to research, industrial development, medicine, and many other activities that ultimately help the people of Britain . . . the family that knows Philips as a reliable friend.

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father of Britain's Prime Minister Sir Alec Douglas-Home was one of the best governors they ever had.

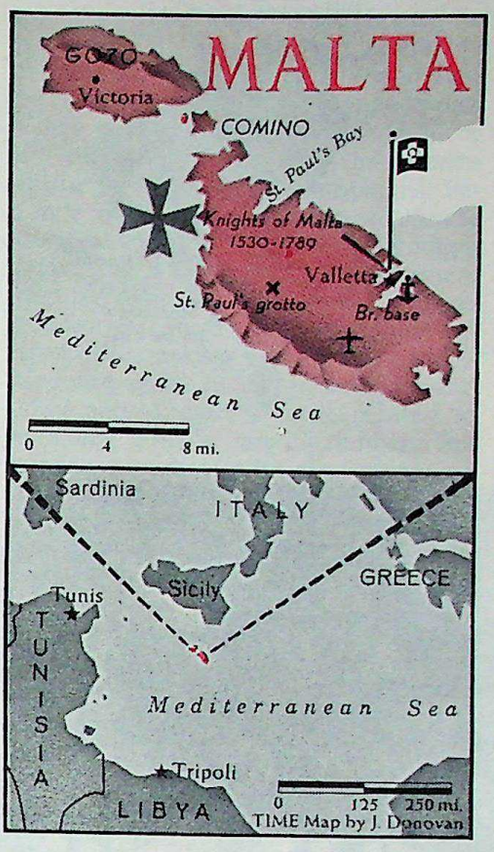
Gibraltar's main—and almost only—street is a delightful omnium-gatherum of the civilizations that have passed its way since Hercules rent Europe from Africa and made the Rock one of his Pillars. On the soft Mediterranean air, jasmine and mimosa mingle with the aroma of frying *pescado* and chips; from dark alleys float shreds of flamenco music, tourist twist and the dogged strains of Methodist choir practice (*Rock of Ages* is a Gibraltarian favorite). Helmeted native bobbies impartially ogle vacationing English shopgirls, off-duty African belly dancers, and the Midwestern matrons among the 240,000 visitors who stop off there by sea each year.

"Shame of Spain." In stores that are indistinguishable from London shops 1,685 miles away, Hindu merchants do a roaring trade in duty-free Japanese radios, American cigarettes and German cameras. The 15,000 Spanish workers who flock to work in the colony each day—and take home more than $7,000,000 a year in relatively high British wages—make a lucrative second thing from smuggling goods that can be sold for a hefty profit in highly taxed Spain. Irked by its loss of revenues as a result of smuggling, the Franco regime calls the British enclave the "shame of Spain"—a name that ordinary Spaniards have mischievously applied to the shoddy, Madrid-made automobiles that are Franco's pride.

Despite its carnival air, the great silver-grey rock is still first and foremost the world's most impregnable natural fortress—one that might have been designed for the nuclear age. It is manned by 1,000 men of the Royal Air Force, some 700 Royal Navy personnel, and two companies of British soldiers. The troops, men from the Middlesex Regiment, provide a colorful guard for the governor, train Gibraltar's draftees, and keep ready to support the island's civil authorities in any emergency that might arise. The limestone Rock is a rabbit warren of caverns linked by 25 miles of man-hewn tunnels. Unsinkable, indestructible, the bastion has not once fallen to its foes in the score of sieges and blockades it has undergone since the Union Jack was first hoisted over the walls.

If ancient superstition holds true, Gibraltar will be British just as long as it is inhabited by the famed Barbary apes that somehow found their way there from Morocco. In 1941, after Hitler promised to deliver the Rock to Franco in return for Spain's wartime support, it reached Winston Churchill that the ape population was dangerously declining. The Prime Minister cabled back: STRENGTH OF ROCK APE PACK TO BE KEPT UP AT ALL COST. It was—and the cost was high indeed. For every ape smuggled onto the Rock by Franco's agents, the British handed over a case of precious Scotch.

PRIME MINISTER OLIVIER
Independent at the crossroads.



MALTA

The Most Reluctant Nation

Like Gibraltar, the tiny, barren islands of Malta have always been at the crossroads of history. There, 15 centuries before Christ, the Phoenicians set up a trading colony. In 60 A.D., the Apostle Paul found haven on a rocky beach near Valletta after his shipwreck, and in 1565 the Turkish invasion fleet was driven off by the Knights of Malta. More recently, during World War II, the Maltese withstood almost daily bombardment by Axis planes, kept Britain's crucial Mediterranean sea lanes open. For 35 centuries invaders came, ruled, and were swept aside by new invaders; all the while Malta remained a colony.

Yet last week, when Malta finally became a sovereign state, much of the islands' 330,000 populace viewed the prospect of independence with anxiety and even anger. When Britain's Prince Philip arrived for the ceremonies, his motorcade was stoned, and at the independence-day parade, mounted police moved in to break up a riot. When the Union Jack was hauled down from the Valletta parade-ground flagpole, vehement boos were mixed with the crowd's cheers. Ex-Prime Minister Dom Mintoff's opposition Malta Labor Party even went so far as to boycott the opening session of the islands' Parliament—in which it holds nearly one-third of the seats.

The Laborites criticize independence as moving from "colonialism to neocolonialism," want Malta to leave the Commonwealth and immediately close down the British military bases. Most Maltese, however, fear independence for just the opposite reason, since the military bases supplied one-third of all income, employed one-sixth of the labor force—and have given Malta a living standard far beyond its means. With the missile age eroding the strategic value of Malta's mid-Mediterranean location, they fear that independence can only hasten the process of decay.

Britain does not intend to leave its former colony high and dry, has committed $15 million to an ambitious five-year industrial-expansion program that has already created a small but thriving factory district in Valletta. But Malta is far too tiny (122 sq. mi.) and barren to produce enough to feed its dense population of 330,000. So Nationalist Prime Minister George Borg Olivier is taking the path of Malta's history: loudly promoting the glories of its wide beaches, its ornate cathedrals, mosques and fortresses, and its 4,000-year-old ruins, he is looking forward to yet another invasion. This one by tourists.

CYPRUS

Taking Sides

Red-faced beneath their blue berets, the United Nations forces in Cyprus last week owned up to a glaring lapse from impartiality: two Swedish lieutenants were caught trying to smuggle arms to Turkish Cypriots in the town of Lefka—not for gain but out of sympathy for the besieged and outnumbered villagers.

The U.N. Security Council in New York nonetheless voted unanimously to extend the 6,100-man peace-keeping force's mandate for another three months, and U.N. Secretary-General U Thant announced at week's end that the Turks had at last agreed to hand over to the U.N. complete control of the strategic highway between Nicosia and Kyrenia. The agreement would represent a major Turkish concession toward peace. Question was, would the Greeks reciprocate by freeing some of the roads they control?

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JOSEPH FABRY

THE GENERAL IN CARACAS
Dreams, just dreams.

FOREIGN RELATIONS

De Gaulliver's Travels

La grande visite was at hand—Charles de Gaulle's much-heralded expedition to Latin America, a 27-day good-will tour covering 20,000 miles and ten nations. Paris papers hailed his "delirious welcome," and one writer even ventured to call him "our national conquistador." He was hardly that. The imposing old soldier was greeted with warmth, admiration, affection. Flattered Latin Americans listened with interest to his subtle talk of common origins and suggestions of a broad, transatlantic Latin bond. But it was clear that any dreams of a Latin Third Force—directed from Paris—were only dreams.

Masters & Men. The tone was set at the first stop in Caracas, Venezuela. Stepping from his French-made Caravelle jetliner, boarded in Guadeloupe after his crossing in a Boeing 707, De Gaulle shook hands with President Raúl Leoni and was whisked into downtown Caracas. Some 60,000 people packed the sidewalks, holding small French and Venezuelan flags as De Gaulle stood nodding and smiling, acknowledging the *vivas*. Taking no chances of an untoward incident, either by Venezuela's pro-Communist terrorists or the handful of vengeful French exiles in Latin America, the government posted 20,000 troops, police and security agents around the city; helicopters whirred overhead, and sentries dotted the rooftops along the illustrious visitor's route. In 30 hectic hours, De Gaulle made no fewer than nine public appearances; with remarkable stamina for a man of 73, he visited the tomb of Simón Bolívar, spoke before members of Congress, accepted Venezuela's gold-chained Order of the Liberator, and bestowed the Grand Cross of the Legion of Honor on Leoni.

In glowing terms, De Gaulle spoke of all that France could do for Venezuela—"by opening the doors of her universities, by sending her technicians, by encouraging investments in a country like this." Then he came to the hard part, a scarcely veiled reference to U.S. "hegemony" in Latin America. "We Frenchmen," he told a group of businessmen and farm leaders, "believe that from the points of view of economy, politics, influence and power, Latin America is an essential factor in a world which must regain an equilibrium. You are masters in your own house, and we wish that you remain so."

In private talks, Leoni made it clear that the major disequilibrium concerning him was Communist subversion around the hemisphere, and that Venezuela is disturbed by French trade with Cuba. The joint communiqué was limited to bland assurances of mutual esteem and wishes for world peace. French loans for Venezuelan development? There was little talk of that. "They need experts more than money," sniffed one high-ranking Gaullist.

Proud & Explicit. On down the western spine of South America De Gaulle traveled, seeing the same enormous, tightly policed crowds, plowing doggedly through the same man-killing schedule, everywhere voicing France's deep interest in Latin American "independence"—and receiving the same polite response. Colombia was supposed to be a high point of the trip. Its aristocracy is oriented toward Europe. But trade with France amounts to less than $17 million a year *v.* $500 million with the U.S., and the country's leaders are nothing if not realistic.

"I want to be explicit in my position regarding the U.S.," said Colombia's President Guillermo León Valencia at a state dinner. "Colombia has been, is, and will remain the companion, ally and friend of the U.S., and as President of the republic I am proud to declare it on this historic night." De Gaulle's reply was muted: "We wish to strengthen and extend the ties that bind us to Colombia."

And so it went. In Quito, Ecuador, the thin, 9,300-ft. atmosphere was warmed for De Gaulle by cheering crowds thronging sidewalks, balconies, rooftops, throwing flowers, petals and confetti. When De Gaulle stepped out on the balcony of the National Palace, some 20,000 jammed the plaza below, and a charmed De Gaulle charmed the audience by making his first public speech in Spanish. But Rear Admiral Ramón Castro Jijón, chief of the country's ruling junta, went out of his way to explain Ecuador's "ties to the U.S. in the Organization of American States." Peru's Fernando Belaúnde Terry (*p. 27*), who had studied in Paris and returned an admirer of most things French, was even more blunt. "In my opinion," he told newsmen in Lima, "a union between European and South American nations based on Latinity would be primarily sentimental, because Latinity is primarily sentimental."

Long Ago & Far Away. "What is happening," insisted one French official, "corresponds closely to what we expected—a warm welcome." Indeed, De Gaulle was in his element. Whether visiting Peru's Pantheon of Heroes or accepting Venezuela's Order of the Liberator, he plucked a chord that Latin masses respond to—he was the military strongman, the history-minded hero. Yet, like many Europeans, De Gaulle may have overestimated Latin America's anti-*Yanqui* feelings and underestimated its sense of hemispheric community with the U.S. As for France, for all the cheers it sometimes seemed long ago and far away. A Colombian Cabinet minister put it succinctly: "All we can expect from France," he said, "is grandeur."

BOLIVIA

Preventing Trouble Before It Starts

The sharp rap on the door of the La Paz hotel suite was impossible to ignore even at 5 on a Sunday morning. Former Bolivian President Hernán Siles Zuazo, 50, stumbled drowsily out of bed to answer the summons, and there stood half a dozen members of the government's *control político* police. "You mean you're going to arrest the chief of the revolution?" asked Siles. They were indeed. Two days later, Siles and 30 other, lesser Bolivians were unceremoniously air-expressed to exile in neighboring Paraguay.

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Revolution Within the Law

When Peru's President Fernando Belaúnde Terry began his six-year term last year, the rumbles were as loud as an Andean avalanche. Backed by the army, Belaúnde scraped into power with a bare 39% of the vote, and ranged against him were two men capable of destroying his fragile government—old-time APRA Party Chieftain Víctor Raúl Haya de la Torre, 69, and ex-Dictator Manuel Odría, 66. Both had been candidates against Belaúnde, ripped him as a "demagogue," even tried to pin a Red tag on him when leftists joined his coalition party. Following their defeat, Haya and Odría still controlled 110 congressional seats, *v.* 70 for Belaúnde's own *Acción Popular*. Yet last week, 15 months after the election, Peru presented a picture of relative stability and progress rare for Latin America.

EMPRESA PERIODISTICA

BELAÚNDE & MINISTERS*
Agreement to agree.

The gross national product is on its way to a record $3 billion this year, and unemployment is not even a problem. The balance of payments for mid-1964 yielded a $30 million surplus, gold and dollar reserves are up more than 50% over a year ago. Something like 400 new laws are on the books. Among them: one of Latin America's best agrarian reforms for resettling 1,000,000 peasants on undeveloped land, a free-education bill that will take a youngster from elementary school through college, and a record $770 million budget to make a solid start on the programs. "When both sides want to agree," says Belaúnde reasonably, "agreement is no problem."

* After attending a religious ceremony at Lima cathedral.

Chaos or Conciliation. Not so long ago, Peruvians would have hooted at the sentiment. Yet after last year's bitter election, Winner Belaúnde and Losers Haya and Odría had a simple choice —they could continue the vendetta, or they could pull together for the reforms all had promised in their campaigns. Belaúnde was shrewd enough to choose conciliation. Shortly before his inauguration, he won a general agreement from the opposition leaders for a broad program of social and economic reforms. But making it work was something else again. In Congress, Haya and Odría party members often refused to go along. Finally last December, Belaúnde's government angrily threatened to hold a plebiscite election that would bring in a whole new Congress. Just as angrily, the opposition carried a measure in Congress censuring Belaúnde's Premier, Oscar Trelles, and forced him to resign. In the midst of the melee, however, Belaúnde strengthened his fragile mandate when his *Acción Popular* defeated the combined opposition in municipal elections with 47% of the vote.

Out with the Left. The whole experience apparently sobered both sides, and they have moved steadily closer ever since. Belaúnde meets frequently with Haya and Odría lieutenants, takes pains to buttonhole opposition Congressmen for arm-in-arm chats and friendly lunches at the presidential palace. The far-leftists who once supported Belaúnde are no longer welcome. In the past six months, his police have been jailing extremists all over the country, and his *Acción Popular* Party has expelled its former general secretary, Leftist Mario Villarán. Last April, when Peru's 10,000 Communist-controlled bank employees went on strike, Belaúnde threatened to lift their social security rights unless they went back to their jobs. They did.

Another ticklish problem was what to do about the U.S.-owned International Petroleum Co., which has been operating the rich La Brea y Pariñas basin for 50 years under a series of contracts that many Peruvians consider unfair and illegal. Last year Belaúnde's government canceled the contracts amid leftist cries for an outright takeover. Belaúnde refused, and last week he was hammering out the final details of a new contract that will keep I.P.C. in Peru but give the government a greater share of profits.

No one pretends that everything is sweet harmony in Peru. Last week Belaúnde was embroiled in a major congressional fight over his 1965 budget, which runs $75 million more than this year's record. To avoid a deficit, Belaúnde wants to raise taxes; the opposition wants to leave taxes alone and slice the budget down to size. The result is likely to be a compromise. "Belaúnde is beginning to look like a statesman," says an opposition leader. "If we can only curb his tendency to spend more than he should, Peru may well have its revolution within the law."

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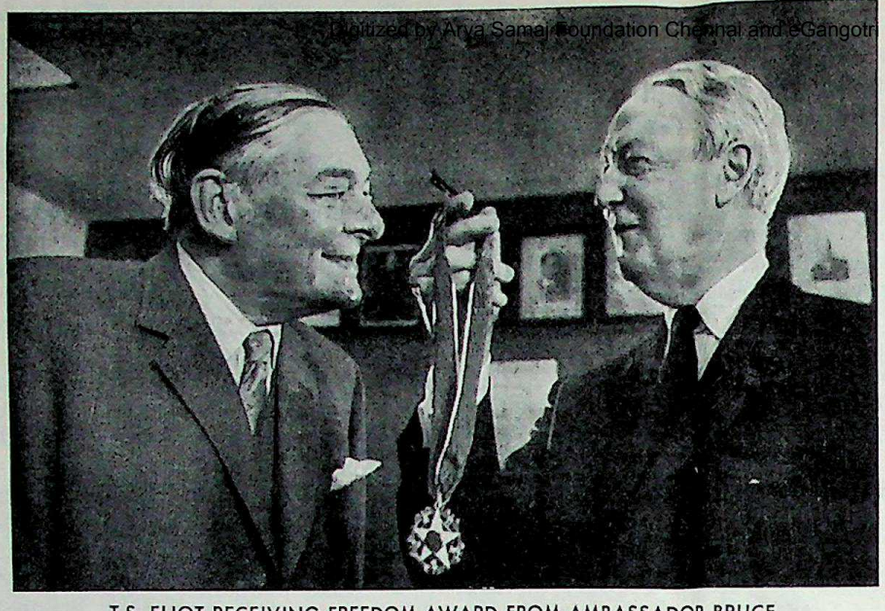
LONDON TIMES



T.S. ELIOT RECEIVING FREEDOM AWARD FROM AMBASSADOR BRUCE

Bemedaling the cat.

The naming of cats is a difficult matter, but the naming of Medal of Freedom winners puts it to shame. Lyndon Johnson finally awarded one to Poet **Thomas Stearns Eliot**, 76, even though the nation's highest civilian decoration is primarily intended for Americans and Eliot has been one of Her Majesty's most Britannic subjects for some 40 years. However, he was originally a product of St. Louis and Harvard, which are pretty American. A practical cat, and one who has to watch his health nowadays, Eliot elected to receive his honor in London. But as U.S. Ambassador David Bruce handed it over, the poet couldn't help grinning like Old Possum himself.

• • •

Magnolias and edelweiss make a proud device even in Moscow. And so last week Laurel, Miss., Soprano **Leontyne Price**, 37, and Salzburg-born Maestro **Herbert von Karajan**, 59, gathered at the Bolshoi Theater with the La Scala Opera Company to show what they could do with Verdi's *Requiem*. Quite a lot, as it turned out. The crowd, including Nina Khrushchev, enveloped the visitors in a bear hug, howling "Bravo! Bravo! Bravo!" and mashing its way down the aisles to pelt the stars with carnations in a 26-minute storm of applause that included 16 curtain calls.

• • •

What with all the work involved in calling for the general election, and in officially renouncing his own peerage, Britain's Prime Minister **Sir Alec Douglas-Home**, 61, neglected to register as a commoner, and won't be able to vote on Oct. 15.

• • •

Weddings are, so to speak, expensive propositions. In Athens, Finance Minister Constantine Mitsotakis announced that the marriage of Greece's **King Constantine**, 24, to Denmark's **Princess Anne-Marie**, 18, cost the treasury $303,000, including $183,300 spent on wedding gifts. However, an issue of 2,000,000 commemorative 30-drachma pieces will net a profit of $1,063,000, leaving the wily Greeks with $760,000 to play around with, or possibly use as a dowry for Crown Princess Irene.

• • •

At $60,000 a year, the Cleveland Browns' fullback **Jimmy Brown**, 28, is football's most highly paid player. However, he says in his autobiography, *Off My Chest*, "the more successful a Negro is, the more difficult it becomes to accept second-class citizenship." He illustrates his proposition soberingly by endorsing the racist Black Muslims. "Does the white man realize that the Black Muslim's attitude toward whites is shared by almost 99% of the Negro population? I protest prejudice, but I am a prejudiced man. The white man has forced me to be prejudiced against *him*. I am not one of the Muslims, yet I'm all for them. The more commotion, the better."

• • •

I'd expect to be robbed in Chicago
But not in the home of the cod.
So I hope that the Cabots and Lowells
Will mention the matter to God.

wrote Poet **Ogden Nash**, 62, moved to versify in the Boston Globe as part of a plea to crooks to return at least the family photos from the $7,000 worth of loot stolen from his car in Boston. The hoods were unmoved, but oh, what a gnashing of teeth in Chicago! "We protest this routine contumely," blazed the Sun-Times, while windy citizens clogged Nash's Manhattan mailbox with missive retaliation. "I've got ashes in my hair, I'm groveling in the dust," he reassured them. "Chicago fitted the meter, but I wish I'd used something neutral—like Gomorrah."

• • •

Her economist brother, Jean, has always been the celebrated member of the family. Yet **Marie Louise Monnet**, 62, has her own modest fame. In 1931, after a trip to Lourdes, she founded the Independent Catholic Youth in her native Cognac, forerunner of a now-international organization to promote the faith among the bourgeoisie. Last week, while she was attending a Mass celebrated in St. Peter's by Pope Paul VI, he announced that she was the first woman selected to audit the Vatican Council. Said she: "For a moment I thought I would faint, but I pulled myself together and thanked God."

• • •

"Rugged like a Viking," said one lens man. "An extremely handsome man," raved another. "The finest profile I've ever photographed," mused a third. They were talking about Illinois' Democratic Governor **Otto Kerner**, [illegible] whom the Professional Photographers of America, as a sort of entr'acte between the Miss America contest and Nov. 3, have named "The Most Handsome Governor in America." Second, third- and fourth-place winners: Michigan's **George Romney**, 59, New York's **Nelson Rockefeller**, 56, Pennsylvania's **William Scranton**, 47.

• • •

Most hotels that are 60 years old would rather forget it. But Manhattan's queenly St. Regis was built in 1904 by John Jacob Astor IV, son of the Mrs. Astor who started the social number game with her 400, and ever since it has been a hostelry for People Who Count. Last week, 450 of them honored the old lady's diamond jubilee at the season's first charity gala, the Heart and Diamonds Ball. Wearing some of the diamonds, Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt Whitney paid her respects in a Count Sarmi chiffon with a white mink bodice, while **Serena Russell**, 20, poor deb granddaughter of the Duke of Marlborough, took care of the heart in a swirl of feathers by Scaasi.

LARRY MORRIS—THE NEW YORK TIMES

SERENA RUSSELL

Beguiling the hearts.

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COLLEGES

Far More than Grades

Brainy college freshmen under the impression that their next four years would be spent as assembly-line workers in ivy-covered fact factories got a sharp jolt last week. "You demand facts, facts, facts," Guest Speaker A. L. Sachar, president of Brandeis, told the entering class at the University of Illinois. What they need just as much, he insisted, is values to serve "in a world where the harsh voice of unreason cries down the generous passions," and "the elasticity of your minds will be a shield." On campuses across the U.S., college presidents were playing up the value of values.

Yale President Kingman Brewster Jr. said that although freshmen were picked for their intellectual ability, their "moral capacity" had also been taken into account. Success at Kenyon, said Dean Bruce Haywood, ultimately depends on a student's "individual taste and moral judgment." "The collection of knowledge is only the starting point," echoed Lewis Tarr, president of Lawrence University at Appleton, Wis. At Pomona College, one of the six associated Claremont Colleges of California, President Wilson Lyons also greeted freshmen with a call to use knowledge for moral ends.

The most fervent plea for a "moral quest" came from Princeton's Robert Goheen. He told bright Tiger cubs not to act if they expected "only to accumulate knowledge, I would advise you to begin negotiations with another institution where you can attach yourself to a pipeline of inanimate learning and become full, like a storage tank, sealed by a diploma and otherwise useless."

PUBLIC SCHOOLS

Good in a Ghetto

A blighted neighborhood usually spells a blighted school—and if Detroit's 2,800-student, 99% Negro Central High School accepted this common equation, it would be wilting fast. It is, by contrast, a powerhouse of good education.

The oldest public high school in Michigan, Central was founded in 1858 as an academic pipeline to the University of Michigan. Its plant is a massive Georgian building on an 11-acre site. In and before World War II Dime Store Millionaire S. S. Kresge and the Dodge automotive clan had mansions in the vicinity. As late as 1954, Central graduates led the city by walking off with most of the college scholarships.

But after that, the white exodus to the suburbs changed the neighborhood from a Negro enclave. Negro lawyers, doctors and businessmen bought the comfortable houses along La Salle Boulevard that were vacated by whites. Poorly educated Negroes, including migrants from the South, poured into nearby tenements to supply the bulk of Central's students. On form, the school's reputation seemed imperiled. Instead, says English Teacher Vunies High (sister of Joe Louis), "the student body has come alive."

Inspiring Curiosity. One factor is the presence of a Negro parents' association, composed mainly of the professional men among the area's new residents. Being college-educated or college-oriented, they insisted that Central keep the high academic standards that had previously benefited whites. This goal got little sympathy from the tenement Negroes: children of the better-off families were bullied, beaten and shaken down by young toughs who scorned any interest in books. But the goal found a hearty response in Principal Charles S. Lewis, 56, an imaginative, ambitious administrator who set out to prove that "good teaching and a driving force" would make the difference between steady deterioration and a lively revival. With a big assist from Assistant Principal Mrs. Jessie Kennedy, who has since been promoted to principal of another Detroit high school, Lewis proved his point.

He encouraged the school newspaper to print student-written profiles of successful Negro educators, politicians, artists; emphasized Negro literature and history in English and social studies classes. Potential dropouts were led to stay in school by a cooperative work-study plan under which they studied in the mornings and went to work in the afternoons, earning as much as $70 a week.

For college-bound students, Central put in new language labs to teach French, Spanish, Latin, and even a four-year Russian course. Lewis raised requirements in math and science and joined Detroit's experimental English study program, which enables a bright student to read everything from Tolstoy to James Baldwin. He set up an honors program that required students to amass 200 credit hours, 40 more than the minimum for graduation; despite the hard work, the number of honors students increased fivefold. Along with the stiff academic program, Lewis pushed for vigorous extracurricular activities including "great books" discussions, dramatics, Greek lessons, and music from jazz to opera.

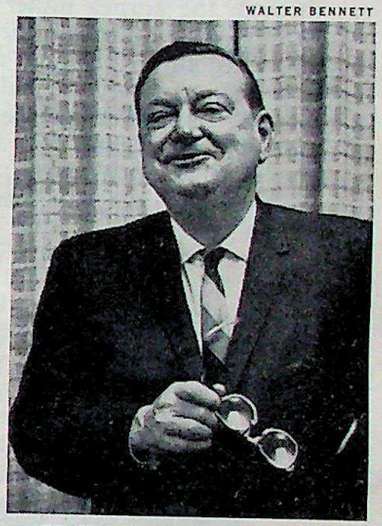
On to College. Tailoring the curriculum to the intellectually mixed assortment of pupils, Lewis divided the student body into three ability groupings. At first, parents suspected that the system would stifle the incentive of slow learners; instead, teachers report that more students than ever are requesting transfers to higher ability classes. Among the 43 scholarship winners in last June's graduating class was Top Student Hazel Armstrong, daughter of a maintenance man, who won two scholarships to Wayne State University. Yet until last year, she said, "I just never thought about college."

About 25% of Central's graduates go on to college, compared to 5% in Detroit's other predominantly Negro high schools. In the last two years the city produced three John Hay Fellows, and two (one white and one Negro) were Central seniors. Yet it remains a constant struggle to preserve Central's excellence in a ghetto. Says Lewis, now on leave with the U.S. Labor Department as a consultant on youth programs: "One of the great difficulties in education is our underestimating the culturally disadvantaged kid. He remains so only as long as we allow him to be."

FRANK WERLE

BIOLOGY STUDENTS STUDYING BIRDS

WALTER BENNETT



CENTRAL'S PRINCIPAL LEWIS

Clear sight amidst blight.

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SURGERY

Into the Eye with Ultrasound

Doctors in Washington last week made surgical history when they slipped an ingenious and incredibly small ultrasound probe inside a patient's eyeball for the first time and located a sliver of brass. Once found, the sliver was instantly removed, and James Cassiday, 11, was assured that he will regain substantial vision in his damaged left eye.

Chief of the operating team at Walter Reed General Hospital was Colonel Jack W. Passmore, the Army's top eye surgeon. He had taken charge of Jimmy's case two weeks earlier when the young son of an Air Force colonel had injured himself by banging on a .22-cal. blank cartridge with a hammer. Something from the explosion had slashed through the cornea (outer covering) of Jimmy's eye, through the dark-brown iris, through the lens and the gelatinous filler behind it, until it had come to rest just short of the retina, the screen at the back of the eyeball (*see diagram*). Repairing the cornea was routine. But finding the object that had made the wound —and was still in the eyeball—was another matter. All standard techniques failed.

Cat's Eye Tests. If the object in Jimmy's eye had been of iron or steel, Colonel Passmore could have removed it with relative ease on his first try with an electromagnet. When he found that it was another material—almost certainly brass—all he could do was let the eye heal a little and hope to get at the object later. But there was grave danger that eye fluids would react with the metal and compel removal of the eye. Then Dr. Passmore remembered reading that Dr. Nathaniel Bronson II had begun work in New York on an ultrasound probe to locate foreign bodies in the eye within a millimeter. (X rays have an error range of three to four millimeters, which is considered to be too wide for an eye surgeon.)

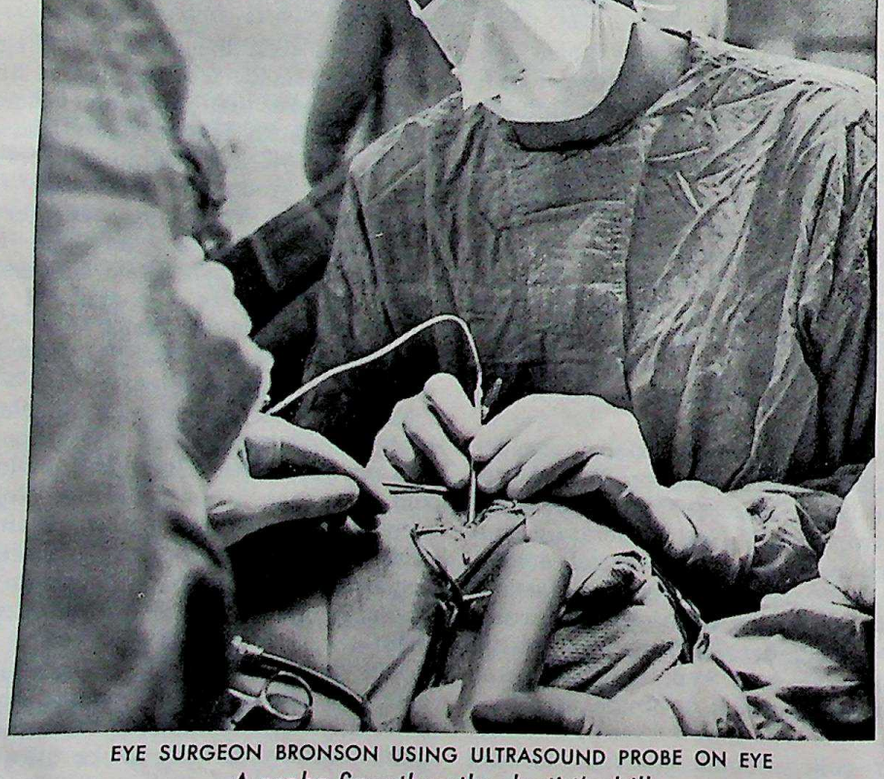
A phone call brought the happy news that Dr. Bronson's gadget was ready for its first trial on a human patient. The engineering part of the job had been done by Philadelphia's Smith Kline Instrument Co.; Surgeon Bronson had already tried their Ekoline-20 ultrasonic probe successfully in the eyes of cats and in surgically removed human eyes. Dr. Bronson rushed to Washington to join Dr. Passmore in the precedent-making operation.

Pulses & Echoes. With Jimmy anesthetized, Dr. Passmore first rolled the left eyeball over in its socket and applied heat, to "glue" the retina in place so that it would not become detached during surgical manipulation. With an ultrasound device that worked from outside the eyeball, Dr. Bronson was able to get a rough idea where the object was, and Dr. Passmore proceeded to remove the useless, damaged lens from Jimmy's eye. Then Dr. Bronson took up the ultimate in delicate, ultrasound probes, smaller and finer than any dentist's drill. Its tip, about as thick as a pencil lead, emitted ultrasound pulses and picked up the echoes that came back from objects in their path. The time difference between pulse and echo, shown as a peak on a tiny oscilloscope (like a one-inch TV tube) held in an assistant surgeon's hand, indicated the distance of the probe's end from the object in Jimmy's eye.

Dr. Bronson pushed the probe into the gelatinous "vitreous body" that fills most of the eyeball and searched. When the oscilloscope showed that he was within a millimeter of the foreign body, Dr. Bronson closed the minuscule forceps attached to the probe. His aim was perfect. The forceps grasped the object and Dr. Bronson carefully extracted a sliver of brass, ¼-inch long and 3/16-inch wide. Though the whole operation on Jimmy's eye took an hour and a half, the actual location of the sliver and its removal took only 39 seconds.

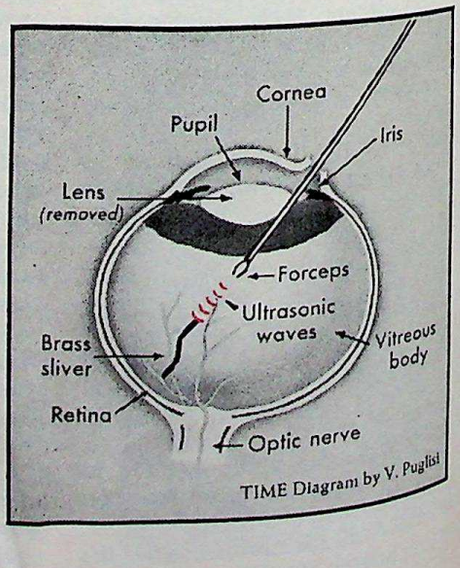
Military surgeons in particular are excited over the possibilities for wider use of the ultrasound probe in locating fragments of nonferrous metals, glass and plastics in practically any part of a wounded serviceman's body. On the home front it is expected to be valuable in many types of industrial accidents and, of course, for mischievous, venturesome boys.

Last week Jimmy Cassiday conceded: "Well, dad, I guess I lost my interest in bullets." Thanks to the operation and the thick glass lens he will wear, his that of an elderly cataract patient, he will not lose his sight.



EYE SURGEON BRONSON USING ULTRASOUND PROBE ON EYE

A probe finer than the dentist's drill.



HEMATOLOGY

A Rare Type of Blood

While crossing a Philadelphia street a year ago, Amelia Hutson, 24, mother of six, was hit by a car. She suffered a broken right leg and left thigh. At Temple University Hospital she got a one-pint transfusion of blood that seemed to match hers by all the usual tests, and she appeared to have no

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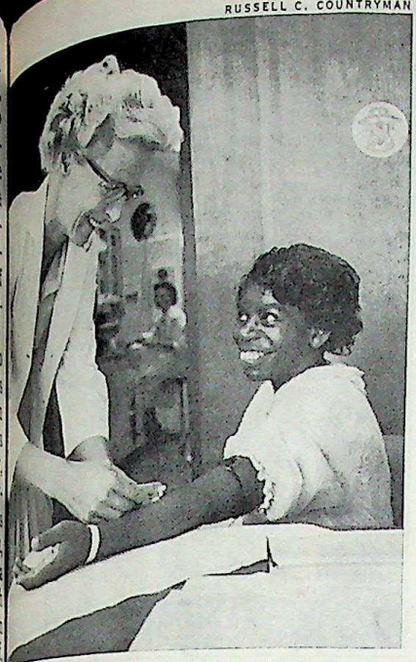
RUSSELL C. COUNTRYMAN



DR. MOLTHAN & PATIENT HUTSON
A pint from South Africa.

...se reaction. One week later, though, ...e surgeons wanted more blood to use ...an operation on Mrs. Hutson's thigh. ...d then Dr. Lyndall Molthan, head ... Temple's blood bank, made a sur...sing discovery: she could no longer ...atch Mrs. Hutson's blood, even with ...t of the original donor. In the in...vening week something drastic had ...ppened: the transfused cells had all ...d, though they should have lived for ... to 120 days. Mrs. Hutson had be...me sensitized to something in normal ...od. The orthopedists had to set her ...gh by manipulation.

Zulu Type. While her patient was re...vering, Dr. Molthan sent blood sam...es to research centers around the ...rld. From London came a sugges...n: Mrs. Hutson's blood seemed to ... of the Shabalala type, named for ...rs. Elizabeth Shabalala, 42, a hand...me, strapping Zulu in whom the type ...s first detected in Johannesburg, by ...r. Maurice Shapiro, after she had had ...succession of stillbirths and miscar...ges. With that information on hand, ...r. Molthan and the obstetricians knew ...ey had an extraordinary problem to ...pe with when Mrs. Hutson became ...egnant again last spring. She might ...ed blood during delivery, and her ...by would almost certainly suffer from ... incompatibility and would probably ...ed blood. And in all the world only ...en people, all women with some Ne... ancestors, were known to have ...abalala-type blood. Of these, only ... or three would match Mrs. Hut...'s in all respects.

...lood groups are vastly more com...x than the familiar indications on ...od donors' wallet cards or G.I.s' dog ...s.* No fewer than 24 different group... systems, with an almost infinite num...

*These show whether the bearer has blood of ...e A, B, AB, or O, and whether the blood ...s Rh-positive or Rh-negative, for a total of ... possible combinations.

ber of possible combinations, are recognized, and there are half a dozen or more variants in the Rh group alone. Mrs. Hutson suffered from two abnormalities: her system would make antibody to destroy blood cells carrying the common Rh factor known as "D," which her husband has, and which her expected baby would have. Worse, she would also make antibody against factors "E" and "e."

In the Bank. The Temple doctors decided that somehow they must have compatible blood on hand for the delivery. Dr. Molthan took a pint of Mrs. Hutson's own blood and stored it. She cabled South Africa, and back by refrigerated air freight came a pint of Mrs. Shabalala's blood. Said Mrs. Shabalala, a dark-room technician in Johannesburg: "The doctor had to talk to me for a long time before I agreed to give blood—it is a procedure entirely foreign to the normal African." At Manhattan's Mount Sinai Hospital, Dr. Richard Rosenfield alerted a Puerto Rican patient to stand by. In Ohio, a statewide search for a prostitute known in medical annals as Pat Murphy found her free on bail in Akron. She was tapped for a pint.

Last week the Temple doctors delivered Amelia Hutson of a 7-lb. 3¾-oz. baby girl by induced labor, one week before term. Blood from the umbilical cord and subsequent drops from the baby's finger showed Dr. Molthan that the child was indeed suffering destruction of her own blood cells by her mother's antibody, transmitted through the placenta.

But at first the incompatibility was not of critical severity, and there was a chance that the baby's own liver could handle the problem. If not, Dr. Molthan was standing by with red cells separated from Shabalala blood and with fresh-frozen plasma, free of the dangerous antibody, to tide her over until the maternal antibody died out and the baby's own blood-forming system took control.

If Mrs. Hutson makes a smooth recovery, the Shabalala blood that has been collected from two continents may not be needed. But the doctors are justifiably proud of the precautions they took for the wife of a Philadelphia short-order cook. Explained Dr. Russell Ramon de Alvarez, head of Temple obstetrics: "These are the lengths to which we go to safeguard a mother and her baby."

ORTHOPEDICS

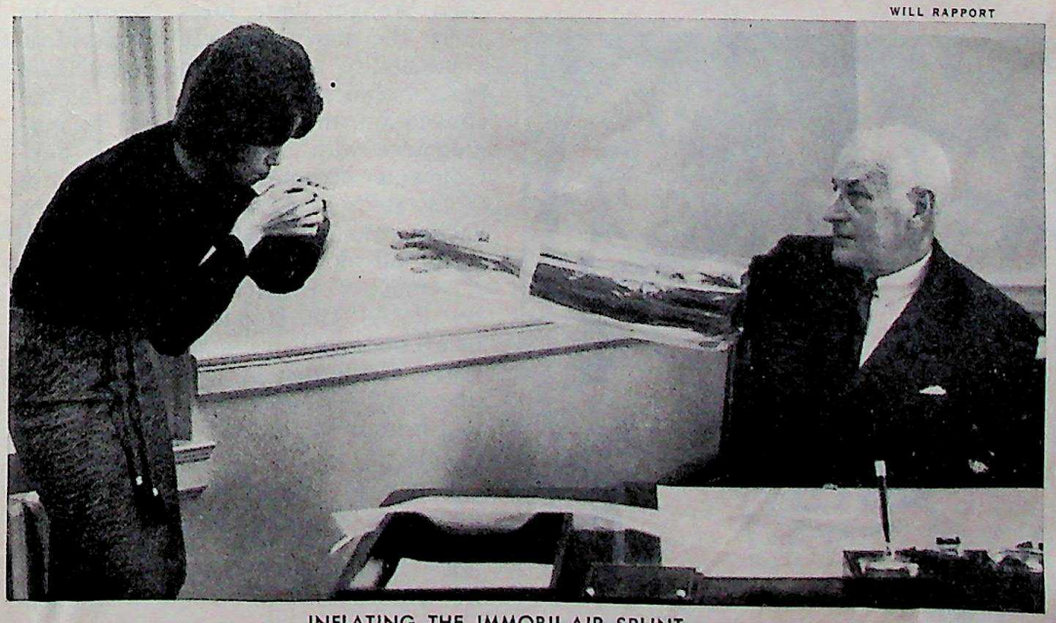
Blowing Up a Splint

Every kid who has ever puffed out his cheeks blowing up a sausage-shaped toy balloon has marveled that anything as immaterial as air can make the thin rubber so rigid and strong. This week the Bauer & Black division of Boston's Kendall Co. is putting on the general market an inflatable splint based on the same simple principle, but made of heavy, transparent plastic.

Called the Curity Immobil-Air bandage, the device actually consists of two tubes, one inside the other. When it is pulled over a broken or badly burned limb, the inner tube fits loosely. Then, as a first-aider blows into the outer tube, air pressure forces the inner tube tight against the limb and extends it straight. The pneumatic splint prevents further damage from broken bone ends until the victim gets to a hospital. In burns, it prevents the seepage of body fluids—a major cause of burn "shock." And the pressure of the inner tube on the limb, whether broken or burned, prevents further bleeding.

Sterilized before it is packaged, the inflatable splint has been widely tested in hospitals (which pay $6.90 for the arm size, $8.10 for the leg size). Orthopedists have found it useful for immobilizing limbs after surgery, before they put on a plaster cast.

WILL RAPPORT



INFLATING THE IMMOBIL-AIR SPLINT
The principle of the toy balloon.

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NEWSPAPERS

Covering the Campaign

With but five weeks to go until the election, newspapers last week were treating the campaign coolly. On one day, for instance, the top story in both the Los Angeles Times and the Cleveland Press was a Northern California timber fire, while the Baltimore Sun, Milwaukee Journal and the Washington Post gave prominence to an averted national rail strike. The New York Daily News, fascinated by the nonpolitical conduct of its audience, made its Page One headline: HOLD PARENTS IN TEEN DRINKING. And with the issues generally being blurred, there was also less punditing and interpretive reporting.

No Participants. There was, perhaps, a suspicion that the press had been a little too interpretive too early in the campaign and was now making amends. After the Republican Convention, Wes Gallagher, general manager of the Associated Press, had circulated a memo to all his hands. "The Associated Press newsman," it said, "is not and should not be a participant in the news—he is a recorder of it." On many newspapers, notably the New York Times, similar injunctions went out to the staff.

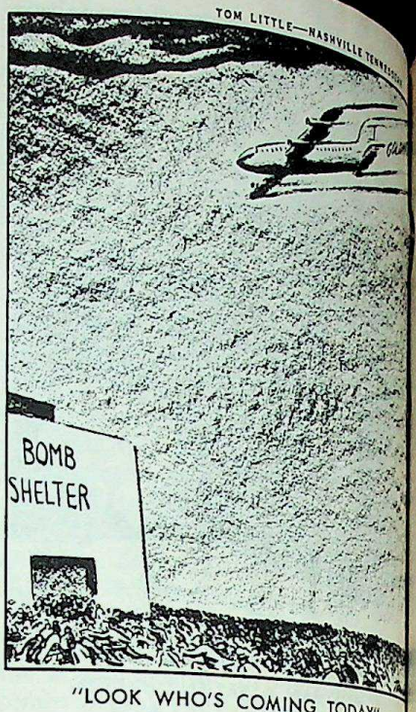
The newsman's right to evaluate events is incontestable, and it is not being contested this year. Many observers regard such interpretive reporting as well-nigh indispensable. "Newspapers are beaten in the reporting of the news by radio and television," says Mortimer J. Adler, director of Chicago's Institute for Philosophical Research. "Thus they have become, more and more, journals of opinion."

But the line between interpretation and advocacy is a fine one. And there are critics who contend that this year the press has not always walked that line with sure-footed skill. Part of the reason, of course, was Barry Goldwater, whose conservative Republicanism could hardly have been expected to stir enthusiasm among predominantly liberal reporters. It is difficult to be neutral about Goldwater, and early off, the press was not neutral.

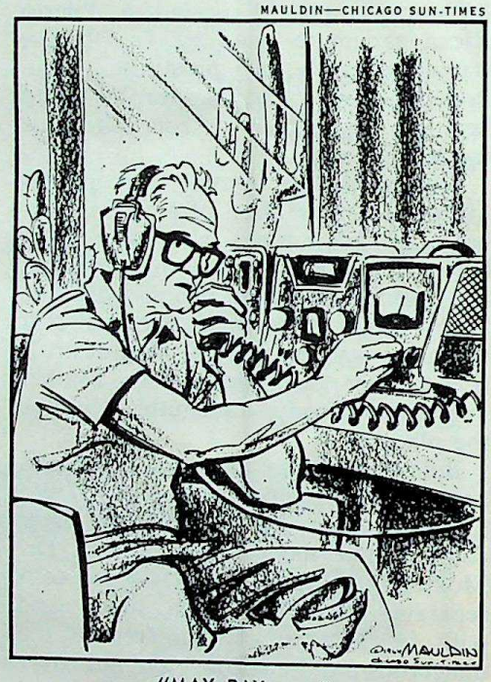
Until San Francisco, in fact, the majority of the press occupied itself less with measuring the growth of the Goldwater movement than with repeatedly discounting Goldwater as a serious political force. This negative consensus survived even Goldwater's triumph in the California primary; the press interpreters counted the Arizona Senator out all over again when he voted against the civil rights bill. Almost to a man, journalists felt that Goldwater had isolated himself from his own party, which heavily supported the bill.

Goldwater's ascendancy at San Francisco brought these press theorists up short; the man so widely dismissed as a possibility was now the Republican Party's choice. But in the wake of the convention, the press defended its misjudgment with a spate of fresh anti-Goldwater comment. "Practically all of Goldwater's votes and views," said the Sacramento Bee, which had opposed Barry all along, "tend toward the enslavement of Americans." Said the Denver Post, "The Republican Party had its eyes open when it nominated Senator Barry Goldwater. It took the step deliberately; it knew what it was doing, and it must be held accountable for the results."

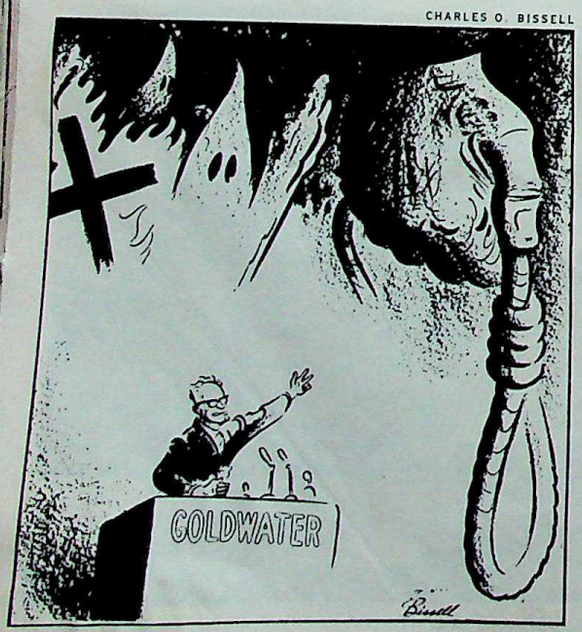
Much of the early editorial vehemence is now gone, perhaps out of a self-conscious attempt to achieve balance. But the editorial cartoonists show no enthusiasm for calm assessment. Goldwater has always been an enticing target and the cartoonists continue to slash away. The candidates themselves may have found few issues to debate, but to the artists of the editorial page the campaign has been a long excuse for caustic, black-and-white comment —a gallery of caricature in which the Republicans almost always come out second best (*see cuts*).



"LOOK WHO'S COMING TODAY"



"MAY DAY . . ."



"'EXTREMISM IN THE DEFENSE OF LIBERTY IS NO VICE'—SENATOR GOLDWATER"

No Surrender. Publishers have also made their choice, if not with the same style, at least with alacrity. They are taking sides with unprecedented speed and in a pattern for which history provides no precedent. As of last week, in a press establishment that normally swings preponderantly behind the Republican presidential candidate, 243 papers, with a combined circulation of 12.6 million, had come out for Johnson. Goldwater's tally: 250 papers, with a circulation of 5.3 million.

The quieter tone of current editorial comment on the campaign suggests that news analysis is being restored to its proper role as a valuable adjunct to, but not the main instrument of, good reporting. Not that the working newsman has surrendered his privilege of presenting the news within the light of his own convictions, but at the moment there are few campaign issues for newsmen to have convictions about. The polls show Goldwater far behind; liberal reporters see little to bother them beyond reporting a clash of personalities.

LIBEL

Lose One, Win One

The caption in the April 12, 1960 New York Times, beneath a picture of the Birmingham, Ala., police commissioner, was hardly calculated to please the subject. "Police Commissioner Eugene Connor," it read, "was elected on a race hate platform." Other references to Connor, in Timesman Harrison Salisbury's accompanying two-part story on race tensions in Birmingham, were no more flattering. "Bull" Connor sued the Times for $400,000 in damages, and was joined in his action by six others

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'THERE ARE 183 COUNTRIES IN THE WORLD AND THEY ALL NEED TRACTORS'

– that's the MF 'stay first' philosophy

Frustrating business, being the world's top tractor manufacturer.

MF know that 1,900,000 of their machines are being used throughout the world. More than any other manufacturer.

At the last count, MF were selling tractors to 162 countries.

What about the 21 countries where they *don't* sell?

No good saying they don't need tractors. *Everybody* needs tractors.

MF are doing their best. They already sell tractors where no one else does.

But there's those 21 countries still holding out.

Worrying.

Massey-Ferguson

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Time for Martini vermouth ...

Any time in your life . . . any time of day . . . it's always time for fun . . . time to enjoy Martini vermouth, chilled, with soda or on the rocks. Taste with every sip the expert blending of the very best wines and aromatic plants. And whatever you do, be sure to enjoy yourself with

MARTINI

vermouth

In the U. S. it's **MARTINI and ROSSI,** *in the rest of the world it's simply Martini, wherever you go it's the same superb vermouth.*

on the rocks !

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Alabama officials. Last week in Birmingham, four years after publication of the Times story, a federal-district-court jury awarded Connor $40,000.

For the Times, the amount and nature of the award, as well as the Connor case itself, had special significance. In 1961, on the ground that it did no business in Alabama and therefore could not be sued there, the paper got all seven cases tossed out of court—only to have the decision reversed on appeal. The six other suits have since been dismissed; unlike Connor, none of the other officials were named in the Salisbury stories.

Then last spring, in successfully appealing another libel judgment to the U.S. Supreme Court,* the Times won a landmark decision (TIME, March 20, 1964). The Supreme Court ruled, in effect, that unless malice was proved, the conduct of public officials was fair game for criticism, even if the criticism was unwarranted or untrue.

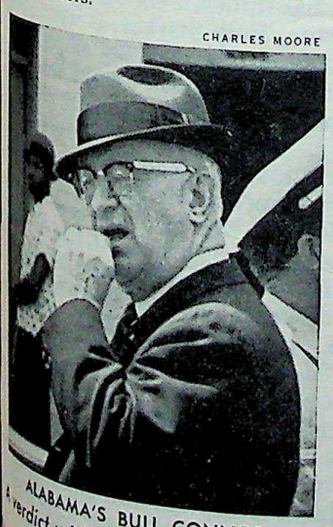
Last week's jury, apparently convinced that the Times had acted without malice, awarded Bull Connor nothing in punitive damages. But despite the Supreme Court dictum that, short of malice, just about anything goes in criticism of public officials, the jury awarded Connor $40,000 compensatory damages for the injury done his reputation. Before he collects Connor may have to wait for a Supreme Court ruling.

• • •

Even while losing the Connor case, the Times won another last week. A New York State supreme court jury decided in favor of the Times in a $1,000,000 libel suit brought by the Radley Metzger company, a textile firm. The suit was based on a 1958 Times editorial accusing the company of making "sweetheart contracts," defined in the editorial as "those which benefit racketeering union officials and employers." The jury agreed that however harsh the comment, the Times had printed without malice.

*An ad in the Times, paid for by friends of integration Leader Dr. Martin Luther King Jr., inspired $3,000,000 worth of libel suits from various offended Alabama state and municipal officers.

CHARLES MOORE



ALABAMA'S BULL CONNOR
A verdict with special significance.

ALFRED STATLER

HEIFETZ & PIATIGORSKY IN CARNEGIE HALL
A return engagement from Olympus.

MUSIC

CONCERTS

The Big Two

The Greeks had neither violins nor cellos, so it was not exactly as if Pan and Apollo had joined up on Olympus for a return engagement. But to many a Manhattan music lover, it seemed the next thing to it. It had been eight years since Violinist Jascha Heifetz, 63, retired from the concert stage, grumbling that "It requires the nerves of a bullfighter, the vitality of a woman who runs a nightclub, and the concentration of a Buddhist monk." It had been seven years since his fellow Russian, Cellist Gregor Piatigorsky, 61, was last heard in Manhattan.

Carnegie Hall was packed, and as Heifetz stepped onto the stage with the light precision that is the Heifetz way of doing things, the audience rose in tribute. Piatigorsky followed, carrying his Stradivarius cello with a giant's jauntiness, as though he were about to put it under his chin instead of between his knees. It scarcely mattered that the pieces they chose to play for the first concert proved something of a disappointment. The Boccherini sonata seemed stiff, a duo by Martinu stilted. But in the Brahms *C Major Trio*, the famed Heifetz creamy tone and the Piatigorsky sonority were a sensuous delight. In the second of the three-concert series, they chose a program of Beethoven, Kodály and Dvorak, and with the outstanding assistance of Pianist Jacob Lateiner they produced an evening of chamber music that was a wonder of clarity, control and immense warmth. Not many modern instrumentalists, in fact, could play a program tinged with anything so remarkably like schmaltz—and so triumphantly carry it off.

Sleepless Night. The two old friends, both early prodigies, are widely different in their approach to music. Heifetz, blessed with the most superb natural dexterity that any violinist ever had, is almost negligently casual about his talent; at his first appearance as a soloist with a symphony at the age of eight, he fell asleep in a chair while waiting to go on. With success he acquired a taste for high life and a distaste for practice. It never seemed to make any difference in his playing. After one hectic binge, he went on to a performance in London's Queens Hall that forced George Bernard Shaw to admit Heifetz' playing had been so infuriatingly perfect that he had spent a sleepless night.

In contrast to this casual perfection, big Gregor Piatigorsky is a warm, voluble, gregarious man who wraps himself around "this wonderful, beautiful, aristocratic instrument"—and the world —with a lover's tenderness.

Both these Russian bowmen have become dedicated Californians; Los Angeles, they feel, will become the future cultural center of the U.S. "New York has been too casual about its cultural responsibilities," says Heifetz. Both live in swimming-pooled, tennis-courted luxury: Heifetz in a modern, gadget-strewn hilltop house in Beverly Hills, Piatigorsky in a rambling white frame mansion in nearby Brentwood.

No Sweat. Heifetz lives alone; he has been twice divorced. He prefers small dinners with close friends to the glamour bashes, though his acquaintance among the stars has always been extensive, and when he zips around, he does his zipping in a grey Bentley. Piatigorsky's wife Jacqueline, a daughter of the late Baron Edouard de Rothschild, is a busy painter, sometime bassoon player, and alltime chess addict who ranks

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8th
OSAKA
International
FESTIVAL
JAPAN

1965 April—May

Artists

Symphonieorchester des Bayerischen Rundfunks cond.=Rafael Kubelik
Apr. 12, 13, 14, 15

Opera da Camera di Milano
Apr. 19, 20, 22, 23

Comédie Française
Apr. 28, 30 May 1, 2

Noh Play
Apr. 25

soprano
Victoria de los Angeles
Apr. 24, 27

piano
Claudio Arrau
Apr. 25, 26

guitar and lute
Julian Bream
Apr. 16, 17

OSAKA INTERNATIONAL FESTIVAL SOCIETY

New Asahi Bldg., 2-22, Nakanoshima, Kita-ku, Osaka, Japan

as one of the top ten women players in the U.S. Gregor counters with writing (he has written an autobiography), oceanography and herpetology ("Snakes are so misunderstood").

At least once a month, the two join each other for a musical evening with mutual friends. They have also played eleven concerts together in the last three years and have made nine recordings. But their chief joint activity is teaching at Southern California's Institute for Special Musical Studies.

Will there be many more joint performances like the current triad in Carnegie Hall? "Not many," says Jascha Heifetz. "My sweating days are over."

JAZZ

Beneath the Underdog

Charlie Mingus is a short, hulking, brooding man who for years has been recognized as the greatest jazz virtuoso ever to thump a bass fiddle. At the Monterey Jazz Festival last week, his *Meditations for a Pair of Wire Cutters* demonstrated that he must be ranked among the greatest of jazz composers.

When the curtains parted, the composer was crouched over his fiddle, eyes hooded in dark glasses, sweat beading his forehead, his orientally sinister mustache drooping. He leaned over his big bass and began to bow. The mournful, dolorous, lyrical introduction swelled into the horns' full statement of the theme. A flute skittered in. Suddenly a roaring, vibrant alto sax soared over the full horns. Mingus dropped his bow, began to thump. He danced out in front of his bass, bouncing up and down, swarming over the instrument, crashing together swift blocks of strident chords. Drums pounded accents like a Mingus rage coming on. Suddenly, the music was thunder; it was Dante's hell opened up, and Mingus was dancing, exhorting, shouting, roaring laughter, like a man before a hurricane he had conjured up himself. Then with an angry bang, it was over.

GROVE SALES

MINGUS AT MONTEREY
Dante's hell opened up.

Too Scared. For a moment, the audience was stunned. Then 5,000 jazz cats rose in a thunderous ovation that they had not accorded Ellington or Dizzy Gillespie, or even Thelonious Monk. Face dripping rivulets of sweat and a but in tears, Mingus embraced his mu one by one. But as the applause thun dered on, he just prowled back and forth across the stage. Never once di he look at the cheering crowd. "I couldn't, man, I was scared," he sa later.

It is a wonder Mingus ever becam a jazz musician at all. His stepmothe a member of the Holiness Church Los Angeles, permitted only church mu sic in the home, so Mingus was eig before he even knew jazz existed. O night he secretly turned on his fathe radio and heard Ellington. He took playing first the trombone, then the c lo, till Veteran Bassist Red Callend got him to start on the bass.

Mingus put all his massive energ into the bass. "I'd practice the hardes things incessantly. The third finger seldom used, so I used it all the tim I concentrated on speed and technique almost as ends in themselves. I aim at scaring all the other bass player One night, around 1940, all the piec suddenly fit into place. It was sudden me. It wasn't the bass any more."

He drifted from band to band Lionel Hampton, Billy Taylor, Duke E lington, Red Norvo. "Mingus would knuckle under to anyone—he had be a leader," explains his ex-wife Ne So he started up his own band a played the jazz clubs. His big bre came in 1957, when Brandeis Univers commissioned him to compose a p piece. He wrote *Revelations*, and cri promptly awarded him a place am the greats of avant-garde jazz.

Back of the Bus. Mingus is an an man, sensitive about his color, and fact that his skin is "high yellow" c makes him more intense about being Negro. He broods, he gulps red w by the gallon, he brawls in bars. He been twice divorced, three times ma ried, has fathered six children. His pr ent wife, Judy Starkey, is white. Perp ually bitter, usually unkempt, he ra against racial discrimination and soci in general. "Don't call me a jazz p sician. The word jazz means nigg discrimination, second-class citizensh the back-of-the-bus bit!" he shouts.

He has written out his frustrati in a 1,500-page manuscript. *Bene the Underdog*, as the book is tentativ titled, deals with racial discriminatio God, yoga, the jazz life, governme subsidies, gangsters, sex, Charlie Pa ker, extrasensory perception, persec hardships and crises when, as Ming puts it, "everything turns white for me." A former mental patient at Manhattan Bellevue Hospital, Mingus tells anyo willing to listen: "They say I'm crazy and I really am."

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CRIMINAL PROCEDURE

The Comrades & Their Courts

One of Communism's proudest boasts is that Soviet law has eliminated the inequalities of Western-style jurisprudence and established a fairer system of justice. Evidence to corroborate the claim is almost nonexistent. What the visitor to a Soviet courtroom finds, says a lanky young American visitor named George Feifer, is not fairness but blatantly biased procedures that stack the deck against a criminal defendant.

A Harvard graduate ('56) who learned Russian as a naval officer, Feifer spent 1962 as a law student at Moscow State University. Making first-hand observations, from neighborhood courts to the appellate level, he sat in on scores of trials; he talked with dozens of judges, lawyers and prosecutors. In a well-documented book, *Justice in Moscow* (Simon and Schuster, $5.95), he delivers an uncomplimentary verdict on the administration of Soviet justice.

Defeated Defendants. The kingpin of the Soviet system, Feifer explains, is the procurator. Set up as the state's chief law enforcer, he conducts investigations, makes arrests, keeps an eye on the courts for irregularities, supervises the execution of sentences, and acts as prosecuting attorney. The defendant is always at the mercy of the procurator, who is technically collecting only objective facts while he conducts investigations. Since no Soviet citizen has the right to withhold objective facts, the defendant is thus required to help build the case against himself. The man who is brought to trial is as good as convicted.

The defendant knows this. As a result, his first and last words in court are almost always a confession of guilt and a plea for mercy. After he has been formally charged, a defendant may get a lawyer, and many do, though the courts generally look down on defense counsel. Nor is a defendant's morale helped by the fact that his head is shaved like a convict's as soon as he is jailed for investigation.

Gibes from the Judge. Most cases are heard in People's Courts, which correspond roughly to American county or federal district courts. There, the judge is flanked by two "lay assessors" —workers from factories who are elected by their fellows for four weeks' court service. Theoretically, the workers compose the majority, but, in reality, Feifer found, the court is always dominated by the judge. He is no impartial umpire, as he is in the U.S. The Soviet judge is a protagonist, calling all the witnesses, asking most of the questions, and often browbeating the defendant.

SOVFOTO

SOVIET JUDGE FLANKED BY LAY ASSESSORS IN PEOPLE'S COURT
To be on trial is as good as being convicted.

What the defendant has done to improve Soviet society is a major consideration in sentencing, and the most important witnesses at the trial are those sent from factory or collective farm by the defendant's fellow workers. If they testify favorably and the offense is nothing more serious than drunkenness or hooliganism, the defendant may get off with a job demotion and a fine of up to 20% of his salary for one year. But if his job record is bad, his sentence is certain to be severe: two years in prison camp is standard punishment for petty larceny, ten years for grand larceny, and the firing squad for brutal murderers.

Unpleasant Surprises. Feifer was surprised by the large number of persons convicted on charges that would not even be crimes in the U.S. The Soviet legal code outlaws a whole range of economic activities, such as conducting a private business, acquiring foreign currency, and delivering inferior goods for sale on the Soviet market. Such economic crimes are punished particularly severely. Soviet judges, Feifer observed, were extremely rough when they got the word *Sverkhu* (from upstairs) that the party wanted to make spectacles of certain types of crime.

Perhaps the biggest surprise was the rundown condition of Moscow courthouses. But a Soviet judge had a disarming explanation. Since Communism would soon eradicate all crime, he told his American visitor, it would have "a retarding effect psychologically" to build new courthouses.

THE COURTS

Decisions

▶ In New York City a Family Court ruled that the immunity that protects foreign diplomats in the U.S. from criminal prosecution also shields them from paternity suits. The decision was handed down in a case discreetly titled *Anonymous* v. *Anonymous,* but one-time Concert Singer Sarah Lake, 28, dispensed with diplomacy and named as the father of her soon-to-be-born child Omar Abdel Hamid Adeel, Sudanese Ambassador to the U.N. In denying Sarah Lake's plea, Judge Louis A. Pagnucco noted dryly that immunity from local jurisdiction is necessary "to avoid impediments to effective diplomatic intercourse."

▶ In Washington the U.S. Tax Court made it plain that if a retired businessman wants to turn his longtime hobby into work and use it as a tax deduction, he had better make sure it is a genuine income-producing endeavor. Retired General Motors Executive Martin C. McGowan owes $19,864 in taxes for 1957-59, said the court, because in those years he deducted more than $40,000 for cameras, film and travel costs on two African safaris and trips to India, the Far East and Alaska. McGowan, who earned $53,819 in his last full year (1956) with G.M., had shown movies of the trips to various paying groups and had made one television show, but, said the court, he had "never employed a booking agent," done much advertising or seemed concerned about profits. He had been motivated to enter show business "by an abiding self-interest in hunting wild game and in photography" and not by the desire to earn a living.

▶ In Raleigh the North Carolina Supreme Court declared that for once a baseball umpire was wrong, and Umpire John Toone lost an $11,500 damage suit against Kenneth Deal, manager of the Carolina League Raleigh Caps. Toone had been belted by a Caps fan after a game in which Manager Deal had repeatedly stormed onto the field to protest Toone's decisions. Even though his assailant was caught, Toone felt that Deal, who riled up the crowd, was the man directly responsible for the assault. The court disagreed, held that "it would be an intolerable burden upon managers of baseball teams to saddle them with the responsibility for the actions of every emotionally unstable person who might become enraged over a call by an umpire."

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ART

ARCHITECTURE

On from Antiquity

Therefore your Halls, your ancient Colleges,
Your portals statued with old kings and queens . . .
Shall not avail you when the Day-beam sports
New-risen o'er awaken'd Albion . . .
—Tennyson on Cambridge

As the oldest universities in the English-speaking world, Oxford and Cambridge are architectural amalgams of virtually every style from 13th century Romanesque through Gothic and Tudor to Victorian. Somehow all the styles blend in a nobly ancient mix of ornate walls, curlicued towers, spires, domes and gables, archways, turrets, gargoyles and waterspouts. The atmosphere is that of a contemplative sanctuary, the world where Wordsworth recorded "Sweet Spenser, moving through his clouded heaven." Gowned scholars still mount gloomy stair wells to their dark, dank digs.

Now, in new colleges rising at each university, Oxbridge has cut the old school ties. The educational tradition remains the same: a contained community of students and dons. But gone are the gates, and instead of belfried battlements and prisonlike mullions, there is geometric functionalism and airy spaciousness.

Escape with a Dane. The more avant-garde is $7,700,000 St. Catherine's College at Oxford, which accepted its first students two years ago although it is still being completed. The college was designed by Danish Architect Arne Jacobsen, 62, creator of Copenhagen's glass-packaged Royal Hotel, who believes that "economy plus function equals style." St. Catherine's master, Historian Alan Bullock, wanted someone who would not be affected by Oxford's "almost suffocating feeling of being unable to escape from the past." Jacobsen's escape could hardly be more complete.

Set in a meadow by the River Cherwell, St. Catherine's low, flat roofs (maximum height: 30 ft.) blend with, rather than dominate, a horizon defined by trees (*see opposite page*). Only the high, spare bell tower—two planes joined by minimal struts—provides collegiate symbolism. Inside the grounds the pattern is yellow-beige brick (Jacobsen had several walls knocked down and laid again), sweeps of floor-to-ceiling glass and marble-smooth concrete beams—all interspersed with gardens, courts and a reflecting pool. The quadrangle is a *rond-point* of greensward offering a single, artfully off-centered tree.

Though it measures only 400 ft. by 800 ft., the campus has no feeling of being crowded. Yet it is a model of compact efficiency. Arrivals are greeted by a circular bicycle park with partially glassed roof. Jacobsen, who also dabbles in interiors, designed everything from the college silverware and china to its door handles. The high table is lighted with rows of soft Jacobsen lamps. Rooms feature a variant of Jacobsen's famed, womblike "egg chair" ("You want to sit back protected").

MARK KAUFFMAN—LIFE

OLD DINING HALL AT CHRIST CHURCH
From gargoyles to geometry.

Ruddy English. Churchill College at Cambridge, named for Sir Winston, is the work of British Architect Richard Sheppard, and the difference of nationalities shows (*see overleaf*). Sheppard's brick is ruddier, his concrete—cast in softwood forms—rustically textured. And there is less glass.

Churchill is very much, as its master, Nuclear Physicist Sir John Cockcroft, specified, an institution "for its own time and place." The campus landmark is a vaulted concrete roof that soars over the dining hall. Churchill's modernistic blocks and grass courtyards are sprinkled with flower boxes and brick planters, and so arranged as to provide pleasingly shifting views of planes, light and shadow.

To some, Jacobsen's Scandinavian-modern tableau is out of place in Oxfordshire. The London Sunday Times noted wryly that St. Catherine's "dining hall at night has a suggestion of the Troll King's Palace in *Peer Gynt*." Against such uncompromising foreignness and severity, Churchill may well be the greater esthetic work—managing honest charm and beauty without contrived tension. But in their functional purposes, both designs are being equally well received. Above all, they are of the present with a thrust toward the future; the atmosphere suggests strongly that the student is there to function. And the new horizons are spreading. Oxford's Brasenose has erected an undergraduate residence hall that is almost Japanese in its modernity, and St. Anne's, an Oxford women's college, a new dormitory scheme reflects the ultramodern "chocolate-bar esthetic"—rooms raised on the façade like the squares of a Cadbury's.

TECHNIQUES

The Passing of Mummy Brown

One of the favorite colors of the Pre-Raphaelite painters was called Mummy Brown—and not out of joking affection. It was a warm pigment made from the bitumen used by ancient Egyptians to embalm their dead, famed for its preservative powers.

But now even Mummy Brown is gone altogether. Geoffrey Roberson Park, managing director of London's venerable C. Roberson color makers, regretfully admits that the firm has run out of mummies. "We might have a few odd limbs lying around somewhere," he apologized, "but not enough to make any more paint. We sold our last complete mummy some years ago for, I think, £3. Perhaps we shouldn't have. We certainly can't get any more."

SCULPTURE

The Assembled Line

Is it a computer, silenced by the collapse? A piano fabricated by a plumber? A slightly addled robot? The imaginary machines of English Sculptor Eduardo Paolozzi might be any of these—but he makes them in a machine shop rather than a studio. There was a time when he scoured junkyards and assembled sculptures; now he builds them from scratch and then casts them in aluminum alloys.

He has brought constructivism full cycle. Now on view in Manhattan's Museum of Modern Art and London's Robert Fraser Gallery, his sculptures are shiny and symmetrical, linear and still—functionless art objects that seem to invite the viewer to turn them over. But the starting switch is in his mind.

707 as Totem. Sir Herbert Read, the British art historian, contends that Paolozzi's "new images, functionless machine-tools or sterile computers, derive not, like his previous work, from the debris of industrialism, but from

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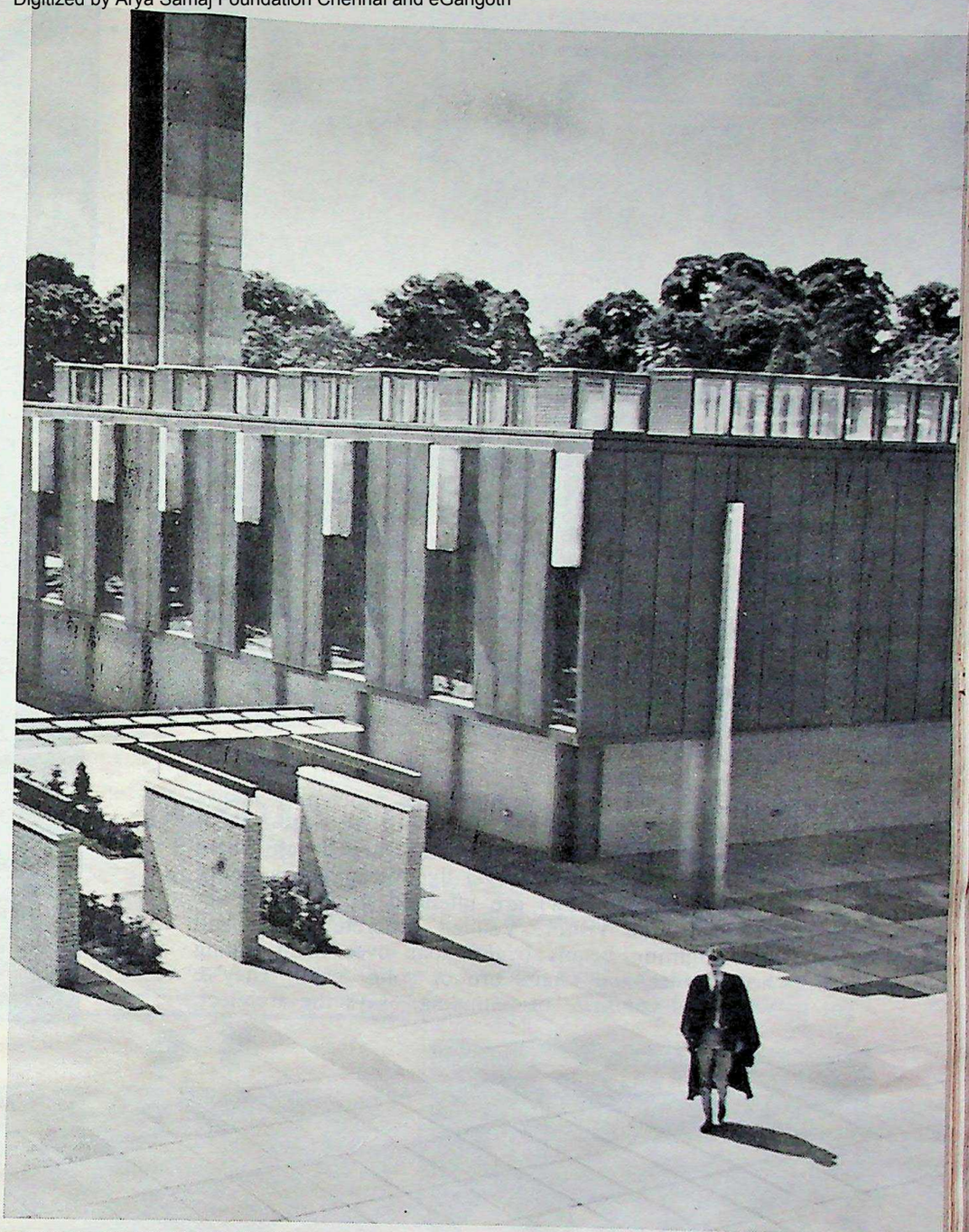
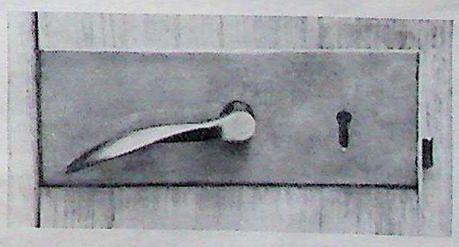
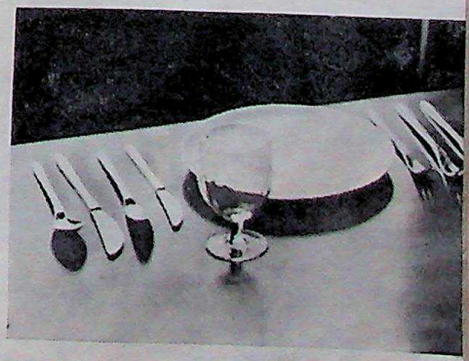
DESIGNED FOR LEARNING AND LIVING

ST. CATHERINE'S COLLEGE at Oxford is a one-man *tour de force* by Danish Architect Arne Jacobsen. From the trim bell tower above a cantilevered cloister (*right*) to door handles and china, silverware and glass, every detail reflects his functional flair. Yet stately warmth is retained, as in the high-backed, undulating plywood chairs that Jacobsen designed for the college's airy, yellow brick-walled senior common room.



PHOTOGRAPHS FOR TIME BY JOHN SADOVY





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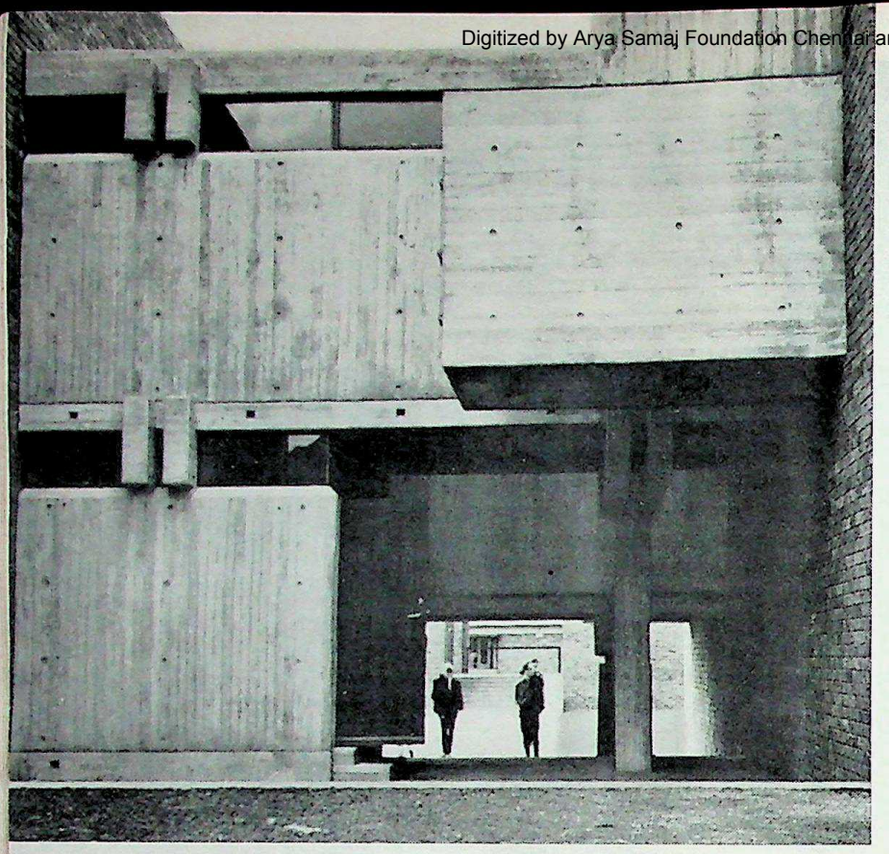

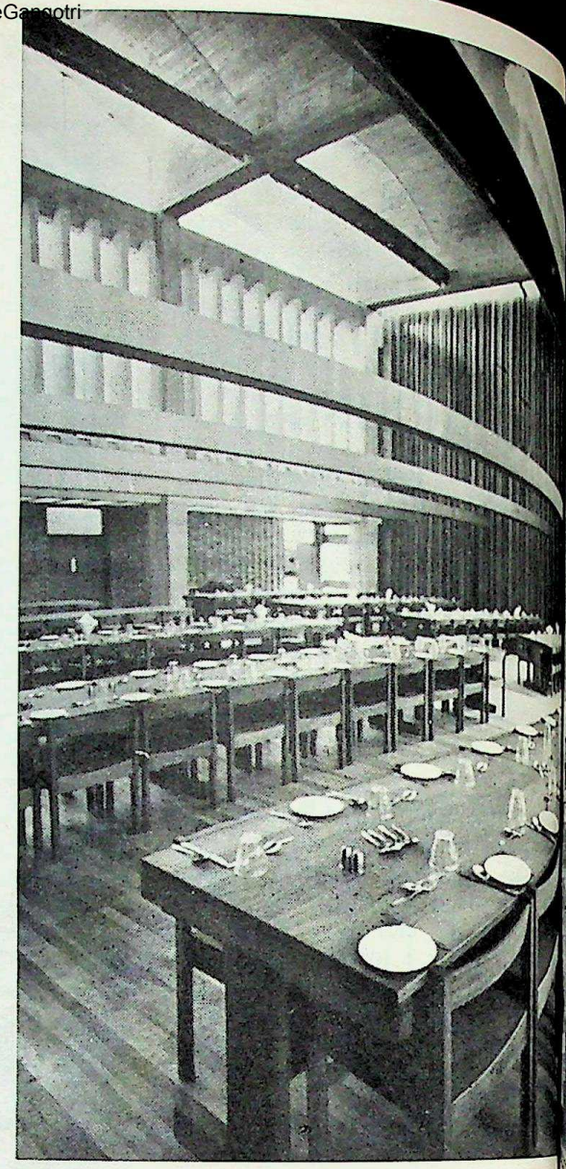

CHURCHILL COLLEGE at Cambridge University shows the hearty British touch of Architect Richard Sheppard. Textured concrete contrasts with warm brick where squash court, locker rooms (*above*) fly over passages. Monumental main gates (*below*) are intended to invite, rather than intimidate, the visitor. Vaulted concrete ceiling and copper-clad lighting beams (*right*) soar over main dining hall, whose tables and chairs are of solid teak. "They've got to withstand centuries of pounding," says the architect.

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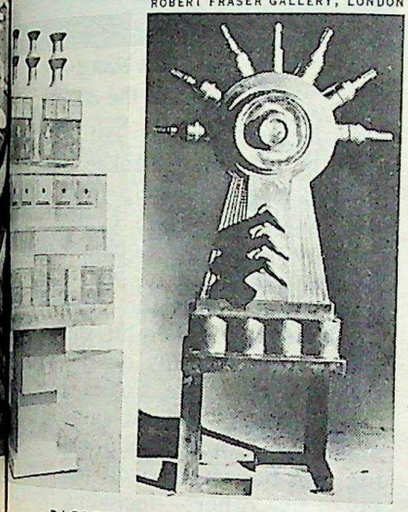
the rational order of technology." They go beyond dada, surrealism or assemblage in accepting and celebrating the machine, yet dominating it by giving it a soul.

Many recent sculptors—Chamberlain, Stankiewicz, César, for example—have plundered the scrap heap for its rusty riches. Their assemblages look back on Marcel Duchamps' "ready-mades," or store-bought hardware, and Picasso's "found objects." Paolozzi also once combined bits of cameras, clocks, toys and bombsights into figures that looked like archaic idols or, as he said, like fetishes of a Congo witch doctor." Now his work sets up a more modern paradox between engineering and art, and his breakaway from traditional values has made him spiritual uncle (where Henry Moore is spiritual father) to younger British artists. Says Paolozzi:

ROBERT FRASER GALLERY, LONDON



PAOLOZZI'S MACHINES*
The starting switch is in the mind.

People still think of sculpture only as statues. It's unconceivable to them that a Boeing 707 can have anything to do with sculpture."

Drainpipe Laocoön. Blunt, thickset Paolozzi, 40, son of Italian peasants who wound up in Edinburgh selling ice cream, has the mien of his bulky monsters. He practices judo with a passion. "There comes a split second in judo," he says, "when absolutely everything matters. It should be the same in art." He is fascinated by Greek mythology and, indeed, has wrestled 4-in. pipe into Laocoös, titling it *Towards a Laocoön.*

Paolozzi also reads the analytic philosophy of the late Ludwig Wittgenstein, eccentric Cambridge professor who, in brief, believed that what in logic was nonsense could be meaningful to man. The artist has made multicolored silk screens based on collages following Wittgenstein, but that is only half his message. His cool sculpture, welded collages made of objects that do not exist, are themselves contemplative nonsense. His aim in art, as Wittgenstein declared his in philosophy, is "to show the fly the way out of the fly bottle."

Left: The World Divides into Facts; right: Man as an Engine, II.

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TIME's job, in a world that gets more complex all the time, is to sort out the essential from the transitory, to get to the bottom of conflicting claims, to pierce through the propaganda and the puffery, to try to get the facts right and to make the conclusions sound.

from TIME Publisher's Letter

A World Leader in Telecommunications and Electronics Equipment

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TENNIS

Cups & Robbers

Last year a couple of cat burglars named Chuck McKinley and Dennis Ralston sneaked off with Australia's prize silver: the Davis Cup. The mug had been in the family for most of 13 years, and the Aussies did not take the abduction kindly. So off to Cleveland last week trotted two of Australia's finest: Roy Emerson, the world's No. 1-ranked amateur, and Fred Stolle, ranked No. 2. "We'll win 4 to 1," predicted Aussie Captain Harry Hopman, as always the soul of confidence—and not without cause.

McKinley's game had been sour all year: he was beaten in the semifinals at Wimbledon, in the quarters at the U.S. Nationals, was even talking about quitting to sell stocks. Ralston had been off his chow too—with blisters and a bad case of jitters. But U.S. Captain Vic Seixas figured that the porous clay courts at Cleveland's new, $75,000 tennis stadium would help the Americans; Aussies are used to grass, on which the ball tends to bounce flatter and faster. The theory looked good when McKinley beat Stolle 6-1, 9-7, 4-6, 6-2. But then Emerson climbed all over Ralston in straight sets, 6-3, 6-1, 6-2.

That left the two teams even, and they were still even after four sets and six games of the next day's crucial doubles match. Emerson won with his slicing serve. Now it was Ralston's turn, and his serve is his weakest point. Two serves, and it was love-30. But then, backs to the wall, the Americans abruptly came alive. In a series of blasting volleys directly at the Aussies' feet, they reeled off four straight points to make it 4-4. Fred Stolle wound up to serve—and Ralston looped a backhand volley over his head—love-15. McKinley smashed a forehand past Emerson's futilely waving racket—love-30—pounded over a short, cross-court volley—ed over a short, cross-court volley—love-40. Then, with a magnificent overhead smash straight between the two Aussies, Ralston administered the *coup de grâce*. The last game was easy, and the U.S. won the match, 6-4, 4-6, 4-6, 6-3, 6-4.

All the Yanks needed to do now was split the last two singles, and the champagne would flow again. Win or lose, it had been a wonderful weekend of top-flight tennis.

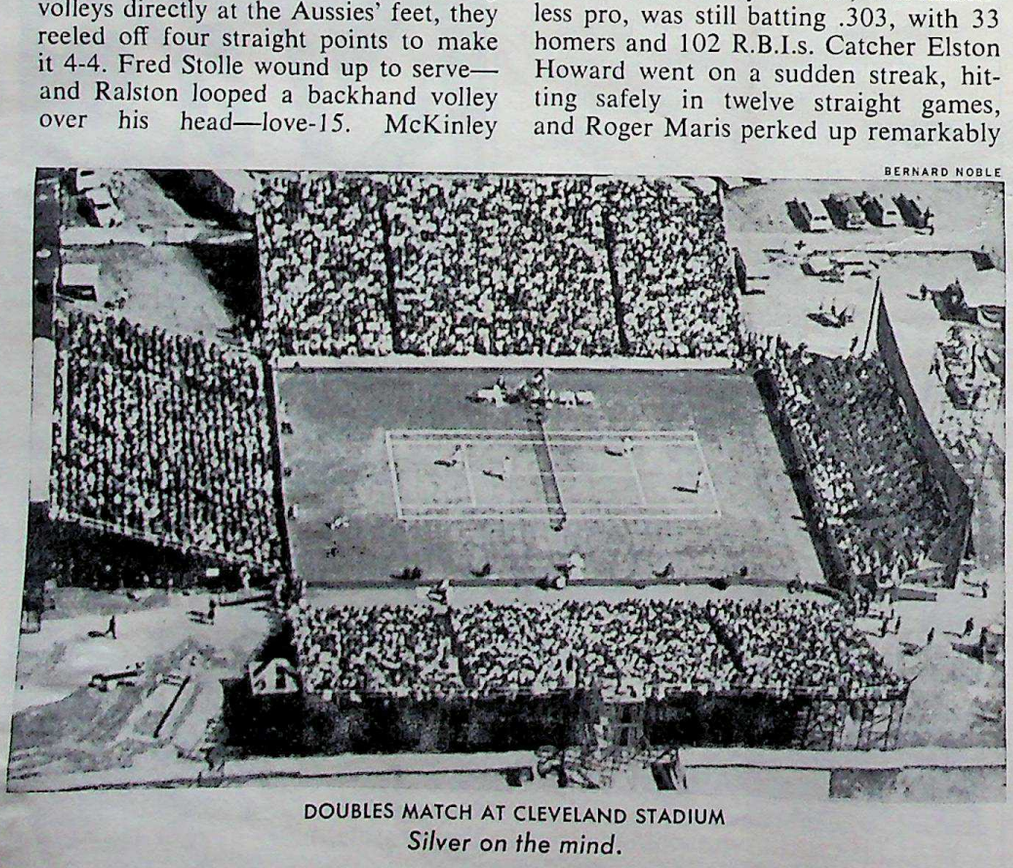
BASEBALL

Tale of Two Cities

Philadelphia and Baltimore are only 100 miles apart along the Pennsylvania Railroad, but they were connected by a far stronger bond last week—one loud, anguished wail. As any student of ancient history will recall, both cities had pennants all locked up by mid-August: the Phils led the National League by four games, and the Orioles led the American by three. But last week the staggering Phils, who had since built up their lead to 6½, were fighting for their lives, and the Birds had tumbled right out of the nest.

It was a long fall—and fast. Hank Bauer's Orioles simply lost 13 out of 26 games, while the New York Yankees were winning 19 out of 22, including the last eleven in a row. After a listless sojourn in third place, Yogi Berra's pinstriped legions sniffed the green stuff and snapped to attention. So lame that his teammates winced every time he hit the ball, Mickey Mantle, that matchless pro, was still batting .303, with 33 homers and 102 R.B.I.s. Catcher Elston Howard went on a sudden streak, hitting safely in twelve straight games, and Roger Maris perked up remarkably

BERNARD NOBLE



DOUBLES MATCH AT CLEVELAND STADIUM
Silver on the mind.

MANTLE & MARIS
Green in the air.

(five homers in the last nine gam
when he read that "Yankee sources" w
hinting at a trade. Up from Richm
(somebody is always coming up fr
Richmond) came Rookie Pitcher
Stottlemyre, 22, to win nine cruc
games, including the eleventh in
Yank streak, a two-hit shutout dur
which he personally outdid Washing
batsmen with five singles, two R.B.
Over from Cleveland came Pedro
mos, the Cuban "palm-baller," ma
ing spit-baller: he won one game
saved five others—including two aga
Cleveland last week.

Four games back of New York
week's end, Baltimore had done its
to back out of a pennant. The P
were doing their best to back in.
first place for 123 out of 156 games
far this season, they were still on
but barely. The Phils lost eight out
ten games, saw their lead shrink t
half-game over the red-hot (ten vi
ries in their last eleven games) Cin
nati Reds, 1½ over the St. Louis Ca
nals. With six more to play, two of th
with the Reds and three with the Car
Philadelphia Manager Gene Mauch
running short of fingernails. "They
we're tense," he growled. "They'll
those words." Baltimore's Bauer,
course, was considerably more relax
"What do you do now?" someb
asked after the Orioles committed
errors, booted a game 10-3.
drunk," said Bauer candidly.

SAILING

No Contest

"The worst defeat since Bunker H
moaned the correspondent for
London Daily Telegraph. It certa
couldn't have been much worse.
four races against *Constellation*,
U.S. America's Cup defender, Britai
$300,000 challenger, *Sovereign*.
nothing to support her name. She

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first race by 5 min. 34 sec.; the
cond by 20 min. 24 sec.; the third by
min. 33 sec. The fourth and final
ce last week was absolutely no con-
st at all.

In two of the first three races, Brit-
's Peter Scott had at least outma-
vered *Constellation's* Bob Bavier at
start, had lost because *Sovereign*
ply could not stay in the same water
h the U.S. boat on the windward
s. But last week Scott did not even
e the satisfaction of the start. Run-
along the starting line, he cut
ss too soon, had to wear back to
line, and start all over again. By
Bavier had *Constellation* off and
ing, six boat-lengths ahead. Scott
a few desultory tacks, mostly for
cise, then sat back and took his
icine. There was nothing else to
Constellation's margin: 15 min.
ec.

efeat by a total of 48 min. 11 sec.
half again as bad as *Sceptre's* loss
58. Britons tended to find a scape-
in Helmsman Scott, but that was
ir. *Sovereign* was so far outclassed
it needed an engine. "Damn," said
U.S. yachtsman, "why did the Brit-
ave to come up with a boat like
" But *Constellation* had barely
ed the finish line when Australia's
rank Packer, whose *Gretel* made
show of it in 1962, handed an
ope to Commodore Chauncey
an of the New York Yacht Club.
ow what's in it," said Stillman, and
d everybody else—a new chal-
e for 1967.

FLYING

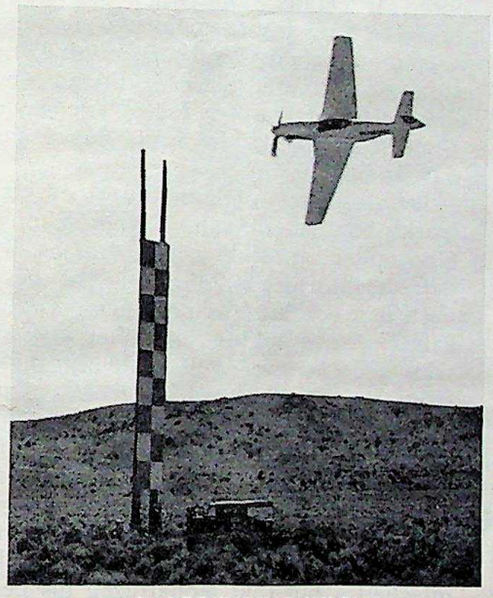
"Just a Dry Run"

e things a man can do in the gen-
ame of sport. He can wrestle 750
eers, shatter concrete blocks with
and, dangle from 20,000-ft. moun-
on strands of rope. And when he
bored with such jejune pursuits, he
take up racing airplanes around
pylons stuck in the ground—a
so suicidal that the U.S. Govern-
outlawed it 15 years ago. But you
keep a madman down. Last week,
the reluctant blessing of the Fed-
Aviation Agency, 100 daredevils
erged on a patch of desert outside
to resume the National Cham-
ip Air Races, delicately described
promoter as "the biggest, saf-
ent in U.S. aviation history." He
have added: "Since the dog-
over MIG Alley."

t of the pilots were pros—airline
s, crop dusters, Air Force offi-
shooting at $45,000 in prize mon-
the nine events. The rest were
r kicks. "I know it sounds ridic-
but my bathtub at home is bigger
this plane," sighed Clyde Parsons,
S.-ho. California rancher who won
get-class race by averaging 147
around a 2½-mile course in a
he had painstakingly built in his
rage.

Into the Wire. For nine days the races went on—hair-raising stunt competitions (one pilot painted his name in big letters upside down on his plane for easier reading), a balloon race, sky-diving, a pylon race for ladies. During the cavalry-charge start, one plucky aviatrix banked so boldly that she clipped a wing on the ground, somehow landed safely, and climbed out cursing her evil luck. But all that was minor compared to the big show: the pylon race for unlimited class planes, souped-up World War II Mustangs and Grumman Bearcats capable of speeds up to 450 m.p.h.

This was the event that put an end to the races in 1949—after famed Racer Bill Odom piled into a Cleveland apartment house, killing himself and two other people. Practicing at Reno last week, Miro Slovak, a Czech who fled West in 1952 and now flies for Continental Airlines, screamed down the straightaway at 400 m.p.h.—square into a badly marked 13,000-volt power line. Sparks showered over Slovak's Bearcat; one wing was gouged, but miraculously Slovak kept control. With extraordinary efficiency, the power company restrung the wire overnight. Next day—boing!—another pilot knocked it down.



LOVE ROUNDING PYLON

DON W. JONES

WINNER SLOVAK

7 Gs on the turn.

Off the Dirt. The rules of the game were simple enough: first, each pilot had to qualify by lapping "safely" around the oval 8.5-mile course—which meant at 350 m.p.h. or so. Then each would fly three 85-mile heats against varied opposition, winning points for his standing in each heat. So far, so good. But there was one catch: Promoter Bill Stead, 40, insisted that the pilots take off and land on a dirt runway located in front of the grandstand and the TV cameras. The pilots rebelled, insisted on using the paved runways at Reno Airport instead; the dirt, they said, was unsafe. Oh yeah? growled Stead, whereupon he qualified his own Bearcat at 350 m.p.h. and threatened to take the $5,000 prize himself. That did it: the pilots rushed out to qualify in such a tearing hurry that one anxious flyer did not even bother to change out of his business suit, silk shirt and tie.

The brouhaha had barely begun. In his first heat, Korean War Ace (seven MIGs) Bob Love averaged 410 m.p.h. —only to be placed third for cutting over three pylons, completely missing another. Then California's Darryl Greenameyer won his first heat, beating Slovak by 10 m.p.h.—and disqualified himself by landing on Reno's paved runway instead of Stead's dirt. Not that Greenameyer didn't try. Stripped of practically everything, including landing flaps, his silver Bearcat hippity-hopped all over the runway until he frantically poured on the power and took off again. Landing safely at Reno, Greenameyer muttered: "I'm going to pick up my jacks and go home before I kill myself."

The third heat with five finalists rolled around, and now even the gods were angry: a buffeting 40-m.p.h. wind whipped across the desert. Neither Miro Slovak nor Bob Love seemed to notice; both had won their second heats, and this one had $5,000 riding on it. Wingtip to wingtip they howled down the straightaway at less than 25-ft. altitude, stood shuddering on one wing in vertical, 7-G turns around the pylons. On the back stretch of the second lap, Slovak had the lead. Then they disappeared into a dust cloud. When they blasted through, Love was in front. Averaging 388.81 m.p.h., he gradually pulled away by two miles—but it was only a moral victory. Second place in the heat was all Slovak needed to nail down the winner's check.

Slovak was happy. Promoter Stead was happy. Reno officials were happy. "This was just a dry run," said one. "This is going to be the king of all motor sports." Most important, the nervous observers from the FAA were happy—or relieved anyhow. In nine days of racing, nobody had been killed or even seriously injured—unless you count a careless mechanic who fell off a parked plane and broke his leg.

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TELEVISION

Second Week Premières

Television's second week of premières was staged almost entirely by CBS. As incumbent ratings champion, having had eight of the top ten prime-time shows last season, CBS waited until the challengers had flashed nearly all their goods before spreading out its twelve new entries for 1964-65. In one or two instances, it could thus be said that the best was saved for last, but in general CBS's new shows lack the warmth of those on the other networks. CBS has a cool and mechanical touch. Its choices in comedy seem cynical, where ABC's and NBC's at worst seem merely foolish. Even the people in the CBS canned-laughter machine seem to laugh with a Hessian edge.

But at least three CBS comedies have no need of the machine. Judging by its première, **Many Happy Returns** is the season's best new show. As is generally the case with successful TV series, it is the principal actor who makes the difference. In this case, it is John McGiver, the balding fellow who waited on Audrey Hepburn in *Breakfast at Tiffany's* and whose concise, precise portrayals have lightened other films from *Love in the Afternoon* to *The Manchurian Candidate*. Now he's an employee of a department store whose career depends on his ability to persuade people to keep merchandise they are trying to return. Urbanely, he convinces a woman that she should keep a teakettle because of its unique talent for whistling Beethoven's *Fifth*. In order to snow a snob, he poses as one Carter Phelps-Phipps of the Phelps-Phippses of Boston. "Strange, I don't recall your name in the *Social Register*," says the snob. "We have an unlisted page," explains Phelps-Phipps.

My Living Doll is a one-joke show, but the joke is a knockout. Julie Newmar, once of *The Marriage-Go-Round*, here plays a robot created by an aerospace scientist. Her viking-size body is actually a compilation of electronic equipment sheathed in homogenous polyethylene plastic. A mistress in a million, she will do anything she is told. In the middle of her back is an OFF and ON button. The man who works it is Bob Cummings, as a psychiatrist who is looking after Julie for his creative friend. "My construction is similar to the one-piece die casting," she explains in a husky voice as he takes her home. "But I was hand-molded."

"Have a drink?"

"I don't drink, I don't smoke, I don't eat, I compute. At night I rest my transistors and"—looking down into her cleavage—"my solar batteries."

The Munsters are U, as distinguished from non-U, monsters—a nice, funereal, bourgeois family like the Addamses of ABC. Fred Gwynne is Father; he consists of parts of seven people. Yvonne De Carlo is Mother. She tells her son: "Don't forget to wash behind your points." Grandfather last week drank a potion to turn himself into Mr. Hyde, and when he didn't turn, he said his suspicions were confirmed: somebody had been cutting the stuff. At a masquerade ball, Father won first prize for his own face. "I've never been so insulted," he said, "since the day I died."

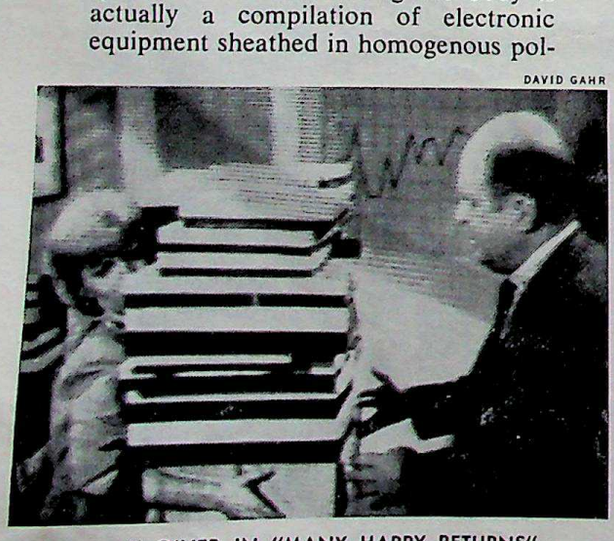
Defying the trend on the other networks toward the short and snappy, CBS opened three hourlong dramas. By default, **Slattery's People** is the best, even if it is a kind of provincial *Advise and Consent*, taking its milieu—as so many TV shows vulturistically do—from an earlier showbiz success. Slattery, played by Richard Crenna, is a state legislator. The story last week did stir up an at least plausible atmosphere of cameral politics. Slattery turned the chamber into a courtroom, fingering an older senator who had deliberately quashed a bill that jeopardized his personal financial interests. The program is fearless. It was sponsored in part by Chase & Sanborn, and the crooked old senator's name was Mr. Sanborn.

Mr. Broadway views the pits and perils of Manhattan as if through the prejudices of a spinster librarian in Humboldt, Kans. Last week's story was all about a bright-eyed girl from the Midwest (Tuesday Weld) who arrives in New York and within a week was eating kickapoo pills given her by a thug in El Morocco. Ironically enough, the series was created by the man who wrote *Born Yesterday*, Broadway Playwright-Director Garson Kanin. His hero, played by Craig Stevens, is a press agent who calls Kilgallen before he calls the police. The show is nervously edited and stuffed with cameo appearances by Leonard Lyons and Oleg Cassini—all the symptoms of a script that has been wadded rather than written.

The Reporter is a much-yellowed *Front Page*, with hoods out of *West Side Story*. In the première, these hoods —who walked the New York streets in sneakers and tight pants, snapping their fingers—stabbed a man who tried to interrupt them at rape. The man staggered into a basement and called up a columnist (played by Harry Guardino) who had denounced people who stand around watching street crimes without taking action. Now that this fellow had taken action, he was cut and dying, and he wanted the columnist to know about it. For the hour that followed, the newspaperman and his editor (Gary Merrill) tried to determine where the victim was so they could help him. This is the most really revulsive show that has opened this season, pretending to a depth and insight that it totally lacks.

In its new **World War I** series, CBS is presenting a well-researched documentary that uses only stills and movie footage from archives. Its first segment moved swiftly, panoptically, and about as informatively as was possible in 52 minutes devoted to nothing less than all the causes and early events of the conflict. The pictures of Gallipoli and the *Lusitania*, young Göring and old Hindenburg were absorbing enough. But the best moments came in unexpected footnotes, such as Sigmund Freud declaring: "All my libido is given to Austria-Hungary."

DAVID GAHR



McGIVER IN "MANY HAPPY RETURNS"

CUMMINGS & NEWMAR IN "DOLL"

FORD IN "BAILEYS OF BALBOA"

From meatballs and yellowed pages to returnable merchandise.

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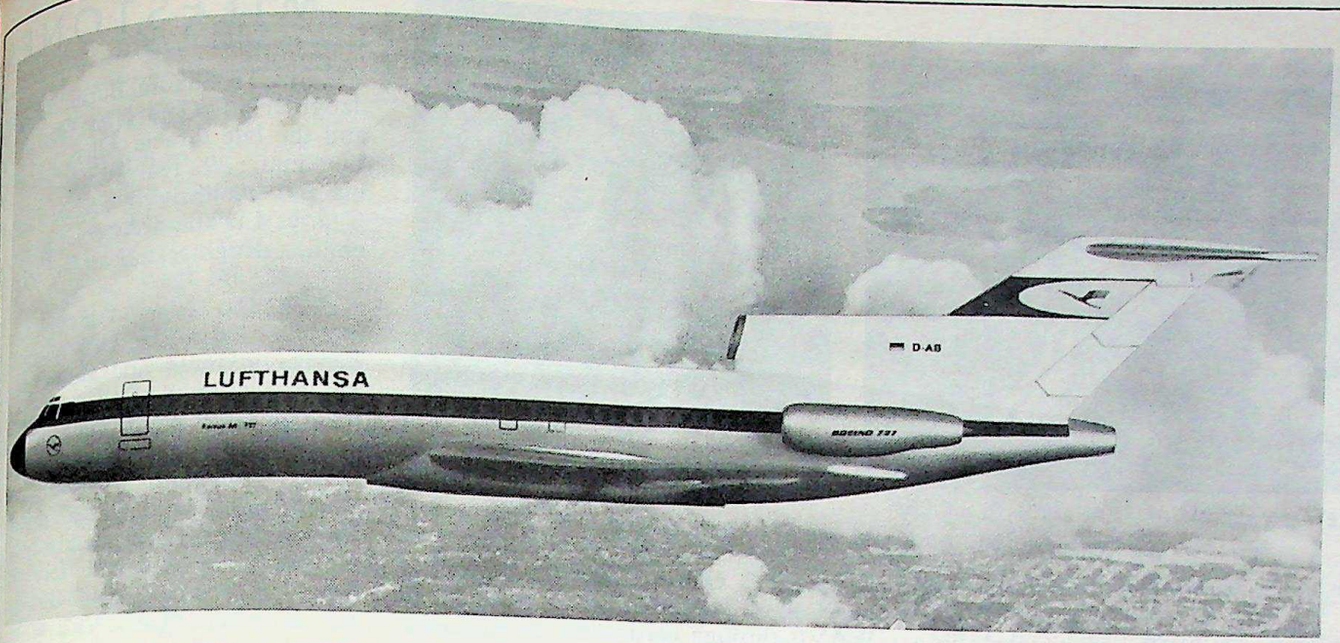

Heidelberg

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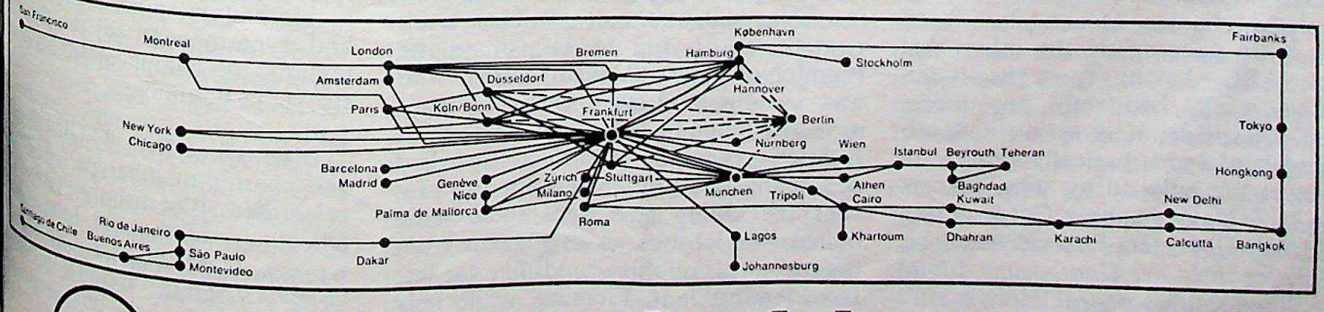

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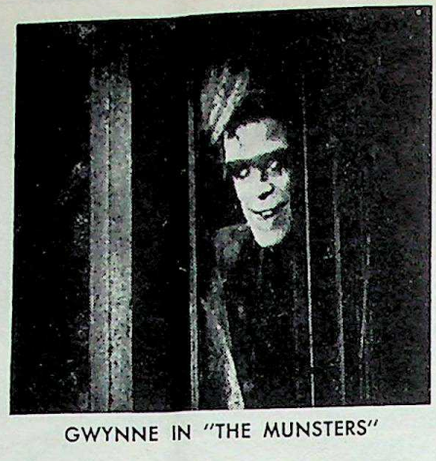
DAVID GAHR

CROWLEY & VAUGHN IN "MAN FROM U.N.C.L.E."



GWYNNE IN "THE MUNSTERS"

Simulated Bond and funereal bourgeoisies.

Carol Burnett, Bob Newhart, Caterina Valente, Art Buchwald and Tessie O'Shea are all regular participants in a comedy-variety series called *The Entertainers*, which is essentially live and up to the minute since it is taped just before it is broadcast. Its opening hour was excellent. Buchwald eagerly suggested that Barry Goldwater could prove his point about the unreliability of U.S. missiles if he were to sit in a rowboat in the middle of the Pacific and let the Defense Department take a shot at him. Newhart did a fine routine in which he posed as a man sitting in his office with the automatic sprinkler system drenching him. "I find it's just a wee bit sensitive," said Newhart calmly to the sprinkler company. "It goes on whenever anyone comes into the room with a fever." Burnett did a skit in which she was a hopelessly nearsighted girl on a blind date with a guy whose eyesight was no better than hers. Both removed their glasses, in pathetic vanity. As she mixed a drink and poured it on the sleeve of his suit, he quaffed from his empty glass and cheerfully mouthed: "Now that's what I call a dry martini."

CBS's proven laboratory skills with test tube situation comedies failed with **Gilligan's Island** (a modern shipwreck story), **The Cara Williams Show** (a man and wife both work for a company that prohibits that sort of thing), **Gomer Pyle** (a hillbilly Marine), and **The Baileys of Balboa**, which stars Paul Ford as the captain of a charter fishing boat. Not even his hooks are barbed.

Scalped Facts. Meanwhile, three shows were opening on the other networks. ABC, having spent itself the previous week, had only one more. Called **Broadside**, it is set on a South Pacific island and is basically a satire on the velvet life enjoyed by some officers in the U.S. Navy's Supply Corps during World War II. It stars Edward Andrews, who played in *Elmer Gantry* and *Advise and Consent* and is one of Hollywood's best caricature actors. His quarters contain everything from a Persian rug to an extensive and distinguished rack of wines. Perhaps as the ultimate luxury, a group of WAVEs has come to run his motor pool. One of them (ho, ho) is a male named Marion who became a WAVE through clerical error. Andrews himself was funny. But Andrews plus the male WAVE plus the female WAVEs resulted in a colossal SCAFU—situation comedy all fouled up.

NBC brought forth two series and is saving still another two for October and November. Daniel Boone capitalizes on the old Davy Crockett shows, since any sharp-eyed woodsman can be expected to discern that this here Boone is the same man—Fess Parker, who might be described as the lichen-eating Gregory Peck. His new show, broad and robust, is a marvelous specimen of the *Drums Along the Mohawk* school, with flaming arrows, torture stakes, and cauldrons of scalding water poured over parapets onto howling redskins. It scalps almost as many facts as Indians. It has Sequoias in Virginia, but anything is possible in the world of Daniel Boone, who last week fought 40 painted savages at once and caught a hurtling tomahawk in his hands. After each successive feat, a sound-track chorus sang out:

What a Boone, what a doer,
What a sure comer-througher was he.

Boiled Red. A somewhat less sure comer-througher is Napoleon Solo, hero of The Man from U.N.C.L.E. This labored acronym stands for United Network Command for Law Enforcement, or good guys. Solo (played by Robert Vaughn) is set to battle weekly against the malevolent members of THRUSH, which stands for bads and is an international organization "with no allegiance to any country or ideal." Last week THRUSH was trying to assassinate the Premier of a new African nation, who was visiting a nuclear chemical plant near Washington. Napoleon Solo and a female companion (Patricia Crowley) in a spangled evening dress tried to prevent the killing and were soon being boiled like lobsters in live steam from the reactor. If all this sounds like the late Ian Fleming, it is. Fleming, while only fleetingly a consultant, was in spirit the creator of the series. Fleming held back a little more than his name. Solo is authentic Bond with a private label, but he is not 007. He is 006⅞.

MILESTONES

Born. To Sandra Burns, 29, adopted daughter of Comedian George Burns and the late Gracie Allen, and Steven Luckman, 29, real estate specialist in his father's thriving architectural firm, Charles Luckman Associates: their first child, a daughter; in Los Angeles.

Born. To Mary Ann Fischer, 39, mother of the first U.S. quintuplets to survive infancy; and Andrew Fischer, 39, Aberdeen, S. Dak., shipping clerk; their eleventh child, ninth daughter; in Aberdeen. Weight: 10 lbs. 7 oz.

Married. Mamie Eisenhower Moore, 22, Mamie's niece; and 2nd Lt. Steven James Rees, 22, serving in the Army's ceremonial Old Guard Battalion at Fort Myer, Va.; at the post chapel.

Married. Russell Kirk, 45, artist-author of U.S. conservatism, author of the 1953 bestseller, *The Conservative Mind*; and Annette Yvonne Courtemanche, 24, Long Island high-school teacher; both for the first time; in a low Mass at the chapel at New York's Kennedy Airport.

Died. Fred Cole, 63, California swimsuit designer who in the 1[illegible] broke away from the drab, all-covering "woollies" of the day with low-backed rainbow-colored bathing suits, went on to pioneer, with curve-clinging Lastex fabric, the bare midriff and the two-piece suit, but never countenanced the bikini; of cancer; in Los Angeles.

Died. Archbishop Josef Gawlina, 74, leader of the Polish Catholic community in Rome, who was driven from Warsaw by the Communists in 1[illegible]; of a heart attack a few days after climbing the steps of St. Peter's, the weary and infirm, to speak on Mary's devotion before the Vatican Council.

Died. Dr. Alan Chesney, 76, [illegible]time (1929-53) dean of Johns Hopkins Medical School, best known for his lifelong fight against antivivisectionists ("a crippling obstacle to the advance of medical knowledge"), who in 1[illegible] carried his case to Baltimore voters, a referendum, won a lopsided victory and a permanent key to the city; of pneumonia and complications following a stroke; in Baltimore.

Died. Clive Bell, 83, British art critic and charter member of London's [illegible] celebrated Bloomsbury Group of intellectuals (others: John Maynard Keynes, E. M. Forster, and Bell's sister-in-law Virginia Woolf), a vociferous champion of such post impressionists as Cézanne, Van Gogh and Gauguin in the early 1900s when other Britons thought them horrid; of cancer; in London.

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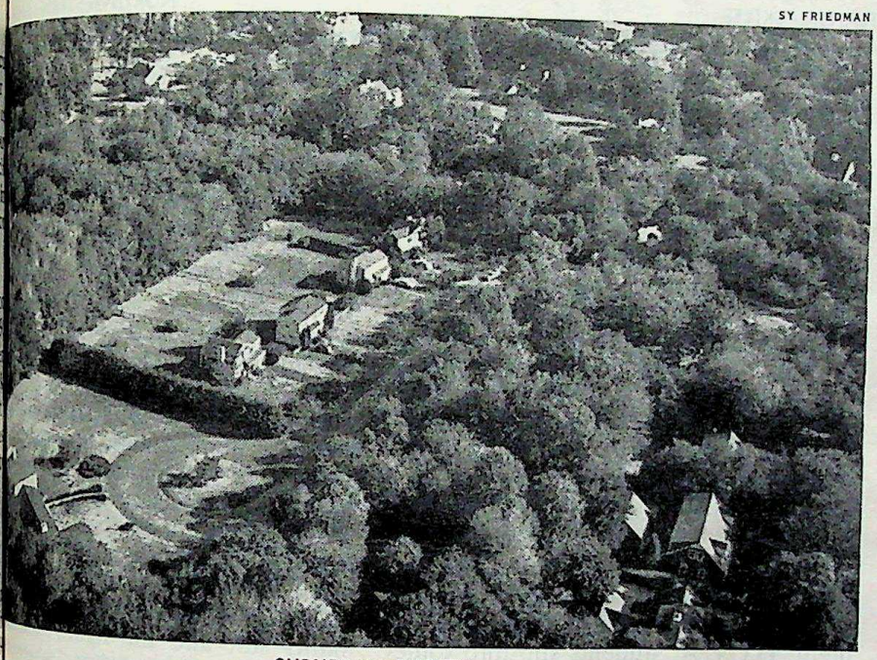
YOUTH

The Drinking Problem

There was nothing particularly unusual about it, unfortunately: a couple of nice kids, driving home from a couple of good parties, went off the road. The girl was killed, he was not. Everybody felt terrible. Then last week—three months after the accident—something happened that made the sad, unnecessary death of Nancy Hitchings, 17, on Half Mile Road, Darien, Conn., a matter of national controversy. Circuit Court Judge Rodney S. Eielson, presiding over the trial of 18-year-old Michael Smith for reckless driving and negligent homicide, ordered the arrest of adults for serving alcohol at the parties that Michael and Nancy attended.



SY FRIEDMAN

SUBURBAN DARIEN

"The guilt is in every living room."

Section 30-86 of the Connecticut Liquor Control Act was clear: *Any person, except the parent, or guardian of such minor, who delivers or gives any such liquor to any such minor, except on the written order of a practicing physician, shall be subject to the penalties*—up to a year in jail and/or up to $1,000 fine. Booked under this statute were a vice president of the Johns-Manville Corp., a psychiatrist, an Olin Mathieson Chemical Corp. executive, a consulting engineer, their wives and a public-school teacher who was moonlighting as bartender at one of the parties, as well as another bartender, two caterers and part-time waiters. Judge Eielson's decision seemed to be that he could not fill Fairfield County jails with parents. The real guilt of needless loss of life is in the living room in this community," he said. "I wish I had the power to get to every parent who is guilty."

Darien was stunned to realize that adults could be charged with a crime for serving liquor in their own homes. "A man's home is his castle, isn't it?" was the frequent plaint. Other parents in other areas might be equally surprised to learn that they were lawbreakers too. In many states, the law can be interpreted to forbid any person to serve liquor to an adolescent, whether in public or private. In other states, adults can be held culpable for such an amiable drawing-room practice on the grounds that they have contributed "to the delinquency of a minor."

Party Codes. But in practice, these laws are almost never enforced. "How can I go into somebody's home and find evidence to prove that somebody was serving drinks to a minor?" demanded a Los Angeles sheriff last week. But in supermarkets and commuter trains—and cocktail parties—most of the talk circled a more basic dilemma of a drinking society: Can people be kept away from alcohol until they are 21—and should they be, anyway?

The party is a major problem. In many communities, parents circulate "party codes" to try to keep children's entertaining on the Coke standard. But this works only if all the parents hold the line. And in the affluent suburbs of the Northeast, Middle West and West Coast (the South seems relatively exempt), most parents glumly concede that "the boys won't come if it's going to be dry." Or, worse yet, they'll bring their own liquor. For those who elect to bow to this pressure, the most widely used solution is to supply beer or wine-laced punch, have plenty of food, and close the bar at intervals. Things get more complicated with older brothers, or those dashing college seniors that every debutante hopes will condescend to come to her coming-out party. And the debutante's proud parents may also invite some of their grownup friends, who will feel entitled to somewhat stiffer refreshment. How does the hired man behind the bar decide exactly who gets what?

Parents who would like to meet the situation by serving no alcohol to minors—their own or others—under any circumstances, are faced with the increasingly obvious fact that all over the U.S., teen-agers are getting it anyway. The forging of drivers' licenses and I.D. cards is a booming business; but a doctored license may be an unnecessary luxury when there are so many grocery clerks to whom all customers look 21, so many adults ready to buy a bottle or so for a young friend, and so many bootleggers operating out of the trunk compartment of a cruising car.

U.C.L.A.'s Dean Byron H. Atkinson feels that the present law is unenforceable among college students—and therefore bad. "Alcohol has a special appeal to young people," he says. "It makes them feel more mature and confident at a period in their lives when the most important thing is to feel more mature and more confident. And age is certainly one of the most inconclusive, inconsequential measures of maturity."

RICE—NEW YORK HERALD TRIBUNE

JUDGE

Learning to Cope. Is a 21-year-old whose lips have never touched liquor going to be better able to handle it than an 18-year-old who has been broken in to its use more or less gradually at a time in his life when parental influence is stronger? In Darien and points west, many argue that it is the parents' responsibility to prepare their children for the world as it is, that alcohol is part of that world, and that learning to cope with it is a part of one's education better performed in the home than in the roadhouse.

To this end, many parents begin with their 16-year-olds on mild drinks such as beer and Dubonnet, with a glass of wine for festive occasions. Even this may be breaking a strict interpretation of an unenforceable law in many states;

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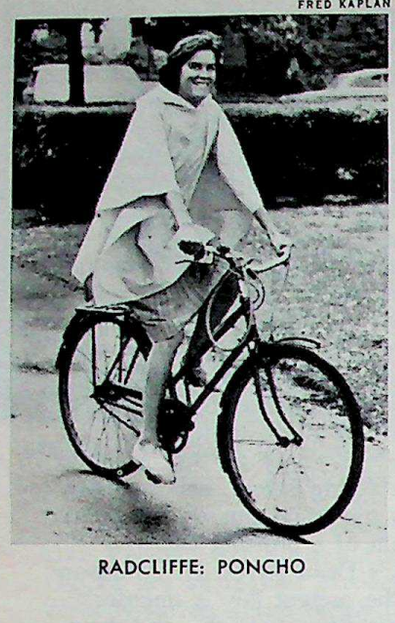
FRED KAPLAN

RADCLIFFE: PONCHO

LEVITON—ATLANTA

ATLANTA: SKIRTS

CO RENTMEESTER

L.A.: PATTERNED STOCKINGS

NORTHWESTERN: SHOU

Gone from the groves are the Amenable Parrots and the Walleyed Scholars.

to give a watered-down highball to your daughter's 20-year-old beau may land you in the cooler if he runs over someone on his way home.

With this chilling fact in mind, a group in Darien began to talk last week about fighting the case of the arrested adults all the way to the Supreme Court, if necessary, to try to get Section 30-86 off the books. But law or no law, invasion of privacy or not, the problem remains: how old is an adult and what is a drink?

FASHION

Back to School

Once, a college coed might have whiled away her summer boning up on a fourth language, rereading Russian novels, or recording the labyrinthian travels of a psychopathic mouse. That was that. Today, if she's got her wits (and her checkbook) about her, she winds up such frivolous pursuits in record time, the better to spend what remains of vacation (and her savings account) far away from libraries and laboratories, exploring the nooks and air-conditioned crannies, the dressing rooms and display counters of all available department stores. For times have changed; according to the several million pretty pieces of proof that flooded the nation's halls of academe this week, it isn't any longer only what comes out of the stacks that counts on campus but also, and more strikingly, what comes off the racks.

From Pomona, Calif., to Poughkeepsie, N.Y., the girls and their wardrobes are the snazziest in years. Gone with the wind are the Shiny-Nosed Adolescent (shirttail flapping over tattered Levi's), the Blue-Blooded Aristocrat (cashmere sweater, flannel skirt, and a single strand of perfect pearls), the Walleyed Scholar (sloped shoulders, sensible shoes, and a pleated skirt left over from ice-hockey days), and the flocks of Amenable Parrots (kneesocks, muffler, a Peck & Peck raincoat, and a penny for every loafer). In their place these days is a sleekly feathered creature who swings her hair when she walks, wears no makeup, likes to go shopping in a suit that really has pants, and is apt to go dancing in a dress that suggests it be done cheek to cheek.

Frugable Charm. West Coast coeds like "the Scramble Look" best for day —a style that depends upon the combination of as many patterns as possible in a single outfit; the girl who can manage a skillful blend of dots with stripes, checks with tweeds, and plaids with prints, plus patterned stockings, may seem something of an eyesore off campus, but no matter—around the quad she's the sweetheart of Sigma Chi. For night, U.C.L.A. students slip into something appropriate to "the Discothèque Look"—sleeveless jumpers made sometimes of tweed but more often of velours, bare on top and ruffled at the bottom, the most frugable little nothings around.

Rougher landscapes, like Northwestern, demand a fashion staple like a poncho, a tentlike affair that lends a certain army-surplus charm to fragile freshmen huddled beneath. University of Wisconsin girls wear headbands instead of scarves, are so addicted to sandals that a local shoe repairman declared himself a sandal-maker and set up shop a thong's throw from campus. For trips to town, the newest thing is a suit with culotte-like pants instead of a skirt. There is also, unaccountably, a sudden passion for pierced ears among otherwise sensible girls in the Ivy League area (four out of every five coeds at the University of Pennsylvania have already taken the step).

Fun, Clean Look. Kilts are just about out all over, particularly in the South, where they have been usurped by high-schoolers, and Bermuda shorts are slowly giving way to full-length slacks or, better still, skirts. Back in the sw after a decade of use only by Scouts and photographers, is the sl der-strap bag. "Jiffy" coats—half between a coat and a jacket in le —are as popular as Beatles; fa fabrics are stretchable wools, h pattern is houndstooth checks. coffee-shop look is out," says a P delphia fashion coordinator. "It's replaced by the clean look." Boston New York, headquarters for Ivy Le shoppers, agree. Charles Stanwood visional merchandise manager of England's mammoth Jordan M claims campus fashions are movin ward "the refined look, the fun more of a suburban look." Others it is Paris, not suburbia, that h fluenced college styles, point to pants suit and the figure-skimmin line dress. Nonetheless, whether Courrèges who gets the credit, or cord, Mass., Dior or Darien, the remains: Betty Coed may not ma through Soc. Sci. 101, but only D is likely to care.

CUSTOMS

New Tip, No Tip

For grumpy citizens, weary of ers, cabbies and similarly unappre personnel who do a fast, sloppy then present open, demanding p Mendelsohn's in New Rochelle, N offers a solution. It is a coin that A like a quarter, feels like a quarter eight for $1, even costs less than a q ter), generally passes for the gen article until the tipper is safely o reach. Too late, open, demanding will discover the drawing of an stretched hand where George Was ton should be, and instead of an e the straightforward, gloriously bossed message: THIS COIN IS N TIP. GIVE NOTHING. GET NOTH ZERO CENTS. IT MATCHES EXACTLY VALUE OF YOUR SERVICE.

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AERONAUTICS

...ght of the Sea Serpent

...e long, subtly curving fuselage, the ...ge little canard wing tacked on ...the nose, the great, boxlike maw of ...engine air intakes have all combined ...arn North American's XB-70A the ...y derisive nickname, "Cecil the ...ick Sea Serpent." But as it taxied ...nto the runway at Palmdale, Calif., ...week, Cecil seemed to come alive ...new dignity. That single plane de...ed to cruise at three times the speed ...ound may be all that is left of ...Air Force dream of big supersonic ...ed bombers, but all by itself it is ...mph of technology. It marks a ...ficant advance in the construction ...ft and heavy aircraft.

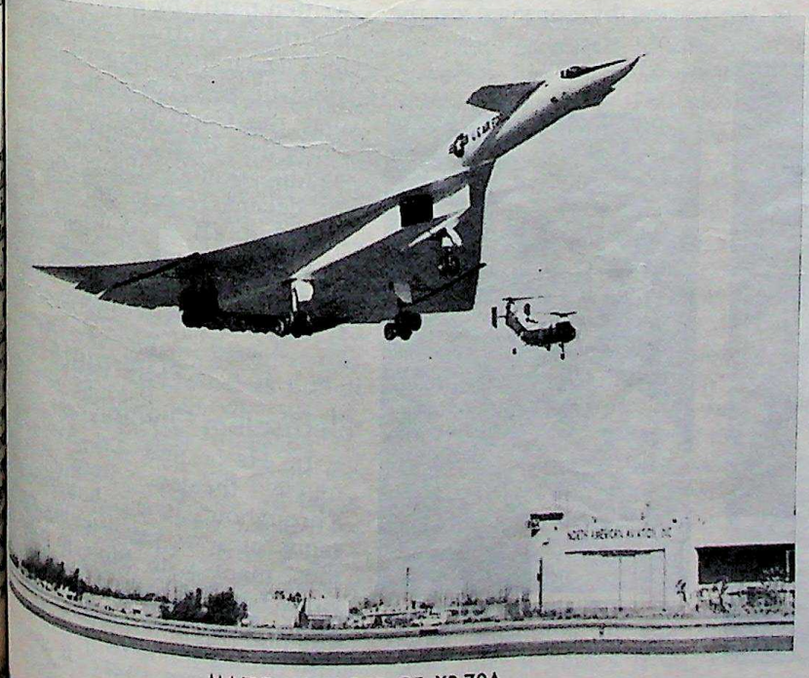
...ooth Landing. Five chase planes ...d overhead and two helicopters ...ed solicitously, as the B-70 began ...ake-off roll for its first cautious ... Just 33 seconds after Chief Test ... Al White released the brakes, ...was airborne, climbing steeply. ...stiltlike forward landing gear re...d properly, but the main wheel ...ammed, halfway up. Pilot White ...e wheels down again and switched ...lternate flight plan. There was no ...ow of passing the speed of sound ...t first try; supersonic flight is not ...planes with wheels dangling.

...e turned north toward the vast ...ake bed at Edwards Air Force ...at 375 m.p.h. and circled cau...y. He climbed to 16,000 ft. and ...range craft handled well at un...ally slow speeds. Then an indicator ...ed that one of the six engines was ...reeding; White had no choice but ...t that engine off. He flew through ...ulated landing while still aloft, ...curved into the landing pattern ...touched down smoothly.

Locked Wheels. Suddenly, the thin trail of purple smoke that billows behind the tires of swift-landing jets turned to a dense cloud pierced by a long tongue of flame. Fire engines screamed to the rescue, but the flame died out harmlessly. A brake had locked the left rear wheels; friction against the runway had rasped the tires down to the rims and ignited the rubber.

Such troubles are almost expected on a radically new ship, and this was the first flight of the heaviest and most complex plane ever built. "I am delighted with the way it went," said White. "We had some malfunctions, but that's why I've got a job. If you don't have malfunctions, you don't need test pilots."

Now there will be many other cautious flights before the B-70 starts its lifework: exploring the swarming problems of a Mach 3 airliner. And if such a passenger plane ever goes into service, much of the credit will go to the technological innovations that were first tested by Cecil the Seasick Sea Serpent.



MAIDEN LIFT-OFF OF XB-70A
On the runway, a long tongue of flame.

ELECTRONICS

To Catch a Thief

Desperate to reduce book thefts, the nation's 60,000 libraries have tried everything from shelving their books behind iron fences to putting in ceiling mirrors to spot browsers stuffing books into clothing or briefcases. Nothing seems to work: the *Library Journal* estimated not long ago that thieves take anywhere from 200 to 500 books a year from the average library, and library officials glumly admit that book thefts now cost them an estimated total of $25 million a year.

A Metal Insert. The answer to the librarians' plight may lie in an electronic device demonstrated last week in Flint, Mich. Playing the part of a thief, a Flint librarian slipped a library book under his coat, then walked boldly to the exit. There was a loud click as the turnstile locked, then a buzzing noise as the librarian was alerted. Even as the "thief" sheepishly explained that he "forgot" to sign out his book, a patron whose book had been properly checked out strode easily through the same turnstile.

BOB BENYAS

DEMAGNETIZING BOOKS IN FLINT, MICH.
At the turnstile, a loud click.

Invented by Emmanuel Mitchell Trikilis, a self-taught Columbus engineer, the "Sentronic" book detector works on the ancient principle of magnetism. A sliver of magnetized metal is hidden somewhere in a book's spine or binding, and the librarian who checks the book out simply demagnetizes the metal insert by passing the book through a coil carrying an electric current. If a thief bolts for the exit instead of the check-out desk, the magnetized metal inside his book is detected by an instrument that trips a solenoid hidden at the door; the turnstile is automatically locked and the librarian alerted. A sign over the door explains all with a succinct message: "If turnstile is locked, please report to loan desk."

A Great Deterrent. Trikilis' system is not a perfect burglar finder, and it cannot foil the determined thief who tosses a stolen book out a window. But drawbacks are few, and along with a similar setup made by Bro-Dart Industries of Newark, N.J., the Sentronic sentry is being studied by libraries across the U.S., from the Harvard University Medical School library to San Quentin prison library.

Flint Librarian Ransom L. Richardson is convinced that the system is worth the expense—$6,740 a year for rental of Sentrons plus $4,500 for installation of equipment for four turnstiles. "Even if we just cut our losses in half," says Richardson, "we'll be ahead." The Grand Rapids library, which used to lose between $10,000 and $15,000 a year on stolen books, began slipping Trikilis' Sentron devices inside their books eight months ago, has not lost one of its treated volumes since. Says Grand Rapids Librarian Donald W. Kohlstedt: "The deterrent value of the system alone is as great as the detection."

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ROMAN CATHOLICS

The Right to Worship According to One's Conscience

The Vatican Council last week moved closer to the beginning of a vast change in both the spirit and structure of the Roman Catholic Church. In a series of decisive votes, the 2,500 assembled prelates approved the principle of episcopal collegiality—thereby affirming that as a body they govern and teach the entire church in union with the Pope. They thus restored to Catholicism a sense of fraternal authority that had been lost during the development of an all-powerful papacy and foreshadowed a gradual diminishment of the Roman Curia's power.

In the eyes of many observers, the council seems finally to be coming to fruition. The first session saw a well-mannered power struggle between contending ecclesiastical viewpoints, and the gradual unfolding of progressive strength; the second was bogged down by papal indecision and defensive parliamentary maneuvering by Curial forces. But by the end of the third session's second week, the bishops had taken 37 votes on sections of the 219-page schema *De Ecclesia* (On the Church), rushed through discussion of two other chapters, started debate on a schema outlining the duties of bishops, and drafted declarations concerning religious liberty and anti-Semitism. So much was being prodded through the lengthened daily sessions that an African bishop complained: "I feel like a nun who has lost her place in her missal."

Smooth Sailing. In part, the brisk pace of the session was due to the businesslike approach of four cardinal moderators. Last fall they were often hesitant and unsure; now they are quick to cut off speakers who go beyond their allotted ten minutes or stray from the point. But there was a more important reason for the council's smooth sailing: the growing sense of community and mutual responsibility among the bishops, and the emergence of a theological consensus that is prudently but overwhelmingly progressive. It is now clear that a vast majority of the prelates reject the abstract, legalistic theological language that has been spoken by Rome since the Council of Trent and favor a more pastoral, Scripture-centered approach.

Sensing that the council is finally going their way, the bishops appear more confident of themselves, more inclined to treat Curial prelates as anachronistic staff officers rather than superiors. There was also a new tone in the bishops' references to Pope Paul VI, in which respect for his position was tempered by realistic appraisals of his qualities. Some bluntly described him as "afraid," "so sensitive," "in need of our help." "Let's face it," said one Australian bishop. "He's weak."

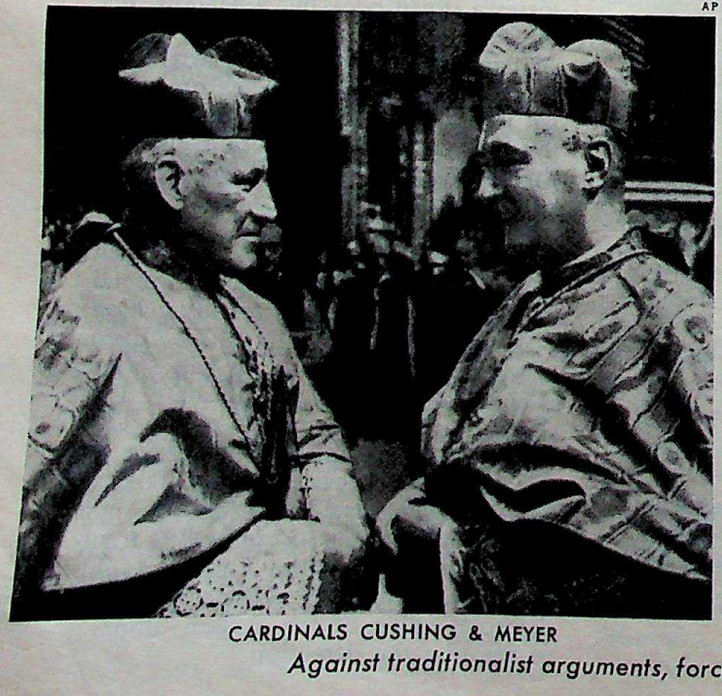
Teachers & Rulers. The triumph of the consensus was reached in the vote on collegiality—a theory that is new in Catholic theology, but is a reality as old as the church. The *Acts of the Apostles* clearly expresses the fraternal spirit of the first bishops, and the early Christians had no concept of an authoritarian Pope. Last week, by margins that were never less than 5 to 1, the prelates agreed that they are successors of the Apostles just as the Pope is the successor of St. Peter, that the Apostles, with Peter in charge, formed a kind of episcopal college to carry on Christ's mission of salvation, and that episcopal consecration confers on a priest the role of teacher and ruler of the church, in union with the Pope.

The votes, which must be confirmed later in the session by approval of the entire schema, cleared the way for s concrete expressions of collegia Archbishop Joseph McGucken of Francisco suggested that the P might appoint a permanent senate bishops to serve as his advisers. Ot believe that the Pope instead wo internationalize the predominantly ian Curia. There were rumors Paul might play down the colleg cardinals by refusing to appoint ones.

Whatever the specific outcome vote also had many ecumenical tones. Although the schema caref ensures the primacy and rights of Pope, the bishops nevertheless have proved a theory of ecclesiastical ernment that is closer to what A cans and Orthodox believe. Baptists Presbyterians would disagree with council's view that the episcopacy divine origin; yet they could ha help favoring a new touch of demo cy in Catholicism.

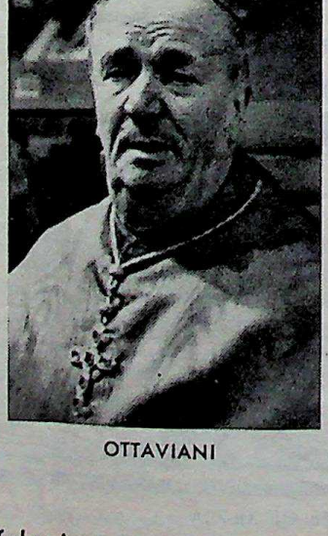
"A Decent Respect." Another of the bishops' new spirit of com nity came last week in discussion the draft declaration on religious ty, which affirms the right of e man, Catholic and atheist alike, to ship or not as his conscience dicta It is a proposal that has little ap to prelates from such strongly Cath countries as Spain, Italy and Irel But their objections seemed half-h ed, questioning, almost resigned to feat—and council watchers believe the declaration will be approved b least 85% of the bishops. Alfredo C dinal Ottaviani of the Holy Office held the traditional view that "a in error should not be entitled to or"; yet even he did not condemn declaration outright. The traditiona arguments were forcefully answered American cardinals. Chicago's A Meyer said: "We must give to ot what we claim for ourselves." Bost Richard Cardinal Cushing, in a sp written partly by Jesuit Theologian Courtney Murray, principal author the declaration, argued that the gious-liberty statement was "someth that the Catholic world and the Catholics alike have been waiting —admission by the church that it "a decent respect for the opinions mankind." It was Cushing's first spe in three sessions of the council; he greeted by a torrent of forbidden plause when he sat down.

AP



CARDINALS CUSHING & MEYER

BERNHARD MOOSBRUGGER



OTTAVIANI

Against traditionalist arguments, forceful voices.

THE BIBLE

Jerusalem Olympics

In Haifa and Tel Aviv, the movie theaters were half em Throughout Israel, hundreds of sands of Jews sat listening by their dios, many with Bible in hand. Jer lem's big Convention Hall was jamm to its 3,000-seat capacity and, said official, "We could have sold out hall five times over." It was time the third International Bible Quiz

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nnial event that has become an in-
national institution in the land of
amin and Ben-Gurion.

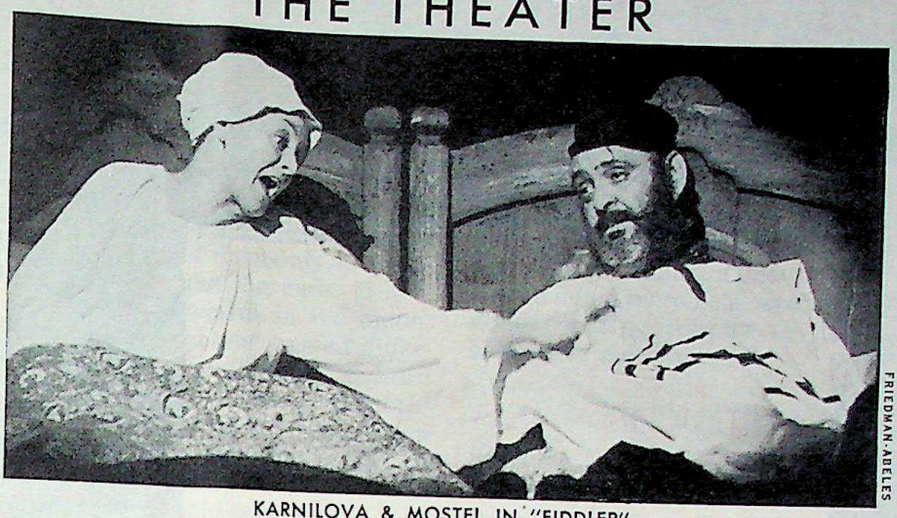
Bookkeeper & Glassblower. This
ar, 20 contestants were in Jerusalem
the finals, each a winner of compe-
ons in his homeland. There was a
cken farmer from New Zealand, a
troop major from the Belgian ar-
an Italian glassblower, a Seventh-
Adventist bookkeeper from Brazil,
Swiss electrician. From the U.S. came
ish-born Samuel Joshua Singer, 58,
etime Yeshiva student and a former
stant attorney general of New York
e. France sent a professional Script-
scholar, Roman Catholic Abbé
mond Seguineau, 42, who is pre-
ng a Bible concordance; Finland's
pion was blonde, blue-eyed Irja
nen, 29, a church worker. The
li champion, predictably, was a
inical student: tense, bearded Yom-
Krasniansky, 24, who crammed for
ours a day before the contest.
est of the lot was Graham Mitch-
29, a Seventh-day Adventist and an
ntant from Sydney, Australia.

he contest lasted two nights, using
ions drawn up by a team of Catho-
Protestant and Jewish scholars and
out on the 1961 world champion,
Yihie Alsheich of Jerusalem. A
of 15 linguists then put the ques-
all taken from the Old Testament,
the ten languages spoken by the
stants. Toughest problem: phras-
e questions in Amharic for Be-
Gabre, a beautiful 18-year-old
from Ethiopia, who entered the
st in hopes of getting a scholarship
Jerusalem medical school.

King & Prophet. Some of the ques-
s were easy enough for a Sunday
ol class—such as "Who smote a
and a bear?" (answer: Samson) or
e the names of two Biblical shep-
s, one of whom became a king, the
r a prophet" (David and Amos).
ers demanded an almost photo-
ic memory of the prophetic books
Chronicles. Example: "Give six in-
ces where a man or a woman pre-
ed war or bloodshed." By the time
e second round, half of the contest-
had dropped out of competition;
chell and Krasniansky were neck
neck for the lead. On the final
, Mitchell scored 45 out of a
e 50 points, including eight out
elve on a complex question about
etic references to Jerusalem. On
question, the judges gave a nine
asniansky, who nonetheless fluffed
r one, finished second with 44.
, with 38¼, came Irja Immonen.

was 2:30 in the morning when the
announced the results, six tense
after the final contest began. As
anded Mitchell his prize, a gold
, a band struck up *God Save the*
and the audience stood to give
a long, warm round of applause.
I was concerned about was to bring
the gold medal," said Mitchell
, "and I've got it."

THE THEATER



FRIEDMAN-ABELES

KARNILOVA & MOSTEL IN "FIDDLER"
Quivering before his wife, quipping with God.

Zero's Hour

Fiddler on the Roof. Zero Mostel is a bundle of Zero Mostels, and a fresh one comes to view with each new performance. He can dance like a bear, sing like a frog and outstare an owl. A rhinoceros cannot readily distinguish Mostel from a rhinoceros. What links all of Mostel's roles is his gift for reaching the heart of a character and sympathetically synchronizing every heartbeat in the house with his. This gift is greatly evident in *Fiddler on the Roof*, a pleasantly nostalgic musical of Jewish community life in a tiny Russian village just prior to the abortive 1905 revolution. But for Zero, *Fiddler's* heartbeat would be considerably fainter.

Mostel plays Tevye, a poor dairyman by trade and a Jewish cracker-barrel philosopher by bent. Tevye has five unmarried daughters on his hands, a strident wife (Maria Karnilova) at his elbow, and God's voice in his inner ear. He quivers before his wife and quips with his God. He plans to arrange his daughters' marriages in the time-honored way. They plead love. "Tradition," thunders Tevye, stabbing the air with an irate prophet's forefinger and then lowering his hand like a falling leaf, in wry self-mockery. The eldest daughter marries a tailor without a sewing machine. The second follows her student-revolutionary fiancé to Siberia. The third elopes with a Gentile. Tevye's buffetings are preludes to a communal sorrow, an edict ordering the Jews to sell their property and leave the land.

Fiddler is sweet in spirit, true in tone, and its shawled, long-skirted women and bearded, black-hatted men look more like folk than showfolk. Jerome Robbins' dances are closer to the soil than to concrete, and a male wedding dance with empty wine bottles perched on the men's hats is a tingling display of rigid torsos and agile Slavic slides.

Paradoxically, *Fiddler's* conscientious good taste may have robbed it of the richer seasoning of the Sholem Aleichem tales it comes from. *Fiddler* does not swell with Aleichem's yeasty joy, pain and mystery of living. Zero does.

The Org Man Cometh

Absence of a Cello, by Ira Wallach, is an amusing, though not wildly amusing, farce based on the proposition that the corporate image is a fright mask and that any man who puts it on won't recognize himself any more.

Andrew Pilgrim (Fred Clark) is a renowned academic scientist who is deep in debt. He has a handsome offer from a corporation called Baldwin-Nelson. Pilgrim is a kind of disorganization man. He plays the cello and knows all about ultrasonic energy, but he cannot turn off the vacuum cleaner or find his shoelaces. His wife (Ruth White) pens scholarly works on dead languages.

With an interviewer from Baldwin-Nelson coming, they decide to act so square that they could pass for cubes. Out goes the cello; in comes a dust-laden TV set. Copies of the *Reader's Digest* and *McCall's* are scattered about. "Where'd you get these?" asks Pilgrim in wonderment. "I subscribe to the incinerator," comes the answer.

The interviewer (Murray Hamilton) is as bright as a computer with a somewhat more insidious charm. Oh, yes, they want questioning minds at Baldwin-Nelson, only "the questioning mind must ask the same questions we ask." He describes the familial intimacy of corporate life, complete with a tidy housing development ("Some of the houses are colonial, some Tudor, but the best ones are both"). After further visits by the org man, Pilgrim decides to end the demeaning charade, only to find that the interviewer has seen through the conformity act all along, and has a few cellos of his own hidden away.

Thanks to Playwright Wallach's quip hand, nimble direction by James Hammerstein, and faultless comic timing by a superior cast, *Cello* breezes along even when it is replaying the same joke. But the plot is strangely unknowing in its pivotal notion. No sane corporation would think of stamping a scientist of stature into a cog-sized mold. And nowadays scientists do not "sell out"—they buy in, by forming their own companies and voting themselves stock options.

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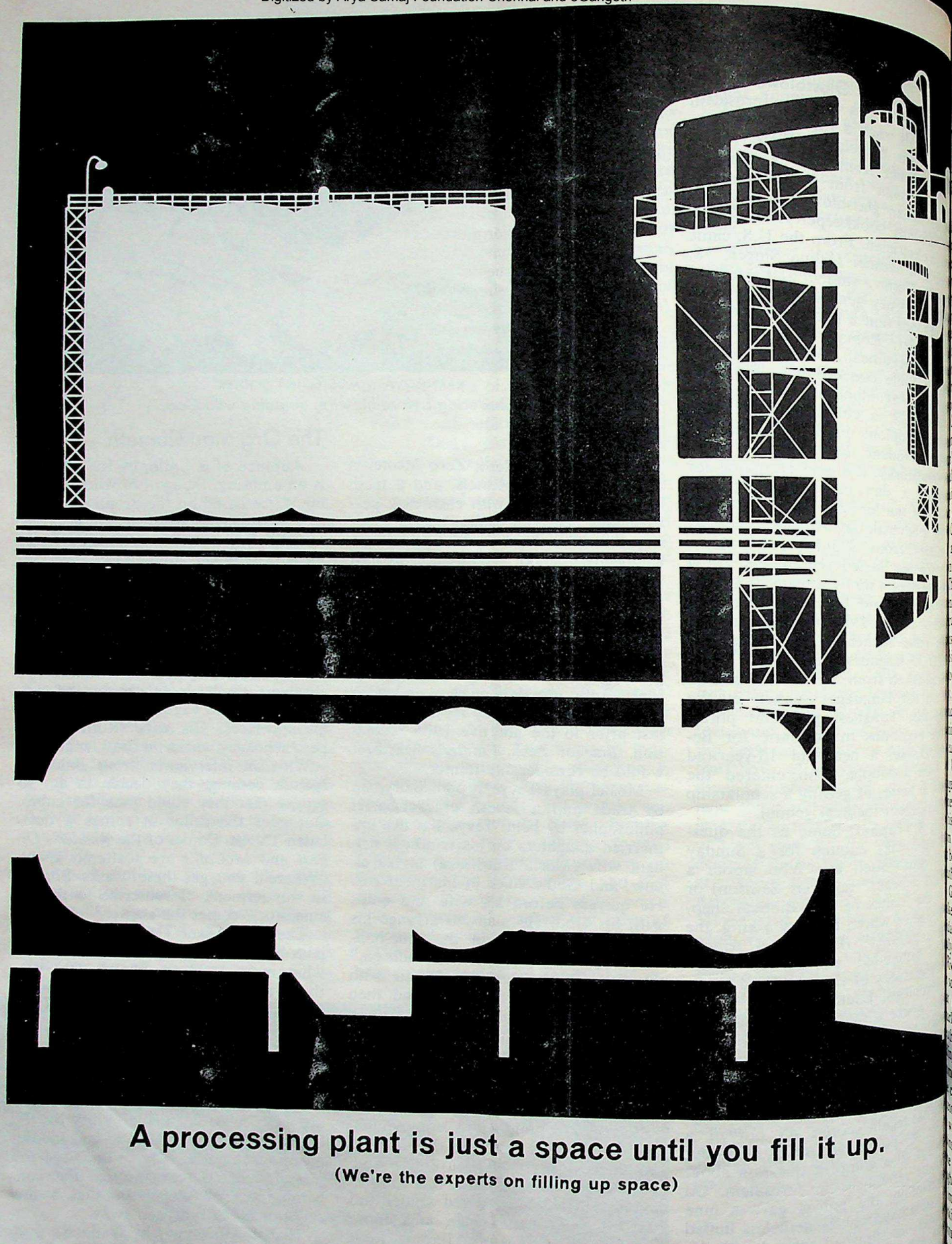

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U.S. BUSINESS

LABOR

The Right Not to Work

The strike was as ill-timed and start- as a sneeze on a high wire—but, edibly, there it was. Just when it eed that the nation would be able void trouble in the vital auto indus- this year, and thus avoid possible to the advancing economy, Walter ther and the United Auto Workers the bricks against giant General Mo- whose daily operations affect the and lives of countless Americans. for what?

M. had already agreed to the same s that had been the basis of the un- settlement with Chrysler and Ford, not a single economic issue re- ed in dispute. Walter Reuther took 263,284 workers and closed down M. plants across the U.S. because handful of work rules—and his eed to play internal union politics. e union at General Motors has spoiling for a fight for months. In h, a group of local union presi- from G.M. plants staged a brief ing against Reuther at the United Workers' convention in Atlantic demanded and won a tough ap- h toward G.M. in this year's bar- ng. When auto negotiations began rnest, Reuther reserved his sharp- barbs for G.M., calling it a e, dehumanized production ma- e." When Reuther picked Chrysler s first strike target, union members G.M. accused him of selling them because of his fear of "the big one." her succumbed to the strike mood G.M.'s workers, many of whom ed off their jobs hours before the morning strike deadline was ac- reached.

Evil for Dickens. Why are the work- so mad at G.M.? Speaking in terms might have seemed suitable to les Dickens or Lincoln Steffens, her charged that G.M. was "un- g to provide workers with the min- conditions of human decency." company, he added, also schedules ive overtime and disciplines work- without informing them of charges them. The workers may have justified grievances. G.M. is er than the other auto companies posing discipline and controlling ng conditions, allows no infringe- s on managerial efficiency. But er was plainly exaggerating. In he was less interested in improved ng conditions for the man on the an in the issue that really bothers U.A.W.: G.M.'s treatment of un- representatives in its plants. G.M. them work.

both Ford and Chrysler plants, on's committeemen are paid full by the company, yet never do a lick of factory work, spend all their time handling union business. G.M. requires the 1,796 committeemen in its plants—at least one for every 250 workers—to work part time at their regular jobs, leaving most of them only 15 hours a week free for union business. G.M.'s committeemen, powerful in the union, have long resented being treated differently from their counterparts at Ford and Chrysler and have stirred up workers' resentment against G.M. Even when G.M. made a last-minute offer to increase the time left free for union business, Reuther held out.

Shrewd Move. In calling the strike, Reuther shrewdly did not pull out all of G.M.'s 345,000 U.A.W. workers, ordered plants that produce parts used by the other three automakers to continue working. By assuring the continued production of 1965 Ford, Chrysler and American Motors cars, he thus put added pressure on G.M. to settle. G.M. has already produced more than 300,000 of its 1965 models, which it figures will last dealers about two weeks if auto sales continue at their present pace; beyond that, G.M. will be in trouble. By not idling all of the G.M. plants, Reuther also avoided possible strike-benefit payments to some 82,000 G.M. workers, thereby ensuring that the union treasury could finance a strike for about twelve weeks.

No one expects the strike to come to anything like that. But once the workers have walked out, it takes a while to get them back even after a settlement, and there are 17,900 local work issues that local unions may insist on having taken care of before they go back to work. A lengthy strike against G.M. would certainly have a crippling effect on the nation's economy, and Reuther presumably does not want to do that. This week, as management and labor resumed negotiations, a federal mediator was standing by to help forestall an economic crisis, especially in the month before the election.

INDUSTRY

Push for Color TV

TV-set makers have pursued their elusive goal of a color-TV set in every living room with a great hue and cry, but the public at large has not joined in. Now the manufacturers have decided that the situation calls for less cry, more hue. This year the industry expects to sell 1,300,000 color sets worth $750 million, 70% more than last year and ten times as many as in 1960. Since that is still far short of black-and-white sales (7,500,000 sets this year), the industry is hard at work pushing for a color breakthrough on several fronts.

J. EDWARD BAILEY

G.M. WORKERS PICKETING BUICK PLANT
Spoiling for a fight.

From Round to Square. RCA, which until last year was the only U.S. producer of the 21-inch color tube, has announced an $8,000,000 expansion program for its color-tube facilities. Admiral, which complains about the price of the RCA tubes it buys for its sets, will become the sixth U.S. maker to manufacture its own color tubes when its new $12 million factory is finished. National Video, the supplier of Motorola's 23-inch color tubes, is spending $4,000,000 to double its capacity. Sylvania has developed a new color tube with a rare earth phosphor that makes

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it 40% brighter than others on the market. Last week Zenith introduced its new 25-inch rectangular color tube, which shows more of the transmitted picture, and Philco began pilot production of 21-inch color tubes of its own.

Picture quality and set durability have both been greatly improved, but set prices are still too high for the mass market, generally starting at $400; even the lowest discount price is still about $280. Sponsors do not want to pay premium color costs (about $10,000 extra for a half-hour show) to reach limited audiences; audiences are not likely to grow dramatically until more color is offered on TV. NBC now schedules 50% of its network programs in color, but CBS broadcasts no regular color programs, ABC only two.

A 90° Turn. The industry nonetheless considers color's triumph over black-and-white inevitable. Holdout CBS has invested $13 million in new color facilities, and its nearly completed broadcast center in Manhattan has been designed to accommodate a full schedule of color programs. Zenith and Admiral, following the trend in black-and-white to smaller screens, are developing 19-inch color tubes, and several companies are experimenting with 16-inch sets. Most of the new tubes cast images on the screen at a 90° angle instead of the usual 70°, can thus be made shorter to fit into cabinets less bulky than present TV sets. The smaller tubes and the proliferation of manufacturers should also help to bring color TV prices down.

LOU PITZLEY

CHAIRMAN STRAUS & NEW STORE IN NEW HAVEN
Unconcerned when the lady is ogled.

RETAILING

In Touch with Mrs. Macy

At R. H. Macy & Co., the world's largest department store, the executive floor has recently been as busy as an adjustment desk on the day after Christmas. Last week Macy's not only announced a 7% sales increase (to $623.5 million) and record profits for the fiscal year, but increased its dividend and proposed a two-for-one stock split (its first). Then, after weeks of frantic preparation, Macy's opened its newest store, an $11 million building in New Haven. It was the second such opening this year, and it brings the total of Macy's stores to 48, which stretch from its famous home on Manhattan's Herald Square to branches as far south as Sea Island, Ga., and as far west as San Francisco.

Back to Downtown. Macy's expansion, which has doubled its stores and sales in ten years, is far from over. Within the next four years ten more stores will be added in such places as Topeka, Kans., Stockton, Calif., Livingston, N.J., and Queens, N.Y., where Macy's is building a circular store with parking ramps along the outside. More significantly, the firm is again moving into downtown areas (for example, in New Haven and Sacramento), a locale that Macy's and other retailers downgraded in the postwar rush to build branches in the suburbs.

Once a store is built, Macy's gears its merchandising to the income and taste of a mythical shopper whom Chairman Jack I. Straus, 64, refers to as "Mrs. Macy." Like everything else about retailing, Mrs. Macy has changed. Her middle-class income has risen to $6,500, but there are a lot of $20,000 families among Macy's customers too—and almost everyone seems to be trading up. Women shoppers can still find $2.99 house dresses on Macy's racks, but not far away are line-for-line copies of Paris *haute couture* and originals by young European designers. Mrs. Macy likes foreign merchandise in general: sales of imported goods are up 30%. This month, Macy's will introduce a new line of Mies van der Rohe furniture, the first time it has been available in stores.

In 42 Languages. The firm is unconcerned if discounters ogle Mrs. Macy: it generally meets their prices on hard goods, including appliances. Though Macy's still pushes its own brands, roughly 10% less than major national brands, it also stocks more national brands. Macy's keeps customers loyal by recognizing a trend toward more spending on services and offering services the discounters lack. It has a theater-ticket agency, a travel service and a currency exchange post for foreign travelers, and offers all kinds of custom services. Macy's will remodel houses, restring tennis rackets, make up hooked rugs to size, and turn out bowling balls to order.

Along with expanded stores, increased services, and training courses to make its 30,000 employees more helpful and friendly (Herald Square has sales clerks who sell in 42 languages), Chairman Straus is also concentrating on eliminating Mrs. Macy's most often voiced complaint: not getting orders merchandise because of faulty addressing or overenthusiastic promises of early delivery. Charge cards, which Macy's adopted only five years ago, have helped correct the first cause. To cure the second, Macy's now drills its salespeople to be realistic with customers as well as friendly.

POWER

WESTward Ho!

The West customarily thinks big, but the new plan was impressive even by Western standards. It called for the creation of the world's largest electric power complex, which would dwarf the TVA and the Grand Coulee Dam, produce as much power as 17 Aswan High dams (or about a 36 million-kw. generating capacity) and make Russia's biggest hydroelectric project at Bratsk in Siberia seem modest. Ten Western power companies and the municipally owned Los Angeles Water & Power Dept. announced last week that they expect to spend $10.5 billion on this project in the next two decades to serve an area that covers one-sixth of the U.S. and spreads over nine states.*

The participants plan to blueprint and build the new facilities through a newly organized group called WEST, acronym for Western Energy Supply and Transmission Associates. WEST will be more than a power pool; it will encourage joint projects and coordinate the transmission, generation and marketing of power. Its first joint project will start shortly, when member companies begin construction of a 750,000-kw. plant near the Arizona-New Mexico-Colorado-Utah boundary known as the four corners. The plant will burn the low-grade coal still buried beneath many a nearby ghost town, but future WEST plants might also use oil, natural gas or, in water-parched Southern California, nuclear reactors that will convert salt water to fresh while they generate electricity. The associates' first project

* All of Arizona and Utah, most of New Mexico, Colorado and parts of California, Texas, Wyoming and Idaho.

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...t. Dick Walter Reeves, 61, head of ...e Public Service Co. of New Mexico, ...ects the scheme to lure enough new ...dustry WESTward to provide thou...ds of new jobs. WEST itself, by 1986, ...l be paying an additional $75 mil...n in taxes.

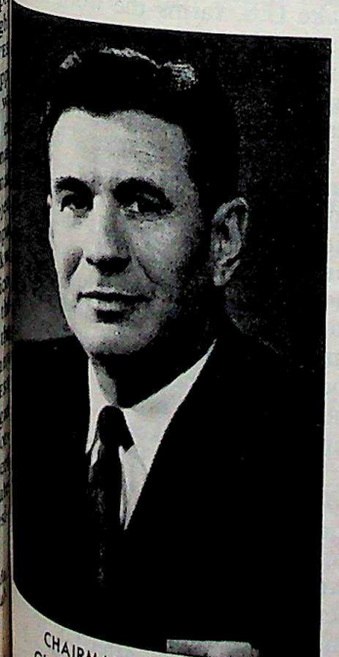
MANAGEMENT

...aco's New Chief

...s a boy in tiny Stonewall, La. (pop. ... J. Howard Rambin Jr. got some ...r experience in how to be a Friend... Texaco Dealer: he used to man the ...co pump in front of his father's ...ral store. A lot of gas has gone ...gh the pumps since then, and Tex... is now the nation's eighth largest ...oration and the only oil company ... outlets in all 50 states. Howard ...bin has been moving too. Last ..., at 53, he was named Texaco's ...chairman and chief executive offi... a post in which he will replace re... Augustus C. Long, 60, Texaco's ...oss for the past eight years.

...mbin worked as a roustabout on ...rigs to pay his way through ...siana State's petroleum-engineering ...e, joined Texaco in 1935. After ...ging divisions in the Louisiana ..., he moved on to a succession of ...est jobs, became boss of south... operations in 1962 and president ...e entire company in 1963. He ...ed closely with Long at Texaco's ...attan headquarters where top ...gement wields greater centralized ...rity than is customary in most oil ... Under Long, Texaco raised its ...gs last year to $546 million to ...me the third most profitable U.S. ...pany (after General Motors and ...dard Oil of New Jersey), and its ... climbed to a record $3.4 billion.

...handsome, soft-spoken man, Ram... will not make any major changes ...e lean and conservative way Tex... s run. The company watches each nickel as if it were the last one, pares executive expense accounts, runs a relatively modest advertising program. Just about every capital expense above $15,000 must be personally authorized at the top. To the envy of competitors, this frugality pays off. Despite declines in wholesale gasoline prices in the U.S., Texaco's profits so far this year continue to break records.



CHAIRMAN RAMBIN
Changing the guard.

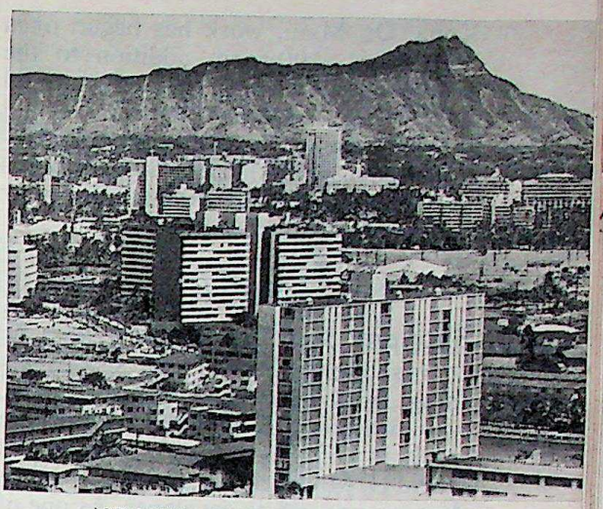
HAWAII

Potential in the Pacific

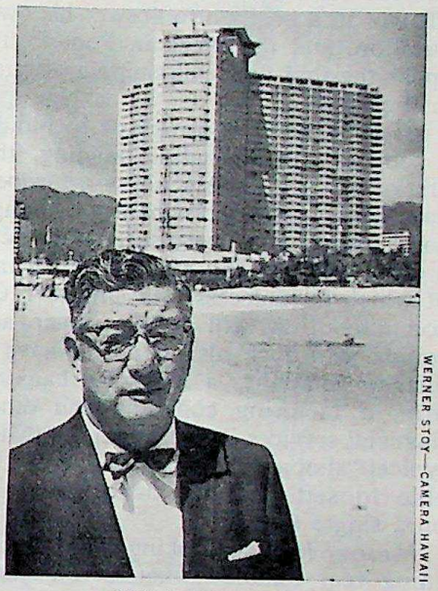
On the green and rolling south shore of Hawaii's Maui Island last week, a huge new doughnut-shaped machine ground into action. It swallowed up thousands of chunks of sugar cane in its maw, and by swirling them through a bath of warm water for nearly an hour, extracted an unprecedented 97% of the sugar from the cane. If the machine continues to perform as well as expected, says Harold Eichelberger, president of American Factors, Ltd., its owner, "I doubt that anyone will ever again build another sugar mill." The sugar business, long Hawaii's basic industry, is not the only thing that is changing in the 50th state. From one end of the 1,450-mile archipelago to the other, Hawaii's economy is maturing with the speed of a tropical plant.

More *Malihinis.* Hawaii was in the midst of an economic boom when it was admitted to statehood in 1959, but the boom went too high too fast, and the subsequent letdown slowed Hawaii's growth. The new surge of business activity, supported by a broader, sounder and more realistic base is expected to make 1964 Hawaii's best year since statehood. Once dependent largely on two crops—sugar cane and pineapple—and the presence of U.S. military bases, Hawaii is finally growing up economically. "For centuries, the emphasis in commerce and business was centered in the Atlantic," says Hawaiian Entrepreneur Chinn Ho. "Now the Pacific is growing in its turn. If we can grasp the enormous changes, this will mean Hawaii will develop even faster than we can imagine."

Military installations still pour more money into Hawaii's economy than any other source ($535 million in 1963), but dramatic gains are being made by light industry and tourism. Some 600 diversified companies now produce everything from muumuus to mirrors, have expanded light-industry sales from $71.6 million in 1950 to $255 million last year. Attracted by Hawaii's clear skies, stable temperatures and vast beaches, half a million *malihinis*, or tourists, will leave an estimated $221 million in the state this year, compared with the 100,000 who spent $55 million in 1955. Agriculture is finally diversifying: sales of Hawaiian coffee, papaya, macadamia nuts and other products totaled $45 million last year, and the islands now produce 80% of their poultry and egg needs.



NEW BUILDINGS AT WAIKIKI



WERNER STOY—CAMERA HAWAII

CHINN HO & ILIKAI
Changing the skyline.

Jumping Boom. The most visible and dramatic signs of Hawaii's expanding economy are its skylines. Construction for this year's first half reached $151 million, up 17.6% over the same period last year. At Honolulu's Waikiki Beach, a $27 million, 30-story condominium and hotel called the Ilikai was completed last month; built by Chinn Ho, it is the world's largest single-unit apartment building. The lovely Kahala Hilton, which cost $11 million, opened in January. In downtown Honolulu, a subsidiary of Castle & Cooke, the biggest of Hawaii's "Big Five" companies, will soon raze a square block for the erection of a $14 million business complex. Not far away, work will begin next year on a 3,000-acre suburban community to be called Waipio, which will eventually house 60,000 people. Henry Kaiser is building a $4,000,000 freeway extension between downtown Honolulu and his Hawaii Kai, a 6,000-acre planned community that will eventually cost $200 million.

Unlike past building booms, this one has jumped from bustling Oahu (the island on which Honolulu is located) to the rest of the archipelago. On Hawaii Island, largest in the group, a $2,000,000 shopping center will rise near Hilo and a 150-room Hilton hotel at Kailua-

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Kona. On Maui, work has begun on a seven-story, 100-room addition to the Wailuku Hotel. The building boom and the prospect of more tourists also aid other industries. Four new mattress factories have been opened, and Schlitz is about to build a 100,000-barrels-a-year brewery near Pearl Harbor.

FINANCE

Shopping Center for Money

If shopping centers can sell everything from groceries to garden tools, why not create a similar center whose stock in trade is money? So reasoned David H. Murdock, a shrewd and restless Arizona real estate developer. As one of Arizona's leading millionaires, Murdock, 41, was in a position to answer his own question, and this week in Phoenix he opens the first financial shopping center in the U.S.

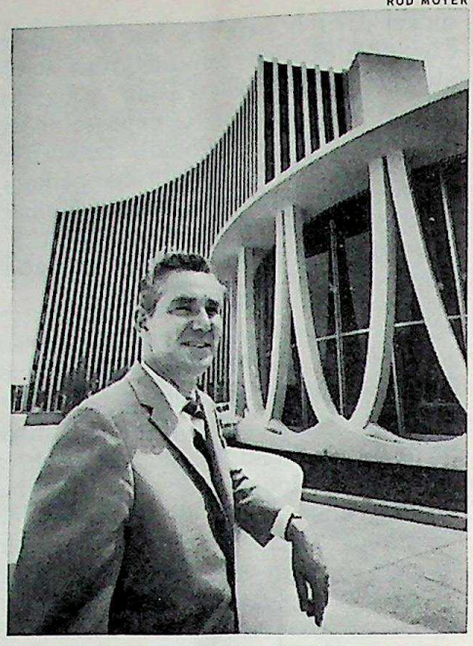
In a $7,000,000 complex—including a ten-story curved glass building, the first of two similar structures—Murdock has already installed a bank, a savings and loan company, an insurance agency, a title company and a stock broker, all of which have access to a Univac 1107 computer that will process their accounts. Murdock also hopes to have a finance company, a mortgage banking firm, a factoring company and other financial services in the center, so that a typical "shopper" theoretically would be able to settle all his financial affairs on a single trip.

Merger Made. Looking at the weakening real estate market a few years ago, Murdock figured that it was time to move some of his money into broader areas. "We've learned something from the Zeckendorf experience," he says, referring to the financial woes of Manhattan's William Zeckendorf. When he wanted a bank tenant for one of his new buildings, Murdock went out and formed his own bank. In 1962 he walked into the board meeting of Central Investment Co., a holding company whose directors were feuding, and bought a major interest on the spot. He acquired two more banks and a title company, then merged them to create the Financial Corp. of Arizona, in which he holds 30% of the stock. Under his direction, the company's assets have risen from $62 million in 1962 to $106 million.

To help manage his expanding empire, Murdock, who left school in the tenth grade, has drawn together a young, hard-driving team of college-trained experts in business and finance. His success formula is the developer's old reliable—tax-sheltered earnings, good credit and luck. He depreciates his buildings as fast as he can, borrows against the rising values of his property in the fast-growing Southwest.

Resolution Kept. Murdock has by no means laid aside the silver-plated shovel he uses for all his ground-breaking ceremonies, even though Phoenix is temporarily overbuilt. He has developed $52 million worth of real estate since 1960, and recently he met with Transamerica Corp. officials who are interested in building a new apartment-hotel-shopping complex in Phoenix. With all this activity, he has hardly had time to revise the New Year's resolution he made in 1961: to make his company, then valued at $25 million, a $100 million enterprise within five years. He has already surpassed that goal, now controls assets worth about $150 million.

ROD MOYER



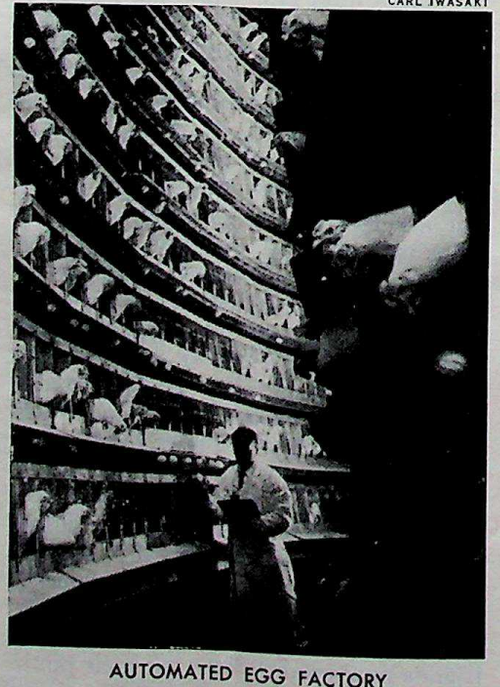
MURDOCK & MONEY MART
Lessons learned from Zeckendorf.

AGRICULTURE

Phrenological Pickers & Such

"My pigs live better than half the world," said Farmer William Conover of Rhodes, Iowa. Conover is right, of course. His coddled swine get plenty of food, shots, pills, antibiotics, running water and living space. Now they are going to have something even more remarkable: an automated maternity ward, invented by Conover, that will keep expectant pigs in the pink and

CARL IWASAKI



AUTOMATED EGG FACTORY
Running 24 hours a day.

enable one man to feed 46 sows in [illegible] minutes through a feed mixer with [illegible] rotating arm. Conover's maternity [illegible] (cost: $30,000) was displayed last [illegible] at an exhibit in Brookston, Ind., [illegible] drew a quarter of a million farmers [illegible] inspect $50 million worth of the [illegible] in farm equipment.

Hens in Factories. U.S. farmers [illegible] vested $4.8 billion in plant and equ[illegible] ment last year—more than any man[illegible] facturing industry. Automation [illegible] transformed harvesting and animal h[illegible] bandry. This year 80% of all U.S. cot[illegible] will be picked mechanically *v.* only 1[illegible] at the end of World War II. One com[illegible] pany, two-year-old Gates Cyclo Ind[illegible] has seized a tenth of Denver's egg mar[illegible] ket with an automated egg "factory" [illegible] whose caged hens are moved past co[illegible] veyer-fed food and water troughs [illegible] climate-controlled circular buildin[illegible] the plant covers only three acres, ru[illegible] 24 hours a day with a staff of 18. T[illegible] day's cattle live in sanitary quarte[illegible] surrounded by stainless steel and [illegible] strains of classical music.

Farmers are profiting from doz[illegible] of new labor-saving machines, parti[illegible] larly in California, which produces 1[illegible] of the U.S. food supply but will lose [illegible] supply of cheap labor when a law [illegible] mitting Mexican braceros to the U[illegible] expires at year's end. Newly develop[illegible] pickers that enable 13 men to do [illegible] job of 60 harvested 10% of the Ca[illegible] fornia tomato crop this year. A Sali[illegible] firm has just started making a phren[illegible] logical lettuce picker—it feels each he[illegible] to determine if it is ripe—invented [illegible] agricultural engineers at the Univers[illegible] of California. Other promising m[illegible] chines: a contraption that sha[illegible] peaches off trees into an inverted c[illegible] vas umbrella, one that picks ra[illegible] grapes from trellised vines, one th[illegible] plucks ripe cantaloupes from the ea[illegible] while leaving green melons to mature.

Consultants in Fertilizer. This te[illegible] nological revolution has not only he[illegible] make U.S. farms the world's most p[illegible] ductive, but is fast transforming agri[illegible] ture into a big business requiring la[illegible] capital, big acreage and sophistica[illegible] management. More and more farms [illegible] are incorporating like big business[illegible] partly for tax advantages and partly [illegible] simplify inheritance complexities. Ba[illegible] tling to stay efficient and up-to-da[illegible] farmers are also leaning on a new bro[illegible] of professional consultant, much as [illegible] corporations do. Colorado has mo[illegible] than three dozen farm-management [illegible] sociations, whose salaried staffs adv[illegible] member farmers on everything fro[illegible] fertilizer to marketing and accounting.

Farmers should take in a near-reco[illegible] $36.6 billion this year despite a harv[illegible] that has been thinned by drought in [illegible] many parts of the U.S. The results [illegible] even better for consumers. The pro[illegible] ucts of U.S. farms are now so cheap [illegible] and plentiful that Americans spend onl[illegible] 18.7% of their after-tax income for [illegible] food *v.* 30% for families in England [illegible] and France and nearly 50% in Russia.

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What's Next?

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BRITAIN

The Beatle Business

Teen-agers are not the only ones swooning over the Beatles. Businessmen are also getting giddy—and no wonder. The Beatles' second American tour, which ended last week, grossed $1,000,000. In only six weeks, their movie, *A Hard Day's Night*, has reaped $5,800,000 in U.S. rentals. Ten million Beatle records have been sold, and the group has just attained its third gold disk (each officially designating 1,000,000 sales for a single release) to surpass

SIR JOSEPH & RINGO
Record gold from gold records.

Elvis Presley's two. Last week Britain's Electric & Musical Industries, the world's largest recording firm and the world licenser for the Beatle disks, also made a record: it announced that sales for its last fiscal year rose 12% to $265 million. The rise, said Chairman Sir Joseph Lockwood, was due in part to "the outstanding success everywhere of the Beatles."

Sir Joseph, 59, has also played his part. After a long career as an executive in various flour mills, he was tapped to head E.M.I. in 1954 because of his managerial skills, profitably reorganized and diversified the company. E.M.I. subsidiaries now turn out electronic equipment that ranges from missile guidance systems to hearing aids, make a quarter of Britain's refrigerators. But records are still a mainstay of the business. E.M.I. dominates the European popular music market with its labels (Parlophone, His Master's Voice, Odeon, Pathé), also has a strong hold on the single-disk U.S. market through Capitol Records, which last week announced a 17% sales rise largely due to Beatle records. What are Sir Joseph's favorite records? Says he: "The ones that sell." That means the Beatles.

Thanks to record sales, personal appearances and royalties from such gimmicks as Beatle wallpaper and Beatle sweatshirts, each of the four Beatles is already a pound millionaire. Their manager, who has also become a millionaire, recently turned down flat an offer from an American syndicate to buy the Beatles for $10 million. John, Paul, George and Ringo have earned so much abroad—London's Daily Mail estimates the amount at as high as $56 million last year—that they have also helped Britain's shaky balance of payments. "The Beatles have boosted our reserves," said Board of Trade President Ted Heath, barely suppressing a hearty Yeah, Yeah, Yeah!

EASTERN EUROPE

The New Managers: Discovering Capitalism

While Western businessmen are traveling behind the Iron Curtain in increasing numbers, Western ideas are crossing the frontiers with even greater impact —and some of them are stirring up a kind of revolution. Beset by economic problems that stem largely from their doctrinaire Marxism, the nations of the Soviet bloc are turning to many capitalistic practices that they once roundly condemned. Last week in the pages of Pravda, Russia's chief prophet of the "new" economics, Kharkov University Economist Evsey Liberman, renewed his campaign for adoption of the profit motive, calling for the creation of a new government agency to spread the idea through the Soviet economy.

Liberman is also pushing for more decision making by plant managers instead of central planners, has been successful enough to announce that his ideas "will be extended next year over the whole of Soviet light industry." But his voice is only one in a rising chorus of criticism directed at classic Marxist economics. Lately Pravda and other Soviet publications have carried articles by economists branding the Soviet system "obsolete" and advocating a more or less free market system. Sergei Afanasyev, a deputy premier of one of the Soviet republics, fortnight ago came out for "material stimuli" as a necessary mainspring of the Russian economy. Lev Leontyev, an economist of the Soviet Academy of Sciences, from which initial opposition to Liberman's theories came, recently advocated the profit motive and payment of interest as "key instruments of economic control."

Disgusted by Controls. Its opponents, notably in Red China, call this switch economic "revisionism," while its backers prefer to regard it as "creative Marxism." By any name, it is spread ing through the Soviet orbit and ca ing considerable ferment. Czech econ mists have openly attacked the Marx economic system, and Czech Presid Antonin Novotny recently stressed t necessity of "material incentives" f the workers. Even more import for its potential effect on the Comm nist world, the new way of thinki has given encouragement to the lo suffering consumers of the Soviet blo who have begun to sound off loud about the inefficiencies of a system t provides them with so few comforts.

All this has been accompanied by t gradual emergence of a new, you and questioning breed of Commu managers. Though they remain lo Communists, they are better educa and more pragmatic than the bag pants *apparatchiki* (party hacks) w have steered the Eastern econom since World War II. They are acu aware of the spectacular success Western Europe's free market syst take professional pride in making fa and factories as efficient as possi Perhaps most of all, they are oper disgusted at the smothering arra rules, regulations, senseless orders a excessive controls that have put Co munist economies in their present m

Class for the Classless. The cent government planners are still on t and the new executive types have long way to go before they can con economic policy. But their numbers growing, their ideas are winning ste ily wider acceptance, and the m moves toward capitalistic methods giving them a chance to exercise t managerial capabilities. Quarterly p formance bonuses are now widesp behind the Iron Curtain, and the Ca government has introduced "ela price policies" tied to the market. Poland, 36 enterprises are involved a pilot project to determine if cu and quality can be improved by p ing for a profit. Hungary has imp a 5% interest charge on machinery supplies to encourage plant manager use capital more efficiently.

The young technocrats are one of principal forces behind Rumania's fiant drive toward all-round indu alization and economic independ from Moscow. Throughout the bloc, they have already impressed t Western counterparts as able bargainers. Mostly between 30 and they have also managed to create a incentives for themselves as well as the workers. They get much larger aries, bigger bonuses and first crack scarce apartments, send their chil to the best schools, have cars and expense accounts. Their wives are *soignée* than most—and so are t mistresses. They seem to enjoy add a bit of class to the classless so

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ick Micawber

The Luck of Ginger Coffey. Irish he nd a grand figure of a man indeed. feet in his socks and no mush und the middle, mind, for all he's ng 40. The eyes are wild and blue, face is wide and Irish. The hair is color of a slightly soiled orangutan, over the large smile arches an ge mustache such as a man might e his hat on. The hat, set over at a ry angle, is Tyrolean and supports ght little brush that stands eternal- rect. The jacket is tweed and reeks rish fog and Irish twist and good n Irish whisky.

sh, d'y'see, is the word for Ginger y, and at a guess most people

SHAW & URE IN "COFFEY"
Tasting a stone lollipop.

him down as a prosperous Irish e. Most people, more's the pity, dead wrong. Behind the mighty che hides a terrified tyke. Inside assy tweeds lives a Mick Micawber can't keep a job, can't feed his y, can't face the comitragic truth himself. In his careful and intel- novel, a bestseller in 1960, and again in the careful and intelli- script he has written for this film, Brian Moore describes with r, humor and humanity what hap- when a middle-aged child wraps around the lollipop of life and that it has turned into a stone. es two to make a child, what- age, and the child called Ginger n Shaw) is created with the ration of Ginger's wife (Mary For 15 years she plays his as well as his mate. When he job after job because, as he announces, "I'm too good for rt of thing," she knows he se- believes he isn't good enough, protects his pride and does not he is a coward. When he takes for Canada because, as he announces, "Ireland is too for me," she knows he secretly 's too small for Ireland, but she protects his pride and does not tell him he is a fool.

In Montreal, however, she runs out of patience at last. In six months she watches Ginger quit three jobs. When he takes a fourth that pays less than a living wage, she grimly walks out and leaves the big baby to look after himself. His efforts are desperate, pathetic, absurd. But he keeps on making them, and slowly, painfully, out of the mess there begins to emerge a man.

The process is interpreted with sensitivity and restraint by Director Irvin Kershner. Actress Ure, who in private life is Mrs. Shaw, manages to be both solidly female and delicately feminine as Mrs. Coffey. And Actor Shaw, known mostly for the stage roles he has played (*The Caretaker*) and the novels he has written (*The Sun Doctor*), is Ginger to the life. Brash, frightened, cunning, confused, sentimental, self-indulgent, weak but somehow also fundamentally decent and lovable, Ginger as Shaw sees him is both an individual and a type, an image of the child that is the father (and sometimes the undoing) of every man alive.

Back in *Bondage*

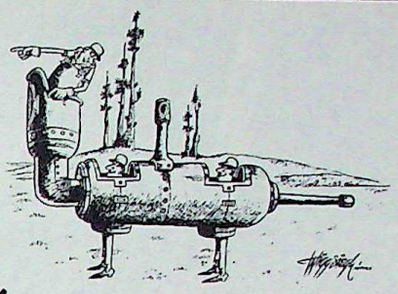
Of Human Bondage. When a Hollywood actress begins to hunger for juicier roles, she often ends up playing a tart. Sadie Thompson or maybe Nana. Or sometimes Mildred, the strumpet waitress who dishes out the spice and spite in Somerset Maugham's classic autobiographical novel of the torments of young manhood. Bette Davis flashed on-screen as the first movie Mildred, in 1934. Eleanor Parker entered a low bid in 1946. Now, all Mildred's beads, feather boas, and skin-tight finery bedizen the substantial person of Kim Novak. Though the film will give ordinary moviegoers little pleasure, it may well set Bette Davis to snapping her garters in glee.

As portrayed by Actress Novak, Mildred giggles a lot and speaks cockney like a girl who learned the sound of Bow bells from somewhere in South Chicago. But she still manages to make life hell for Philip (Laurence Harvey), the sensitive clubfooted medical student whom she meets, seduces and betrays with monotonous regularity. Eventually, Philip drags himself from her bed, only to find himself standing beside it while she dies of syphilis reels later. "I want a proper funeral," moans Mildred just before the end, and she is duly interred for the third time.

H.M.S. Rutherford

Murder Ahoy. "He was done away with through his nose," surmises Miss Marple, for the only clue that she has is the late Mr. ffolly-Hardwicke's empty snuffbox. She gets hold of a Slocum's Chemistry Set for Girls and is soon jowl-deep in strychnine, stabbings, a mousetrap baited with tincture of

ZIMMER



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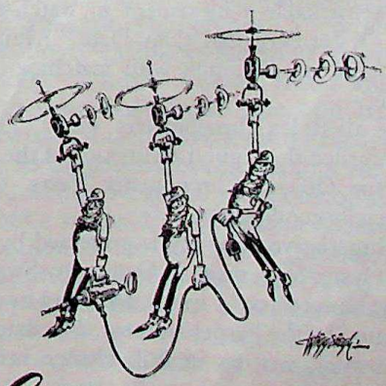

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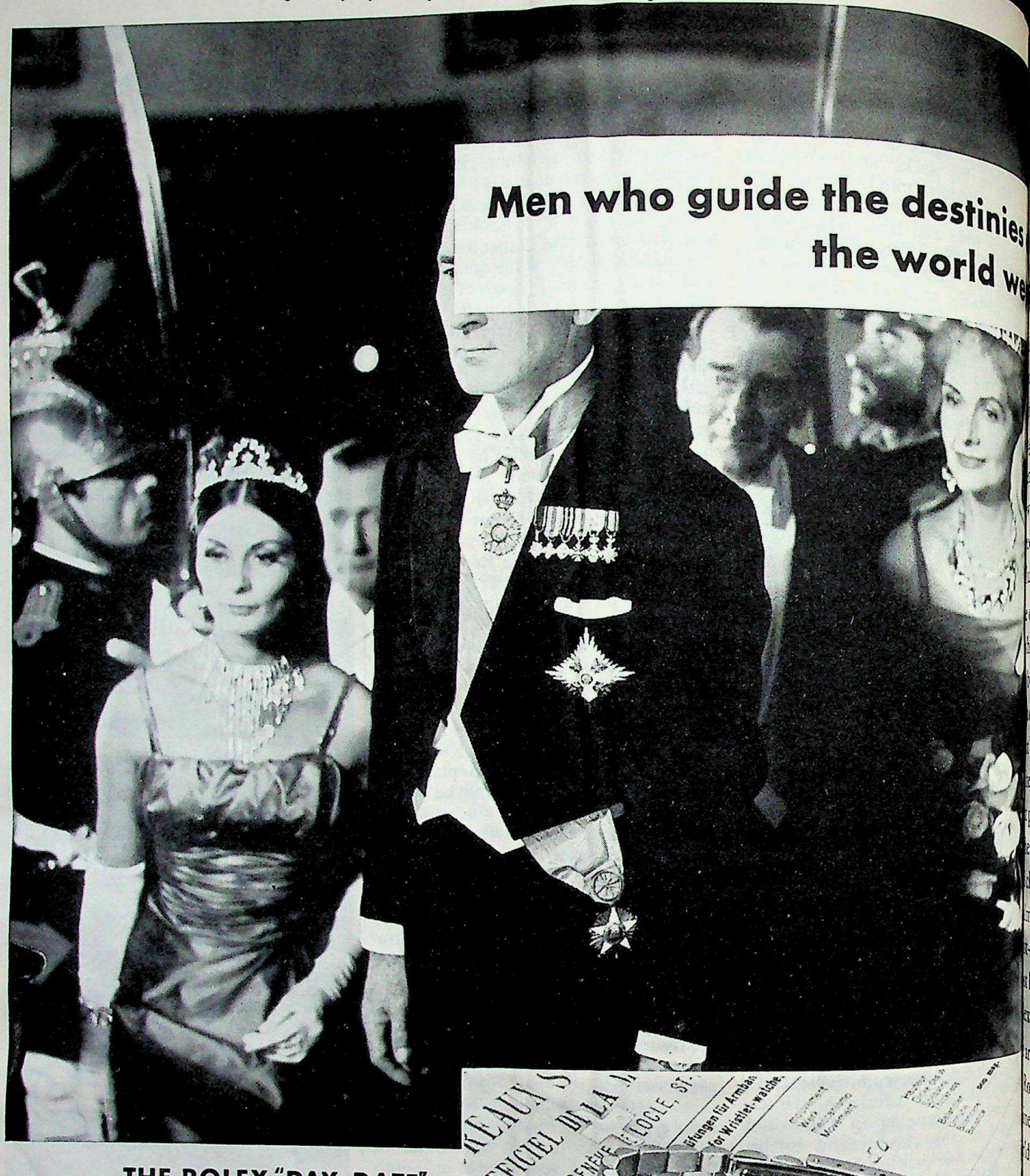

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curare. Miss Marple, of course, is Britain's 72-year-old Margaret Rutherford, a jaunty old scout whose gross tonnage appears to be made up mostly of jettisoned seabags, each containing a secret formula for turning the scent of foul play into laughing gas.

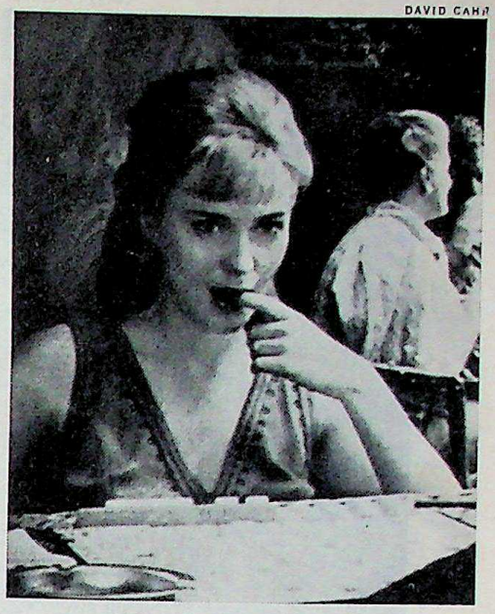
Whenever her movie bosses have nothing better for her to do, they send Actress Rutherford another Miss Marple script. In this film, she plays Agatha Christie's doughty heroine in name only, buoying up a nonsensical plot that plumps her down on a frigate used as a training ship for delinquent boys. To launch H.M.S. *Rutherford* on these shallow comedy seas is something like launching the *Queen Mary* into a goldfish pond. Nonetheless she makes an impressive splash, particularly in a climactic confrontation scene that finds her crossing swords with a homicidal maniac. "Won't be as easy as you think," she burbles stoutly. "I was ladies' fencing champion in 1931." Whereupon she lunges to the attack for a swashbuckling finish. It is insanely droll to see a hybrid of Sherlock Holmes and Tugboat Annie playing a role clearly cribbed from the repertory of Errol Flynn.

Schizoid Sensations

Lilith, in ancient Babylonian mythology, was a female embodiment of evil. In J. R. Salamanca's gaudy, gothic 1961 novel she was a wildly desirable schizophrenic whose corruptive beauty disrupted the routine of a private sanitarium. In Director Robert Rossen's movie version of the book, she is Jean Seberg, who enjoys an unholy liaison with a young therapist-in-training, lures an inmate toward destruction, steals away with a lesbian patient, and occasionally whispers improprieties into the ears of small boys.

Director Rossen renders all this with just enough art-film panache to have won *Lilith* a place among far worthier movies in the recent New York Film Festival. Certainly, the techniques of modern moviemaking are much in evidence. Sound and images overlap. During long silent passages, the characters narrow their eyes at one another, conveying reams of censorable prose in each perfervid glance. The photography is often eerily beautiful—a subaqueous twilight world where everyone's torment finally condenses into eddying streams, stagnant pools and rushing rapids, an unsettling suggestion that the machinery of despair is water-driven.

On the wall of her room, Lilith scrawls *hiara pirlu resh kavawn*, a phrase from a secret language she has devised. It is never translated. By contrast, the lush spoken dialogue works little strain on the imagination. Lilith wants "to leave the mark of her desire on every living creature in the world." Warren Beatty, studiously guttural as the overzealous therapist who notes that his patient looks just like his mother, has difficulty explaining his dilemma to the chief psychiatrist. "Do you think she's trying to seduce you?" asks the doctor. "Um . . . you can't put it like that," mumbles Warren. The doctor puts it another way: "It isn't unknown for patients to seduce personnel, and vice versa." And he gamely adds, "I think all of us here are concerned with rapture in some way." That may be. But it does seem silly to deliver the same old Hollywood sexology in a fancy wrapper marked *resh kavawn*.



JEAN SEBERG AS "LILITH"
Disrupting the private sanitarium.

Gorilla Warfare

The Secret Invasion. *"Achtung!"* One misty midnight in the fall of 1943, the glare of a flare illuminates a tiny trawler wallowing off the coast of Yugoslavia. *"Wer geht da?"* the captain of a German patrol boat bellows in his bullhorn.

To this question, as every well-trained scriptwriter knows, there are four correct replies: 1) Allied commandos and/or Yugoslav partisans; 2) Sophia Loren disguised as a sack of Sicilian melons; 3) The Thing; 4) a gruesome crew of master criminals who have all been promised pardon if they will undertake a fantastically dangerous mission to knock the hit out of Hitler.

It's No. 4 this time, and that means plenty is going to happen, none of it original. The characters, except for a regulation Blimp (Stewart Granger), are stir-type stereotypes: a bomb-tossing boyo (Mickey Rooney) from the I.R.A., a Little Caesar (Raf Vallone) with eyes that smoke like gun barrels, a twitchy-faced psychopath (Henry Silva) so hipped on homicide that he murders babies when he runs out of adults. What's more, the plot is a weary old war horse: the villainous heroes, who fight at the start to save their own skins, fight to the finish to save the world for democracy.

Invasion has lots of action, pots of color, shots of angry granite and the golden parapets of old Dubrovnik. But customers too young to remember World War II may come home with a disconcerting suspicion that the people who won it were a bunch of crooks.

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CULVER PICTURES

CHAPLIN IN "CITY LIGHTS" (1931)

WITH OONA & SOME OF THE CHILDREN (1964)

After long silence, few revelations.

The Little Tramp: As Told to Himself

MY AUTOBIOGRAPHY *by Charles Chaplin.* 512 pages. *Simon & Schuster.* $6.95.

The actor was Hollywood's greatest contribution to folklore—the Tramp, symbol of the indomitable little guy preposterously pitted against the tyranny of circumstances and the system. The man was something quite different—notoriously vain, snobbish, difficult to know and to work with. He thumbed his nose at the ancient rule that a prominent man may get away with flamboyant politics or flamboyant sex, but never both. The combination turned a large part of the U.S. press and public noisily against Charles Spencer Chaplin, and in a sneering rage, he left the country.

The striking contrasts between these two public images have teased and tormented Chaplin's biographers and the students of his films. Now, at 75, Chaplin is publishing his long-awaited autobiography. Does he answer all the questions? By no means.

Cost of Admission. The book is one of the richest publishing coups of the century, simultaneously released worldwide in eight languages. Publishers had been angling for it for years, without response. In 1957 Max Reinhardt of Britain's Bodley Head press wangled an invitation to meet Chaplin through Novelist Graham Greene. After dinner at Chaplin's secluded mansion in the little Swiss village of Corsier, Chaplin shyly asked his guests if they would like to hear him read aloud some trial passages from a book he was starting to write. "It was a shattering, staggering experience," Reinhardt recalls, "this magnificent actor reading to us about his incredible youth."

The cost of admission turned out to be fabulous too. With the patience of a stone sphinx, Reinhardt returned again and again to Corsier, waited years for Chaplin to confirm that he was indeed to get the world rights, and when agreement was reached, it included a guaranteed minimum royalty reported to be upward of half a million dollars.

Destitute Childhood. What Chaplin has delivered is the expectably professional production, fine-honed and highly polished, with funny moments and some touching ones. Yet many readers will wish they had Reinhardt's opportunity to see the great pantomimist act out the high points, for without Chaplin's visual art, the story he tells is in some ways curiously flat, formal, and unrevealing.

Chaplin's book is most moving when he is describing his childhood. He was born in London in 1889, the second son of an English theatrical couple. His parents soon separated—his mother was forced off the stage by loss of her voice, and his father was often drunk and out of work. Chaplin remembers his mother bending over a sewing machine far into the night in their garret room, sewing the sweatshop blouses that earned her 1½ pence each. He and his older brother Sydney were in and out of London's grim schools for destitute children. Although Charlie first appeared on the stage at the age of five, his life began to improve only at eight when his father got him a job as a dancer with the Eight Lancashire Lads, a troupe of children touring the English provincial circuits.

Birth of the Tramp. When he arrived in Los Angeles at 24, Chaplin was a thoroughly experienced veteran of the theater. On his first day at the studio, Mack Sennett took him aside to explain that "the essence of our comedy is a chase." Chaplin knew better, but for months as he worked under and fought with Sennett's directors, his funniest and most inventive efforts winding up on the cutting-room

The birth of the Tramp changed One day Sennett, looking at a lobby set, remarked that "we need gags here," then turned to Cha "Put on a comedy makeup. Any will do." On the way to the ward Chaplin improvised the tight baggy pants and big shoes, add small mustache for age. "I had no of the character. But the mom was dressed, the clothes and the up made me feel the person he By the time I walked onto the sta was fully born." Within two years lin was making $10,000 a week.

Anecdotes & Omissions. His bo wonderfully revealing of the source his art, which developed the Tr from the foot-in-the-cuspidor anti the early two-reelers to the intense icomic ironies of those two flawed terpieces, *Monsieur Verdoux* and *light*. But it is uneven and uncomm cative about his many loves and vociferous left-wing politics, supp instead great heaps of anecdotes a his encounters with famous people Einstein and Gandhi to Pablo C Chou En-lai, and Khrushchev.

With such stuff included, Cha frequent omissions are puzzling never mentions the name of his se wife, Lita Grey,* mother of his eldest sons. So much is omitted, in that little is left from which to de Chaplin's mature feelings and beli beyond his lifelong insistence that has never been a Communist, and apparent mellowing of his resent against the U.S. as he grows old turns inward to bask in the profo joy of his life with his fourth w Oona O'Neill, and their eight child

* First: Mildred Harris (1918-20). Paulette Goddard (1936-42).

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...ur's Memory of a Hero

REMINISCENCES *by Douglas MacArthur.* 438 pages. *McGraw-Hill.* $6.95.

...orified by the right, vilified by the ...General of the Army Douglas MacArthur was rarely portrayed in human ...rs. With his penchant for drama, he ...ered his controversial role, but he ...d a price for it: he was praised and ...ed most of the time for the wrong ...ons. His *Reminiscences*, written in ...t two years of his life, should ...put him back in perspective. He ...after all, probably the finest U.S. ...at general in both world wars and ...of the great peacemakers of mod...times.

...re restrained and modest than his ...florid prose, MacArthur's *Reminiscences* does not add much new information to the innumerable volumes already written about him. It omits, in ...MacArthur's nasty squabbles with ...erals Pershing and Marshall, his ...lent communiqués and press re...s that so infuriated his superiors. ...was MacArthur one for personal ...ations; yet *Reminiscences* does give ...ating glimpses of the human side ...acArthur during his many hours ...mph and his many moments of ...r.

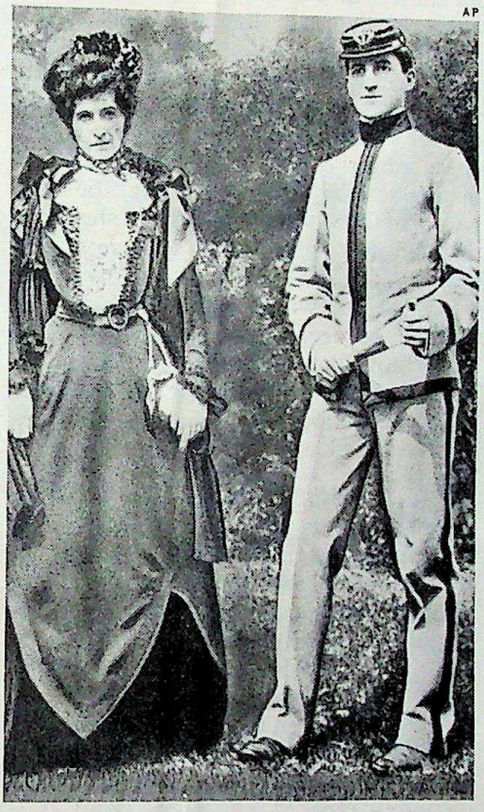
...her Knew Best. MacArthur was ...to take after his father, a gallant ...el of the Union Army and later ...nor general of the Philippines. But ...memoirs reveal that he probably ...a lot more to his strong-willed ...r, Mary Hardy, who fired him ...ambition and lived close to him all ...life to see that he did not falter. ...er lie, never tattle," she taught ...and young Douglas was put to the ...during his first year at West Point. ...victim of a bit of hazing that be...a national scandal, Douglas was ...ed by a military court to name the ...ding upperclassmen. His mother ...oned him in a poem:

...this then your task, if task it ...shall be,
...force this proud world to pay ...homage to me.
...sure it will say, when its verdict ...you've won,
...e reaps as she sowed: "This man ...your son!"

...s did not tattle.

...other biographers should over...hem, MacArthur retells with zest ...h points of his youthful heroics. ...first assignment in the Philip... he reports that he was waylaid ...arrow jungle trail by a pair of ...adoes; he dropped them both ...pistol, while a slug tore through ...mpaign hat. When the Marines ...occupying Vera Cruz in 1913, ...thur went on an unauthorized ...issance aboard a railway hand...ooting his way out of a series of ..., he arrived back in Vera Cruz ...bullet holes in his shirt, but ...ent. As a brigadier general in World War I, MacArthur always went "over the top" with his men, was twice wounded and gassed (he refused to go armed or wear a gas mask).

On the Steps. As Chief of Staff of the Army, MacArthur had a memorable set-to with Franklin Roosevelt, who proposed a cut in Army appropriations. "The President turned the full vials of his sarcasm upon me. He was a scorcher when aroused. I spoke recklessly to the effect that when we lost the next war and an American boy, lying in the mud with an enemy bayonet through his belly and an enemy foot on his dying throat, spat out his last curse, I wanted the name not to be MacArthur but Roosevelt." Roared F.D.R.: "You must not talk that way to the President!" MacArthur bolted to the door and



AP

MacARTHUR & MOTHER
Never lie, never tattle.

vomited outside on the White House steps. But F.D.R. later changed his mind and restored the budget cut. "You've saved the Army!" an elated officer told MacArthur.

In his account of World War II, MacArthur is proud of his leapfrogging tactics in New Guinea and the Philippines and sharply critical of other U.S. commanders who attacked everything head-on. He points out that the loss of men and materials in the bloody frontal assaults on Okinawa and Iwo Jima alone exceeded his entire losses in all his Southwest Pacific campaigns.

Also, a Theologian. As ruler of occupied Japan, MacArthur felt no hostility toward his fallen foe; he simply considered Japan a feudal country that would have to be yanked into the modern age. To help it along, he imposed impressive reforms: land redistribution, dissolution of trusts, creation of labor unions, enfranchisement of women. "I had to be an economist, a political scientist, an engineer, a manufacturing executive, a teacher, even a theologian of sorts," MacArthur writes rather proudly. When Publisher Robert McCormick visited Japan before the 1948 primaries, he was so dismayed by MacArthur's "socialism" that he refused to support him for President.

MacArthur was still bitter about Harry Truman: "He has an engaging personality, a quick and witty tongue. He seemed to take great pride in his historical knowledge, but it seemed to me that in spite of having read much, it was of superficial character." MacArthur still ardently defends his desire to broaden the Korean War and has scant patience with those who disagreed. His firing by Truman was, he writes, cruel and abrupt: "No office boy, no charwoman, no servant of any sort would have been dismissed with such callous disregard for the ordinary decencies."

For all his vaunted vanity, MacArthur claims a lot less for himself in his memoirs than most of his admirers do. He generously gives credit to subordinates for many of his successes. But there is enough left over to keep the Old Soldier from ever fading away.

Faded Snapshot

THE DEFENSE *by Vladimir Nabokov.* 256 pages. *Putnam.* $5.

That prominent lepidopterist Vladimir Nabokov is a busy but exceedingly thrifty man. During the past decade, in between chasing butterflies, translating Pushkin (TIME, July 31), and writing his brilliant, cross-grained fiction, he has been bringing to market carefully supervised English translations of his own early novels, which he wrote in Russian in the days when he was a member of the Czarist émigré community in Berlin and Paris. Several of these translations, notably 1963's version of *The Gift* (his last Russian novel), have displayed the unmistakable Nabokov wit and sardonic inventiveness. *The Defense* is the earliest of his work yet to be reissued, and reading Nabokov of the '20s is like looking at a childhood snapshot of an old friend: the features are uncomfortably unformed, the resemblances often disappointing.

The Defense is Nabokov's version of one of the most dependable items (almost as obligatory as the one about a tuberculosis sanitarium) in the repertory of the young European romantic after World War I. It is the story of a genius chess player who is at last driven insane by his obsession with the game Aleksandr Ivanovich Luzhin is an unappealing, neurasthenic child who finds refuge from an incomprehensible world in the ordered clarity of the chessboard. The child prodigy grows to be a grand master and to play for the world championship—only to crack up from fatigue and immaturity at the crucial move of his last match.

From that point, even a devoted wife

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cannot save Luzhin from eventual suicide, nor can Nabokov's most artful verbal games save the reader from the realization that the gently maniacal Luzhin is a sentimental stereotype. This time out, Nabokov's butterfly net has brought back only an old chess nut.

Also Current

THE INNER ROOM *by Vera Randal.* 193 pages. *Knopf.* $3.95.

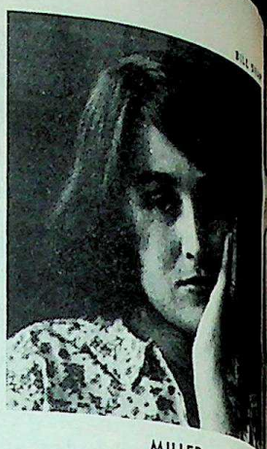
A suspicion of too-easy success attaches itself to the madhouse novel as to the war novel; there is never any basic question of viewpoint. War is indisputably hell; so is madness. The problem remaining is merely the relatively simple one of eloquence. But this first novel has a force not completely due to its subject and a compassion wholly the author's own. It has drawbacks: the author, for one thing, has no ear for language. But her portraits of five women inmates of a mental institution touch deeper than the ear. Each of the women is observed at a different stage of madness. The first is seen in the few hours before her crack-up, as she slips through her psychiatrist's fingers and breaks. The last prepares to face the world from which she retreated 13 months before. The episodes are separate novellas, and their separateness quietly states the isolation of insanity. In combination, they deepen and become a novel.

THE OFFENSIVE TRAVELLER *by V. S. Pritchett.* 240 pages. *Knopf.* $4.95.

"I represent that ancient enemy of all communities: the stranger. By 'being offensive' I mean that I travel, therefore I offend," says British Critic V. S. Pritchett in his introduction to this elegantly tailored travel piece. But his offensive eye is piercing. In Madrid, the light has "the radiance of enamel: in the hot months it is pure fire, refined to the incandescence of a furnace, and it is like the gleam of armour in the cold winter." He is fascinated by the Turks' capacity for almost trancelike relaxation. "No one," he says, "sits quite so relaxedly, expertly, beatifically as a Turk; he sits with every inch of his body; his very face sits." In Iran, Pritchett isolates the country's cruelty in a single, compelling anecdote about his hosts: they drive along the beaches of the Caspian Sea shooting falcon, sea gulls and teal indiscriminately, then take the wounded birds home for their children to play with.

THE EDGE OF THE WOODS *by Heather Ross Miller.* 118 pages. *Atheneum.* $3.50.

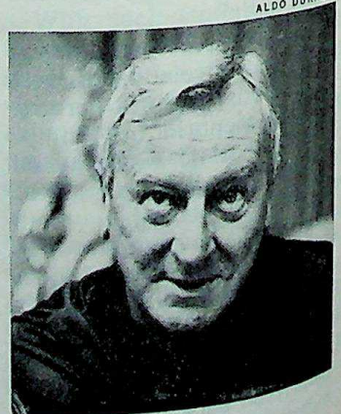
From the South in recent years has come a corolla of gifted young novelists. Latest to adorn this company is Heather Ross Miller, 25, from North Carolina's Uwharrie River Country, where her first novel is laid. Heroine Anna Marie is obsessed by the memory of "Paw-Paw," her grandfather, "a stingy old man with a soul of tempered steel." When she is scarcely [illegible] years old, Anna Marie stumbles upon "dirty old Paw-Paw" making love to his second wife. Later she watches from a hiding place when the half-crazed old man murders his wife and Anna Marie's young brother, then hangs himself. The memory haunts the mature Anna Marie, threatening to destroy her marriage and her life. All this is told in heavily freighted symbols, mostly in terms of geological features. And the question at the end is whether Anna Marie will ever reach the edge of the woods, or be lost forever in the forest of her fears.



MILLER
A forest of fears.

ROME 12 NOON *by Kenneth Macpherson.* 319 pages. *Coward-McCann.* $4.95.

Need something for an elderly [illegible] en aunt? Here is romantic pish-tush, complete with nobility, scurrility, ofiss, virility, plight, blight, violent demise, intentions tragically mistaken. The locale is Rome. The heroine is Adriana, an aristocratic Italian beauty. One day she is struck down by that scourge of modern-day Italy, a Vespa. She is helped to her feet by an imposing policeman, Captain Falconieri, in whom any reasonably perceptive reader can discern the ingredients of a true lover: "All, all, in the powerful current of masculinity beamed towards her." The current, however, is short-circuited by calamities—knifings, renunciations, dirndl ings and tears. Wiser and weepier at novel's end, Adriana muses about how it all started with "those funny [illegible] wheels! How hard the things could be!



ALDO DURAZZI

MACPHERSON
A torrent of pish-tush.

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The two gears mesh. ZEISS Strain-Testing Devices reveal under polarized light the lines of principal stress. The centers of coloration show regions of maximum stress concentration. Thus ZEISS instruments have added new dimensions to materials research.

The great name in optics

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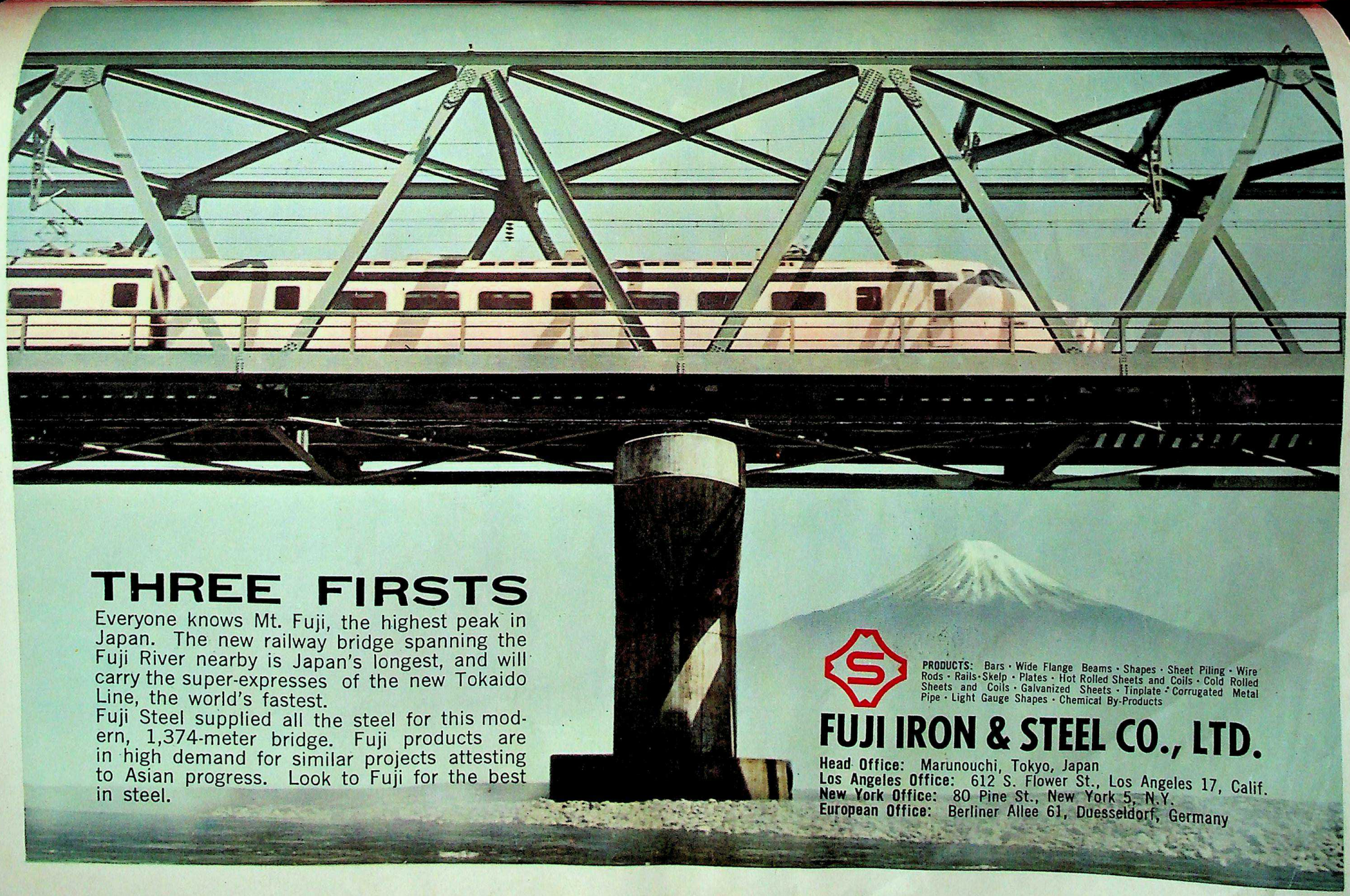

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OCTOBER 16, 1964

ASIA EDITION

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TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

17.10.64.

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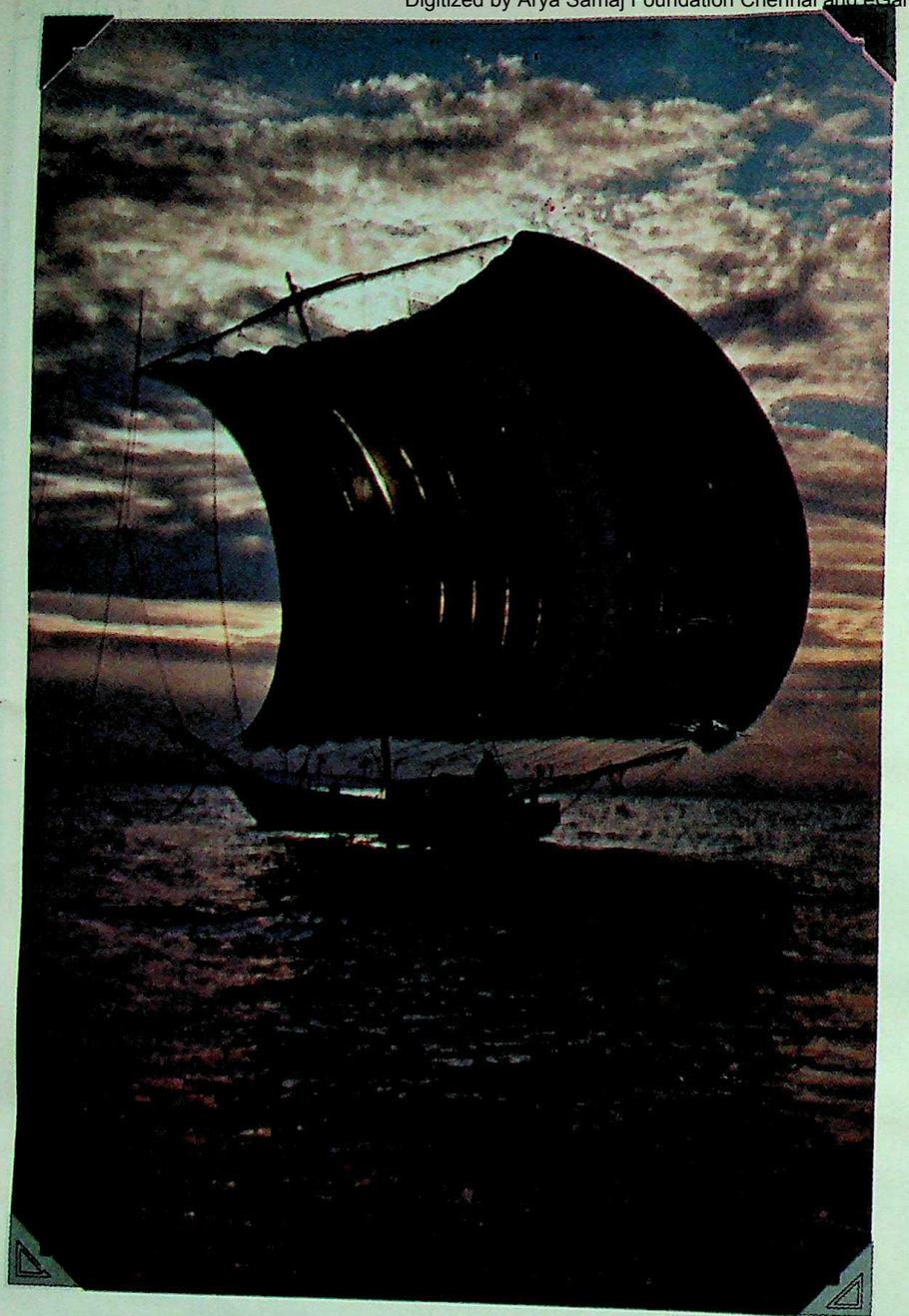

When the Light is Dim

Frequently photographers are faced with dimly lit subjects that conventional light meters cannot measure. Not so with the Minolta SR-7. Push a button on the back of the camera, and the CdS meter adjusts for low light sensitivity. Measure just about anything you can see. This feature opens new horizons in photography. Take pictures in the dimmest light; indoors, exciting sunsets or street scenes at night. If you can see it, Minolta can shoot it.

Professional Quality

If you're an advanced photographer and want a camera that does everything you tell it to do, you have it in the SR-7. This picture proves it. See how Minolta treats color with tender loving care, gives you all the factors that make a photograph classic. See Minolta first.

Extremely Bright Situations

An old "rule-of-thumb" in photography is to keep the sun behind you. Forget it. In any light, your SR-7 pictures always show ideal values. A good example is this backlit picture of the off-shore rocks. Such strong light would upset most meters, giving faulty readings, and an improperly exposed picture. With SR-7, you simply point the camera at the subject (in this case the rocks). The camera measures true light only because of the CdS meter's small light-receiving angle (only 30°). You "zero" in on the subject area. Extraneous light from sun, sky, beach, etc., cannot upset exposures. It's easy accurate and foolproof.

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Quality
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rg. Yet Minolta captures all
subtle textures. Notice the
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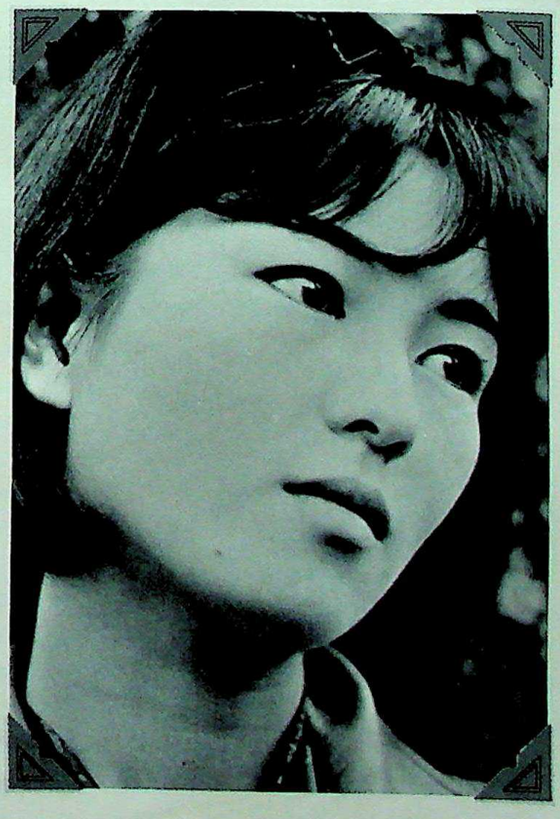
e highlighted areas.
olta SR-7 measures all the
t and gives you the average
e. You get picture detail
al you can almost feel it.
kind of photographs
are exciting to look
ore than once.

Portrait Photography
Try your hand at portraits.
It's a lot of fun and easier than
you think. With your Minolta SR-7
you're fully equipped to do
the job . . . and do it on a
professional level.
All you need is a willing subject
and a little imagination.
Minolta does the rest.



Minolta

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Stop taking snapshots and start taking photographs

No camera can take a good picture. Only the photographer can. But if you're serious about photography, the new Minolta SR-7 35mm single lens reflex can help you avoid mistakes.

The SR-7 is equipped with a sensitive CdS light meter, the key to perfect exposures. The meter is built in . . . no protruding housing . . . nothing gets in your way. It measures just about anything you can see as accurately as a hand-held meter.

The world-famous Rokkor lens is treated with Achromatic Coating, a patented Minolta process that brings a new faithfulness to color photography.

The lens is completely automatic. When the shutter is released, the diaphragm closes to pre-set aperture, the mirror clears, the picture is taken, the mirror returns, the diaphragm re-opens . . . all instantaneously.

The SR-7 helps you compose your pictures. View through Minolta's brilliant pentaprism viewfinder; see precisely what the lens "sees". Here's Arthur Kramer's test report in Camera 35 magazine:

"The Minolta camera has a really bright viewing system, bright enough to be classed the best at any price. The image is easily focused anywhere within the field. Brilliance is uniform right out to the corners and the image 'snaps in' with certainty . . . the unmistakable mark of good optics."

Test the SR-7. Compare it with any other 35mm camera. See the difference, and why this camera is used by serious photographers throughout the world.

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Compact Cameras

Small cameras, big pictures are the rule with Minoltinas. Minoltina 8 is a book-sized movie camera. It features a F1.8 Rokkor lens with an 8 to 25mm zoom. The Minoltina P and S cameras give you a full-frame 35mm picture. An exposure ring sets the camera in one simple operation.

Rangefinder Cameras

There are four popular-priced rangefinder cameras. There is one to meet your budget. Each is equipped with the Rokkor lens and contains all the helpful features Minolta can build into them to give you today's best camera value.

Sub-miniature Cameras

Put a Minolta sub-miniature in your pocket. Take it with you everywhere for those once-in-a-lifetime shots. These cameras accept flash attachments, filters and close-up accessory lenses. Take 20 pictures; black and white or color slides that fit any 35mm projector.

Minolta
MINOLTA CAMERA CO., LTD.

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Simultaneous Data Transmissions from 100 Countries to a Single NCR Computer?

Imagine recording transactions in London, Tokyo, Buenos Aires, New York, Sydney, Johannesburg, Beirut, Paris—at the same time—and sending the data electronically to a centralized NCR computer. Given transmission media, data from up to 100 sources can flow through NCR's new 321 Data Communication Controller to an NCR 315 Computer. All related information is updated and is sent back to the source.

Direct communication from 100 world-wide sources to a centrally located NCR computer illustrates the potential of the NCR 321 Data Communication Controller for industry, banking, retailing, government—or any decentralized operation that needs to transmit at high speed a large volume of data from scattered points in the same building, across town or around the world. For more information call your local NCR office or write NCR, Dept. 1010E, Dayton, Ohio, U.S.A., 45409.

NCR

BE SURE TO VISIT THE NCR PAVILION AT THE NEW YORK WORLD'S FAIR.

THE NATIONAL CASH REGISTER COMPANY

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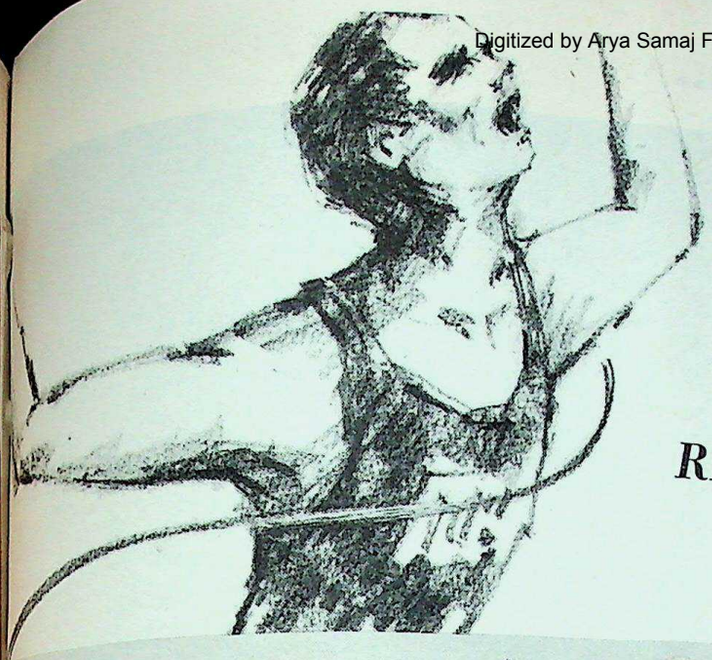
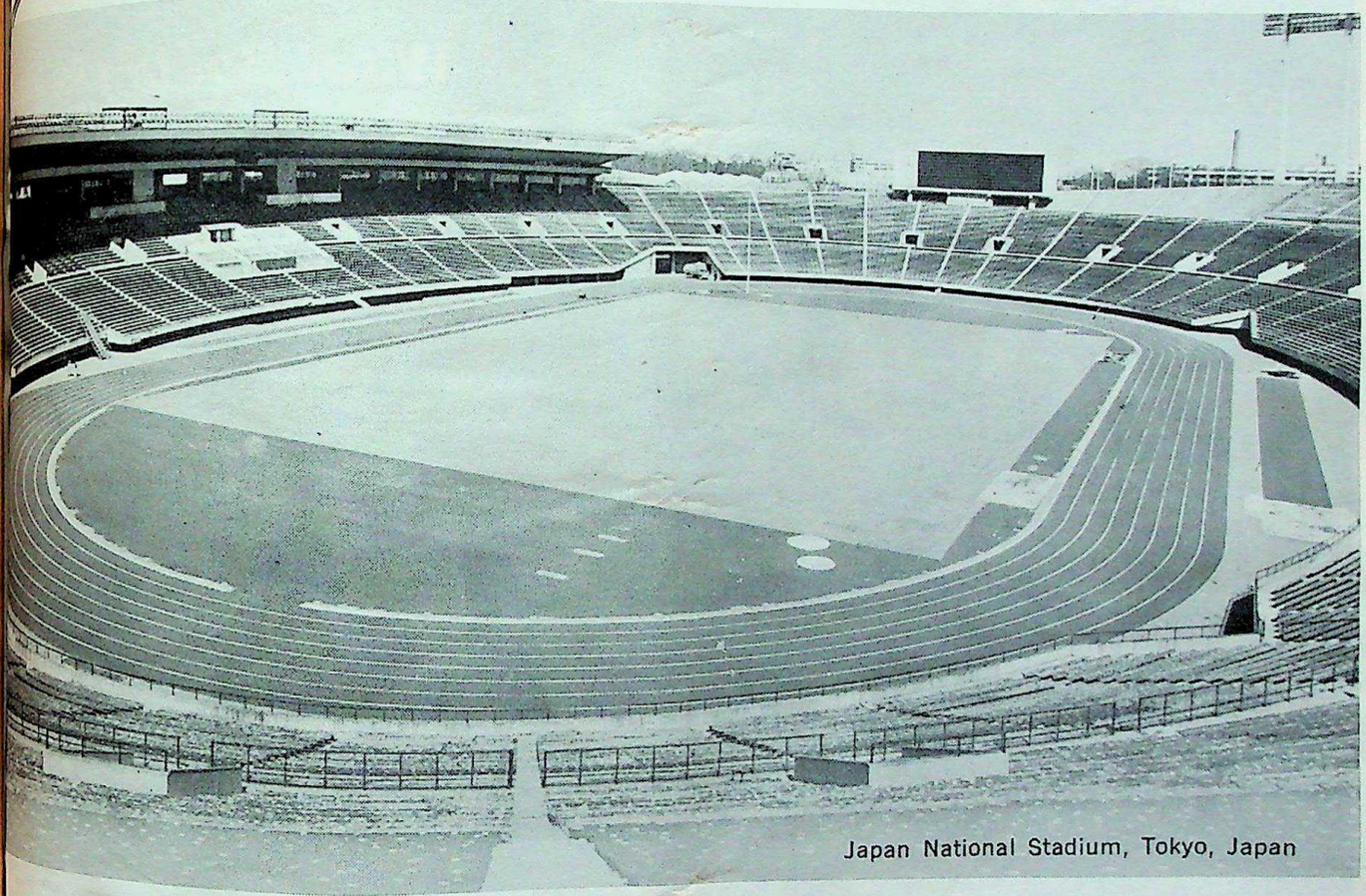
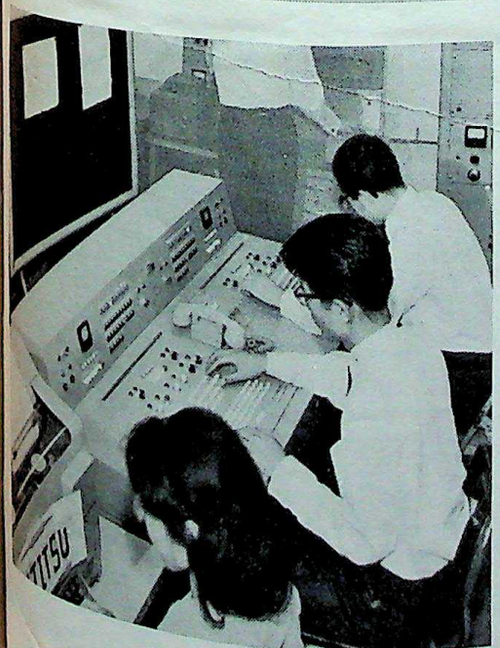


RECORD PERFORMANCE AT THE 1964 OLYMPICS



Japan National Stadium, Tokyo, Japan



Control Desks for Scoreboard

FOCUS OF ALL EYES AFTER EACH EVENT • FUJITSU Electrical Scoreboard at the Japan National Stadium records all performances on the track and field to make a substantial contribution to the success of the 1964 Olympic Games. Unseen components of the scoring system are the relay groups, control desks, tape perforator, transmitter, etc.—all manufactured by FUJITSU. Enhancement of its prestige comes naturally to internationally known FUJITSU, Japan's leading manufacturer of communications and electronics systems.

FUJITSU computer FACOM 231, recommended by the Japanese Government, is now on display at the N.Y. World's Fair.

FUJITSU LIMITED

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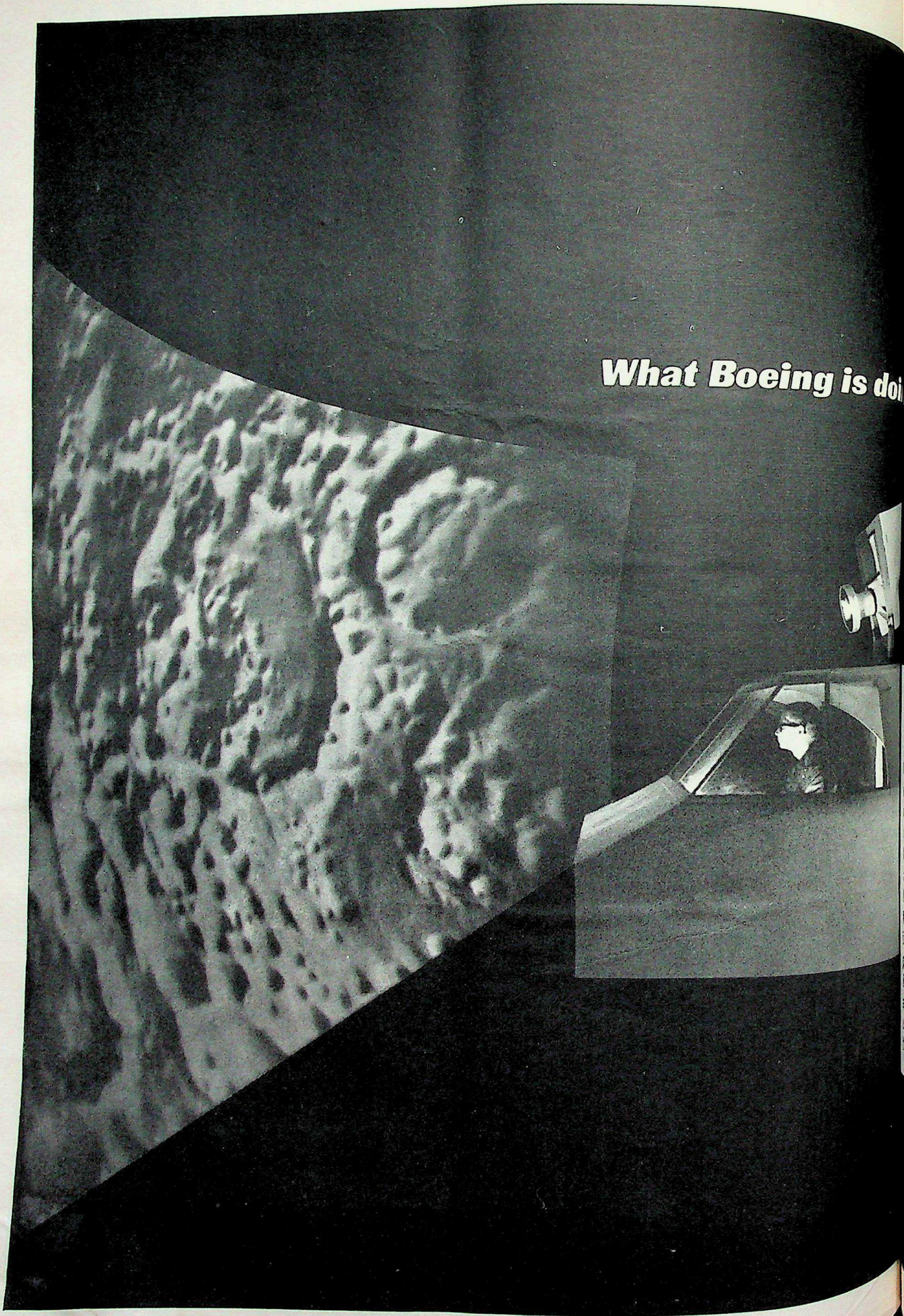
Theory, study, practice...

What Boeing is doi its S



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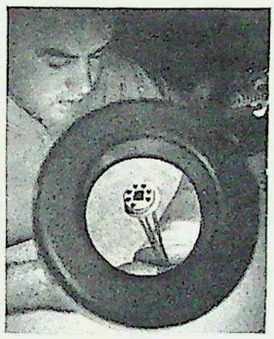
doing SPACE RESEARCH LABORATORIES:

Space Simulation

Using projected television pictures of the moon's surface and manual controls that operate through a computer, aerospace pilots simulate lunar landings and takeoffs, and re-entry into the earth's atmosphere. This advanced Boeing simulator (shown at left) has already been used in the astronaut training program.



Microelectronics

To develop microminiature circuitry for missiles and space vehicles, Boeing people are working with circuits so thin a thousand hardly equal the thickness of a safety razor blade. Microelectronics research, and other space-oriented programs, will be housed in Boeing's new Kent research center.

Space Environment

Boeing's space environment laboratory will house 11 vacuum chambers that duplicate the extreme cold of outer space, solar radiation and vacuums equivalent to those found 600 miles above the earth. One of these advanced chambers will be big enough to test future manned spacecraft.

Exotic Metals

The materials and processes laboratory is continuing Boeing studies of lubricants, ablatives and super alloys for use in outer space. Typical of Boeing advances in this field is pioneering research in the adaption of such exotic metals as molybdenum and columbium for utilization in space vehicles.

Capability has many faces at **BOEING**

Space Technology • Missiles • Military Aircraft Systems • 707, 720 and 727 Jetliners • Systems Management • Helicopters • Marine Vehicles • Gas Turbine Engines • Also, Boeing Scientific Research Laboratories

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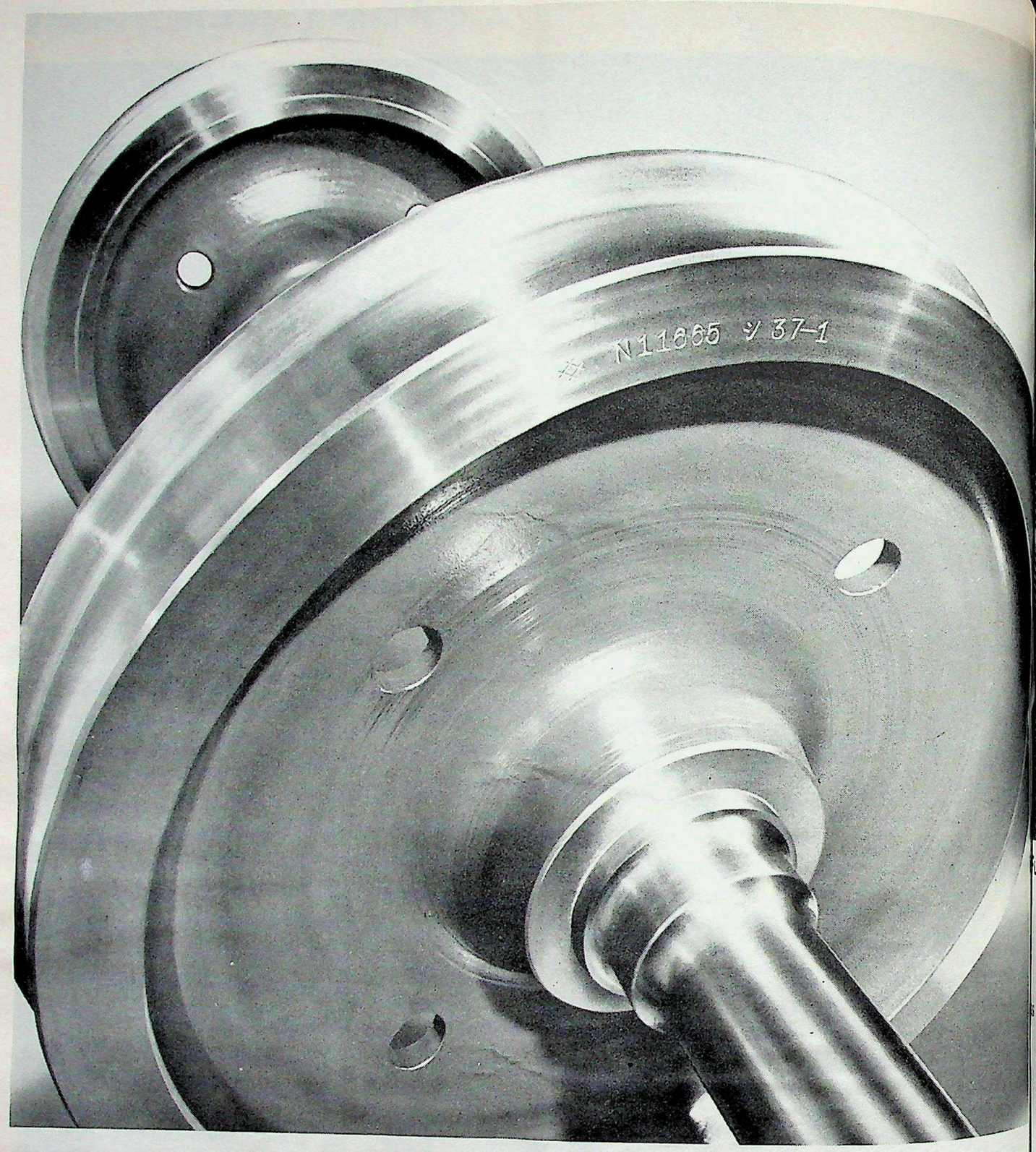

Big wheels from the east (One of the ways we work with steel)

They're the solid rolled steel wheels that carry Japan's new Superexpress down the tracks at 125mph (200kph). The Superexpress will cover the Tokyo-Osaka run, a distance of 320 miles (515km), in only three hours.

□It takes tough steel wheels to withstand high speed stress and strain like this. Both wheels and axles on the Superexpress and all other express trains in Japan bear the name Sumitomo, one of the largest steel producers in Japan.

□Steel wheels are rolled in one of four Sumitomo steel mills. Biggest of them is the new Wakayama Works. This mill alone produces 2,500,000 tons of steel per year. Production is controlled right down the line from iron ore to the finished product. It's one reason for Sumitomo's unmistakable quality.

□For superior steel competitively priced — tubes, pipe, sheets, plate, wire rods, castings, forgings and rolling stock parts — you're right with Sumitomo.

SUMITOMO METALS

OSAKA, JAPAN
SUMITOMO METAL INDUSTRIES, LTD.
NEW YORK/LOS ANGELES/DUSSELDORF

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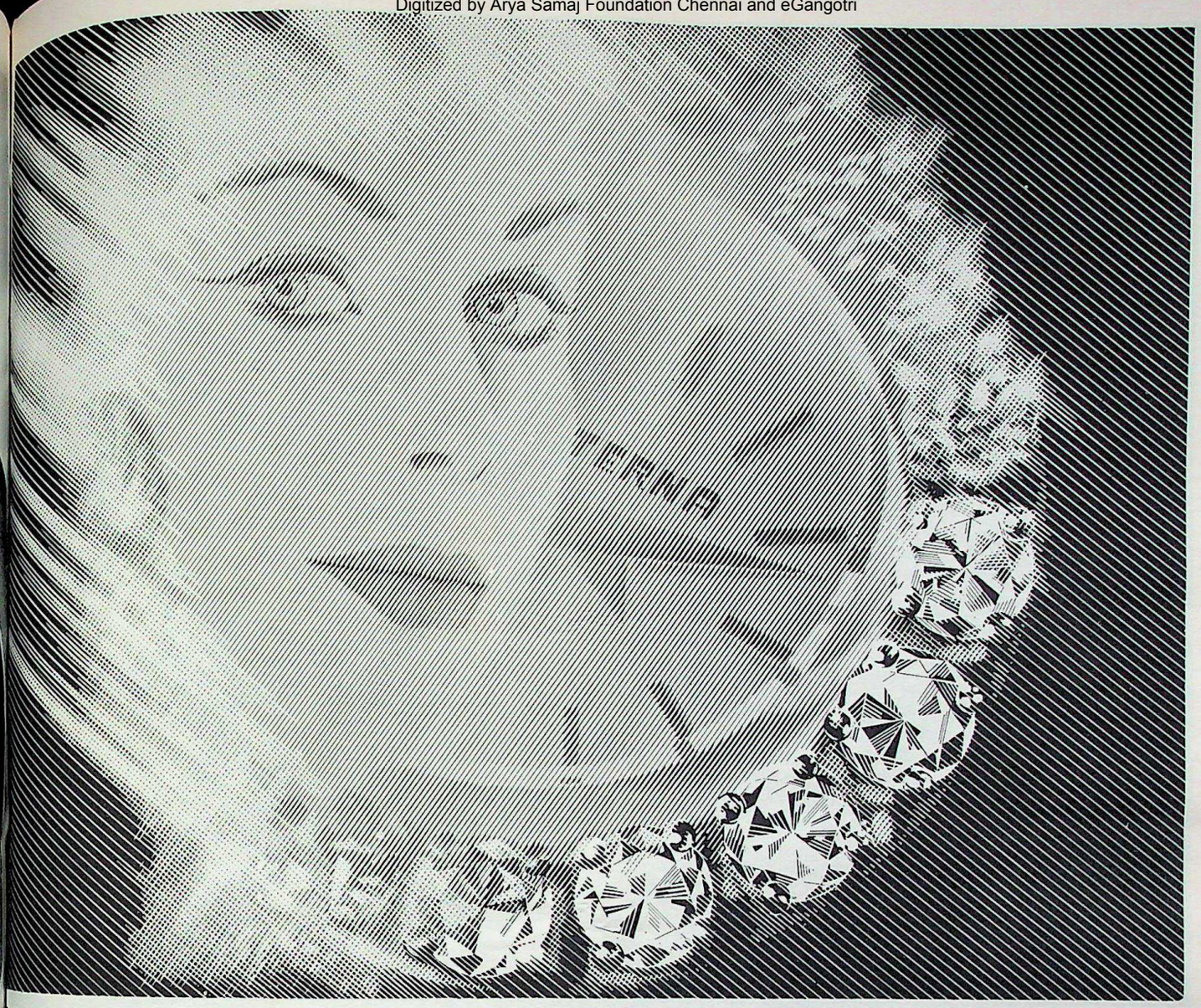
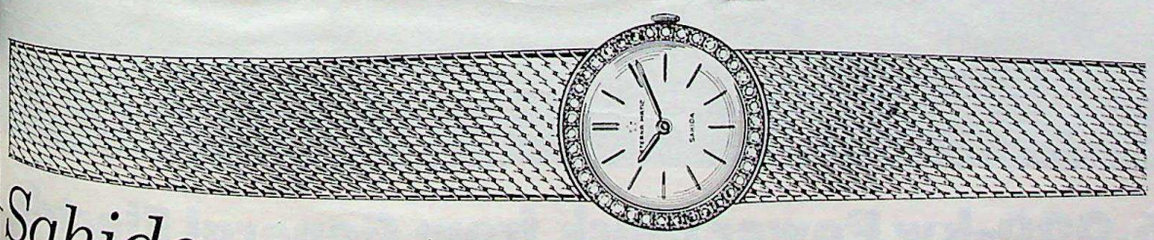


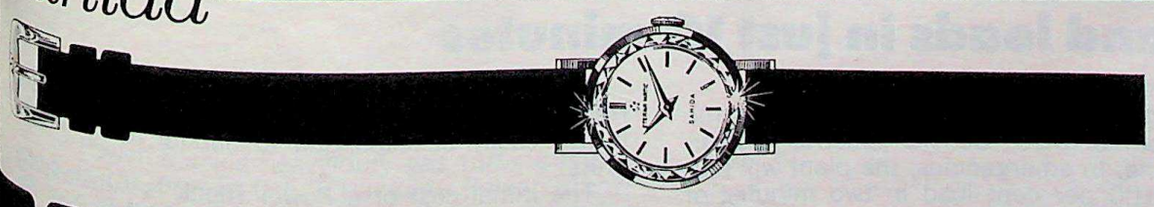
Fully automated elegance! Enchanting «Sahida» - the very timepiece women have always craved. And now, for the first time, she can wear a divine combination of extravagant beauty and unrivalled self-winding Eterna·Matic precision.

What a joy! to own a lasting piece of precious watch jewellry and an exact timekeeper as well. So thin too! Thanks to the unique ultra-thin Eterna·Matic movement, «Sahida» is one-fifth slimmer than the thinnest ladies' automatic until now.



806 LE/125-1446
Sahida, extra-thin, automatic
18 ct. gold, 36 diamonds
with heavy 18 ct. gold bracelet
No. 119

Sahida



706 VS-1446
Sahida, extra-thin, automatic,
18 ct. gold with diamond-cut
sapphire crystal

ETERNA·MATIC

ETERNA S.A., GRENCHEN (SWITZERLAND)

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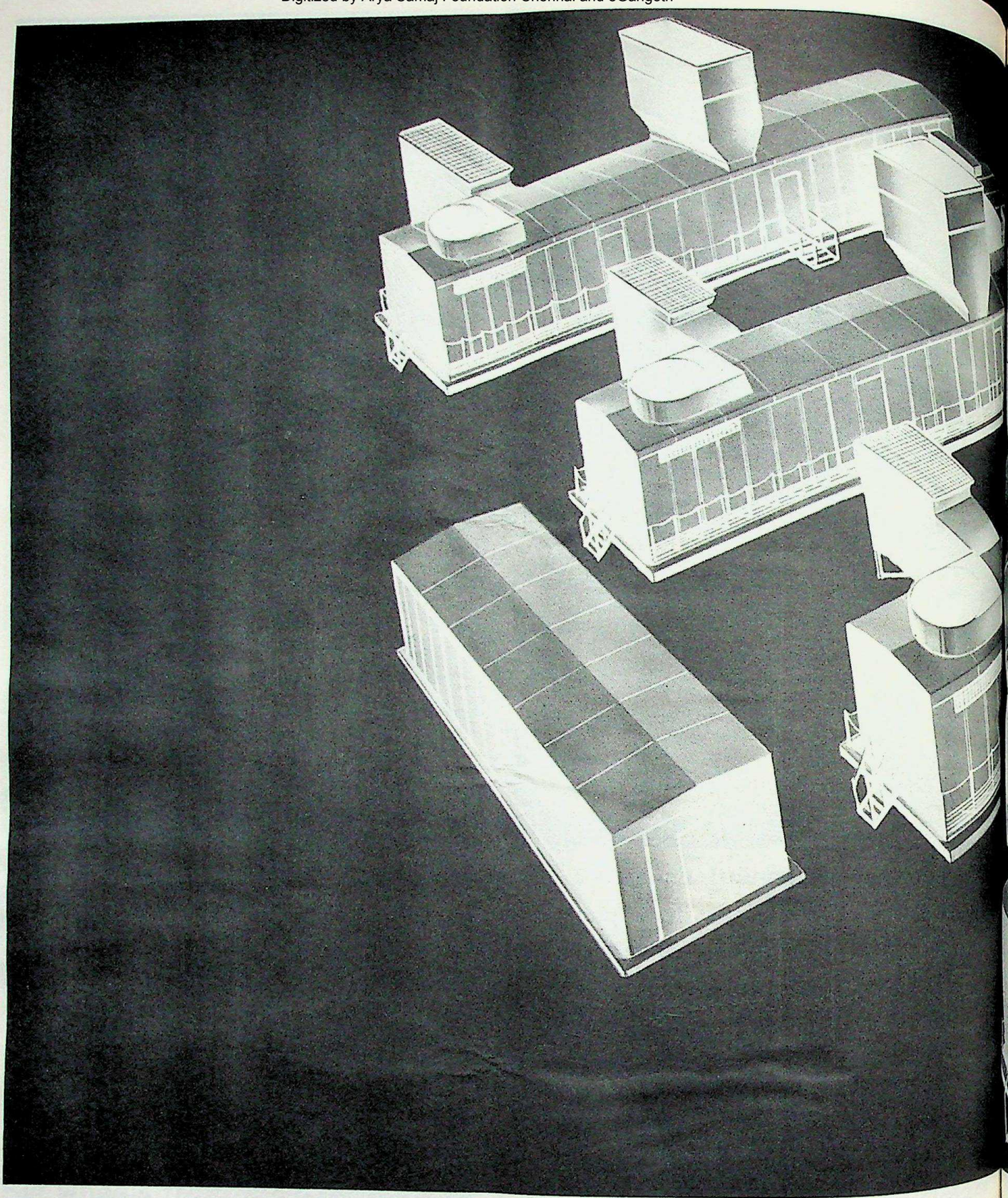

New 56,000-kw Power Block from General Electric starts and loads in just 10 minutes

Within ten minutes, the single control package at the left puts all four of these General Electric gas turbines on the line. In emergencies, the plant will normally accept 100 per cent load in two minutes or less.

This new plant is called the Power Block. You can operate it either locally or remotely, on either natural gas or distillate oil. Base-load rating of the four-unit station is 49,000 kw; its peak rating, 56,000 kw.

General Electric can also supply a Power Block of two units (28,000 kw) or three units (42,000 kw). Here, too, control is centralized in a single package. It can easily be expanded to handle more turbine units.

The initial cost of a Power Block is substantially lower than that of a conventional power source. For example, each of the individual packages is assembled and tested at the factory. Sub-assemblies are shipped complete.

At the site, installation is quick and economical. Simple concrete slabs serve for foundations. The Power Block is self-cooled, so there's no need for a

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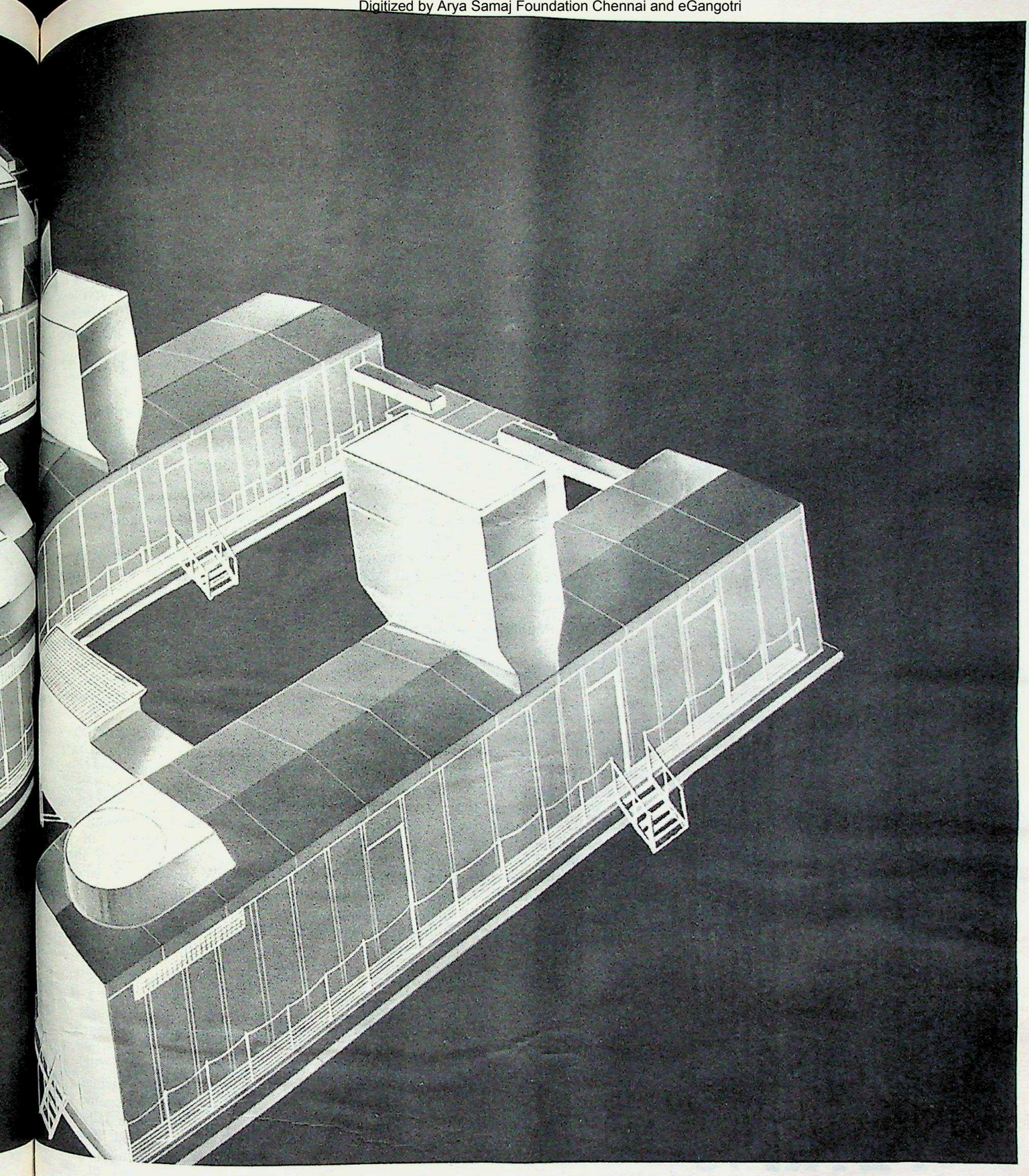

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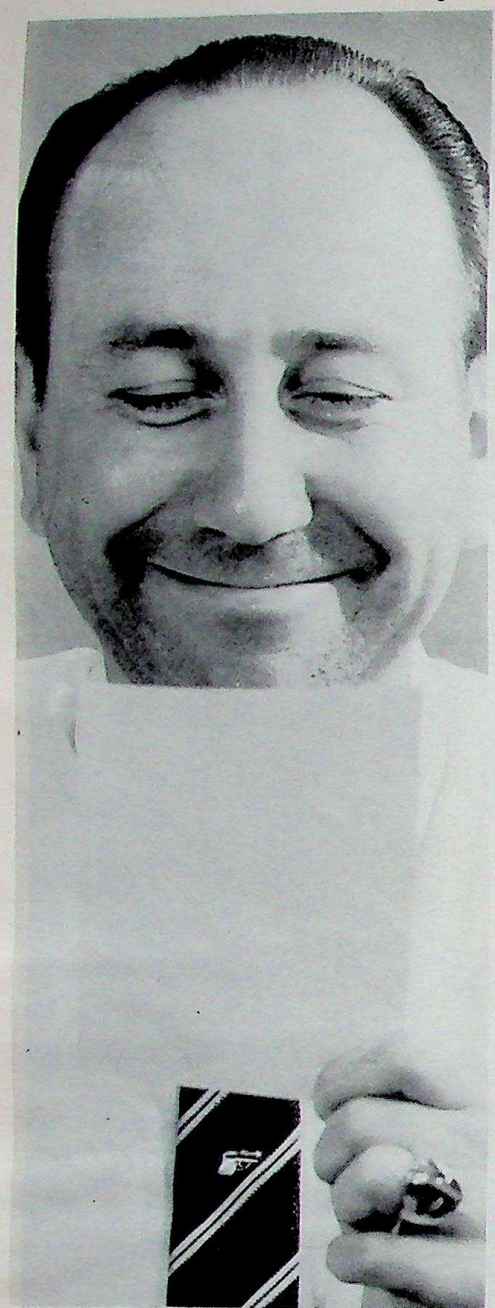

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TIME LISTINGS

TELEVISION

Wednesday, October 14

ELECTION EVE IN BRITAIN (CBS, 7:30-8 p.m.).* Summary of the British election campaign.

OLYMPICS 1964 (NBC, 11:15-11:30 p.m.). Beginning of Olympic track events and the final of men's freestyle 400-meter relay in swimming.

Friday, October 16

BOB HOPE COMEDY SPECIAL (NBC, 8:30-9:30 p.m.). Bob plays a bungling marriage broker who persuades three rowdy cowboys, Aldo Ray, Rod Cameron and Sonny Tufts, to order up three Eastern brides, Rhonda Fleming, Jill St. John and Marilyn Maxwell. Color.

12 O'CLOCK HIGH (ABC, 9:30-10:30 p.m.). Peter Fonda appears as a promising young lieutenant who goes AWOL after meeting a blonde (Jill Haworth) on a three-day leave.

Saturday, October 17

EXPLORING (NBC, 12 noon-1 p.m.). This children's series delves into the mysteries of migration not only of birds and animals but also of people to the New World.

WIDE WORLD OF SPORTS (ABC, 5-6:30 p.m.). The Pendleton Roundup Rodeo from Pendleton, Ore., lassoes together top cowboy contenders in this year's rodeo competition.

Sunday, October 18

DISCOVERY (ABC, 11:30-12 noon). A look at the space equipment under construction for the first moon landings, with photographs of the moon showing that it is far more complex than green cheese.

HALLMARK HALL OF FAME (NBC, 10-11 p.m.). An adaptation of the off-Broadway musical hit *The Fantasticks*. Ricardo Montalban plays the Spanish bandit who narrates the fanciful love story of two young people whose respective fathers (Bert Lahr and Stanley Holloway) devise zany schemes to bring them together by keeping them apart. Color.

Tuesday, October 20

WORLD WAR I (CBS, 8-8:30 p.m.). U-boat warfare up to and including the torpedoing of the *Lusitania* (May 1915).

THE DOCTORS AND THE NURSES (CBS, 10-11 p.m.). Merrie Spaeth, one of the scene-stealing youngsters in *The World of Henry Orient*, makes her television debut as a hospitalized high-school girl who is unaware that she has leukemia.

THEATER

The new season is setting Broadway marquees ablaze again, though the hold-over shows still predominate. Of the long-runs, *How to Succeed in Business Without Really Trying* is still incontestably the best of the musicals, and *The Subject Was Roses* the best of the straight dramatic plays. The top comedy distance runners are *Barefoot in the Park* and, if there is anyone left who hasn't seen it, *Mary, Mary*.

The season just started provides three fine, fresh and funny items:

O WHAT A LOVELY WAR. Mockingly ironic, tender, frolicsome and tragic, this musical revolves around the unlikely subject of the follies of World War I. Blending English music-hall sentimentality with Brechtian savagery, *Lovely War* is an unsettling and not-to-be-forgotten theatrical experience.

FIDDLER ON THE ROOF strays far from Broadway to record the gentle joys and occasional sorrows of a Jewish community in a Russian town in 1905. In its finest performance to date, Zero Mostel gives this musical an unfaltering heartbeat.

ABSENCE OF A CELLO erupts with steady laughter as an academic scientist tangles with an org man from corporation land.

* All times E.D.T.

RECORDS

Chamber Music

BRITTEN: STRING QUARTET NO. 2 (London). Written to commemorate the 250th anniversary of the death of Purcell, this quartet is an architectural tour de force, requiring four lone instruments to construct a stately musical monument. Britain's impressive Amadeus Quartet does the job with distinction.

MOZART: CLARINET QUINTET (London). Serenity and a sense of finality characterize the music Mozart wrote two years before his death. In this harmonious performance, strings and clarinet melt musically together as they trade melodies and take turns outlining the airy ornaments. Members of the Vienna Octet are the players, with Alfred Boskovsky the superb clarinetist.

GIAN FRANCESCO MALIPIERO: RISPETTI E STRAMBOTTI FOR STRING QUARTET (No such). The highly melodious, archaic music of the 82-year-old Italian composer seldom gets a hearing. Abandoning formal movements, he has strung together "stanzas" in celebration of old Italian poetry. He also celebrates the sound of strings, even reveling in what seem like tuning-up exercises. There is a contagious spontaneity in this reissue by the Stuyvesant Quartet, who on the other side play Hindemith's youthful and exuberant String Quartet No. 2.

HAYDN: QUARTETS OPUS 3, NO. 5; OPUS 33, NO. 2; OPUS 76, NO. 2 (London). A sampling from three periods of Haydn's music, mileposts in the early history of the string quartet. The earliest, nicknamed "The Serenade," sounds like party music played by strolling strings. "The Joke" is more serious; its nickname comes from Haydn's wager that the ladies would talk before the music ended. The last of the three shows Haydn at his richest and most complex. The members of the Janáček Quartet from Czechoslovakia play the works from memory, but they play as one.

PASTORALES (Columbia). Rustic airs of high spirits and low specific gravity that display the virtuosity of the Philadelphia Woodwind Quintet. Mostly 20th century works, the eight pieces include a folksy fresh *Walking Tune* by Percy Grainger, a catchy early song by Stravinsky, and some skimmering sketches by Darius Milhaud.

WILLIAM WALTON: FAÇADE (Decca). At the 1923 London première of *Façade*, Edith Sitwell read her poems, with the witty musical accompaniment by her young friend Walton, into the mouth of a mask painted on the curtain hiding them from view. Public and critics alike pronounced the evening an outrage. But the

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musical "entertainment" has been revived again and again, currently in this record- ing by Actress Hermione Gingold and Countertenor Russell Oberlin, with Thom- as Dunn conducting the small chamber ensemble. Unfortunately for them, Dame Edith herself, with Peter Pears, has per- formed the work for London Records. Where Gingold dramatizes the poems, Sitwell chants her surrealistic lines like a hypnotist, sometimes at breakneck speed. "We sought to reach a country between music and poetry, like the border be- tween waking and dreaming," Sir Osbert Sitwell has explained. Gingold and Ober- lin are too wide-awake.

CINEMA

THE LUCK OF GINGER COFFEY. All the horror, humor and humanity of Brian Moore's novel are captured in this fine, sensitive film about a big Irish bruiser whose wife alone knows that he is really just a middle-aged child. Played to per- fection by Robert Shaw and Mary Ure.

TOPKAPI. Director Jules Dassin (*Rififi*) lightens larceny with laughter as Melina Mercouri and Peter Ustinov head a crook's tour of exotic Istanbul in pursuit of four fabulous emeralds.

THE APE WOMAN. A girl who looks human becomes a meal ticket for the con man who exploits her misfortune in this atrociously funny Italian comedy about the beastliness of Homo sapiens.

MARY POPPINS. Julie Andrews proves she is a girl to conjure with in Walt Dis- ney's droll musical fantasy about a Lon- don nanny who slides up banisters and performs all sorts of diverting miracles.

I'D RATHER BE RICH. In this surprisingly sprightly comedy, Sandra Dee occupies an acute romantic triangle with Andy Wil- liams and Robert Goulet while Hermione Gingold and Maurice Chevalier sharpen their points.

SEDUCED AND ABANDONED. A young girl's dishonor sets off a sunny Sicilian nightmare in Director Pietro Germi's sav- age tragicomedy, which is less warm but no less wicked than his memorable *Di- vorce—Italian Style*.

RHINO! African melodrama as it should be done—with scenic splendor and crack- ing humor—tied to a timely story about a hunt for a pair of rare white rhinos.

GIRL WITH GREEN EYES. A skillful British director, Desmond Davis, and a superla- tive British actress, Rita Tushingham, transform this rather banal tale of a young girl's affair with a middle-aged author into a movie of unusual warmth and wit.

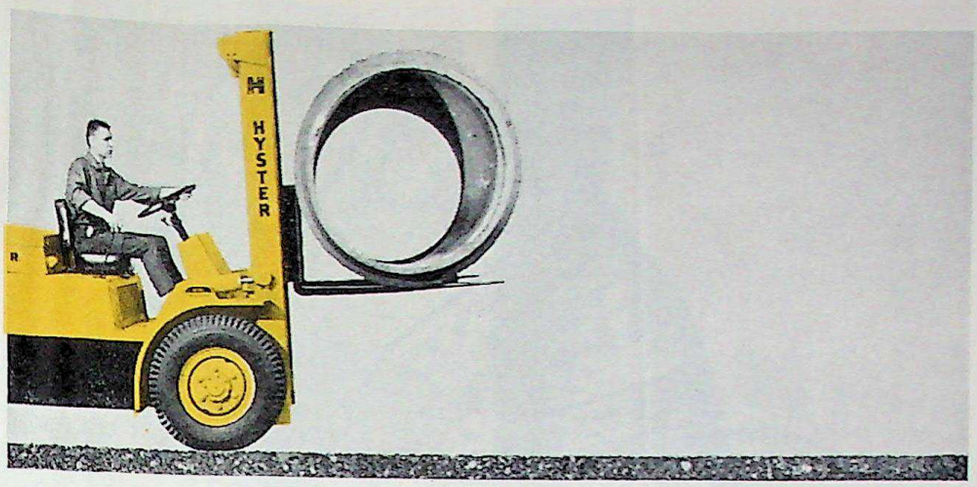
A HARD DAY'S NIGHT. Hitting nary a false note, the Beatles shrewdly play the Beatles in a comedy that is yeah, yeah, yeah nearly all the way.

BOOKS

Best Reading

THE DIARY OF CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS. The son of John Quincy and the father of Henry, Charles Francis lacked the dash and eloquence, but not the recording zeal, of the more famous members of his re- markable family. These first two of 18 volumes planned by the publishers show that as a youth he had a biting wit, a contempt for politics, and a "peculiar" susceptibility to comely young ladies.

THE WORDS, by Jean-Paul Sartre. After a series of increasingly labored, meta- physically morose works, Sartre has writ- ten a clear-eyed, warm, but very sad



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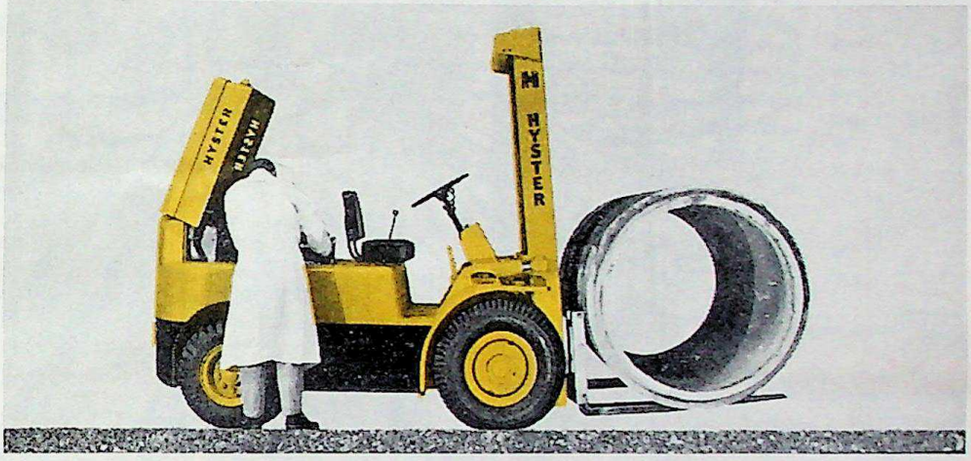
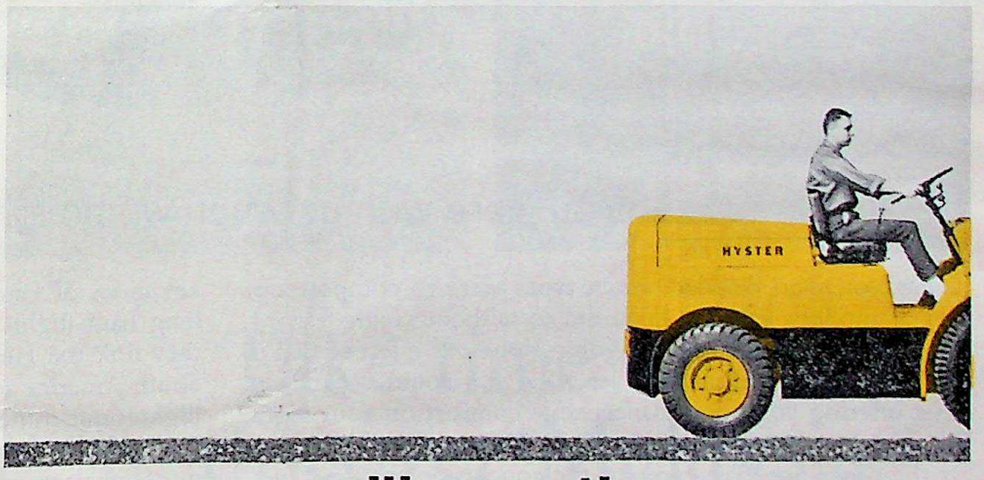


need maintenance (as all trucks do),



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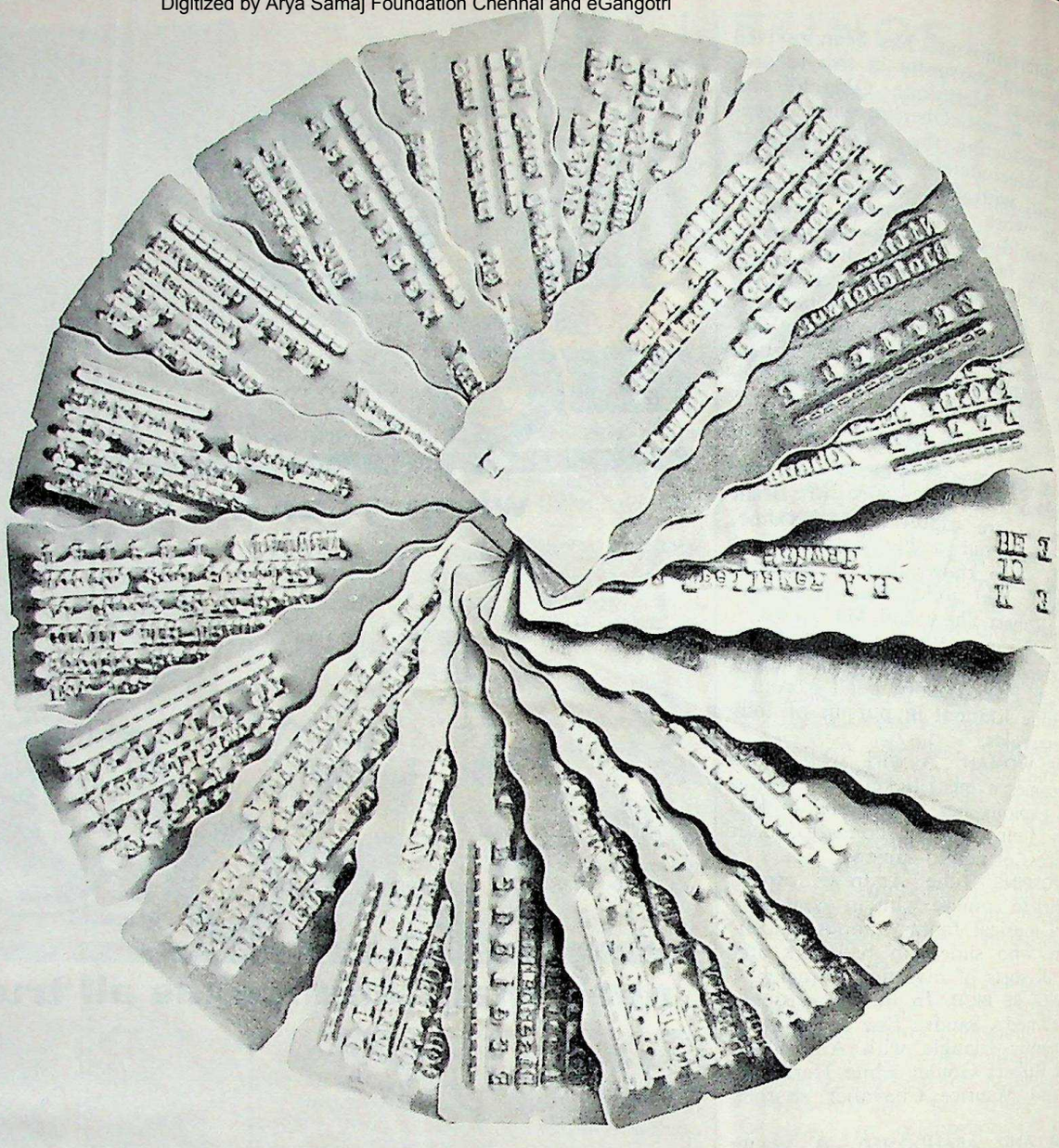

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account of his early years, which were outwardly placid and pampered, inwardly tormented. The despair of modern existentialism, it turns out, is partly rooted in the struggle for sanity of a bookish, lonely child.

THIS GERMANY, by Rudolf Leonhardt. In a series of provocative essays, a West German journalist tries to clear up the many mysteries of the German character.

THE ITALIANS, by Luigi Barzini. Foreigners often love Italy for the wrong reasons, thinks one brilliant Italian journalist, who goes on to consider his countrymen in damaging detail. Italians are shams, says Barzini, and what is worse, they believe their own act; the result is a distrust of idealism and a retreat into cynicism.

VIVE MOI! by Sean O'Faolain. It took this Irish novelist 30 years to come to terms with his provincial Irish upbringing; in an engaging autobiography, he records the painful process and the dilemma of a man forever "impaled on one green corner of the universe."

MY AUTOBIOGRAPHY, by Charles Chaplin. In his account of his flamboyant life, the great comedian describes his miserably poor childhood in London in fascinating detail. Unfortunately, when he turns to love, politics, and even his happy fourth marriage to Oona O'Neill, he wants both fact and feeling in favor of the name-dropping prose of a standard show-biz autobiography.

REMINISCENCES, by Douglas MacArthur. The generosity and wisdom that characterized his leadership in the reconstruction of Japan are told with restraint, his firing by Truman in Korea as bitterly as if it had happened yesterday. A good writer, MacArthur comes through as a proud, realistic and yet oddly romantic man.

HERZOG, by Saul Bellow. This long-awaited novel will not quite establish Bellow in his long-reserved place in the U.S. literary pantheon. Though the writing and the characterizations are often brilliant, Anti-Hero Herzog is too passive and maudlin to carry a plot to a wholly satisfactory conclusion.

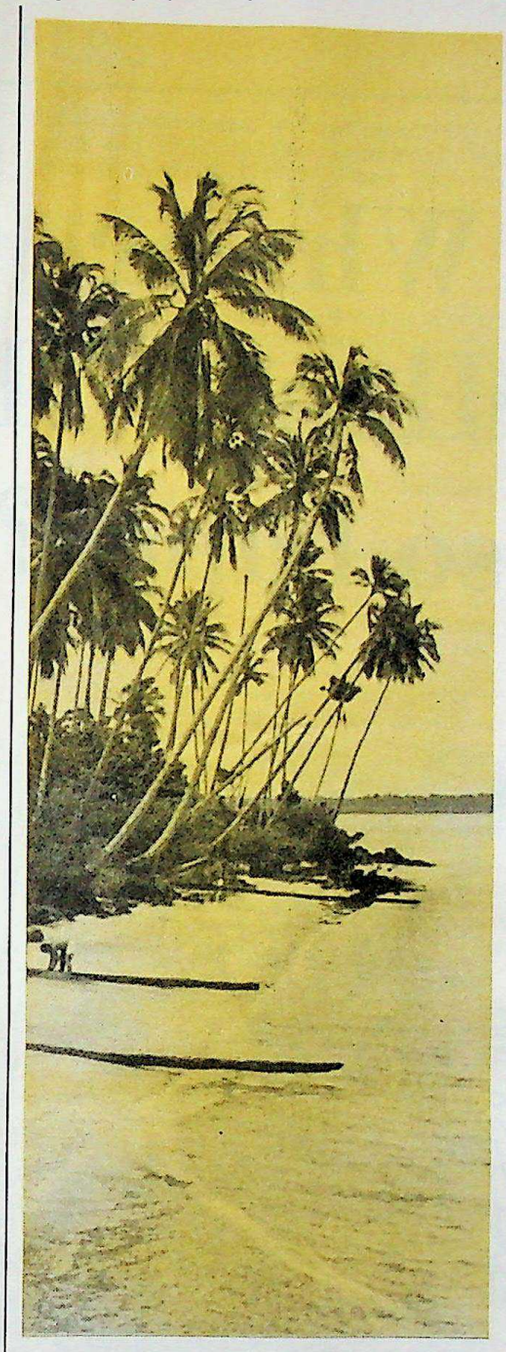
Best Sellers

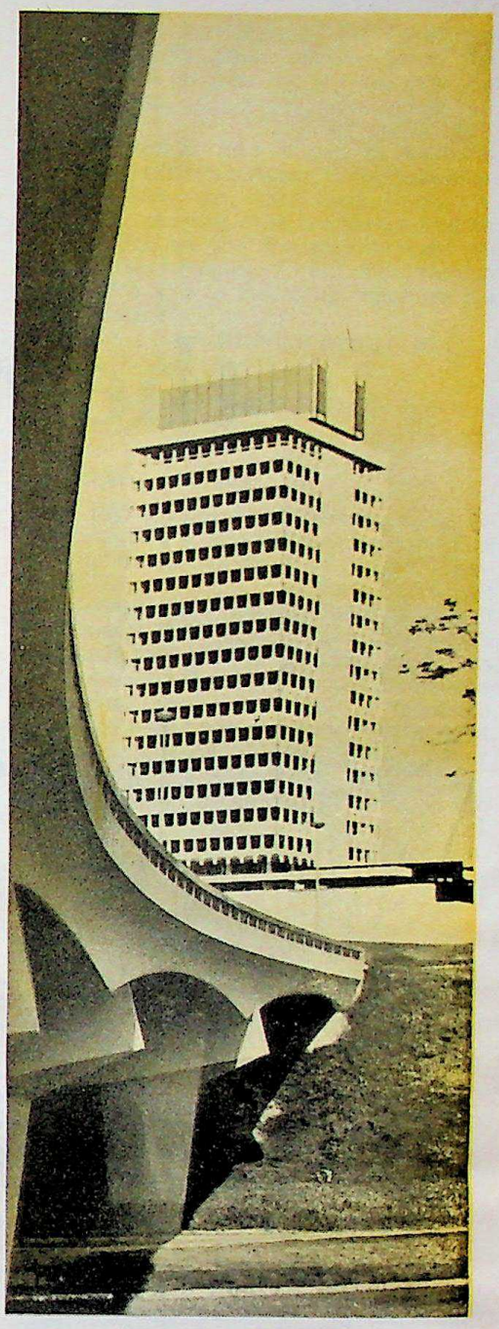
FICTION

1. Candy, Southern and Hoffenberg (1 last week)
2. The Spy Who Came In from the Cold, Le Carré (2)
3. Herzog, Bellow (8)
4. Julian, Vidal (7)
5. The Rector of Justin, Auchincloss (5)
6. Armageddon, Uris (4)
7. You Only Live Twice, Fleming (3)
8. This Rough Magic, Stewart (6)
9. The Man, Wallace (10)
10. A Mother's Kisses, Friedman (9)

NONFICTION

1. The Invisible Government, Wise and Ross (1)
2. A Moveable Feast, Hemingway (2)
3. Reminiscences, MacArthur
4. The Italians, Barzini (4)
5. Harlow, Shulman (3)
6. A Tribute to John F. Kennedy, Salinger and Vanocur (5)
7. My Autobiography, Chaplin (8)
8. Diplomat Among Warriors, Murphy (10)
9. Mississippi: The Closed Society, Silver (7)
10. Four Days, U.P.I. and American Heritage (9)





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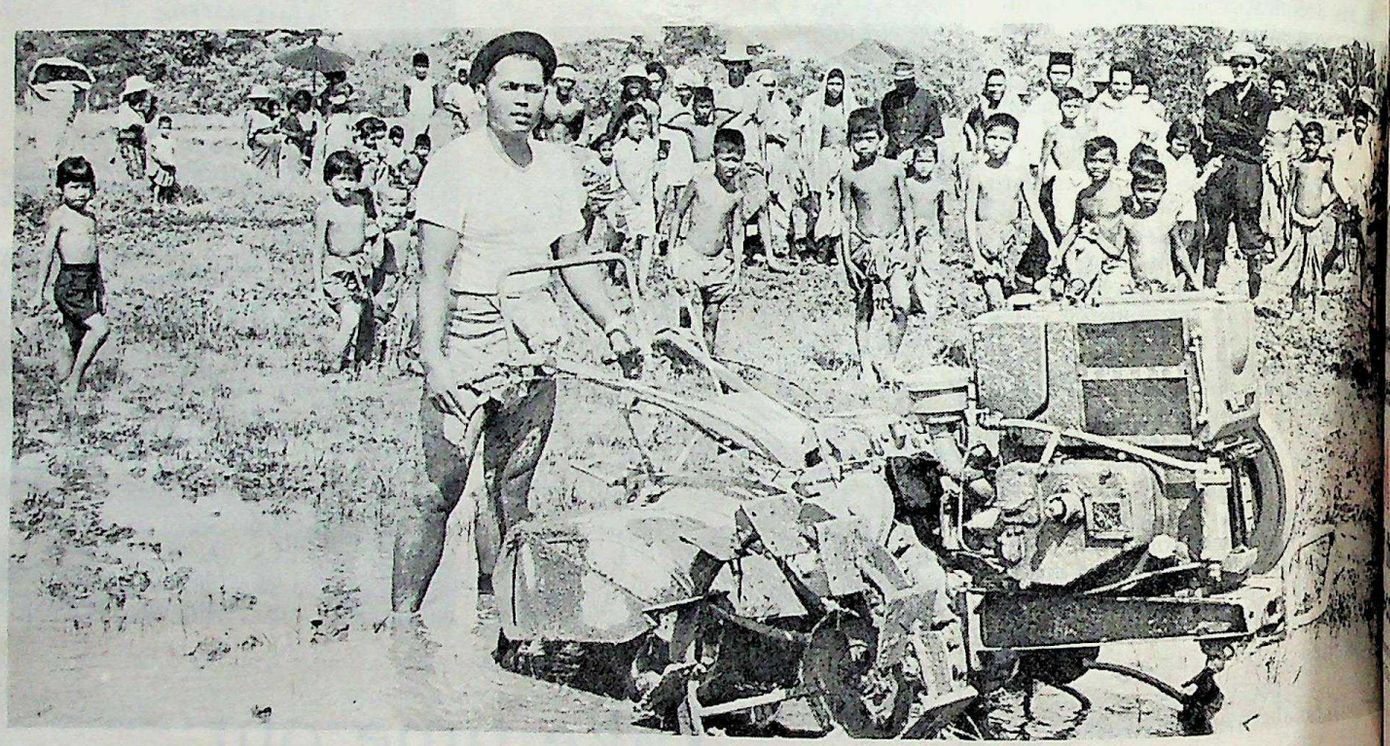
Why are the "Happy Thais" so happy?



Thailand is one of Southeast Asia's luckiest countries. They produce a surplus of food! Furthermore, the Thais are fortunate to have an alert, far-sighted government. A few years ago, Thai government officials forecasted that the population growth would soon outstrip food production. Not only would there be no surplus, there would probably be a shortage.

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Justice Black's Record

Sir: That was an extraordinarily good cover piece on Black and the Supreme Court. Although you quite properly quote Paul Freund, Frankfurter's disciple and successor at Harvard, as somewhat critical of the Court's new activist trend, you also quote to the same effect an unnamed Yale professor, thus giving the impression that Yale shares Harvard's disquiet. Fact is that the man you quote is, like Freund, Harvard-and-Frankfurter trained and oriented. By far the bulk of us in the constitutional law field here at Yale are delighted, not disquieted, that the Court has turned to the Black-Douglas philosophy.

FRED RODELL
Professor of Law

Yale University
New Haven, Conn.

Sir: Your account of the modern Supreme Court was incisive and well written. This Court's vigorous support given to antitrust legislation could also have been cited as an example of progressive activ-…g to preserve a system of com-…terprise. In my opinion, the pres-… will be regarded as the finest …days of Chief Justice John Mar-…

WILLIAM N. LEONARD

…University
…d, N.Y.

…e story of Hugo Black hits a new …rk in commenting on law for … I wonder what would have hap-… great Hugo if he had not been … of a teetotaler or if he had ever, … challenged him to do, joined me …ork Club with Broun, Benchley …ber?

MORRIS L. ERNST

…k City

…was indeed a teetotaler until the …5, but now drinks an occasional …bourbon": Virginia Gentleman …ge juice on the rocks.—ED.

… are to be commended for a … explication of the mechanics of …t, the character of its Justices, …in affirmation of the institution's …nature—the most reliable curator …dual liberties that a free society …een able to devise.

KEN LANGSDORF

…

…: The activist Supreme Court is a …er-legislative body beyond the checks … balances of the other two branches of the Government. It is sacrosanct, Olympian and inviolate. The founding fathers would be shocked out of their breeches.

HAROLD J. SACHS

Mount Vernon, N.Y.

Justice Warren's Report

Sir: Whilst we all knew that Lee Oswald was guilty, this report gave us the confidence that no shadow of doubt remained and that this degenerate was the man who fired the weapon which so untimely curbed the life of a man whose magnitude has never been equaled.

J. AVRAMESCU

Haifa, Israel

Sir: The Warren Commission simply would not dare to let out any other verdict than the one now made public, because everybody in the U.S.—including the Warren Commission—wanted so badly to believe this was the way it happened. The whole nation would be in turmoil if the Commission had disclosed something to support the "rumors." Now the majority of people are lulled into believing that Kennedy was shot by one mentally disturbed person—and he in turn by another—under the watchful eye of the law. It's a good thing nobody shot Ruby. It could have set off a chain reaction of Americans killing each other one by one.

MATTI FORSS

Helsinki, Finland

Sir: I was interested to see Lee Oswald's pseudonym, "Alek James Hidell." Note that "Hidell" can be considered a contraction for "Hide" and "Jekell." It seems to me that we have here some evidence—of a speculative psychodynamic sort—that in the adoption of this pseudonym, Oswald gave (unconscious?) recognition to his own mentally unbalanced identity.

JACK SHAND
Associate Professor, Psychology
Gettysburg College
Gettysburg, Pa.

Sir: One of your pictures leaves me very confused. The itinerary shown by the red arrow places the President very close to the Book Depository building on Elm Street. Kennedy might very well be alive had the motorcade followed the logical traject: straight along Main Street. What was that detour to Elm Street for?

BEL DE PINHO

Toronto, Ont.

▶ *The most direct route to the Trade Mart, where Kennedy was to have spoken, was via the Stemmons Freeway. A concrete traffic barrier and "No Turn" signs prevent traffic from turning from Main Street onto the freeway, but not from Elm Street.*—ED.

Sir: I wonder how it can be explained that Secret Service Agent Kellerman heard the President say, "My God, I am hit," while the medical evidence shows that the first bullet hit the President's back and ripped the windpipe. Could the President have been able to talk if his windpipe had been injured?

RUDOLF BENDA, M.D.

Austinville, Va.

▶ *The bullet only nicked his windpipe and did not sever it.*—ED.

Preachers in Politics

Sir: My statement on Senator Goldwater's candidacy [Oct. 9] was contained in a sermon from my pulpit as rabbi of Temple B'Nai Abraham, and not as president of the American Jewish Congress, which is a nonpartisan organization and which does not support or oppose candidates for political office. The fact that Senator Goldwater has seen fit not to repudiate the support of ultra-right-wing extremist groups, for example, seems to me a matter of profound concern. I considered it my duty as rabbi of my congregation to speak out on these dangers. Some of the letters I have received as a reaction to my sermon, containing the most vitriolic and anti-Semitic attacks I have ever seen, bear out my contention.

RABBI JOACHIM PRINZ

New York City

Sir: To any of the ministers or priests who have dubbed Barry Goldwater an "extremist," I have only one comment: all the great heroes of the faith such as Moses, Noah, Christ and the Apostles would today be called "extremists." Their lives and testimony changed the world. Praise God for these voices in the wilderness!

G. RENE HALL

Clawson, Mich.

Sir: I am weary of hearing that "ministers and priests should stick to saving souls and leave politics alone" from people who certainly know nothing about saving souls and probably little about politics and who, after the smoke clears, are often the first to ask why the church didn't do something! Any clergyman will tell you that he is in the most damned-if-you-do-damned-if-you-don't calling in the world!

(THE REV.) KIERAN MARTIN
St. Francis of Assisi Church
Brooklyn

Sir: As solace to these men of the cloth, may I quote a minister in Connecticut who in 1796 when Jefferson became Vice President prayed, "O Lord! Wilt Thou bestow upon the Vice President a double portion of Thy grace, for Thou knowest he needs it."

V. JOHNSON

Saginaw, Mich.

Eisenhower (Earl) v. Stevenson (III)

Sir: The letter by young Adlai Stevenson III [Oct. 2] contains several erroneous statements about Charles Percy that deserve to be corrected. Percy declared throughout the Republican primary campaign that he would support the presidential-candidate choice of the Illinois delegation because he wanted to be judged strictly on his merits as a gubernatorial candidate. The 1964 Republican platform does not repudiate the 1960 platform; in

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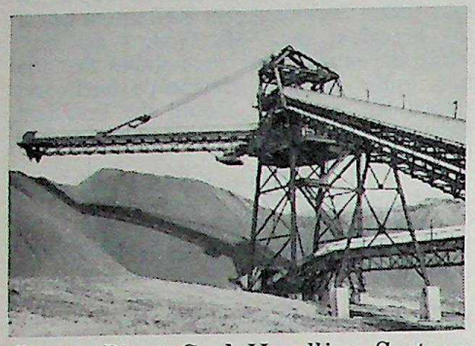
BULK MATERIAL HANDLING SYSTEMS



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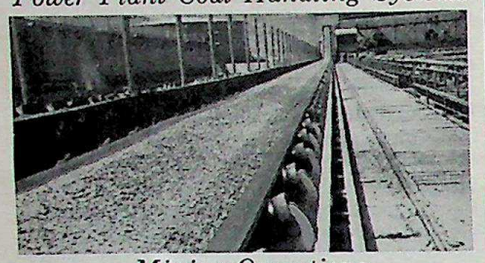

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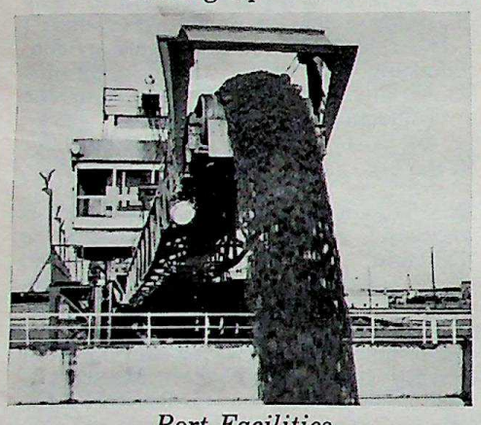

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fact, it explicitly states that it reaffirms all pledges in the 1960 platform still relevant in 1964. Percy did not "duck" any votes in San Francisco. He went to great lengths to record his vote on every amendment. He voted against the civil rights amendment because it was imprecise and confusing, and would have weakened the civil rights plank instead of strengthening it. He voted for Governor Romney's extremism amendment. Finally, Percy has supported the Fair Employment Practices Act in Illinois because he thinks it exemplifies Lincoln's principle that "wanting to work should be encouraged." He has consistently opposed open occupancy because experience in other states proves that it is ineffective, bad law.

TIME is right in pointing out Percy's "deep, dogged, idealism."

EARL EISENHOWER

LaGrange Park, Ill.

Matter of Statistics

Sir: Re your article on the Philippines [Oct. 9], you wrote that our unemployment is 6% of our population and that our average income is only $120 per annum. Actually, our unemployment is 600,000 out of a labor force of 11 million and population of 30 million. This is only 6% of the labor force, or 2% of the population. Our per capita income is $120, the third highest in Asia. Our average income is $360 per annum.

HILARION M. HENARES JR.
Chairman

National Economic Council
Manila

Ultrasound Surgery

Sir: As a member of the eye-care profession, I was impressed with your presentation concerning ultrasonic surgery. I wondered, however, why the newest surgical techniques should be coupled with the oldest and most unsatisfactory method of optically correcting post-cataract surgery. The thick glass lens, besides being a cosmetic problem, will limit the young man to a monocular, or one-eyed, existence caused by magnification differences between his two eyes. Wouldn't a contact lens be more satisfactory?

MICHAEL S. KIRSCH, O.D.

Newburgh, N.Y.

▶ *If Jimmy Cassidy ever regains useful vision in his injured eye, he will be fitted with a contact lens.*—ED.

Rome & Religious Freedom

Sir: I was a bit disturbed by the TIME story that said that I was the "principal author of the declaration" on religious freedom [Oct. 2]. This is not true. I had nothing to do with the text that was submitted at the session, though I did write a formidable set of footnotes for it.

JOHN COURTNEY MURRAY, S.J.

Rome

Elvis Beats the Beatles

Sir: Please allow us to clarify a statement in your story "The Beatle Business" [Oct. 2], which implied that more records by the Beatles have been sold than by Elvis Presley. You undoubtedly refer to the certified awards by the Record Industry Association, which date back only to 1958. Some of Mr. Presley's biggest hits on singles were produced in prior years.

HENRY BRIEF
Executive Secretary

Record Industry
Association of America
New York City

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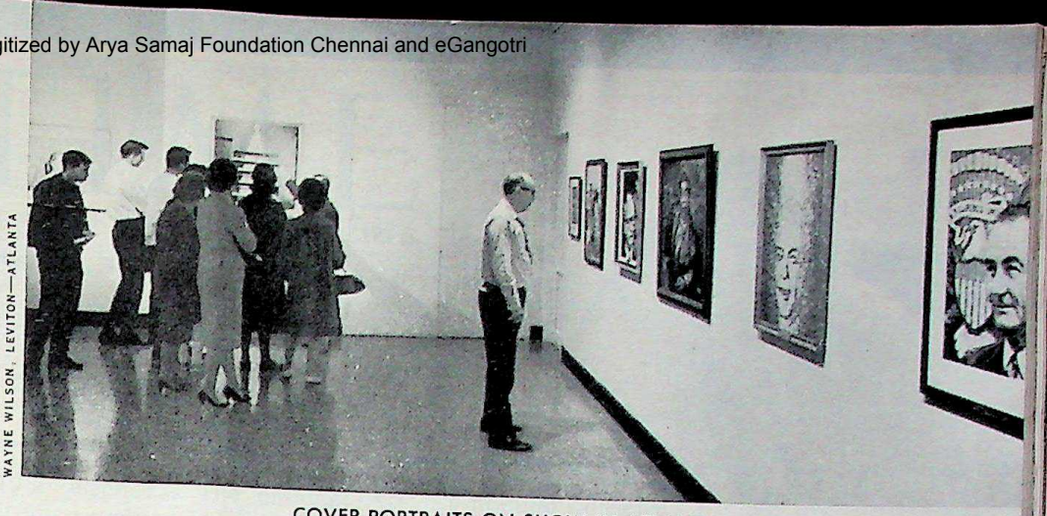

WAYNE WILSON, LEVITON—ATLANTA

COVER PORTRAITS ON SHOW IN ATLANTA

A letter from the PUBLISHER

Bernhard M. Auer

MORE than any other publication in the world, TIME makes consistent use of and gives international exposure to the art of portraiture. Our cover is almost always a painting of an individual by a contemporary artist, who not only limns a likeness but also makes a statement through his treatment of both the subject and the background. Last week a new exhibition of original paintings for the cover of TIME opened a North American tour at the Atlanta Art Association.

When TIME readers see such a collection of cover paintings, they often express surprise at the wide variety of styles, sizes and mediums. The new show contains 60 works (the number will vary from city to city, depending on the space available in galleries and museums), done in oil, charcoal, tempera, oil on gesso, ink and wash, and pen and ink. The wide variety is not surprising when it is noted that the paintings are the work of 19 different artists. They include some of the world's leading portraitists: Pietro Annigoni, Boris Artzybasheff, Ernest Hamlin Baker, Aaron Bohrod, René Bouché, Bernard Buffet, Boris Chaliapin, James Chapin, William Dobell, Guy Rowe ("Giro"), Russell Hoban, Joe Jones, John Koch, Henry Koerner, Bernard Safran, Ben Shahn, Rufino Tamayo, Robert Vickrey and Henriette Wyeth Hurd.

After Atlanta, where the exhibition will be on view until Oct. 28th, it will move on to the J. B. Speed Art Museum in Louisville, Akron Art Institute, George Sherman Union at Boston University, Tennessee Fine Arts Center in Nashville, Vancouver Art Gallery, Royal Ontario Museum at the University of Toronto, Joslyn Art Museum in Omaha, Willistead Art Gallery of Windsor (Ontario), Seattle Art Museum, Denver Art Museum, Colorado Springs Fine Arts Center, Salt Lake Art Center, M. H. De Young Memorial Museum in San Francisco, Fine Arts Gallery of San Diego, Phoenix Art Museum, and Milwaukee Art Center.

We get a great satisfaction, of course, in giving TIME readers an opportunity to see the original cover paintings. Beyond this, however, we hope that this effort will add to the public interest in and appreciation of the old and honored art of portraiture. Through the years, as artistic fashions changed and technology advanced, the human face has been blurred by the visions of the impressionists, broken up and reassembled by the cubists, lost entirely in abstraction—and caught in the glaring lens of the camera. We believe that the portraitist, looking beneath the surface and illuminating character, will continue to have an important place in journalism—and in history.

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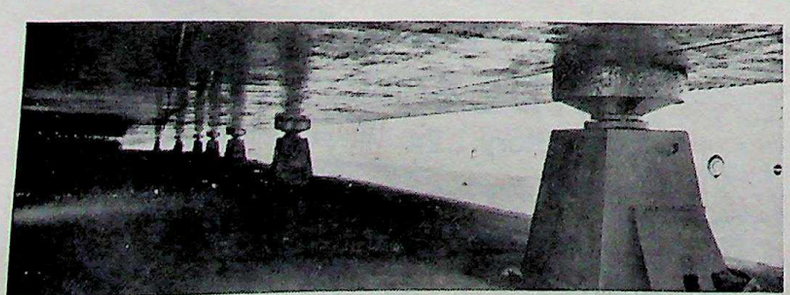
PICTURE OF A MAN SUPPORTING A 100,000-TON SHI

Have you ever heard of *jacking-up* a ship? Not a normal maritime term—as yet. But it may well be soon, because that's just what this shipyard worker is doing. And he's doing it with air. For at Rotterdam's Verolme yard the method of dry docking is as unconventional as it is fast.



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TIME
THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE
October 16, 1964 Vol. 84, No. 16

THE U.S.

THE CAMPAIGN

The Essence of Johnsonism

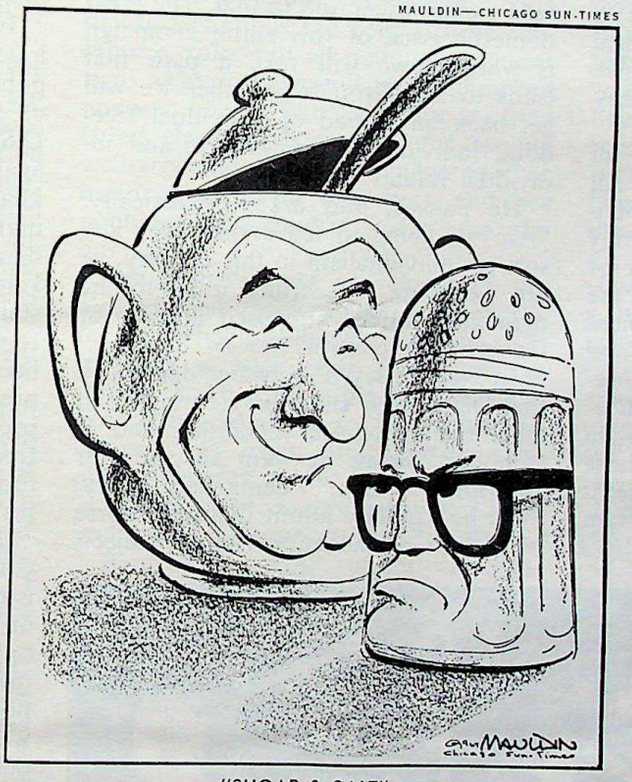
The pace of the presidential campaign was quickening. Lyndon Johnson, Barry Goldwater, Hubert Humphrey and Bill Miller all were out hitting the hustings as hard as they could. Both Johnson and Goldwater made major political appearances on national television. To the President, the choice was whether the U.S. "will move ahead by building on the solid structure created by forward-looking men of both parties over the past 30 years. Or whether we will begin to tear down this structure and move in a radically different, and—I believe—a deeply dangerous direction." To Goldwater, the TV presentation was an occasion for simplifying complex issues, such as that of a balanced federal budget: "When we live within our income, the dollar has stability. When we live outside our income, the dollar has instability."

Help from the Moderates. As the campaign entered its final weeks, Goldwater was getting some much-needed help from leaders of moderate Republicanism. New York's Governor Nelson Rockefeller, who had been publicly silent about the national Republican ticket, now said publicly that he was for "Barry and Bill all the way," praised Goldwater as "a man of courage and integrity who has not ducked the issues."

Richard Nixon, in the midst of a cross-country campaign trip, declared in Chicago: "President Johnson's attack on Senator Goldwater on the NATO nuclear weapons issue is political demagoguery at its worst. It is President Johnson's, not Goldwater's, position on this issue which is reckless and irresponsible."

Pennsylvania's Governor William Scranton, who went down to the wire against Goldwater in San Francisco, has set up an eight-state speaking tour for Goldwater. In Stratford, Conn., Scranton deftly criticized Johnson's Administration by comparing it unfavorably with the Kennedy Administration. "The Johnson Administration," said Governor Scranton, "has washed away the last traces of the style and grace that a whole generation of Americans forged in the 1960 elections. The national Administration welters in a sea of clichés, of easy answers that are no answers at all, in a boisterous atmosphere that has no style and—most Americans fear—little depth either."

As for Goldwater himself, he let it be known that he was changing his strategy, would no longer discuss "nit-picking issues," from now on would couch his campaign in broad terms of the virtues of conservatism as opposed to liberalism—which in his lexicon comes out as "Socialism."



"SUGAR & SALT"
Love v. "Socialism."

And what about Lyndon Johnson? Last week he was out campaigning as if his life depended on it, expressing the philosophy that historians may one day call Johnsonism.

Scorning the Adage. The essence of Johnsonism begins with the proposition that politics is a profession in which anything can be accomplished, and that success is mandatory. To achieve, it is only necessary to "reason together," for in a democracy it is always possible to find a majority that will agree on some compromise. This means that the compromiser should never state things too boldly—should, in fact, blur the edges of most big questions, unless, of course, a popular consensus has already chosen the bolder course.

Johnsonism means effective action to get a major bill passed (civil rights) or a major annoyance done away with (such as Congressional efforts toward curbing the Supreme Court's redistricting decision). Johnsonism scorns the adage that a statesman is known by the enemies he has made, and believes that it is possible to do something for everybody. It calls for an identification with the entire populace, and using the populace's own words to talk to it. It is part sentimentality, part love; part forceful action, part slick derring-do. It believes unswervingly in the present and thinks the future can be better—under the benign guidance of Johnsonism.

The Joy of Being Beloved

"I hope," said President Johnson in New Orleans, "if you do what you think is right, that somehow or other it is the same thing that I think is right. But if it is not, I won't question your patriotism. I won't question your Americanism. I won't question your ancestry. I may—quietly, in the sanctity of our bedroom—whisper to Lady Bird my own personal opinion about your judgment."

Lyndon does not just want to be elected in November. He does not merely want the biggest landslide in history. He wants to feel himself beloved by everybody. Last week, in the course of his barnstorming trip through 15 states, he thought he saw evidence that he is.

"A Nation of Lovers." His crowds were big and enthusiastic. He drew 200,000 in Des Moines, where Democratic Governor Harold Hughes told him: "This is the greatest reception in the history of Iowa." He attracted 70,000 in Peoria, Ill., and Democratic Senator Paul Douglas said that Lyndon's were "the largest crowds I've ever seen in central Illinois." Some 250,000 jammed downtown Louisville for his motorcade, 85,000 shouldered their way into Nashville's War Memorial Square, 40,000 assembled in Indianapolis.

At various times, the President sucked on gumdrops to ease a hoarse throat, threw a high school band off key by marching into its midst to autograph

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the bass drum and led his own cheers with the help of a bullhorn, crying: "All the way with L.B.J."

On the rostrum, Johnson rhapsodized about U.S. prosperity, world peace and "the great society." Said he in Raleigh: "There are so many more things that unite us than divide us. There are so many more people in the world that love instead of hate—and we ought to be a nation of lovers, not of haters." In the same speech, Lyndon declared: "I hear those who are frantic and who sometimes are hysterical. But every day, as I go abroad in this land, I see, by the hundreds of thousands, men, women and children who love freedom and know they have it and appreciate it and are going to preserve it and protect it."

"Forgive Them, Lord." In Indianapolis, Johnson said: "Only those should lead us who, in the words of the Scripture, are 'swift to hear, slow to speak, slow to wrath.' As long as I am President, that will be my policy." He pointed to the cross atop a nearby Episcopal cathedral and implored his followers to "turn the other cheek" when political opponents say "ugly things." "Forgive them, Lord," cried Johnson. "They know not what they do."

In Peoria, Johnson said: "Yes, all day I have seen your smiling faces. All day I have looked into your happy countenances. All day I have seen the family life, the mothers and the children of America here in the heartland of the great State of Illinois, and those voices sound powerful to me. They sound clear. They sound free. And when I return to the White House, and the policemen turn the keys on those locks on those big black gates, and I get to those few acres that are back of our house, it is going to be folks like you that sustain me in my labors and my thoughts."

Barry's Big Issue

Candidate Goldwater plainly has decided that the essence of Johnsonism is socialism, and he is making that the big, belated issue of his campaign. Last week he repeated the theme time and again.

"The issues," said he in Ardmore, Pa., "are an all-powerful central government versus the federal system that we have lived under and prospered under; it is a socialized economy *v.* a free economy that we have prospered under and lived under. It is these two things that the American people are deciding when they go to the polls this coming November."

Speaking in Washington to a United Press International convention, Barry kept it up. "Some people," he said, "just assume that some sort of socialism, or whatever name they give it, is inevitable, that most Americans really favor it, and that the only real political issues are choices between how far or how fast. I take violent exception to that. The great domestic issue of this entire campaign is whether we will take a path that leads to socialism, or whether we will get back on a road of individual freedom, individual responsibility, and individual initiative."

He paused, and asked rhetorically: "Are we going to leave room for any sort of individualism in this country, or are we going to sacrifice it all to the demands and the supposed benefits of Government control?"

In New Jersey, Goldwater demanded that Democrats "stop pussyfooting," and label their program socialism. And in Lubbock, Texas, he went all out after Johnson. "When," demanded Barry, "will he candidly admit that our course is toward socialism, or, if he rejects socialism, will he tell how he will oppose it and its spokesmen? Oh, how I wish the parties could fight this out. I refuse to dignify the party by associating the name 'Democratic' with it, but I wish they would accent the term 'Socialist Party,' because, whether they know it or not, whether they like it or not, this is the road they are on."

Still speaking of Lyndon, Goldwater concluded: "Of course, when he gets back here to Texas and has those high-heeled boots on, and that ten-gallon hat, and he calls you 'Pardner,' he sounds like a conservative banker. But I can tell you in Washington when he wears just plain old shoes and says, 'How do you do,' he speaks an entirely different language, that of the radical liberals. And whether he likes it or not, or even knows it, he is backing socialism."

Cuba & Kisses

Republican vice-presidential nominee William Miller, who had been having a hard time with hecklers amid scanty audiences, found things were looking up.

In Augusta, Ga., a crowd of 5,000 loudly cheered Miller's vow that a Republican victory will mean recognition of a Cuban government in exile and U.S. permission for renewed exile raids against Castro. At Miami Stadium, 30 khaki-clad survivors of the Bay of Pigs marched across the rain-soaked baseball diamond to present Miller with a "recovered emblem"—a gold-knobbed flagstaff representing their Battalion 2506. It was flagless, they bitterly explained, because their battalion flag had been presented to John F. Kennedy, who had promised that it would be returned "in a free Havana." The emblem was now on tour as a prop in the fund-raising effort for the Kennedy Memorial Library.

Before 4,000 spectators, half of them Cubans, Miller declared: "This Administration's* greatest shame is the Bay of Pigs. It backed away from its own opportunity to redeem the freedom of the Cuban people. In doing so, it sacrificed the Monroe Doctrine, which once was the irrevocable guarantee of self-determination for all the peoples of the Americas."

Meanwhile, Miller's Democratic counterpart, Hubert Humphrey, was getting even more heated up in the enthusiasm of the campaign. Outside San Jose, Calif., he halted his motorcade in mid-procession to change a wilted shirt for a fresh one. In Sharon, Pa., he lost his wristwatch and cuff links to a mob of squealing girls. At Erie, a contingent of 63 teen-age Demzelles formed a corridor between Hubert's platform and his limousine, begged to be allowed to kiss him. Each got her wish as Hubert beamingly worked his way down the line, allowing all 63 girls a peck. It looked like more fun than kissing babies.

JOHN AUSTAD—CHICAGO TRIBUNE

JOHNSON & DES MOINES CROWD

Whispered opinions in the sanctity of the bedroom.

* In claiming credit for achievements, President Johnson describes both his regime and that of his predecessor as "this Administration." So do Republicans in assessing blame.

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UPI

JR., PEGGY, PEGGY JR.

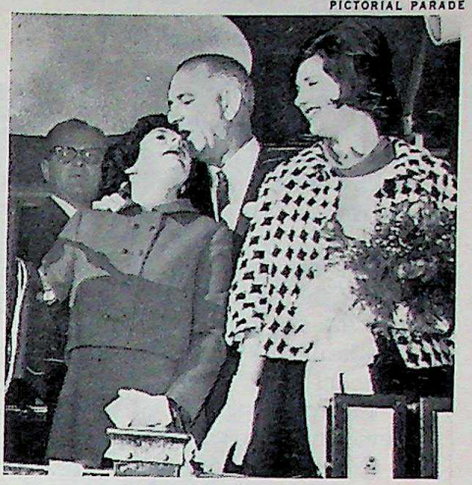
BILL RAY—LIFE

STEPHANIE, LIBBY, MARY KAREN

PHIL BATH

MURIEL

PICTORIAL PARADE



LADY BIRD, LYNDON, LYNDA

Soft words, dimples, scrambled eggs and stewardesses for Dad.

Working for Father

If nothing else, the 1964 campaign ought to set a record for family toughness on the hustings. A rally is really a rally these days without a Johnson, Goldwater, Humphrey or their wife, daughter, son or in-law somewhere on the scene.

• THE JOHNSONS. Although she says she gets butterflies before every public appearance, Lady Bird is a veteran campaigner, has already rolled up 55,000 miles on the road for Lyndon this year. Last week she left Washington aboard a train called *The Lady Bird Special*, headed down South through eight states, made 42 whistle-stops at wide spots along the roadbed like Ahoskie, N.C., where Lady Bird's was the first passenger train to stop in twelve years.

In speeches from the observation platform, Lady Bird noted what she likes about the South ("Not a place of geography, but a place of the heart"), followed through prideful recitals of Lyndon's accomplishments and usually wound up with a ladylike soft sell: "I am proud of his record and I hope you will want to continue it."

Both Johnson daughters—Luci, 17, and Lynda, 20—were on the train, made brief speeches punctuated with dimples and fond comments about "Daddy." After hecklers in Columbia, S.C., booed Lady Bird's talk, Lynda marched up to a microphone, snapped angrily, "I know these rude comments were not made by people from the good state of South Carolina but by people from the state of confusion." Besides last week's whistle-stopping, both girls have appeared regularly at weekend political rallies and cookouts all over the country. To guarantee big crowds, their appearances usually bolstered by big-name entertainers such as Sammy Davis, the Supremes Four or Folksingers Peter, Paul and Mary.

• THE GOLDWATERS. As a rule, Barry Goldwater's wife Peggy simply stays on the side, smiling shyly when she is introduced and saying little or nothing. Last week Peggy left Barry's elbow, went to her girlhood home town of Muncie, Ind., to campaign a bit. For moral support, she had in tow all four of her children—Barry Jr., 26, Mike, 24, Joanne (Mrs. Thomas H. Ross), 28, and Peggy Jr. (Mrs. Richard Arlen Holt), 20. Peggy made no formal speeches in Muncie, said flatly, "One speaker in the family is enough." Next day in Columbus she held a press conference, ruled out all political questions right away, and wound up handing out nuggets about Barry's favorite food (fried chicken), her secret for staying well-groomed while campaigning (her hairdresser travels with her), and her hobbies (grandchildren, of whom she has four).

But Barry's boys are chips off the old political block. Mike, who works for a Phoenix bank, averages 20 speeches a week, fills free hours in strange towns by going to the local G.O.P. headquarters to help stuff envelopes. He even campaigns in airplanes between stops, says confidently: "I haven't met a stewardess yet who isn't going to support Dad."

Barry Jr., a Los Angeles stockbroker, delivers seven speeches a day, faithfully echoes his father's views by saying that "women and children are less safe on our streets than ever before," bringing in the names of Bobby Baker and Billie Sol Estes in conjunction with the Johnson Administration, and constantly insisting that "you can't compromise with Communism." Says Barry Jr. of the family's efforts: "We are going out and working for the old man; we are working hard."

• THE HUMPHREYS. Silver-haired and soft-spoken, Muriel Humphrey is a motherly political pro on the campaign trail. Last month she made a solo six-state Midwest tour, gave warm little speeches to audiences ranging from 3,000 college kids in Madison, Wis., to 250 burly steelworkers and their wives in Waukegan, Ill. Her approach is always low-key. Says Muriel: "As a wife, mother and now a grandmother, I believe that the election of the Johnson-Humphrey ticket is vital to the security of our children."

Regularly, Muriel holds what she calls "press receptions," explains that "if I call it a press conference, it would sound as though I know everything about everything." When reporters ask touchy political questions, Muriel demurs: "I hate to be drawn too far into the politics of it. My husband is the trained politician." Muriel is slated to make other trips by herself this month. But last week she left Hubert's entourage for a few days, confided she was happy to get away from hotel living for a while. "I just feel like scrambling my own eggs," she said.

Other members of the Humphrey family are less involved. Son-in-Law Bruce Solomonson and Son Hubert Jr., 22, have made only occasional visits to young Democrats' rallies.

• THE MILLERS. Bill Miller's wife Stephanie, 41, and daughters Elizabeth Anne ("Libby"), 20, and Mary Karen, 17, are pleasing adornments to his rough-tough campaign. Libby has given several demure speeches, which she laboriously writes herself, to Republican youth clubs, while Mary Karen has begun to make the G.O.P. weekend cookout circuit.

Mrs. Miller, a quiet, handsome brunette, warmed slowly to the campaign, but has begun to take it in stride. Last week she went alone to Alabama, visited half a dozen cities to kick off a Republican women's doorbell-ringing campaign called "Bells for Barry and Bill." She made no formal speeches, avoided politics with reporters, but gently shook hundreds of hands and smiled prettily all the while.

Mrs. Miller is of Polish extraction and her husband usually sends her in to warm up audiences of Polish-American groups. On these occasions, she is often accompanied by her Polish-speaking mother, Mrs. Stephen Wagner, who still draws tap beer at Wagner's Town Tavern, her late husband's bar on the outskirts of Buffalo, when she isn't politicking for her son-in-law. Says Stephanie Miller of her part in the campaign: "I see my role as a helpmate. When people have put their faith in you to run for this office and tell you so, it's a wonderfully rewarding thing. This campaign isn't old-hat or blasé to me yet. It's the most exciting thing that ever happened."

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CALIFORNIA

Who Is the Good Guy?

(See Cover)

When Pierre Salinger speaks, his lips move with the relish of a winetaster and his jowls quiver like jelly in a railroad dining car. He does not use a text, but he ad-libs exceedingly well, having had substantial practice with White House reporters. He spreads his fingers apart, then waves both hands in the air, looking for all the world like a Dutch windmill that has learned how to smoke a cigar.

Pierre Salinger, 39, is the Democratic Senator from California.

When George Murphy speaks, the easy Irish charm of an old-style city ward heeler pours forth. His blue eyes, set off by pink cheeks and carefully coifed, grey-streaked hair, throw a friendly glint. At the slightest sound of applause, Murphy is transported happily back to the heyday, 25 years ago, when he song-and-danced his way across the nation's cinema screens. Then the ham in him surfaces, and he talks and talks and talks until his aides tug at him and tell him it is time to quit.

George Murphy, 62, wants to be the Republican Senator from California.

Bump in the Dark. As the most populous state in the Union (18 million); with 40 electoral votes, California is a crucial battleground in the national political contest. In California, there is no such thing as a political machine; there are only moving parts. California has almost every problem that any other state has, and some that other states never thought of. It is filled with radicals of both the left and the right; its political landscape is alive with sudden shadows, phosphorescent goblins, and things that go bump in the dark. In California, political issues ought to be piled sky-high. Yet the Salinger-Murphy campaign, typical of so many 1964 contests, rings with no real issues; there is only the battle of personalities and "images."

Last week, for example, Salinger and Murphy engaged in a face-to-face, no-holds-barred TV debate. They set out to tackle the issues. They wound up playing Drop That Name. For a full hour, the exchange went something like this:

Salinger: I have conferred with Secretary of Defense McNamara. I have conferred with Senator Magnuson, the chairman of the Senate Commerce Committee . . . I had a call this morning from Secretary of the Interior Stewart Udall . . .

Murphy: I know, for instance, Senator Dirksen quite well . . . J. Edgar Hoover, and all the rest.

Salinger: As Mr. Romulo told me—you know General Romulo . . .?

Murphy: Very well.

And so it went. In the end, most observers agreed that Murphy had projected himself as a real good guy. That should hardly have been surprising, since he has been playing the role professionally for all of his adult life. What was surprising was that Salinger, who has also gone a long way on a well-deserved reputation as a good guy, came across as a somewhat stuffy sort.

JIM COLLISON—PI

SALINGER & MURPHY IN TELEVISION DEBATE
"You know General Romulo?" "Very well."

Kittens & Rabbits. Salinger's showing came as a bit of a shock to those who remembered him as a White House press secretary who could always be counted on to enliven dull news days in the Kennedy years. Those were the days when Pierre delivered solemn pronouncements on little Caroline's Tom Kitten, or offered brisk communiqués about a trumpet-playing rabbit, or exhibited a grand disdain for the 50-mile hikes so highly recommended by the Kennedys. Considering his background, it is hard for many Californians to remember that Pierre is now a genuine U.S. Senator—one who has served for all of two months since his appointment to fill the seat of the late Clair Engle.

Pierre was born in San Francisco on June 14, 1925. His father, a New York-born mining engineer and a devoted amateur musician, died in a 1941 auto crash. His mother, daughter of a minor French politician-journalist, was and remains, in her sixties, an effervescent, amiable busybody with a penchant for supporting liberal causes. She now lives in Carmel, Calif., enjoys nothing more than regaling reporters with clinical details regarding the problems she had nursing little Pierre.

The Reporter. Pierre was a piano prodigy, at six played Haydn in a recital at the Canadian National Exposition in Toronto. But he finally concluded that the piano was not his forte, decided to forgo a musical career, although he still plays a passable Bach.

After a World War II stint in the navy, Pierre headed for a journalism career on the San Francisco Chronicle, finished college on the side, made a name for himself as a sharp investigative reporter. He deliberately got himself tossed into jails as a drunk and a vagrant, wrote a 17-part exposé on conditions that resulted in improvements in the county penal system.

The exposé also led to a new career for Salinger. In 1957, a big story was Dave Beck, the crooked boss of the Teamsters Union. *Collier's* Magazine assigned Salinger to write a series of articles about Beck, but the magazine folded before Pierre got into print. During the course of his work on Beck, Salinger met Bobby Kennedy, who was soon to be appointed counsel to the Senate subcommittee investigating labor racketeering. Bobby asked Pierre what he was going to do with the material he had gathered on Beck. Pierre offered it to Kennedy, and later was rewarded with a job as staff investigator for the committee. Among the subcommittee members: Massachusetts' Senator John F. Kennedy.

Outsider. By 1959, the subcommittee investigation had pretty well run its course, and Salinger was offered an attractive publicity job with the Democratic Advisory Council, an adjunct of the Democratic National Committee. He was tempted, and he said so to Bobby. Recalls Salinger: "He told me not to make a decision for 24 hours. The next morning J.F.K. called up and asked me to come to his office. He said he had heard about the job I was offered, and he hoped I wouldn't take it because he counted on me working in his presidential campaign."

J.F.K. was then running for the 1960 Democratic presidential nomination, and Salinger joined the team as chief press aide. The first few months were not happy ones for him. "The main problem," he says, "was that it took me quite a while to develop the kind of relationship with J.F.K. that I had with Bobby. I'd been hired completely on Bobby's say-so; J.F.K. and I did not know each other well. In fact, I was sort of an outsider to the group: Ted Sorensen, Kenny O'Donnell and Larry O'Brien had all worked with the Senator

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for for a long time. It took three or four months of traveling together to get to know each other well."

Ole Tex. But Salinger came to love his job and to worship Jack Kennedy. After Kennedy was elected, he named Salinger as his press secretary, and Pierre soon became an institution of his own. There was Pierre aboard the *Honey Fitz* in slacks of shocking pink; Pierre in blue and yellow shorts, chugging over the decorous grass tennis courts of Newport; Pierre flailing away on the Hyannis golf course while Kennedy watched in fond amusement; Pierre playing poker, sometimes at $1,000 a pot, with three wild cards; Pierre nursing his discriminating palate with fine wines and rich sauces at Washington's smart Le Bistro.

Sometimes White House newsmen got annoyed with Pierre's ways, thought he was considerably less than fastidious with facts. But by and large they came to admire him as a real pro, one who was calm, cool and correct in moments of real emergency, such as the Cuba missile crisis.

When Jack Kennedy died, part of Pierre died with him. Certainly the White House never again seemed the same to Salinger. Lyndon Johnson laughed at Pierre, not with him. Once Johnson ragged Salinger into playing the piano for visiting German Chancellor Ludwig Erhard—just after Soloist Van Cliburn had performed. On another occasion, Johnson cajoled Pierre into clambing aboard a horse at the L.B.J. Ranch, and while Salinger sat there like Humpty Dumpty, Lyndon whooped, "Ole Pierre Salinger!" Salinger is a man of humor, but he does not like to be made a fool of, and it was only a matter of time before he would leave Lyndon.

The time came early this year, when it became apparent that Clair Engle, dying then dying of brain cancer, would not be able to run for re-election. A struggle developed between California's Democratic Governor Pat Brown and Jesse ("Big Daddy") Unruh, speaker of the state assembly and California's most power-conscious Democrat. Brown wanted State Controller Alan Cranston to take over Engle's candidacy. Unruh wanted anyone Brown did not want. First, he persuaded State Attorney General Stanley Mosk to run in the Democratic primary. But Brown, in his turn, persuaded Mosk to withdraw. Big Daddy looked around for another candidate to pit against Cranston. He picked Pierre.

There was, of course, a problem: Salinger had been away from California for nine years, was now a voting resident of Virginia. But he was finally assured that all legal obstacles could be overcome, turned in his resignation to President Johnson, flew to San Francisco, and filed for the Democratic primary only two hours before the deadline. Behind him, he left his second wife Nancy, whom he married in 1957. A talented ceramist, Nancy has been staying on in Virginia to care for the three Salinger children. Pierre was awarded their custody after divorcing his first wife.

After Salinger had announced his candidacy, Pat Brown exploded. Pierre, he declared, was nothing but "a rookie." But he changed his mind after Pierre whipped Cranston by 140,000 votes in the primary. Pierre, Brown now cried, was "the rookie of the year." Pat appointed Salinger to fill out Engle's term when the Senator died in July. Pierre's incumbency would presumably help him in his campaign against the Republican nominee.

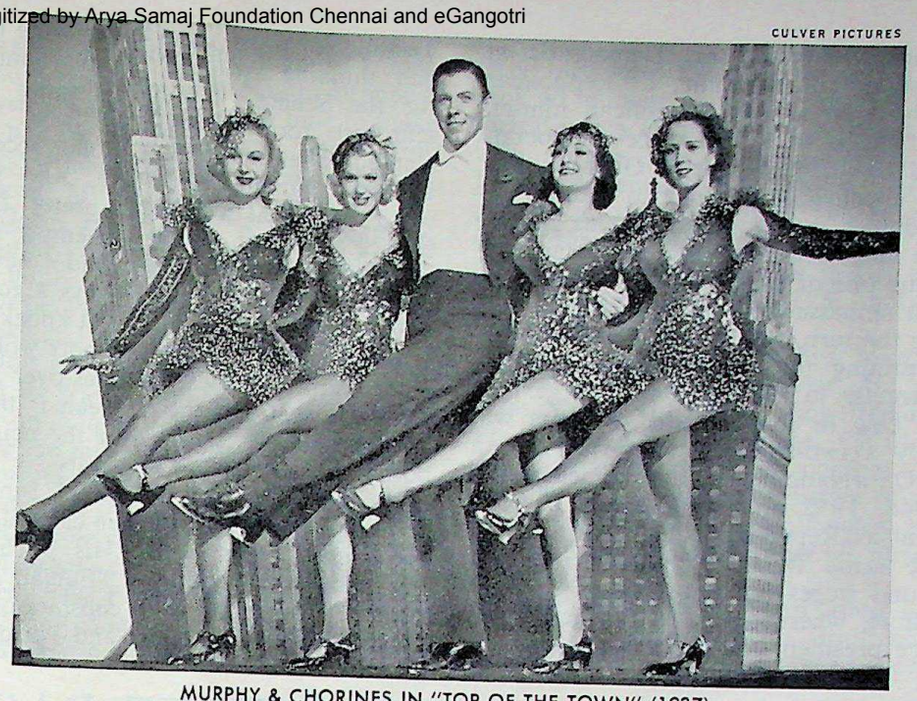
Shoot the Works. Then and now, many Democrats figured George Murphy as a pushover for Pierre. Murphy, quite naturally, sees himself differently. "I consider myself a human engineer," he says. "I've done a lot of things in my life, and I have had a broader chance to study people than anyone I know. I've lived in every kind of place, from Beverly Hills to Hell's Kitchen. And I've worked in speakeasies and in big corporations and everything in between—mines and garages."

Born in New Haven, Conn., the son of an Olympic coach, Murphy attended Yale. Never a good student, he ran out of money and dropped out of college after two years, puttered around with odd jobs until he met a Detroit dancer named Juliette Henkel. Julie taught him some steps, they got married in 1926, and embarked upon the kind of career of which movies are made. They danced together in nightclubs, and those jobs led George to Broadway hits: he played juvenile leads in *Good News, Of Thee I Sing* (in which George portrayed a wiseacre White House press secretary), *Hold Everything* and *Roberta.*

Lana & Oscar. Then on to Hollywood, where George was a natural, most often appearing as the likable, big-hearted guy who might have won the girl in the end if he had not spent so much time doing paradiddles with his toe-taps. He danced with Shirley Temple in *Little Miss Broadway,* with much leggier chorines in *Top of the Town.* He played opposite Ginger Rogers in *Tom, Dick and Harry* (Murph was Tom), hoofed with Judy Garland in *Little Nellie Kelley,* romped with Cinemoppet Liz Taylor in *Cynthia,* and twirled in *Two Girls on Broadway* with Starlet Lana Turner. All that Murphy will recall for the record about that picture was that "Lana was lazy. But when she put on a sweater, no one cared about her working habits."

Frankly, Murphy was no great shakes at the box office, a fact well realized by his boss, M-G-M's Louis B. Mayer. But Mayer liked Murphy for other reasons. As a two-term president of the Screen Actors Guild, Murphy had helped clean out left-wingers and labor racketeers who had infiltrated the movie industry. Along the way,

CULVER PICTURES



MURPHY & CHORINES IN "TOP OF THE TOWN" (1937)
"Don't knock the good guys."

CECIL W. STOUGHTON

GOLFERS KENNEDY & SALINGER
Then he was laughed with, not at.

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Murphy dropped his Democratic affiliation and became a Republican. Mayer, an ardent Republican himself, had heard Murphy deride Democrats, and he liked the cut of George's gibe. He encouraged Murphy to take on after-dinner speaking assignments. Before too long, Murphy hung up his taps, became one of Hollywood's busiest goodwill ambassadors, and with Mayer calling the turn, received an Oscar for "interpreting the motion-picture industry correctly to the country at large."

"Low to the Ground." Politics was only a two-step away. Murphy was a G.O.P. National Convention delegate in 1948, 1952 and 1956, served a brief stint as Republican state chairman. At the same time, he moved from the sound stages into moviedom's business offices, where today he functions as a vice president for public relations with Technicolor Corp. And last year he began thinking seriously about running for the Senate. "I had this thing researched for months," he says. "I wanted to learn if people would accept an actor running for office. And the word was that I had a pretty fair chance. After all, people remember me from all those old movies, and I never played a bad guy. I was always a good guy. It sounds corny, but don't knock it. I found that my biggest support would come from the ladies, the ones over 35. They are real workers. I mean if they are for you, they go all over the neighborhood like a pack of muskrats."

Murphy easily won the G.O.P. Senate nomination, and he has been campaigning tirelessly ever since. His pitch is Basic Barry. Liberals are "Fabian Socialists." Democrats are a conspiratorial sort, and the words Yalta and Potsdam fall easily from Murphy's lips as places and names of derision. On issues such as the nuclear test ban, federal aid to education and medicare, Murphy hews close to the Goldwater line, but he disagrees with Barry on the Civil Rights Act and foreign aid.

He has sidestepped California's hottest state issue: repeal of the Rumford Act against racial discrimination in housing (TIME, Sept. 25). In agricultural areas, Murphy wins votes for his stand favoring the *bracero* program, under which fruit and vegetable farmers hire immigrant labor from Mexico. "You have to remember," explains Murphy, "that Americans can't do that kind of work. It's too hard. Mexicans are really good at that. They are built low to the ground, you see, so it is easier for them to stoop."

As it must to all candidates, some

THE SENATE RACES

With 35 Senate seats at stake on Nov. 3, it is theoretically possible for the Republicans to erase the 66-34 majority now held by the Democrats. But there is not the remotest chance that they will, even though only nine of the contested seats belong to Republicans, while the Democrats must defend 26. State by state:

Arizona: Seeking Barry Goldwater's seat, three-term Governor Paul J. Fannin, 57, hopes to parlay his identification with the Goldwater team into victory. Democrat Roy L. Elson, 34, administrative assistant to Senate President Carl Hayden, is the underdog.

California: Democrat Salinger, 39, still leads, but Republican Murphy, 62, is moving up.

Connecticut: Former Republican Governor John Lodge, 61, a moderate, is walking a tightwire between zealous Goldwaterites in affluent Fairfield County and anti-Goldwaterites elsewhere. Incumbent Thomas J. Dodd, 57, a Democrat of independent mind, has backing from labor and Lyndon Johnson. Dodd should win.

Delaware: Republican John J. Williams, 60, the Senate's sharpest investigative bird dog, faces a rematch with Democratic Governor Elbert N. Carvel, 54, whom he trounced in 1958 by 10,000 votes. Carvel may benefit from a heavy Negro turnout, but Williams leads.

Florida: What worries Conservative Democrat Spessard L. Holland, 72, in his quest of a fourth term is not Republican Claude R. Kirk Jr., 38, a brawny ex-marine, but the size of his own majority. Holland, hands down.

Hawaii: The first American of Asian ancestry to be a Senator, Republican Hiram L. Fong, 57, has help from two disparate sources—Barry Goldwater and Harry Bridges' International Longshoremen's and Warehousemen's Union. Democrat Thomas P. Gill's haole (white man) origins are no help in multiracial Hawaii. Gill, 42, has the backing of the A.F.L.-C.I.O., but is slightly behind.

Indiana: Democratic Incumbent Vance Hartke, 55, whirls around in a helicopter, drops down wherever he sees a crowd. Republican D. Russell Bontrager, 56, a state senator who used to read the classics aloud to get rid of a Pennsylvania Dutch accent, flies his own Cessna 182. Hartke is ahead, but a big Goldwater victory in Indiana could trip him.

Maine: Incumbent Edmund S. Muskie, 60, whose election as Governor in 1954 heralded a deepening Democratic thrust into New England, was stuck in Washington for weeks while Republican Congressman Clifford McIntire, 56, was campaigning. Despite this and the fact that popular Senator Margaret Chase Smith is out on the hustings for McIntire, Muskie has a sizable edge in his second-term bid.

Maryland: With his strong appeal to young voters, Democrat Joseph D. Tydings, 36, son of the late Senator Millard Tydings, hopes to deny a third term to amiable Republican J. Glenn Beall, 70. Backlash votes may help Beall in southern Maryland, but Tydings stands to profit from a heavy Negro vote and an expected Johnson victory. Leaning to Tydings.

Massachusetts: Investment Broker Howard Whitmore Jr., 59, reluctantly agreed to oppose injured Democratic Senator Edward M. Kennedy, 32, but his outlook is decidedly bearish. Teddy should win without leaving his bed.

Michigan: Democrat Philip A. Hart, 51, won by 170,000 votes in his first try for the Senate, figures to do better this time. G.O.P. Candidate Elly M. Peterson, 49, wife of an Army colonel, ran for office once before, a city-council race in her home town of Charlotte (pop. 7,657), and lost.

Minnesota: Buttressed by Democratic-Farmer-Labor backing, Incumbent Eugene J. McCarthy, 48, would be heavily favored over Republican Wheelock Whitney, 38, mayor of the Minneapolis suburb of Wayzata, even without Favorite Son Hubert Humphrey on the national ticket.

Mississippi: Three-term Democrat John C. Stennis, 63, may or may not face opposition from the predominantly Negro Freedom Democratic Party, but it hardly matters. The surest bet around.

Missouri: Though he is favored, two-term Democrat Stuart Symington, 63, is running hard. He has Son Jimmy, a folk singer, strumming his banjo and playing things like *Cornbread 'Lasses and Sassafras Tea* in rural areas. Republican Jean Paul Bradshaw, 58, an Ozark Air Lines vice president, figures to trim Symington's 1958 plurality of 386,236, but not by enough.

Montana: G.O.P. Challenger Alex Blewett, 51, former speaker of the state house, keeps trying to get Senate Majority Leader Mike Mansfield, 61, into a debate, but mild Mike ignores him. Mansfield is one man who may lend Lyndon Johnson his coattails, instead of vice versa.

Nebraska: Facing token opposition from obscure Democrat Raymond W. Arndt, 58, Conservative Republican Roman L. Hruska, 60, is a shoo-in for his second term.

Nevada: In 1962, Democratic Senator Howard W. Cannon, 52, backed Republican Paul Laxalt for Lieutenant Governor. The idea was to keep Democratic Governor Grant Sawyer from vacating the statehouse this year and going after Cannon's job. Cannon blocked Sawyer, but now he has Laxalt to contend with. More dynamic than Cannon, Laxalt, 41, suffers from inexperience—and from Goldwater. Cannon by an inch.

New Jersey: Incumbent Harrison A. Williams Jr., 44, the state's first Democratic Senator since 1936, expects to profit from an anti-Barry "frontlash"

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disappointment has come to Campaigner Murphy. Just recently, he got himself hauled out to Antelope Valley, a desert crossroads that might have served as the eerie setting for *Bad Day at Black Rock*. Nothing went right. The head of the arrangements committee, a Mrs. Tucker, had borrowed five cars from the local Chevrolet dealer but had lost the keys. After Mr. Tucker rounded up a new set, Mrs. Tucker remembered that the door prize, a movie projector, had been left at home. Back home went Mr. Tucker.

Later, about 50 dignitaries tried to squeeze into the five cars for the ride to the local fairgrounds. Disgusted, Murphy wound up walking all the way to the fairgrounds, slogging to the speakers' stand through thick clouds of desert dust while Mrs. Tucker, in full pursuit, began to remonstrate with him. At length, Hollywood Star Wendell Corey, who had arrived early only to disappear mysteriously, turned up in time to make a half-incoherent speech about "my good friend and that great American, George Muffin!—I mean Murphy!"

Down the Barrel. As for Salinger, Murphy harbors only dark suspicions. "I think this guy is really vulnerable," says he. "He's a chubby little rascal who looks and sounds sly and disrespectful. If this guy was doing such an important job in Washington, how come he quit on an hour's notice? My cook would give me more notice than that! He was a *pressagent!* I'd like to ask him what he did for the President during the Cuban missile crisis. Did he hold his coat? Did he get a fresh supply of paper clips?"

No, says Pierre, who regards his role in the Kennedy Administration as the strongest point of his campaign. He freely dispenses the impression that he took an intimate part in the play of historical events. He punctuates his speeches with phrases like "I remember when President Kennedy . . ." He frequently alludes to the time that "we looked down the nuclear barrel" during the Cuba crisis, and he implies that it is a good thing, too, for the U.S. that he was there.

Spirited. Salinger also hits hard at Murphy's links to Goldwater. He accuses Murphy of having supported Dr. Fred Schwarz's ultra-right Christian Anti-Communism Crusade, charges that Murphy is an "arch-conservative of the same stripe as Senator Goldwater, but hasn't the courage to express his honest convictions."

Pierre has a swift, sharp mind and salts his addresses with impressive statistics. But lately he has been spend-

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in his second-term bid. Challenger Bernard M. Shanley, 61, a former aide to Dwight Eisenhower, is trying hard, but with scant chance.

New Mexico: A loner in the past, Republican Incumbent Edwin L. Mechem, 52, the only four-term Governor in the state's history (1951-54, 1957-58, 1961-62), is playing with Goldwater this year, and he might regret it. Able, four-term Congressman Joseph M. ("Little Joe") Montoya, 49, an adroit vote getter, has a name that is about as common in New Mexico, where nearly one-third of the voters are Spanish Americans, as John Smith is elsewhere. A tossup.

New York: Republican Senator Kenneth B. Keating, 64, has come on strong, could well salvage what looked like a losing cause. The carpetbagging issue, the widespread defection of Jewish and possibly Italian voters, and a strong feeling of sympathy for Keating as the underdog have badly eroded 38-year-old Democrat Robert F. Kennedy's early lead, and he may need a Lyndon landslide of well over 1,000,000 votes to ride in with the President. Keating ahead by a silvery hair.

North Dakota: Democrat Quentin N. Burdick, 56, is so worried about the G.O.P. Challenger Thomas Kleppe, 45, the aggressive ex-mayor of Bismarck, that he left Washington well before Congress adjourned to start campaigning. But he is the favorite, might get extra coattage from popular Democratic Governor William Guy's coattails.

Ohio: A magic name and a potent G.O.P. organization are 47-year-old Robert A. Taft Jr.'s trump cards, but Goldwater's name on top of the ticket is a deuce. Even so, it would probably take a 500,000-vote Johnson win to sweep crusty Incumbent Stephen M. Young, 75, into a second term. Leaning strongly to Taft.

Oklahoma: Lean, handsome Republican Bud Wilkinson, 48, has a great record as Sooner football coach going for him. Democrat Fred R. Harris, 33, who upset Incumbent Howard Edmondson in the party primary, has Johnson's coattails (he hopes) and the late Senator Bob Kerr's organization going for him. Wilkinson by a whisker.

Pennsylvania: Whatever votes Incumbent Republican Hugh Scott, 63, loses in conservative western Pennsylvania because of his dislike of Goldwater, he may recoup elsewhere for the same reason. But a Johnson sweep and a massive turnout by Negro voters could give the race to Democrat Genevieve Blatt, 51. A slight edge to Scott.

Rhode Island: Republican Ronald R. Lagueux, 33, executive counsel to Governor John Chafee, ran for the Senate as a favor to his boss. He stands no chance of thwarting 57-year-old Democrat John Pastore's bid for a third term.

Tennessee: In the only state with two Senate races, a couple of staunch Goldwater Republicans who have never won an election are challenging two veteran Democratic officeholders. Two-term Democrat Albert Gore, 57, is favored over Memphis Businessman Dan H. Kuykendall, 40. But Representative Ross Bass, 46, running to fill the last two years of the late Estes Kefauver's term, may have rougher sledding against Knoxville Attorney Howard Baker Jr., 39, who is Everett Dirksen's son-in-law. Still, the pro-Democratic Negro vote and displeasure over Goldwater's stand on TVA are expected to send two Democrats to the Senate again.

Texas: Republican George Bush, 40, has Democratic Incumbent Ralph Yarborough, 61, running scared. But Yarborough leads.

Utah: Democrat Frank E. Moss, 53, squeaked into the Senate with 38.7% of the vote in 1958 because two Republican opponents split the vote against him. This year he faces only one Republican, former Brigham Young University President Ernest L. Wilkinson, 65, whose conservatism packs potent appeal. The race is tight, but Lyndon will probably carry Moss back for a second term.

Vermont: In his second race against Republican Winston L. Prouty, 58, who won by 5,364 votes in 1958, Democrat Frederick J. Fayette, 53, has eight things going for him. One is Barry Goldwater, and the other seven are Fayette daughters (he has eleven children in all). The girls are stumping for him, plucking guitars and singing *Hello, Daddy*. But Prouty has the edge.

Virginia: The G.O.P. found somebody to oppose Democrat Harry Byrd, 77, but nobody doubts that Old Harry will go back to the Senate for his sixth term, or that Republican Richard A. May, 68, will go back to his Saluda cattle farm.

Washington: Republican Lloyd J. Andrews, 44, claims that Incumbent Democrat Henry M. ("Scoop") Jackson, 52, "cost Washington 10,000 jobs" by losing the TFX fighter-plane contract, but even Boeing Aircraft's president says it just isn't so. Jackson is the heavy favorite for a third term.

West Virginia: Republican Cooper P. Benedict, 57, a tweedy, wealthy horse-breeder and early Goldwater supporter, is in an uphill fight against Incumbent Democrat Robert C. Byrd, 46. With strong backing from labor, Byrd should win a second term.

Wisconsin: Incumbent Democrat William W. Proxmire, 48, is better known than Republican Wilbur N. Renk, 55, former chairman of the University of Wisconsin's board of regents, also enjoys a reputation as a maverick in a state that loves to elect mavericks. Proxmire has the lead, but he will have to work to keep it.

Wyoming: Starting out as the underdog, Incumbent Democrat Gale McGee, 49, has come on strong against Casper Geologist John S. Wold, 48, a Goldwater man. Though McGee is suspect as a liberal and a former university professor, he has a slender edge.

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ing much of his time defending himself against Murphy's "carpetbagger" charges, and trying to convince the voters that he is not a Falstaff but a statesmanlike sort. It isn't easy. Not long ago, for example, he found himself confronted by a Los Angeles audience so hostile that he probably wished that he was out there with Wendell Corey and George Muffin.

"Why did you register in Virginia and vote for Senator Byrd?" someone asked.

"I didn't vote for Senator Byrd!" replied Pierre.

"How do you feel about subverting the state constitution?" demanded another.

"I've been upheld by the State Supreme Court!" he shot back.

"The Americans for Democratic Action is a Communist front—how do you feel about that?" snapped a woman.

"I don't agree with everything the A.D.A. says, but to call it a Communist front is stupid!" Pierre retorted.

At the close of the meeting, Salinger beamed a grin out over the sea of glum faces and said cheerily, "Let me thank you for the opportunity of joining you tonight. We've had a spirited discussion, haven't we?"

"Remind me," murmured Pierre as he drove off, "to fire my advance man."

"The Overall Impression." Come November, Salinger should benefit from the fact that he is a Democrat in what shapes up as a big Democratic year. Lyndon Johnson has a healthy lead in California over Barry Goldwater. The state's registered Democrats outnumber Republicans by a big margin: 4,736,906 to 3,182,397. Even accounting for ticket splitting and other vagaries of the California voter population, Pierre should be a safe bet.

But in recent weeks he seems to have hit a plateau, while Murphy has been climbing uphill. Can George close the gap? Says he: "My job is to paint a positive picture. Most of the people already have their minds made up. I'm gonna try to talk to the undecideds. They are more interested in what a guy looks like. I think the overall impression is the big thing. If the undecideds think a guy is honest and on the level, he's ahead of the game. My big drawback is the song-and-dance-man label. If I can overcome that, I'll be in good shape. If I can get the undecideds to think 'This guy knows a lot,' that's a plus. If I can show them I'm honest, that's a plus. Experience, that's a plus. If they think the other guy has not been around for too long, that's a plus for Murph."

And Pierre Salinger's job is to put across his image as an important candidate of experience and influence. Says he: "The very years of my life Murphy most objects to—those spent in the Senate and the White House—have given me a grounding in Government, a knowledge of Washington, that not even as nimble a fellow as Murphy could pick up on a Hollywood sound stage."

ARKANSAS

Can Win Win?

If Democrat Orval Faubus had his way, he'd be Governor of Arkansas until the Ozarks turn into molehills. This year he set out after his sixth straight two-year term, certain that winning would be as easy as eating grits with a tablespoon. He was in for a surprise.

Running against Faubus is Republican Winthrop (or, as he now bills himself, "Win") Rockefeller, 52, fourth of the five Rockefeller brothers, who moved eleven years ago from New York to the 34,000-acre Winrock Farms, 65 miles from Little Rock.

In 1955 Faubus, figuring a Rockefeller would be quite an attraction for new business, picked Win to be chairman of the newly created Arkansas Industrial Development Commission. It was probably the best move Faubus has made as Governor. Before Rockefeller's resignation early this year, the A.I.D.C. had helped bring in 600 new plants, 90,000 new jobs, $270 million in new annual payroll income. Moreover, Rockefeller put hundreds of thousands of his own dollars into schools, scholarships and cultural facilities around his part of the state.

HUBERT SMITH—ARKANSAS DEMOCRAT

ROCKEFELLER & FAUBUS IN FORREST CITY
The Governor's choice.

Spelled Backward. In his campaign for Governor, Rockefeller has spared neither himself nor his pocketbook. Overweight for years, he lost 40 lbs. before he began to run, is now a trim 6 ft. 3 in., 205 lbs. He owns four airplanes, one of them a jet, and each day he takes off from his personal airport at Winrock bound for a campaign destination. When he arrives, a just-plain-folks secondhand bus, driven there the night before, is waiting to carry him over back roads to tiny hamlets and home towns. The Rockefeller bus is plastered with "Win with Win" signs; on the placard in front, the words are lettered backward so they can be read in a motorist's rearview mirror.

When the bus stops in a town square, Rockefeller, wearing western boots and a cowman's hat, lopes about shaking every hand in sight, even darts into stores to greet people who didn't come out on the street to meet him. As he performs, a team of aides carrying Polaroid cameras snaps as many as 500 pictures a day. Ten seconds after a handshake, a pleased voter gets a keepsake picture of himself with Rockefeller.

Man with a Plan. Rockefeller's speeches are short and always extemporaneous. He consistently cracks Faubus for low teachers' salaries and for the "deplorable condition" of state roads. Speaking at a new plant-dedication ceremony in Forrest City, Ark., last summer, Rockefeller fractured Faubus by complaining that his campaign bus had been plagued by constant breakdowns—caused mostly by jouncing over so many miles of "Faubus Freeways." Rockefeller also attacks the Governor as the boss of a massive political machine. "My opponent is also visiting all the counties," cries Winthrop, "but he heads for the courthouse to a secret meeting where he oils the machine." Says Rockefeller: "If you want a man with a plan instead of a man with a machine, vote for me."

Faubus, plainly worried, has attacked Rockefeller as a carpetbagger, conjured up pitiful images of a poor little country boy running against the Rockefeller millions, seen to it that everyone has been reminded frequently of Rockefeller's sensational 1954 divorce and the subsequent $6,000,000 settlement with his first wife, Bobo. Stooping to the ludicrous, the Faubus workers have even sent broadsides to Arkansas barbers, claiming that Rockefeller always hops into his jet and flies to New York to get his haircuts.

Against Rockefeller, a onetime trustee of the Urban League, Faubus has also returned to the all-out segregationist stands that made him a national figure in 1957. Last month he shouted about Negro demonstrators: "The first time they lie down in the streets to block traffic of a legitimate business, they're going to get run over. And if no one else will do it, I'll get in a truck and do it myself."

Such talk still goes over well in Arkansas, and Faubus is favored over Rockefeller. Even so, there should be one benefit: Rockefeller has already pumped enormous new energy into the once defunct Arkansas Republican Party, has 10,000 workers out beating the precincts for votes, even managed to find 172 Republican candidates to run for local offices this year, compared with a measly seven who dared try in 1960. And Rockefeller has committed himself to run for Governor again in 1966. "Win or lose," he says, "there'll be a two-party system in Arkansas after Nov. 3."

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TEXAS

Cactus-Nasty Campaign

Both candidates for Texas' U.S. Senate seat are running fast and mean, like they had cactus in their chaps.

The two are liberal Democratic Senator Ralph Yarborough, a native of East Texas cotton country, and conservative Republican George Bush, a New England-bred Ivy Leaguer (Yale '48), son of Connecticut's moderate former G.O.P. Senator Prescott Bush.

Houston's Bush, who has made a modest fortune as a Texas oilman since 1948, insists that Yarborough's "left-wing radicalism" is the basic campaign issue. In Bush's entourage is a country music group called the Black Mountain Boys, and the lyrics to one of their favorite campaign songs are: "Sun is gonna shine in the Senate some day/George Bush gonna run them liberals away."

Bush stands strong for right-to-work labor laws, cutbacks in foreign aid, increased tariffs. He stands against the 1963 nuclear test-ban treaty and the 1964 Civil Rights Act. He is an attractive, articulate Goldwater Republican, even though he mentions Barry's name with decreasing frequency these days, as it becomes apparent that Lyndon Johnson will carry his native Texas with relative ease.

In his attacks on Yarborough, Bush recalls rumors that the Senator got $50,000 in a brown paper bag from Billie Sol Estes during the 1960 presidential campaign. Yarborough denies the charge, although he has admitted getting some $7,000 in campaign contributions from Estes over a three-year period, long before Estes' shenanigans came to light. But Bush tells his audiences: "The question is not whether Yarborough got $50,000 or $5,000 or whatever he has admitted getting from Estes, but do you want a man in the U.S. Senate who was involved with Billie Sol Estes at all?" And so another Black Mountain Boys campaign favorite is: "Oh where have you gone, Billie Sol, Billie Sol?/Oh, where have you gone, charming Billie?"

End of a Feud. Ralph Yarborough gives back every bit as much as he takes. "Let's show the world," he cries, "that Senator Bush can't send Little George down here to buy a Senate seat." He slams Bush's membership in "the fat cat fusion clubs," nags at Bush for his expensive billboard campaign, tells audiences: "You can find everything on those billboards except the word 'Republican.' He's got it there so small that you've got to pull over to the side of the road, stop, get out of your car, and look for it with a magnifying glass." The Senator also reacts emotionally to Bush's criticism of the test-ban treaty: "He doesn't believe in clean air, doesn't believe in keeping out all the strontium 90 and all the chemicals that pollute the atmosphere, that create cancer in men, create leukemia, make sterile men and women."

AP

REPUBLICAN BUSH

RUSSELL LEE

DEMOCRAT YARBOROUGH

Whose sun is gonna shine in the Senate?

Yarborough has long been on the outs with such reigning Texas politicians as Lyndon Johnson and Governor John Connally. As late as August 1963, Yarborough, in a speech at Freeport, Texas, described Johnson as a "power-mad politician." It was partly to help patch up this Democratic factional dispute that President Kennedy made the trip to Texas that ended in Dallas on Nov. 22. During that trip, Kennedy got Vice President Johnson and Senator Yarborough to shake hands, and the two were riding together in the same car when the President was assassinated.

Floating Chitchat. Since then, in private conversations, including some political chitchat while floating about together in the White House swimming pool, Johnson has made his peace with Yarborough. This fact obviously discomfits Governor Connally, who is one of Lyndon's oldest and closest political associates. Connally just plain dislikes Yarborough. All but assured of re-election as Governor this year, Connally has yet to say a good public word for Running Mate Yarborough.

As a matter of fact, all other things being equal, Lyndon Johnson could undoubtedly console himself if Yarborough were to lose his Senate seat. But all other things are not equal. Among the other things: it would be a blow to L.B.J.'s personal vanity if his own home state were to elect Bush to join Republican Senator John Tower in an all-G.O.P. Texas Senate team.

If Lyndon would stay out of it, Republican Bush would have a chance. But Johnson is not about to stay out of it, which makes Bush the underdog.

ILLINOIS

Chuck's Luck

Good fortune, as well as hard work, has always contributed heavily to the political and business success of Illinois' Charles Percy (TIME cover, Sept. 18). And in his bid to unseat Democratic Governor Otto Kerner, luck still rides with Chuck. Just a scant few weeks before the election, the Kerner Administration finds itself involved in a much headlined scandal.

Last week Kerner's campaign manager, Theodore Isaacs, 53, withdrew to defend himself against conflict of interest charges being investigated by a Sangamon County grand jury. Isaacs and Kerner have been buddies ever since 1938, when they met in the Illinois National Guard. As Cook County judge in 1955, Kerner appointed Isaacs attorney for the Chicago Board of Election Commissioners. Isaacs managed Kerner's successful 1960 race for Governor, was rewarded by appointment to the $15,000 job as director of state revenue. He ran the Revenue Department, which collects some 75% of the state's cash income, mostly in sales taxes, until returning to private law practice in September 1963.

The grand jury investigation was an outgrowth of the disclosure, first made by Chicago American Columnist Jack Mabley, that Isaacs drew fees for services from the Cook Envelope & Lithographing Co. at the same time that the firm had contracted to sell $1,144,688 worth of envelopes to the state—and at the same time that Isaacs was state revenue director.

The Cook company was formed only ten weeks after Isaacs took office. He admits receiving $4,000 in fees from the company for each of the years 1961, 1962 and 1963. He also owns 50 shares of Cook stock, concedes that he has paid nothing for them. Though it is not known how many shares exist, at the time of incorporation there were only 100 shares on record. One official of the firm estimates that 99% of Cook's business is with the state. The company's first sale to the state was made just twelve days after it was formed, apparently before it even had the equipment to turn out the envelopes.

Otto Kerner insists that he is "not associated with this in any way," that "a man is innocent until proven guilty" and that "I will stand by my friends." As for Chuck Percy, he just smiles, says not a word about the scandal. Why should he, with headlines about it every day?

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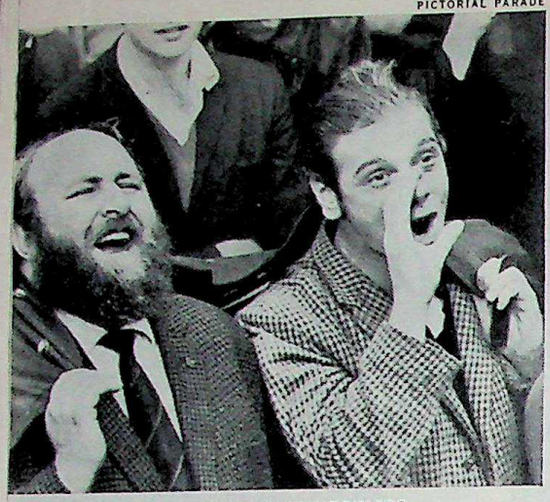
PICTORIAL PARADE



LABORITE HECKLERS
Embarrassing memories of Christine.

GREAT BRITAIN

Who Is Fit to Govern?

The British tend to think of their politics as urbane and fair-minded. In large measure, they are. But at times the heirs of Cromwell and Pitt are apt to be more virulent than the heirs of Jackson and Truman. British political leaders can deftly cut each other's throats with the most brutal verbal slashes, and British political crowds can raise the fine democratic art of heckling to riotous dimensions. This happened once again in the windup of Britain's election campaign, suggesting that beneath the initially apathetic contest there was really a good deal of passion.

The proceedings turned particularly lively with the appearance in Plymouth of querulous Quintin Hogg, formerly Lord Hailsham, one of the more erratic of Tory politicians. As Minister of Education and Science in the Conservative Cabinet, Hogg was routinely telling his audience about the superior virtues of the Tories when a heckler shouted: "What about Profumo?"

This conjured up shades of the hapless former Cabinet Minister, memories of that high-echelon prostitute, Christine Keeler, echoes of the whole scandal that had so sorely embarrassed the Tories a year ago. "Profumo!" Hogg replied angrily. "If you can tell me there are no adulterers on the front bench of the Labor Party, you can talk about Profumo. If you can't tell me that, you had better keep your mouth shut!"

Benched Adulterers. Since the Labor front bench is generally occupied by members of Labor's "shadow cabinet," all of them well known to each other, to their colleagues and the country, the statement was uncomfortably close to a specific accusation. Labor Chief Harold Wilson, who had ordered that the Profumo scandal not be raised by party leaders on the assumption that it might boomerang, gleefully picked up his cue and called on Prime Minister Sir Alec Douglas-Home to repudiate Hogg. Next day Hogg made a partial and grudging retraction. But he thought it was all most unfair, since "Mr. Profumo had paid a very high price indeed for a sin which is often committed by people who pay no price at all." Hogg's later speeches were plagued by shouts of "Adultery!" and "Hoggwash!"

No sooner had the Minister of Science done his bit to embarrass the Tories than Foreign Secretary Rab Butler had a go at it. Campaigning in Manchester, Home had said that the U.S. and Britain had ready a treaty to prevent the spread of nuclear weapons that "could be produced at a moment's notice" for Russia's signature. Whereupon Butler declared airily in an interview that "we've had a chat about it with the Americans," but that there is no such treaty, adding, "After all, I would know. I'm the Foreign Secretary."*

Then Butler, who has been passed over twice for the prime ministership, handed out compliments to his colleagues that left blood all over the floor. Prime Minister Home? "I think Alec's done very well. Possibly he has spent too much time outside London." Ted Heath, President of the Board of Trade and regarded as a comer in the party? "I think Alec's a bit bored by him." Hogg? "A great pity." As for the situation in general, Rab thought things might slip. "Toward Labor?" the reporter wanted to know. "They're not going to slip toward us," replied Rab icily.

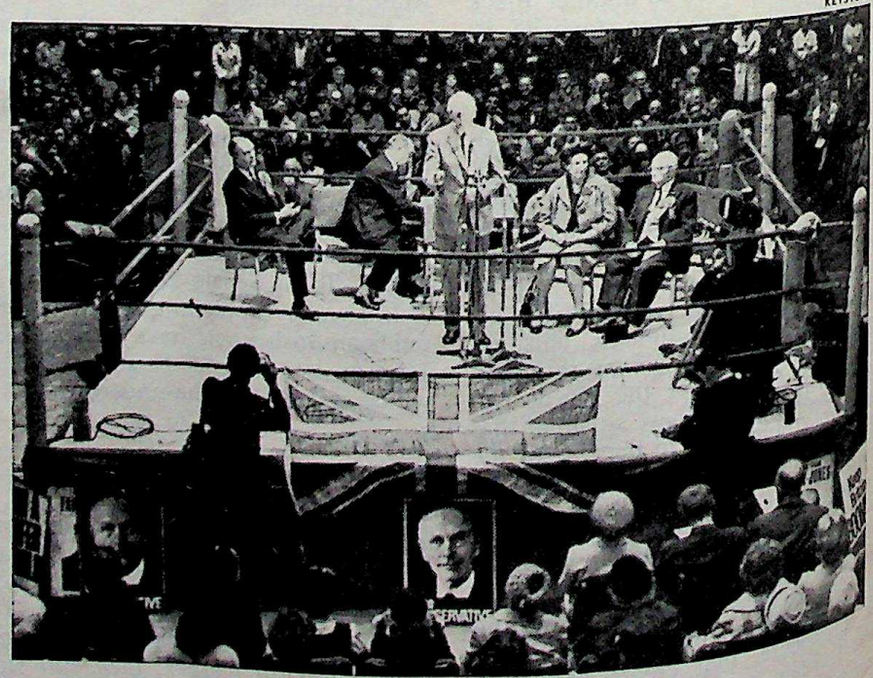
Penny-Wise. With friends like that, Campaigner Home hardly needed enemies. The polls in fact were slipping toward Labor, for whatever that proved. The *Economist*, which is read about equally by dons and businessmen, and by Britons and non-Britons, usually takes an independent political line, but last week it somewhat unenthusiastically announced its support of Labor. The neck-and-neck race brought joy to Jo Grimond and the Liberal Party leaders, who have visions of capturing up to ten seats in the new Parliament and holding the balance of power if Labor and the Tories should end up nearly even.

On the campaign trail, the former Lord Home was finding the going rough. Speaking in Watford, a constituency near London, from a boxing ring draped with the blue Tory colors, Sir Alec observed that "going up and down the country, I find people have higher incomes"—when a heckler shouted, "Not as high as yours, mate! I wish I had one of your millions."

It was a strong reminder of the election's basic issue: the Tory claim that affluent Britain has never had it so good, against the Labor charge that Britain's prosperity is still too concentrated at the top, that its economy needs more dynamic management. Appearing in Birmingham's Rag Market two nights apart, both Home and Wilson were drowned out by boos. Home was faced with a 75-ft. dinosaur manipulated by some 50 Laborites. A large sign read: "Too Much Armor, Too Little Brain. Now Extinct." When he was shouted down, Home cried angrily into the microphones, "I doubt if anyone can seriously believe that people who depend on this kind of support are fit to govern Britain!" On leaving the Rag Market, Sir Alec insisted on walking with Lady Home through the mob, which continued to boo and throw pennies at the Prime Minister.

* In Washington, the State Department confirmed that Butler's version was the more nearly correct.

KEYSTONE



CAMPAIGNER HOME IN WATFORD RING
Bloody compliments from friends.

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EAST GERMANY

Prisoners for Sale

East Germany's Walter Ulbricht has long tried to make his miserable "German Democratic Republic" seem important. With Nikita Khrushchev's approaching visit to Bonn, he is also plainly under Moscow's orders to make it look more respectable and humane. In both respects, he again failed wretchedly.

Ransom Book. The 15th anniversary celebration of the G.D.R. turned out to be a Grade B production: the visiting Communist dignitaries were all second-stringers. Except for the first public showing of four Soviet medium-range missiles, the five-hour parade in East Berlin's Marx-Engels Square was a dreary, neo-Nazi affair of goose-stepping soldiers and sullen workers, clearly more interested in their weary feet than in the oversized pictures of Communist leaders that they dutifully bore past the reviewing stand.

On the humanitarian side, Ulbricht grandly announced that he would set free 10,000 political prisoners between now and Dec. 20. But of course he will be doing his own counting, and few expect that he will live up to his promise. Even if he does, there will still be 50,000 inmates left in East German jails, many held for political reasons.

Before announcing the amnesty, however, Ulbricht had released prisoners—strictly on a business basis. Taking a leaf out of Castro's ransom book, he quietly "sold" Bonn 800 prisoners, most of them West German citizens, in exchange for several million marks worth of butter, coffee, cocoa and sugar. The transaction was accepted last summer on behalf of West Germany by Vice Chancellor Erich Mende. When word of it leaked out last week, it was branded by the West German press as a grim "traffic in men."

Not waiting to be ransomed, Ulbricht's reluctant subjects were still finding their own ways to freedom. In fact, in the days preceding the anniversary celebration, the biggest mass escape took place since the Berlin Wall went up in August 1961.

Freedom Tunnel. It was engineered by 30 volunteer workers, many of them university students, who had managed earlier to escape from East Germany. From the basement of an abandoned bakery at 97 Bernauer Strasse, in West Berlin's French sector, they dug a 448-ft. tunnel that emerged in an unused shack in the yard of an apartment house at 55 Strelitzerstrasse in East Berlin. Digging in shifts around the clock, 40 ft. underground, the men were hardly able to breathe. Again and again the tunnel threatened to cave in because of Berlin's sandy soil. Several times, seepage from underground mains almost forced them to abandon the project. But they kept digging. They installed a ventilation system, used walkie-talkies to warn of the approach of Red Vopo patrols. At the West Berlin entrance to the tunnel they put up a sign that read: "Walter, we're coming," and 70 ft. further along, where the tunnel passed under the Berlin Wall, they erected another: "You are now leaving the French Sector."

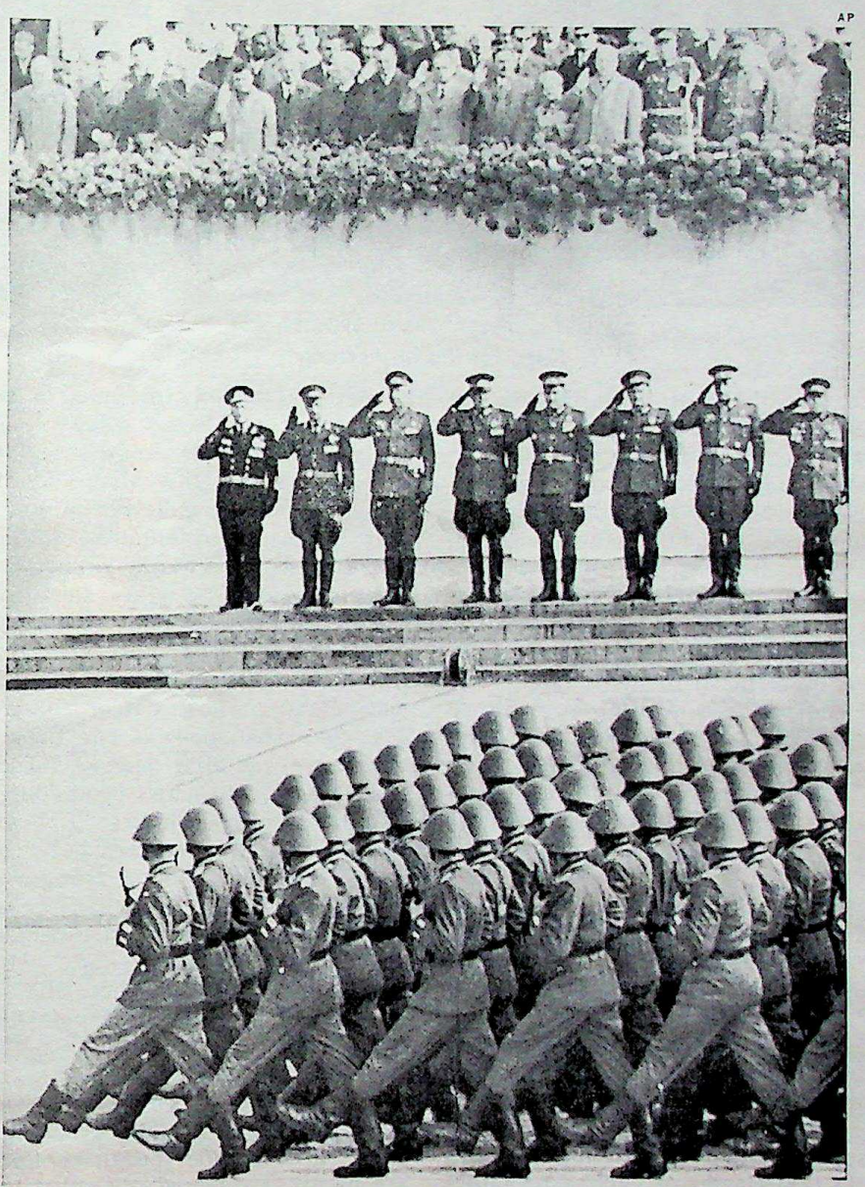
After nearly six months of steady work, the tunnel was completed. In three nights 57 East Germans—many of them relatives of the diggers who had been notified in advance by couriers—crawled to West Berlin. Just as the last group had entered the passage, two strangers came up to its entrance in East Berlin, pretending that they and some friends wanted to join the great escape. The "friends" turned out to be Communist cops who had been tipped off by informers. Four of the diggers who had guarded the tunnel entrance managed to get back to West Berlin—after shooting one East German Vopo sergeant.

The uproar over the escape destroyed whatever effect Ulbricht might have expected from his newest propaganda campaign about the good life in East Germany. Again his subjects showed that they were ready to vote against him with their feet—and with their lives.

BERLIN

The Six Days

A few blocks west of the Bernauer Strasse tunnel, where 57 East Berliners crawled to freedom last week, an escape of another sort was taking place. Concocted of cigar smoke and the reek of raw schnapps, a blur of spinning spokes and the beat of a brass band, this form of escape goes by the name of "Sportpalast Fever," and can be indulged in once a year when Berlin holds its famed, phantasmagoric Six-Day Bicycle Race.



EAST GERMAN TROOPS ON REVIEW
How much butter is a man worth?

More than 40,000 West Berliners jammed the drafty, bomb-wracked Sportpalast last week, paying $100,000 for the privilege of watching a handful of men in silk spin madly around a banked oval track, for prizes ranging from a few bottles of wine to a brand-new DKW sedan. To beleaguered Berliners, the Six Days serves as carnival, communal songfest and emotional blowout. Only a fraction of the crowd is made up of racing fans, and as one old man said of the event, "It would be great if it weren't for those cyclists."

Berlin's Six Days dates back to 1909. By the early 1930s, the races were often

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CAMILLO FISCHER

CYCLIST & SPECTATORS AT SPORTPALAST
Kegs for the haylofters.

rigged, and they attracted the booted whores and gaudy gangsters who gave Berlin its cynical, sinful aura. Left-wing Playwright Georg Kaiser described the Sportpalast scene in those days: "Inhibition has gone to hell. Cutaways shake. Shirts tear. Buttons pop in all directions. Differences flow away. Nakedness where there used to be disguise: passion. It's worth it—this brings profits."

Dancing with Disrespect. Hitler outlawed the races soon after he came to power in 1933 because he found them dishonest and degenerate, and converted the Sportpalast into a propaganda forum. World War II left it a gutted shell, but in 1953 a group of enterprising promoters slapped a new roof on the ruin, installed a new track, and the Six Days was back in business.*

Last week's race was, as usual, a ten-ring circus. The brassy oompah of Otto-Otto Kermbach's band thundered the *Sportpalast Waltz*—a ditty whose magic lies in the fact that every few bars the audience can join in with three short, shrill whistles. When enough beer and schnapps had flowed (nightly sales total 18,000 glasses of each), spectators swarmed onto the infield to dance. Fist fights flared in the smoky upper reaches of the grandstands, known as the "hayloft." The occupants of this low-cost Olympus exercise dictatorial power over the groundlings, demanding and usually getting kegs of free beer from the celebrities they spot in ringside seats below them. If no beer is forthcoming, the haylofters boo their target unmercifully, indulging in a "cult of disrespectfulness" that is half the fun of the Six Days. When West German Defense Minister Kai-Uwe von Hassel appeared one night, he was roundly booed. But when he donned a crash helmet and bravely mounted a racing bike, the crowd went wild.

Pigtails to Forget. Another high point was the election of "Miss Hayloft"—the girl from the galleries chosen each year as most representative of the Six-Day spirit. This year's winner was a busty *Berlinerin* with steel-rimmed glasses and pigtails. One traditional figure of the Six Days, however, was gone for good. He was *Krücke* (Crutch), a bicycle racer whose career ended decades ago when he was run over by a streetcar. Year after year he turned up at the races, and when proceedings got dull, the crowd would cry: "*Krücke, ein Lied*!" The old racer then hobbled forward and whistled a song. When *Krücke* died last year at 70, he received one of the grandest funerals Berlin has seen since the war.

It is traditions like these that make Berlin's Six Days a self-perpetuating institution. As long as the bikes whirl colorfully around the steep wooden track, as long as Otto-Otto's band is blaring, as long as the beer flows and pretty girls parade the aisles, Berliners are happy. Explained one spectator last week: "On a night like this, you forget about the Wall and Ulbricht and all the misery in the world."

* Today's racing teams no longer have to pedal round the clock as in the pre-war era. Now they can sleep from 5 a.m. to noon.

RUSSIA

The Attaché Case

The military attaché serves one basic purpose: legalized spying. Cloaked, up to a point, by his diplomatic immunity, he goes to cocktail parties, parades and factories, gets local generals plastered (unless they get him plastered first), and ranges through the countryside with notebook, camera and a blank expression.

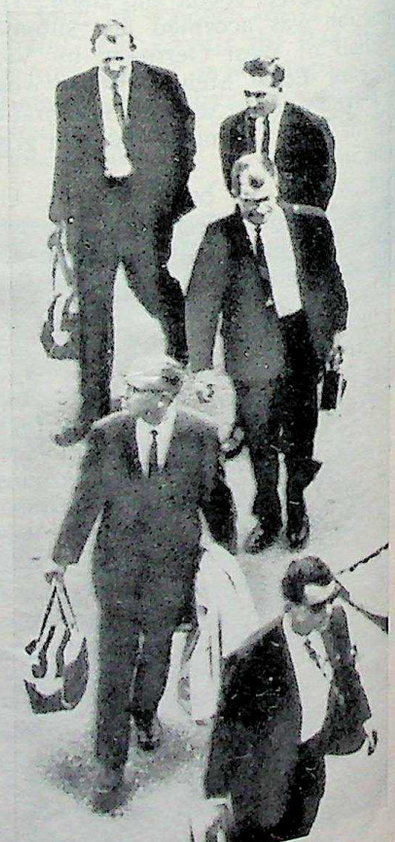
For reasons unknown, the Russians had permitted four Western military attachés (three American, one British) to ride the Trans-Siberian Railway all the way from Moscow to Khabarovsk, headquarters of the Soviet Far East military command. It was the first time in two years that any foreigners had been allowed on the 2,300-mile stretch from Irkutsk to Khabarovsk, which runs straight through what is presumed to be Russia's new belt of atomic plants and missile sites. Presumably, by taking careful note of such clues as power lines, spur tracks and freight-car types, a trained military observer could get an excellent idea of precisely what kinds of installations were where. And presumably the four Western attachés did precisely that—and more.

When the attachés reached Khabarovsk, Russian security police broke into their hotel rooms, held them prisoner for six hours, finally allowed them to proceed on their way to Tokyo—after confiscating what Moscow claimed were more than 900 photographs and 26 notebooks packed with "intelligence data on railway stations, bridges, tunnels, radar installations, airfields, locations of military detachments and other objectives of defense significance."

Amateurs. Somewhat lamely, both Washington and London denied "the validity of the charges," accused Moscow of a "flagrant violation" of the rules of diplomatic immunity. In answer, both Izvestia and Pravda started printing the military secrets the officers were accused of uncovering—for example, a badly overexposed photograph of "twelve rocket carriers for intercontinental missiles."

Along with the evidence, purportedly extracted from the 26 notebooks, came snickers. The Western agents, charged

AP



ACCUSED DIPLOMATS
Snickers for the cloak and camera boys.

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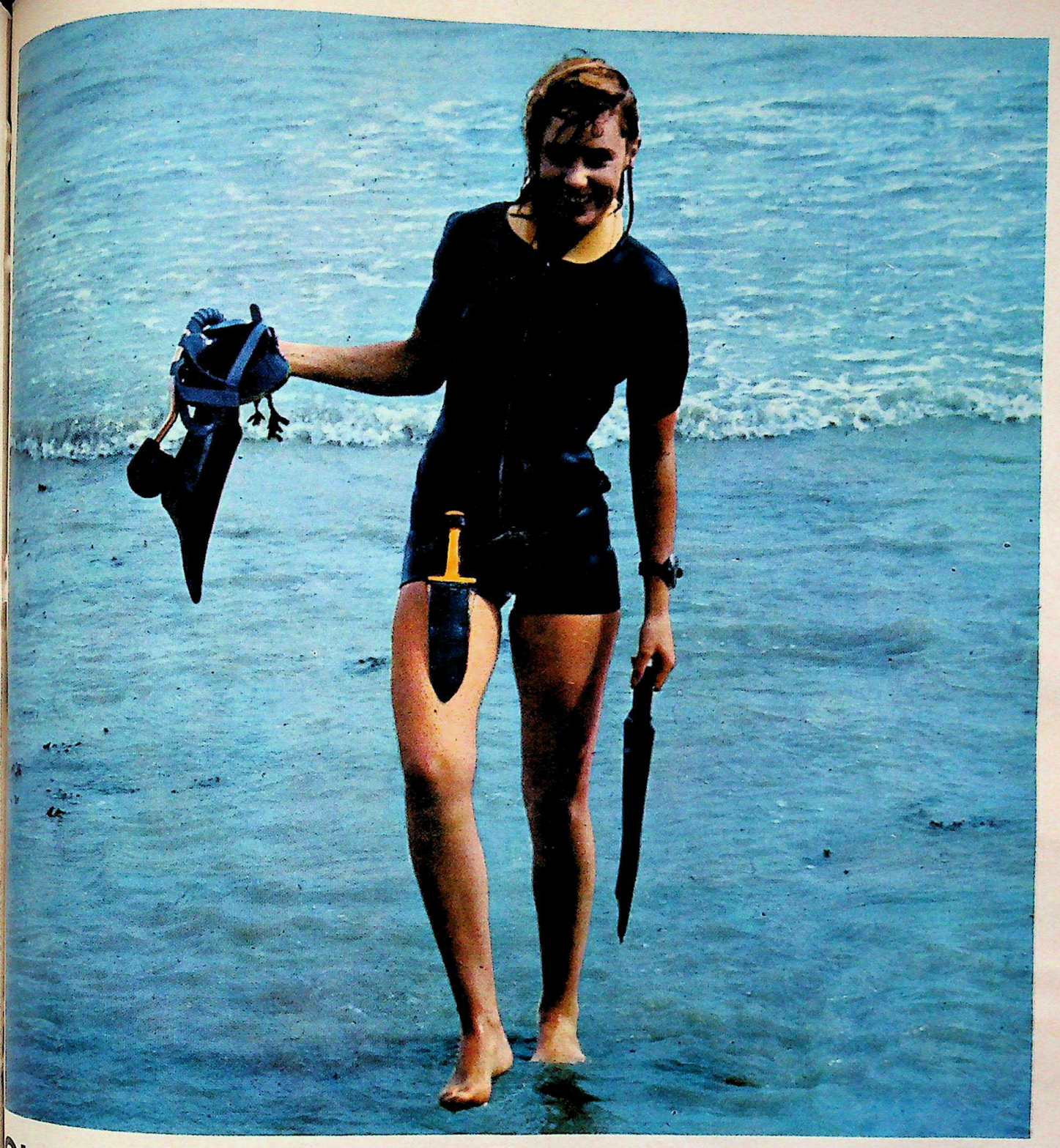

Skin diver, Shell diver

She's dressed in Shell rubber. Literally, from head to foot. Her mask, her skindiving outfit, her flippers—Cariflex is used in all of them. This trio of Shell rubbers (IR, SBR & BR) offer between them a virtually unlimited range of characteristics fitting them for both recognised and new applications. One Cariflex type will give you maximum stretch, another maximum bounce, another maximum grip—or any combination of qualities. In short, you can have any type of Cariflex you could wish for, with the assurance that whichever you use, it will do its job efficiently and economically.

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SHELL

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the Soviet press, were so "amateurish" and "clumsy" that the whole train knew they were spies—despite their rather incredible claim that they were Olympic athletes bound for Tokyo. They never left their compartment unguarded, refused to fraternize with their fellow passengers, and, weighed down with long-lens cameras, they ignored the conductor's admonitions not to take pictures out of the windows. At one station, jeered the Moscow press, they were so busy shooting a siding full of military boxcars that they almost missed their train as it pulled out.

Coincidence. Washington and London squirmed but kept silent. Scarcely anyone noticed the remarkable coincidence of dates between the police action at Khabarovsk and the opening—and mysterious dismissal—of the New York trial of Soviet Spies Aleksandr Sokolov and "Joy Ann Baltch" (see THE LAW). There were many other theories as to what had happened: local police had been overzealous; Moscow had deliberately trapped the diplomats; the Russians had found a new way to destroy effective agents—publicity and ridicule.

Then, as inexplicably as it opened, the attaché case seemed closed. "The Russian side is not interested in inflating this case," announced the Kremlin with very hauteur. So saying, it allowed the four military men to return to their posts—even though their heads were still presumably crammed with intelligence data that could best be checked out in Moscow. After all, if the cocktail circuit failed them, they could always refresh their memories by reading Pravda and Izvestia.

AFRICA

The Man Who Wasn't There

Delegates of 46 nations representing nearly one billion people came to flag-bestooned Cairo last week to praise neutralism and denounce imperialism in the second conference of nonaligned nations—and virtually nobody paid any attention. The man who stole the show was the man who wasn't even supposed to be there, Congo's Premier Moise Tshombe. Though loathed more than fear by most black leaders, Tshombe emerged from the week as almost a hero at home, and the protagonist of every African episode that made his enemies look utterly foolish.

Splendid Isolation. For months, Host Colonel Abdel Nasser had looked forward to using the conference to stake a claim to Africa's spokesman, black as well as Arab. Tshombe, whose African peers regard him with distaste as Patrice Lumumba's accused assassin and as a white-backed agent of "neocolonialism" as well, was sure to disrupt Nasser's big party, and Nasser was determined to keep him out. Tshombe was just as determined to get in.

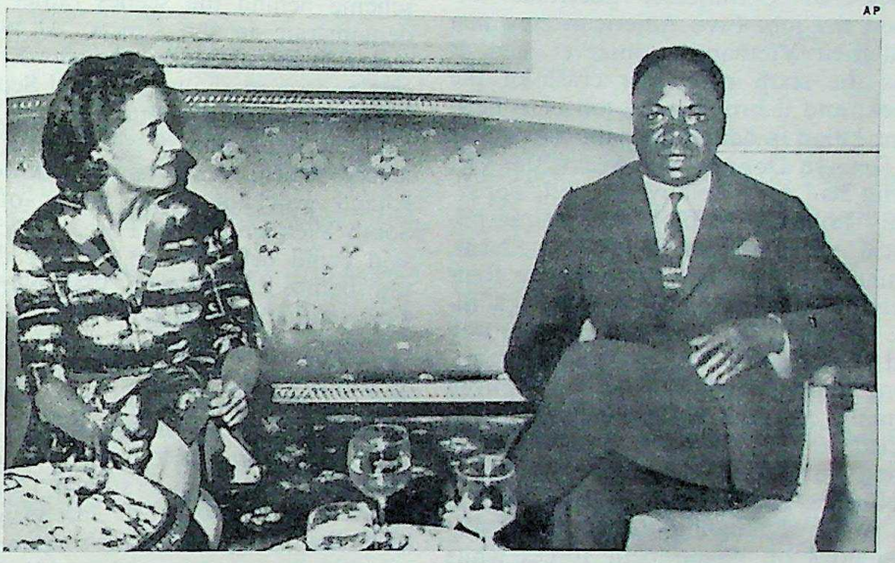
The farce began when the Cairo control tower turned away Tshombe's special Sabena flight because of "blocked runways." The Boeing flew on to Athens, where a furious Tshombe booked himself back to Cairo on a commercial Ethiopian airlines plane. The flight got in this time, but Tshombe was greeted by Nasser's security cops, whisked off to splendid isolation in Uruba Palace, Nasser's 40-room state guest house, where machine-gun-carrying Egyptian commandos were posted with orders to let no one in or out. "This is the dirtiest trick in history," howled Tshombe. "It's unprecedented to imprison a visiting head of government." Forced to watch the conference on television, he refused to eat for fear of being poisoned, drank Katanga beer he had brought with him, and kept his four secretaries up all night typing protests to all 46 nations at the meeting.

When word reached Leopoldville of Tshombe's detention, Congolese gendarmes laid siege to the Egyptian and Algerian embassies in the heart of the city by way of retaliation, cutting off food and phone service. All this set off a diplomatic brouhaha that ended only when Tshombe telephoned from Cairo two days later with word that as soon as the Egyptian and Algerian diplomats were released and had reached haven in Brazzaville across the river, Nasser would spring Tshombe. Escorted out of Leopoldville by Nigerian troops under U.N. command, the embassy staffs loaded three car ferries with everything from refrigerators to kitchen pans, sailed away to safety.

The Congolese press and politicians laid plans for a hero's welcome for Tshombe. They denounced Nasser, playing upon deep-seated black African memories of the Arabs as the continent's slave traders. Tshombe meanwhile was taken under guard back to the Cairo airport to fly to Athens and a weekend in Paris before going back home.

Mission to Peking. While the prisoner in Cairo was getting the headlines, the conference in Cairo droned on. Nasser made a relatively reasonable plea that "peace in our time is indivisible." Indonesia's Sukarno, however, demanded "not coexistence but confrontation against Western imperialism." Most of the delegates went numbly along with Ghana's Kwame Nkrumah, who blamed foreign plots rather than his own mismanagement for the fact that independence has not proved paradise.

Indian Premier Shastri made the week's most sensible speech, among other things chiding the Africans for their own racial discrimination against Indians, pointedly rebutting Sukarno by insisting that "our policy must not be confrontation but cooperation," causing a stir by suggesting that the conference send a mission to Red China urging them not to test their nuclear bomb. The delegates quickly ducked that idea, but also resisted the more incendiary language of Sukarno & Co. The conference painfully put together a sweeping final communiqué damning "neo-imperialism," predictably citing South Africa and Angola, but preposterously including even Puerto Rico. The U.S. was told to get out of Guantánamo, Britain out of Aden, France off Martinique, Israel out of Palestine.



AP

HOSTAGE TSHOMBE WITH SECRETARY IN CAIRO PALACE
"The dirtiest trick in history."

Despite this ambitious bill of particulars, the nonaligned really agree on few major issues. What began under Nehru's leadership in Belgrade as a non-involved bloc between the two superpowers has disintegrated because of the march of events. At most, what they have in common today is a ritualistic opposition to "imperialism," shrewdly mixed with a desire to profit from all sides in the cold war to further their own nationalism.

India itself, since attacked by Red China, has had to move closer to both Washington and Moscow. With belligerents like Indonesia and Cuba under the same roof with such placid pro-Western nations as Nigeria and Liberia, the very meaning of the term "nonaligned" is disappearing. As Tshombe remarked acidly, echoing Orwell: "It is curious how some of these states are more nonaligned than others."

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SOUTH VIET NAM

$486 Per Chopper

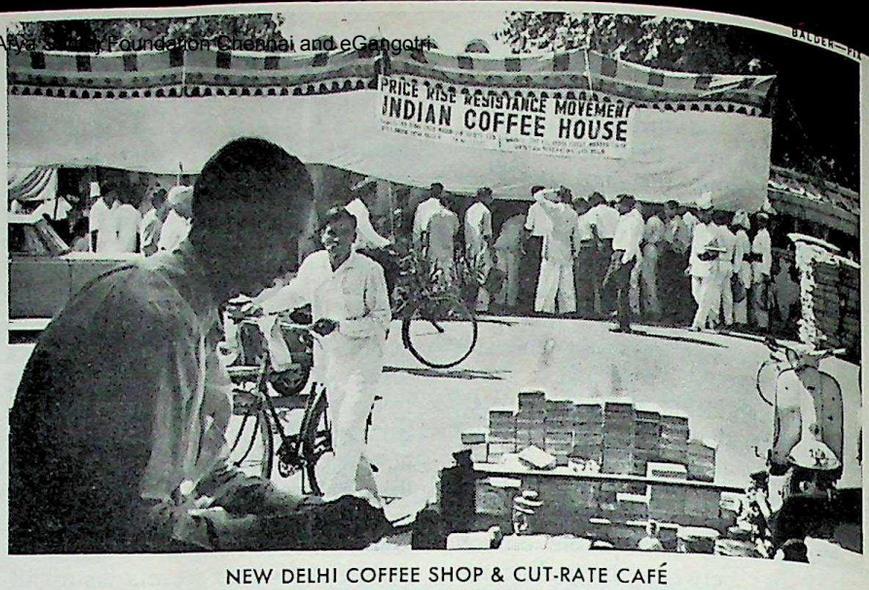
To counter the effect of armed U.S. helicopters, the Communist Viet Cong have placed a price on the head of every chopper crew. Kill a helicopter and you win 35,000 piasters ($486). Last week the Viet Cong were doing well for themselves.

A mere three minutes' flying time from Saigon, heavily armed HU-1B spotted a concentration of guerrillas. "There's a whole mess of VC nice and open right under us," announced the pilot over his radio. "We're going down after them." The chopper descended, .60-cal. machine guns clattering, rockets dropping from the pods. "Watch them go," cried the pilot, Captain Gary Riggins of Antioch, Calif. These were his last words.

Viet Cong ground fire from captured U.S. .50-cal. machine guns knocked the helicopter into a blazing heap, and black-clad Communist guerrillas finished the job. Five American crewmen and their Vietnamese observer died. It was the sixth helicopter crash of the week, and it brought the toll of Americans killed in action over the 200 mark.

Time to Depart. For weeks, the Viet Cong had been relatively quiet, apparently failing to exploit the chaotic political situation in South Viet Nam. Americans in Saigon thought the Reds were hurting militarily. Perhaps, a little. At the same time, they probably did not want to take a chance of rallying support behind General Nguyen Khanh's regime by pressing major attacks. At any rate, last week the Viet Cong cut loose again. In a spate of ambushes and fire fights—some within 15 miles of Saigon—they inflicted 403 casualties on government forces while suffering 266 themselves. The Communists captured 205 weapons, 24 radio transmitters, four field telephones and a typewriter. The government captured only 63 guns, largely because the Viet Cong have taken to tying string to their weapons. Thus, when a guerrilla in an exposed position is shot, his buddies hiding near by can save at least the gun by pulling it into the bush.

But even as the war heated up, the political ferment in Saigon was calming down. Tensions were eased by the departure of Lieut. General Tran Thien Khiem, the professional coup plotter and former member of South Viet Nam's ruling triumvirate who went into exile last week. Ousted by Premier Khanh in response to the wishes of Air Commodore Nguyen Cao Ky and his clique of young officers, Khiem departed Saigon at midweek. It was a lachrymose leave-taking. Tears gleamed in the eyes of General Duong Van ("Big") Minh as he bussed Khiem on both cheeks, and Khiem himself was nearly crying as he shook the hands of nearly 100 high-ranking army officers gathered to say good-bye. Even cocky Commodore Ky, one hand on his pearl-handled revolver, was dewy-eyed.



NEW DELHI COFFEE SHOP & CUT-RATE CAFÉ
Chock full o' protest.

Time to Begin? Saigon seemed quieter after Khiem flew off to Europe. For once, the assorted Buddhists, students, workers and officers seemed content to scheme behind the scenes rather than demonstrate in the streets. At week's end, Khanh announced that the 13 officers and seven civilians behind September's abortive "coupette" would soon go on trial, facing possible death sentences. Then, at a news conference, Khanh proclaimed the power of the South Vietnamese Air Force, which he said could deliver "one, two or three-ton bombs into North Viet Nam or even southern China."

Everything seemed to be back in place: the Viet Cong were winning battles, a trial was about to begin, the malcontents were scheming quietly, and Nguyen Khanh was looking north. And this week the High National Council, created in the wake of last August's riots that followed Khanh's attempt to seize full governmental power, will make public the new constitution meant to replace Khanh's military regime. Was it time to begin the whole cycle of chaos once again?

INDIA

The Last Cup

Coffee, which makes the politician wise,
And see through all things with his half-shut eyes,

as Alexander Pope put it ironically, opened quite a few eyes in India last week. For thousands of Indians, the coffeehouse is indispensable as a place to meet friends, transact business, talk, write, and incidentally, consume coffee, along with free ice water and cashew nuts. Politicians, wise or unwise, come and go, inflation gallops, the population spirals; but in the coffeehouse things remain the same—or at least they did until the great betrayal.

One day recently, Freelance Journalist Rajinder Kapoor dropped in at New Delhi's Coffeehouse, and lingered most of the morning. When he called for his bill, it totaled one rupee. He was astounded to find that the price of a cup of coffee had gone up from 45 to 50 paise, making two cups an even rupee (21¢). Kapoor shouted the grim news to friends. "This is the last straw!" cried someone. "No, the last cup!" yelled someone else. Suddenly the customers were on their feet, protesting against the rising prices and calling for a boycott. Hastily finishing their coffee, customers marched out without paying.

Spreading Blame. The boycotters spent the rest of the morning picketing the café with signs, "Don't pay more today than you paid yesterday." Later they pitched a tent on the sidewalk and started selling their own coffee at 25 paise a cup. Soon a Price Resistance Committee was organized to spread the boycott to other restaurants and shops. Among the joiners were Chidambaram Subramaniam, India's Food Minister, and Asoka Mehta, deputy chairman of India's Planning Commission.

The government, which blames middlemen and profiteers for India's severe food shortage and disastrously mounting prices, gave strong backing to the consumer boycott. But the problems are, in part, of the government's own making, for it has done little or nothing to rationalize India's largely state-controlled economy, or to provide incentives and modern methods for Indian agriculture.

Political Potatoes. The price-resistance movement swept through New Delhi. Housewives banded together to buy milk directly from producers. Brij Mohan, 38, a city councilor, started trucking in potatoes from the Punjab, sold them at artificially low prices. "These are political potatoes, which can appear only once a year," said a sour grocer watching Mohan with scales in hand dispensing potatoes on the sidewalk. But the campaign forced city merchants to lower their prices, and aroused public opinion as never before.

It also showed up all kinds of other complaints about life in Delhi. Newspapers were flooded with complaints. One letter writer denounced "this overmonumented and under-bathroomed city [where] in the hottest hours of the day there is no water for a shower and the electricity comes and goes as if monkeys were playing with the switches."

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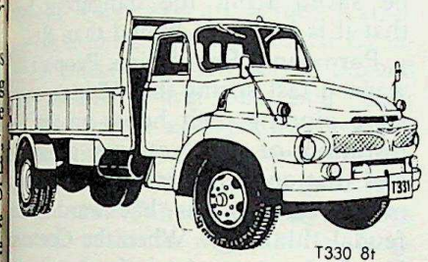
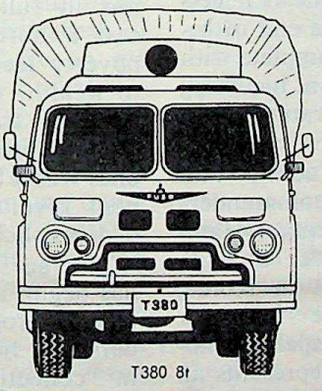
It takes all kinds



T330 8t

Visitors to Tokyo are usually amaz- at the number and variety of cks. They're everywhere. In al- s. Barrelling down the express- ys.

But a city this size eds trucks, if only to ep things like groceries d construction projects ving. So obviously, ny kinds of trucks are quired. And Mitsubishi kes them.



T380 8t

Our trucks come in all shapes d sizes. Some have flat beds that tch as far as 20 feet. Others, n the front, resemble sedans and just as comfortable to drive. A le of more have cabs that tilt

JUPITER JUNIOR 2t

ard to make things easier for ering mechanics.

In any case, each truck is designed for a specific job. And do it better than any of its predecessors.

You'd almost think our trucks had ambition of their own the way they go about their work. Say you have an 8-ton section of pipe to haul. This task would fall to one of those trucks with the long, flat beds. No load could be more secure, because nothing in the truck will ever let you down. The chassis is as strong as man can devise. The engine, too. A trouble-free life, then, is something you can depend on.

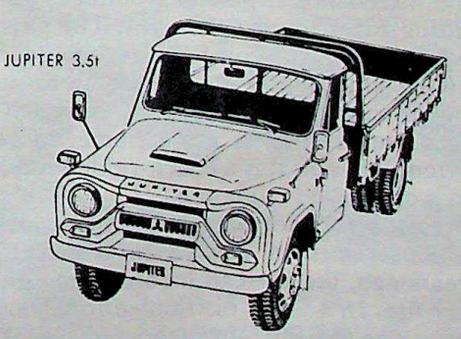
Or you get an urgent request to carry freight from the docks to a destination downtown. Now docks are designed to handle ships, not necessarily trucks. But we have a truck that maneuvers like a forklift. It carries 2 tons of anything — economically.

We also make a truck whose specific job is deliberately non-specific. It's a lorry, panel van or dump truck, depending on what you have in mind. Just make sure you don't exceed the $3^1/_2$-ton load limit.

If all this sounds pretty grand, you must consider that we've been making trucks since the 1920's. We don't claim that our first truck is still putting in a full day's work, but a few that date back almost as far — long past the retirement age — show no signs of quitting.

CANTER 2t

These relics bear not-so-mute testimony to the fact that it takes all kinds. And that Mitsubishi is a name to be reckoned with, in as many industries as you would care to name.


JUPITER 3.5t

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Wrote another: "I am haunted by ghosts of corruption, high prices, high rents, adulteration in everything. There's no fresh bread to eat, no safe water to drink, no sugar to remove the unsavory taste from my mouth. The whole city is floating in a sea of sewage."

There was at least one consolation: the coffee at the Coffeehouse was once again selling for 45 paise a cup.

SOUTH KOREA

A Hooch Is Not a Home

Every evening in Seoul they gather under the street lights for the shape-up: smartly dressed girls in spike heels and hopeful smiles. In the fading light, American soldiers cruise by to inspect

DOMINIS

MOOSES AWAITING INSPECTION
Anyone for character guidance?

the merchandise, pinching buttocks and tilting faces toward the light. The girls, who are known scornfully as "mooses," giggle timidly and plead: "Come on to my hooch."* But a hooch, as every G.I. in Korea knows, is not a home. More often than not, it is a roach-ridden room in a crumbling old house.

Last week, not for the first time since U.S. servicemen arrived in Korea 19 years ago, the Korean mooses came under fire. In a letter distributed to 12,000 Lutheran pastors throughout the U.S., the director of an American service center in Seoul denounced "the age-old dangers of women and liquor" and concluded that "our young men aren't spiritually and morally ready for Korea." The Rev. Ernst W. Karsten, a mild-mannered Iowan of 59, charged that about 90% of the G.I.s in Korea consort with prostitutes regularly. "Many men have their steadies," Karsten reported. "Some of them 'own' their girls, complete with hooch and furniture. Before leaving Korea they sell the package to a man who is just coming in."

Pillow Fees. Pastor Karsten had his facts entirely straight. Every major U.S. military installation in South Korea is ringed by villages occupied by camp followers who make their living on G.I. largesse. As one inhabitant of a "G.I. town" put it: "We benefit much from the G.I.s stationed here, but thank God they are not Christians. If they were, we would starve."

Korean mistresses—some of them pretty, college-educated girls between 17 and 25 who can find no other jobs—can be established in a hooch for about $150 a month, not counting food. Though this is more than a private's monthly pay, an enterprising G.I. can make up the difference by playing the black market. In some small towns, girls have organized to establish minimum rates. Groups like the Rose Association and the Reconstruction Association have instituted "pillow fees" ranging from $100 to $200 a month. But cash is not as important as PX privileges. Simply by reporting a readiness to get married, a G.I. can provide his moose with cigarettes, radios and cameras, all of which are resalable on the black market for several times their original cost.

Key Money. Under an arrangement known as *chunse* (deposit), a G.I. can occupy an entire house off base merely by depositing "key money." No rent is necessary because the Korean owner is delighted to get the working capital, which he then invests in the black market. He can double or even treble his investment in six months. The G.I. gets his "key money" back at the end of his tour by selling the hooch, complete with furniture and moose, to an incoming soldier. Prices currently range from $200 to $300.

Pastor Karsten himself admits that it is difficult for military commanders to correct the situation. General Hamilton H. Howze, commander of U.S. and United Nations forces in Korea, has pledged not to tolerate "improper conduct." He hopes to "dispel the notion that a tour in Korea represents an undesirable lost year, which can be made palatable only by hard drinking and promiscuity." Still, by U.S. Army standards, Korea is a hardship post, and it would hardly be possible to restrict all troops to barracks or declare whole cities off limits.

General Howze has launched a partially successful "Character Guidance" program since he assumed the post last year (compulsory attendance: one hour a month), and the Armed Forces Radio carries a daily half-hour program, called *Date with Diana,* aimed at soothing homesick G.I. hearts with music and messages from the States. More soldiers are taking out their excess energy on such projects as building orphanages for Korean waifs, teaching English in local schools and playing softball.

* Moose is a corruption of the Japanese *musume* (girl), while hooch derives from *uchi* (house).

RED CHINA

Toughening the Next Generation

For thousands of years Chinese society has honored age above all else, and the ruling role of the elder is one of the few ancient attitudes that Peking's modern masters have left unassailed—if only in self-defense. Party Boss Mao Tse-tung is 70 and beginning to show it. Premier Chou En-lai, 66, is ailing, as is Defense Minister Lin Piao, at 56 a mere bean sprout in the Peking Politburo, whose average age is 65. Often mentioned as Mao's successor, Party Secretary-General Teng Hsaio-ping is over 60. Beset by intimations of mortality, the Red leadership has launched a campaign to "cultivate millions of successors to carry on the cause."

China watchers, who have ironically dubbed it "the campaign to train a million Maos," deem it the most important political drive in Chinese Communism's brief history. Mao is not only racing time but also Khrushchev's version of consumer Communism. As Peking sees it, the Chinese younger generation must be saved from the dangerous heresy that it is better to be fed than Red.

Permanent Revolution. People's Daily warned last spring that China's enemies were pinning their hopes on the "deterioration of the younger generation," and that concern for "seniority" in promoting officials was "backward, clannish, feudal thinking." When the Communist Youth League met a few weeks later, its first secretary, Hu Yao-pang, 51, was re-elected, but 144 of its 178 committee members were replaced.

Last month *Red Flag* took 7,000 words to spell out the leadership's worries in full: "The class enemies have cast a horoscope for China, claiming poverty leads to change, change leads to wealth, wealth leads to revisionism." Only by training a new generation of Communists to be as tough as the old ones will it be possible "to ensure permanent revolution and prevent repetition of Khrushchev's revisionism in China."

Nuclear Toys. To that end, Peking has begun a massive new "socialist education" program. All young party members will henceforth have to take part in "collective productive labor"; high-school and college graduates have already been transferred to rural areas. High-school curriculums are being revamped to comprise 60% academic work and 40% manual labor, and universities are tightening their admissions to funnel more high-school graduates onto the farm or factory assembly line.

Peking last week in effect confirmed a U.S. prediction that China would soon explode a nuclear device, hinted that early November might be testing-time. But having nuclear toys to play with will not necessarily toughen the future China. In conversation, Mao as much as admitted his worry that the next Chinese generation may not retain the hard-line fervor of the original revolutionaries. "They must learn to struggle," he says. "They will learn—perhaps."

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ELIZABETH IN QUEBEC
Empty streets, sullen people.

CANADA

The Queen & the Chill

Quebec City was an armed camp. Its roads leading into the French Canadian provincial capital, police flagged down motorists and searched their cars. The airport and railway station swarmed with plainclothesmen. On the cliffs overlooking the St. Lawrence River, khaki-clad Canadian army troops took their positions while Navy frogmen ran a final check for mines in the dock area of Wolfe's Cove. Yellow police barricades lined the city streets, and knots of helmeted riot police stood ready. Their orders were clear: all demonstrations were banned.

The Queen was coming, and many French Canadians thought Elizabeth of England was unwelcome. Like an old sore suddenly scraped open, French nationalism is raging anew in Quebec after two centuries of British domination. Its impatient generation of French Canadians demands more autonomy and a stronger voice in the country's affairs. Some even preach outright secession from English Canada; the more passionate have been punctuating their cries with mailbox bombings, arms raids and threats against the Queen's visit—even on her life.

As she approached Quebec last week, ominous letters and telephone calls poured into newspapers. Police seized 5,000 "hate" pamphlets ("First-class general for Confederation—the Queen's dead"). And in downtown Quebec City the night before her arrival 1,000 members of the separatist Le Rassemblement pour l'Indépendance Nationale staged a silent protest march until police broke it up. "This is an example of the democracy we live in," snarled Separatist leader Pierre Bourgault. Officials were concerned by thoughts of the assassination of President Kennedy.

"Shoo, Shoo, Shoo." As the Queen arrived in Quebec City, all Canada held its breath. Sailing up the St. Lawrence from Prince Edward Island, where she began her eight-day visit, the royal yacht *Britannia* docked at Wolfe's Cove, and for a full hour security police combed the area before the Queen and Prince Philip stepped ashore. In a bleakly unceremonial freight shed, she inspected the honor guard, listened to a welcoming speech by Premier Jean Lesage, then climbed into a bulletproof Cadillac for the drive to the Quebec Parliament Building—and a reception as chill as the north wind moaning down from the Arctic.

Few cheers or waving flags greeted her passage through town. But if the authorities expected a screaming, stone-throwing mob, there was none of that either. Only a handful of silent, staring people peered curiously between the ranks of police and scarlet-coated Mounties. Possibly through fear, possibly by design, Quebec seemed to be staying home, for the most part ignoring her altogether.

At the Parliament Building a crowd of 200 college-age youths began shouting *"Quebec Libre"* and chanting "Shoo, shoo, shoo." They dispersed when police flailed away with night sticks. The whole crowd in Parliament Square—a few of them pattering polite applause—hardly numbered 500. "You can count the crowd by counting the police—and then divide by two," said one newsman.

"We Must Explain." Looking paler than usual as she stood before Quebec's solemn legislators, the Queen voiced a quiet appeal for unity: "Between compatriots, we must explain and present our points of view, without passion, respecting the opinions of others. This country is the meeting place of two great civilizations, each contributing its own genius and quality. These qualities are not contradictory, but complement one another."

When the Queen left the building, 50 separatists set up a new chant—*"Le Quebec au Quebecois* [Quebec for Quebeckers]." Again the police shut them up, and she moved on to her official round of appointments—mostly ceremonial and out of public view. For a war memorial dedication at Quebec's historical old Citadel, only 1,500 of 2,500 invited guests bothered to show up; and no sooner were the formal ceremonies under way than another minor demonstration erupted outside the high grey wall surrounding the Citadel. The next day was spent quietly on shipboard, entertaining special guests at a state luncheon.

This week Queen Elizabeth travels on to the federal capital of Ottawa and returns to the warmth of English-speaking Canada. But Quebec—with its troops, its empty streets, sullen people and background music of catcalls—will be hard to forget.

FOREIGN RELATIONS

"As You Would Greet Me"

The President of France, as well as the Queen of England, was learning that a state visit to a volatile land can involve some risks. French officials had decided that the chances of trouble during Charles de Gaulle's trip to Latin America were minimal. If his health could take the strain (a question to everyone except the astonishing old man himself), the trip should provide a string of modest but unbroken successes. After two weeks and six countries, the educated guess was more or less on target. In the third week, trouble materialized. De Gaulle's visit to Argentina was a bomb.

Rowdy Links. Supporters of exiled Dictator Juan Perón put De Gaulle precisely where he did not wish to be—smack in the middle of Argentina's violent internal politics. From Madrid, Perón told his supporters to "greet De Gaulle as you would greet me." That produced a mob scene and a rowdy attempt to link De Gaulle with Perón, presenting both as champions of the third force, independent of either East or West. The obvious purpose was to discomfit the regime of President Arturo Illia, which has cast its lot with the U.S.

No sooner had De Gaulle's Caravelle jet touched down at Buenos Aires' Aeroparque than shrieking crowds of Peronistas hoisted banners proclaiming *"De Gaulle, Perón, tercera posición"*

PARIS-MATCH

ILLIA-DE GAULLE POSTERS PLASTERED WITH PERÓN
The visitor retreated into icy aloofness.

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Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

(third position). But that was nothing compared to the swirling mobs in the central industrial city (primarily autos) of Córdoba, which De Gaulle visited for five uncomfortable hours.

Massing along the motorcade's route, hundreds of Peronistas broke through police lines and swirled around the presidential Cadillac, hooting at Illia and cheering for De Gaulle and Perón. At one point, the surging crowd jammed the handlebar of an escorting motorcycle through the Cadillac's left rear window, slightly cutting Illia. The limousine carrying the First Ladies was forced onto the sidewalk. An hour later, rioting broke out again near where De Gaulle was to lunch. This time, police submachine guns sprayed bullets over the crowd. Tear gas filled the square. Fire hoses broke up charging groups while police and firemen were pelted by stones. The toll: 26 injured, six by gunshot.

"Them & Them Alone." Illia, of course, was badly embarrassed (Córdoba is his home town), and once again Argentina was shown to be a sorely divided nation lacking leadership. But De Gaulle was on the spot too, and there was no satisfactory way for him to get off it. Any wave to the Peronista crowd would be interpreted as support of anti-government forces, and he had no desire to make a formal anti-Perón statement. He did the best he could under the circumstances, retreated into the icy aloofness he has been striving to avoid. "The matter concerns them and them alone," he told an aide. He never mentioned the Peronistas in public.

At last De Gaulle was able to fly on to less troubled soil. In neighboring Paraguay, President Alfredo Stroessner gave him a warm and relaxed 41 hours. In Uruguay, 25,000 people braved a pelting rain to line the streets of Montevideo; visiting a French high school, De Gaulle was moved to tears when a 13-year-old girl said in French: "Through years of study, we have learned to love France." In Brazil, which he visits this week, plans were under way for what Brazilians hope will be the biggest welcome of all.

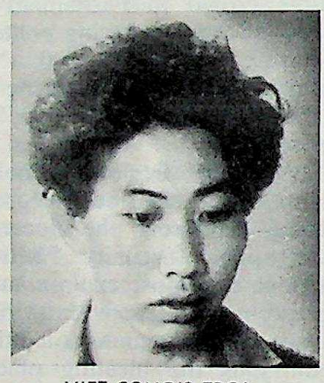
VENEZUELA

Another Nasty Stunt

There is no group in Latin America quite like Venezuela's Castroite Armed Forces of National Liberation (F.A.L.N.). It enjoys virtually no popular support, has had only limited success at guerrilla warfare in the hills, failed miserably in a much touted plan to disrupt last year's elections. Yet it is unparalleled in nasty little headline-grabbing stunts. Besides random killings and small acts of sabotage, F.A.L.N. terrorists have stolen five Louvre Museum masterpieces, hijacked one freighter on the high seas, kidnaped one visiting Spanish soccer star, and kidnaped one U.S. colonel. Last week they made it two U.S. colonels.

Keeping the Promise. Lieut. Colonel Michael Smolen, 44, deputy chief of the U.S. Air Force mission in Venezuela, lives in the Bello Monte section of Caracas, only four blocks from where Colonel James K. Chenault was kidnaped last year. Ever since then, occasional threats have promised another kidnaping, and one afternoon last week Smolen was specifically fingered. To be on the safe side, Mission Chief Colonel Henry Choate, 47, came by the next morning to give him a lift to work. Even so, the kidnaping took only 20 seconds. As Smolen was walking to Choate's car at 8 a.m., a 1958 Chevrolet sedan raced up, and out popped two hoods. Leveling a submachine gun at Smolen, they hustled him into the

U.S. COLONEL SMOLEN



VIET CONG'S TROI
A cynical swap.

Chevy. Colonel Choate started out of his car, saw what was happening, and took off, high-hurdling through fenced yards until he was clear.

Police immediately threw up roadblocks, with no luck. The Chevy soon appeared, however, abandoned a block from the leftist-ridden Central University. Then, at 3:30 p.m., the phone rang in the Caracas office of the Associated Press. The F.A.L.N., said the caller, had Smolen. He would be released only when Nguyen Van Troi was released. And who is Nguyen Van Troi? He is the Viet Cong terrorist who was caught trying to assassinate U.S. Defense Secretary Robert McNamara with a planted bomb in Saigon last May. Troi, 17, is sentenced to die this Thursday. If he is executed, warned the A.P.'s caller, Smolen will die an hour later.

Grabbing the Credit. That put the U.S. in an odd corner. Ever since Troi's conviction, the U.S. embassy in Saigon has been quietly pressuring for his reprieve on the grounds that executing a fumbling 17-year-old kid would do no one any good. Premier Nguyen Khanh was warming to the idea, and Saigon newspapers reported a reprieve in the works weeks ago. As the State Department and the Pentagon size it up, the Venezuelan F.A.L.N. knew that, figured by kidnaping a U.S. hostage it could grab credit for something that was due to happen anyway.

BRAZIL

End of the Purges

After six months of housecleaning, Brazil's revolutionary government last week gave up its power to purge—just as President Humberto Castello Branco had promised it would. The bristles in Castello Branco's broom were two articles in the sweeping Institutional Act decreed by the revolutionaries after they deposed leftist President João Goulart last April. Under Article 10, which was in effect for two months, the government could revoke for ten years the political rights of anyone judged guilty of subversion or corruption; under Article 7, lasting six months, it could fire or retire any government employee judged guilty of similar offenses but who didn't warrant the bigger ax.

Article 10 was applied in secret, with no defense permitted; evidence was heard and acted upon behind closed doors by a panel of officers and civilians, who then presented their recommendations to President Castello Branco for approval. When it expired four months ago, 378 Brazilians, including three ex-Presidents (Juscelino Kubitschek, Jânio Quadros and the deposed João Goulart) had been stripped of their rights to vote, hold elective office or government jobs. With Goulart, it was academic, since he had fled to exile in Uruguay, but it ended, at least temporarily, the careers of Kubitschek and Quadros. Article 7 didn't use such star-chamber techniques. But in practice, accused persons often were given only a few hours to mount and present a defense before the judges.

The final list was not quite complete, but as Article 7 ran out last week, an estimated 3,300 Brazilians had lost their government jobs. Mostly they were professors, middle-echelon executives in government enterprises, local political appointees. The big surprise was how harshly the military dealt with officers who had wavered, however briefly, in the flash revolt; 26 of 82 active generals have been forced into retirement, along with eight of 68 admirals.

Critics of the purges contend that the victors turned them into an instrument of revenge, paying off old scores and sweeping hundreds of innocent people into the same dustbin with the guilty. There is probably some truth to the charge. But whatever the excesses, it is clear that the house has been cleaned of a good many crooks and virtually all of the undermining leftists, and constitutional law is now restored.

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PEOPLE

When Evangelist **Billy Graham**, 45, marched on Boston with his "Crusade for Christ" last month, **Richard Cardinal Cushing**, 69, then in Rome, issued a statement welcoming him. Last week in Boston, Billy called on the cardinal to thank him, and the meeting turned into a regular love feast. His Eminence asked Graham how he managed to look so fit. "I trust in the Lord and take vitamins," quipped Graham. Then he added: "I feel I have known you a long time. The police in Boston think you are the greatest." "You can see why we never come within the arm of the law," chuckled Cushing. Said Billy: "I feel closer to many Catholic traditions than I do to some of the most liberal Protestants." Agreed the cardinal: "No Catholic can listen to you and not become a better Catholic."

• • •

"It's safer to stay with something you know something about" was clearly said by the grandson of the man who said, "People can have the Model T in any color, so long as it's black." Only Henry Ford I meant it, while that daredevil **Henry Ford II**, 44, threw caution aside and took a $1,600 flyer in a Broadway musical, *Sugar City*, due in March. The auto heir has backed "two or three" other shows, none of which earned him a dime. But, as Granddad used to say, history is more or less bunk.

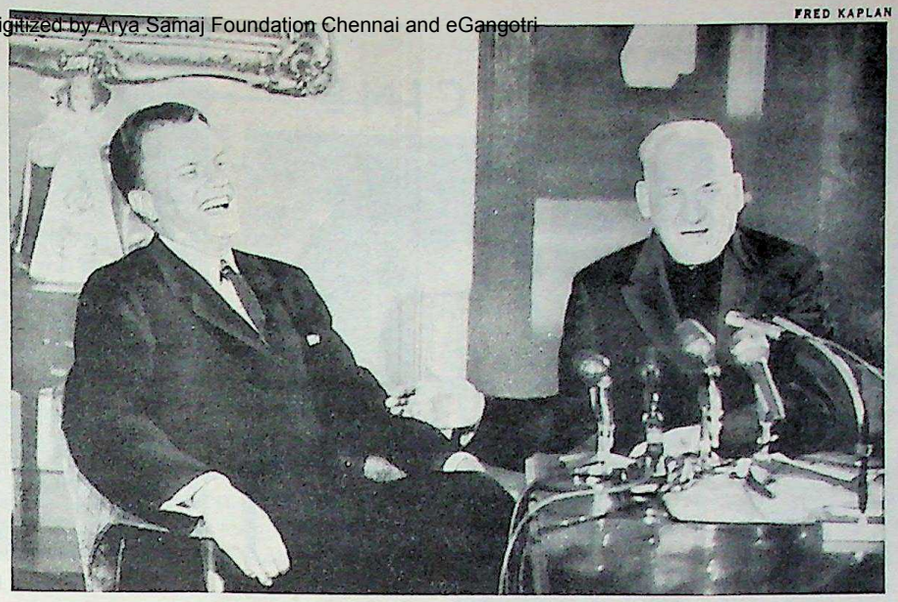
• • •

Washington's Henry ("Scoop") Jackson was first to go, then Oregon's Maurine Neuberger. Finally the founding member of the U.S. Senate's Pacific Northwest lonelyhearts club moved to adjourn permanently. In a Shoreham Hotel suite, Senate Chaplain Rev. Dr. Frederick Brown Harris married Washington's **Warren G. Magnuson**, 59, one of the capitol's most sociable eligibles since shortly after his first marriage ended in divorce in 1935, to Mrs. Jer-

AP

MAGNUSONS & WEDDING GUEST
Last in line—and nearly broken up.

FRED KAPLAN



BILLY GRAHAM & CARDINAL CUSHING
Trust in God—and vitamins.

maine Peralta, 41, a Seattle widow. The 20 guests included Lyndon and Lady Bird, but though the bride looked properly serene, those wedding bells nearly broke up poor old Maggie.

• • •

Eleven days in the intensive-care unit at Los Angeles' Good Samaritan Hospital nearly did the old movie hero in. "They kept bringing in all those cardiac cases," growled **John Wayne**, 57. "I was ready to shoot my way out." Hastily, they moved him to another floor to finish recovering from surgery for the removal of a lung abscess. Finally, 10 lbs. (and several shades of tan) lighter, the Duke strode from the sickbed into a brigade of reporters. Had it been cancer? A heart attack? "There's nothing to that," he roared, ripping open his shirt and showing his scar. "Take a look for yourself."

• • •

"He was my first colonel, who showed me the gift and art of command," says Charles de Gaulle in his memoirs, and he sorrowed in 1945 when Marshal **Henri Pétain**, hero of Verdun, was found guilty of treason for his chieftaincy of the pro-Nazi Vichy regime. De Gaulle commuted the old man's death sentence to life imprisonment. Now, 13 years after Pétain's death and burial on the Ile d'Yeu in the Bay of Biscay, the French press is alive with rumors that De Gaulle may accede to Pétain's wish to be interred at Verdun. So he may, but *le chef* has been angered by the buzz-buzz. The earliest date for reburial is now the 50th anniversary of the battle of Verdun, in 1966.

• • •

One has a husband in show business, the other a husband in shoe business, but **Elizabeth Taylor**, 32, and **Debbie Reynolds**, 32, do have something in common: an ex-husband. They also managed last week to land in the same boat, the *Queen Elizabeth*, bound from New York to Europe. Hordes of reporters descended on Pier 92 as the shipmates came aboard: Debbie with Husband Harry Karl; Liz with 127 pieces of luggage, four children, and—oh, yes, someone in dark glasses whom a newsman called "Mr. Taylor." Another asked Liz if she planned to meet Debbie. "I would have dinner," she replied, "if invited." Would the unsinkable Mrs. Karl buy the Burtons a drink? "I'd have to ask my husband," she dimpled. "He has the money."

• • •

In Norfolk, Va., the estate of General of the Army **Douglas MacArthur**, who died in April at 84, was appraised at $2,131,941.89, bequeathed to his widow, Jean Faircloth MacArthur. Composed primarily of securities, it included 2,205 shares of G.M. (worth $180,258.75), Los Angeles Metropolitan Transit Authority and Chesapeake Bay Bridge-Tunnel bonds (together worth $291,007), and 1,903 shares ($34,254) in Sperry Rand Corp., whose chairman he had been since 1955.

• • •

"I believe philanthropy generally is not attuned to the times," said **John D. Rockefeller III**, 58, at a banquet in Manhattan. "We are too ready to settle for the tried and proven. Rather than venture, we dwell on the problems of yesterday, neglectful of the new needs of today and the impatient future." Rockefeller urged that private philanthropists delegate more responsibility to Government for established needs in public health and welfare, devote private funds to speculative areas, such as population research and the arts.

• • •

Claiming they had suffered "embarrassment and mental agony," **Robert Welch**, 64, president of the John Birch Society, two aides and the society itself sued NBC in Fort Worth for $8,000,000 in damages. A May 20 broadcast by Chet Huntley and David Brinkley, said the plaintiffs, falsely reported that the FBI had arrested "parties engaged in selling arms to the society." Said their lawyer: "More than likely, the broadcast went out all over the U.S., and we could have sued almost anywhere, but we wanted a more favorable climate, as distinguished from a climate that is ultraliberal."

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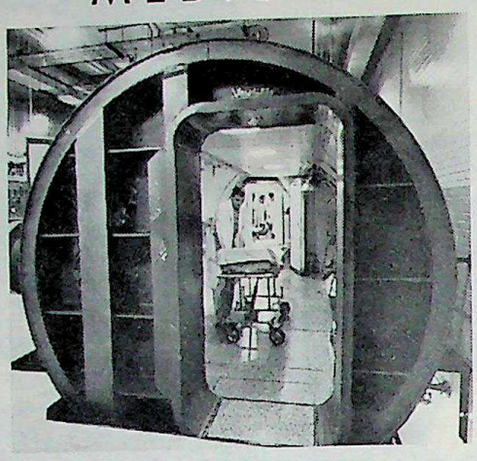
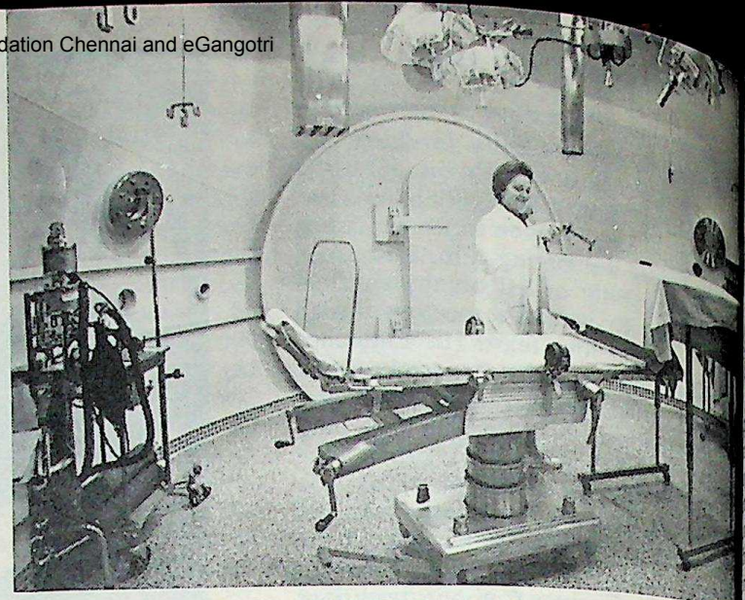
MEDICINE

CONTROLS & TV



HATCHWAY TO CHAMBER



NURSE IN HYPERBARIC OPERATING ROOM IN MINNEAPOLIS

Sharing the risks of the man on the table.

SURGERY

Under Pressure

Time was when a surgeon needed little more for an operation than his kit of instruments and an assistant to drip ether onto the gauze held over the patient's nose and mouth. But since technology has taken over, today's operating theaters contain surgical teams numbering a dozen or more specialists controlling batteries of instruments from heart-lung machines and artificial kidneys to monitoring devices recording everything from pulse and breathing to brain waves.

But for all this equipment the major risks were nonetheless run by the man on the operating table. The newest branch of surgery is now going a step further and requiring the whole operating team to undergo the hazards along with the patient. This fast-developing technique requires that operations be conducted with both patient and surgical team isolated in a sealed chamber under pressure up to seven times the earth's atmosphere. So successful have the results been to date that surgeons consider the risk worth taking—even for themselves—and already-crowded hospitals are now adding whole new combinations of hyperbaric chambers and spheres to make such under-pressure operations possible.

Staph & Clots. The surgeon who pioneered the new trend is Amsterdam's Dr. Ite Boerema (TIME, Feb. 15, 1963), on hand last week to receive an honorary membership in the American College of Surgeons at its annual congress in Chicago. Dr. Boerema had begun by using high-pressure oxygen to combat gas gangrene. Reasoning that the microbes that cause gangrene are of types that thrive without oxygen, he succeeded in killing the microbes by flooding them with oxygen. Since then hyperbaric conditions in the operating room have proved a godsend when treating infants with congenital heart defects. Working in an old and relatively primitive Navy chamber, Harvard's Dr. William F. Bernhard and his colleagues have now operated on 80 such infants and children, have had only one patient die during surgery.

Other researchers believe high-pressure oxygen may be useful in destroying lingering tetanus bacilli, and doctors at Maumee Vallery Hospital, Toledo, report that in some cases it is effective against oxygen-breathing microbes, including *Staphylococcus aureus*—"hospital staph." There is even evidence that high-pressure oxygen may help to dispel massive blood clots in the lungs, help to reverse the effects of severe heart attacks, and enhance the effectiveness of certain drugs in the treatment of certain skin cancers (melanomas).

Martini Effect. As encouraging as the new hyperbaric technique has proven to be, it is still fraught with all the risks inseparable from working in abnormally high pressures. An expert in the field is Dr. Claude R. Hitchcock of the Hennepin County General Hospital in Minneapolis, first to open a large Government-supported unit in the U.S., which has been in operation since May 1 this year. Once inside the pressurized chambers, Dr. Hitchcock reported, the hospital staff and patient share all the dangers of the deep-sea diver. There is nitrogen narcosis, or Cousteau's "raptures of the deep"—also known as "the martini effect"—caused by excess nitrogen; "oxygen ebullience," a kind of euphoria resulting from excess oxygen; and finally, "the bends" or "caisson disease," from too-rapid decompression.

To avoid the danger that someone inside might suffer from the "martini effect" all the controls are located on the outside and manned by highly skilled personnel breathing air at ordinary pressures. Elaborate instrumentation with a variety of fail-safe mechanisms delivers medical gases under extra pressure to the doctors inside. As a further safeguard, the four chambers at the Hennepin Hospital are all equipped with closed-circuit TV, so that monitors on the outside can watch everything that the operating team does on the inside, and sound an alert if normal operating procedures should be violated.

GYNECOLOGY

Durable, Unendurable Women

The polysyllabic title in the American College of Surgeons program was obviously designed to be provocative: "What Is Exciting in Gynecologic Endocrinology?" But his confreres suddenly sat up when Gynecologist Robert W. Kistner blurted: "We are keeping women around too long—they should all be dead soon after age 45."

Then Dr. Kistner backtracked to explain: "Women are the only mammalian females to live beyond their reproductive usefulness. So it is by that evolutionary standard that they live too long. But since we do keep them around, we should recognize that during the menopause they are living in a state of hormonal imbalance, and we should treat it. We should give them 'the pills' to control the uncomfortable symptoms that women have complained about for centuries."

Dr. Kistner suggested combinations of progestational hormones and estrogens, like those used in contraceptives such as Enovid, for women aged roughly from 40 to 50. What about those who live much longer? They are no longer in hormonal imbalance, he replied, but many of them suffer from hormonal deficiency states. These produce such symptoms as "dowager's hump," excessive wrinkles, and osteoporosis (brittle bones). "If a woman has these symptoms," Dr. Kistner declared, "she should get estrogens, not every day, but in cycles. Or on the off chance that these might encourage cancer, she could have combinations, such as Enovid."

It was not only because of female vanity that Dr. Kistner thought these aging women should have medical help. "Another common consequence of their reduced output of estrogens," he said, "is that intercourse becomes painful. This leads to marital difficulties and is a factor in many cases of philandering by middle-aged husbands. If we can prevent or retard these changes of senescence, we can help to keep the women happier and their husbands as well."

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RADIO-TELEVISION

Skyrocket

A few years ago Yogi Berra was asked what he thought of Mel Allen as a sportscaster. "Too many woids," said Berra.

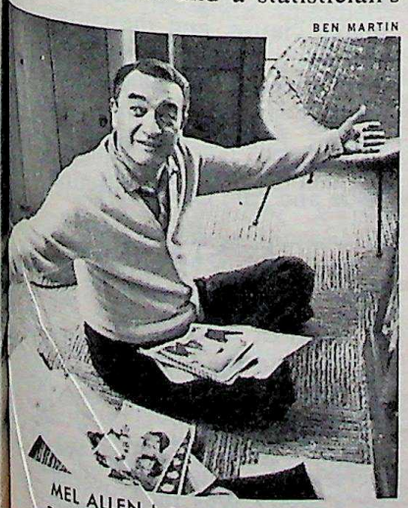
Last week 51-year-old Mel Allen's verbiean output of woids dropped momentarily to zero. As the World Series opened, the Voice of the Yankees was in Stamford, Conn., watching the game on television with friends. In his place the Yanks installed Phil Rizzuto, the ace Yankee shortstop who has been broadcasting Yankee games as a colleague of Allen's for eight years.

Words & Scholarships. Questions started rising like pop flies, asking who had the hatchet. But clearly the Yankees had sacked their own man. Allen's contract runs out this year, and the Yankees have been holding secret talks with other announcers for weeks.

Allen has been gabbing for pay ever since his student days at the University of Alabama, when, as Mel Israel, he broadcast Alabama baseball and football games and was so renowned for his keenness and precocity (he matriculated at 15) that he was nicknamed Skyrocket. Son of a dry-goods merchant, he studied law but before he started practice he got a call to big-time broadcasting and could not resist it. Almost once he was assigned to the Yankees, the Yankees have been a major part of his life for 25 years. He has never married. He shares his home in Westchester with his parents. In 1950 the Yankees gave him a Mel Allen Day at Yankee Stadium and handed him $5,000 worth of gewgaws, including a Cadillac and $10,000 in cash. Allen contributed the cash part to college scholarships.

Pale Blue Filler. Up in the broadcast booth, he was indeed some rambler, as he got it from Berra. He could not resist telling TV fans in his cornpone drawl every last detail of what they could see for themselves. Moreover, with a journalist's eye for firsts and a statistician's mania for the minutiae of baseball, he was fond of confiding to his listeners that, say, the bunt that had just been witnessed was the first ever laid down by a left-handed rightfielder in an August night game with two men on base and one out. In the few moments when the 90 million known facets of the diamond happened to fail him, he always had a filler nonetheless. "International Falls is the coldest place in the U.S.," he once said out of the pale, pale blue. "Temperaturewise, that is."

BEN MARTIN



MEL ALLEN & SOUVENIRS
Baseballwise, no woids.

Another reason Allen may be through is that for all his knowledge of baseball, he cannot speak with the assured insight of a fellow who has once played the major league game. In the booth where Allen would have been sitting last week were Rizzuto and Joe Garagiola, who once caught for the Cardinals. Baseball players, brainwise, used to be presumed capable of little more skill in the arts of communication than a repertory of meta-laryngeal grunts. But Rizzuto and Garagiola are both articulate, witty, catlike on top of the play by play, and full of first-person-singular remarks about how it is done. Example:

Joe (to Phil): "You could bunt and you could run—a good wheel, as they say."

Phil: "I had to be good, or I'd have been back in the minors . . . You need a slow third baseman, tall grass, soft dirt."

Joe: "No wonder I couldn't bunt."

Or, on chewing tobacco:

Joe: "You know, you have to chew on the side of your face away from the pitcher or you can't see the pitch right."

Mel Allen will continue his *N.C.A.A. Football* and weekend *Monitor* broadcasts for NBC. But now that baseball has found its own voice, it apparently does not need Skyrocket.

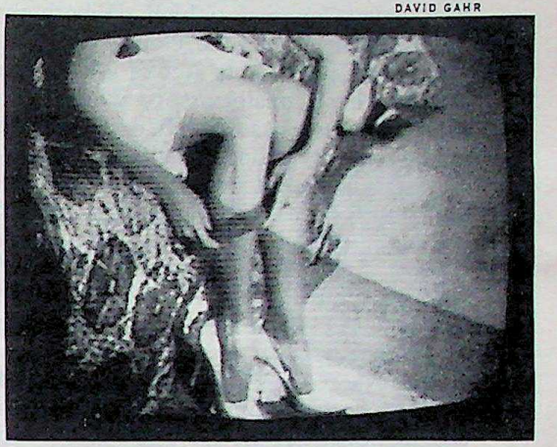
Tripleheader

The honored art of pure slapstick is so out of vogue that few people even remember that the word refers to an actual stick—"a device," says *Webster,* "made of two flat pieces of wood, sometimes used in farce by one actor striking another in such a way as from the loud noise to make it appear that the blow was a severe one." One might think that television would be a wilderness of slapstick, but actually there is remarkably little of it. Last week NBC tried to change this situation by introducing three new slapstick comedies in one 90-minute package.

Nudes & Tirades. Called *90 Bristol Court,* the program was conceived and largely written by Joe Connelly and Bob Mosher, who wrote and produced the old *Amos 'n' Andy* series. Each half-hour is a series starring a different set of people, all of whom live in the same complex of garden apartments. In the first segment last week, a 16-year-old girl (Debbie Watson) drove to an airport to pick up an Italian exchange student who was to be her blind date for a school prom. Instead, she picked up Alberto Giacometti, or his equivalent, a world-famous Italian sculptor, who happened to be passing through with a sensational bronze nude in his hand.

The middle-aged Giacometti, who could not speak a word of English, soon found himself in an American living room being looked over by a suspicious father. To get rid of him, the daughter craftily telephoned an Italian butcher, who blasted Giacometti over the phone for being a dirty old man. The show succeeded in a swirl of mistaken identities, mistaken overcoats and wonderful long tirades in uninterrupted Italian.

DAVID GAHR



LEGS AT BRISTOL COURT
Slapstick, 90 minutes.

Consummate Cleavage. The second segment was about a lantern-jawed toad (Jack Klugman), whose secretary was so dumb that she wrote him notes so badly garbling the English language that she said RETURN A MOOSE'S HARNESS when she meant RETURN MRS. HARRIS' CALL. It fuzz not fairy hill airy us. But the third was plotted with Elizabethan comedic geometries. The net end of its contrivances was to place a consummately luscious, half-dressed young wife in the same apartment with two unlikely men, both innocent of adulterous intent, while her savagely jealous husband was closing in for the kill. New dimensions of television were opened as the camera focused down her talented cleavage and fondly delineated the removal of a stocking from a leg that could wake the Visigoths.

THE ROAD

It Beats All

Sheet by sheet, they cut the precious cotton into one-inch squares. Who? Two Chicago entrepreneurs who followed the Beatles on the road last month and bought the Beatles' used bed sheets and pillowslips for $1,150 from hotels in Detroit and Kansas City.

The total yield was 160,000 bits of Beatle sheet. The entrepreneurs have mounted each on a certificate showing a fourposter and identifying the individual Beatle whose scented sweat was presumed to be embedded in the weave. Price: $1.

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THE SUPREME COURT

Public Accommodations on Trial

The Congress shall have power to regulate commerce . . . among the several states.

—U.S. Constitution

Can those few words—the famous commerce clause—empower Congress to blow down private racial barriers in public accommodations across the land? Yes, says Congress, which deliberately invoked the commerce clause for Title II of the Civil Rights Act of 1964. No, cry Southern businessmen, who argue that Congress has stretched the clause far beyond its proper reach. So anxious is the Supreme Court to rule on the first two test cases that last week it took the rare step of hearing oral argument on the first day of a new term. Said Justice John M. Harlan: "It is of the utmost public importance that this question be settled."

Avoiding Trouble. Congress linked Title II to the commerce clause for a crucial reason: the fate of the 1875 Civil Rights Act, which sought to use the 14th Amendment to ban racial discrimination by privately owned inns, theaters and the like. In 1883, the Supreme Court voided that law on the ground that the 14th Amendment applies only to state-enforced—not private—discrimination. Attacking private discrimination through the 14th Amendment would thus require a grotesque stretch for links to "state action," such as the fact that practically every business needs a state license.

By contrast, the Court has long permitted Congress to regulate anything that it claims has "a substantial economic effect on interstate commerce." Thus in 1942 (*Wickard* v. *Filburn*), the Court upheld the Agricultural Adjustment Act of 1938 as applied to a farmer who sowed only 23 acres of wheat mostly for home consumption. Reasoning: the combined output of many small farmers affects the total flow of interstate commerce.

The Court has also approved federal regulation that has far more social than economic intent—for example, laws against narcotics, gambling and white slavery. In each case the Government did prove a connection with interstate commerce. Now it aims to do the same with racial discrimination—arguing that 1) discrimination is a burden on interstate commerce; 2) segregated businesses are engaged in such commerce; so that 3) they must desegregate within the meaning of Title II.

"Hogwash." The appeal was brought before the Supreme Court last week by the Heart of Atlanta Motel from an adverse ruling by a three-judge lower federal court. Title II requires the motel to serve Negroes, said that court, because it fronts on an interstate highway, welcomes white transients, advertises in national magazines and gets 75% of its guests from outside Georgia.

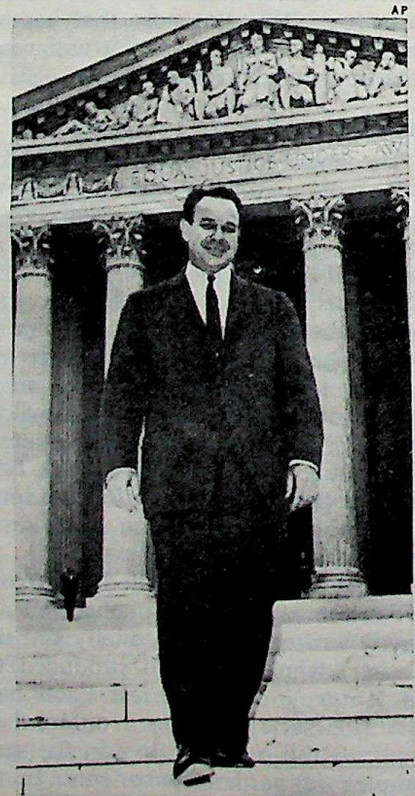
WALTER BENNETT

SOLICITOR GENERAL COX
For public equality.

Ignoring that evidence, the motel's Owner-Lawyer Moreton Rolleston Jr. proceeded to lecture the Justices: "The argument that this law was passed to relieve a burden on interstate commerce is so much hogwash. It was intended to regulate the acts of individuals." If the commerce clause can be stretched that far, declared Rolleston, "Congress can regulate every facet of life."

Yet the basic question, said Justice Hugo Black, is "whether we can say that Congress was wrong in thinking that to deny hundreds of people a right to stop and spend the night places a burden on interstate commerce that Congress has a right to lift."

AP



APPELLANT ROLLESTON
For private discrimination.

Congress was indeed right, said Solicitor General Archibald Cox, citing one statistic after another. From Miami to Washington in 1963, he said, the average distance between motels that accepted Negroes was 141 miles. The bar against Negroes cuts business for hotels, stores, theaters and restaurants throughout the South. When Negroes demonstrate, Southern retail sales are cut by as much as 50%. When whites resist, as in Little Rock, new plants stop coming in. Race discrimination not only "distorts the flow of commerce," argued Cox, but also "prevents it from flowing freely."

Trickle by Trickle. But what could Solicitor General Cox say about Ollie's Barbecue in Birmingham? In that second case of the day, Cox was himself appealing a lower-court decision that found Title II could not constitutionally reach a strictly local restaurant.

"There is no way of saying that an interstate traveler has ever been served at Ollie's," said Birmingham Lawyer Robert Smith. Ollie's does no advertising, seeks no transients, is eleven blocks away from the nearest interstate highway and buys most of its meat from a packing plant in Birmingham (though the plant gets the meat from outside Alabama). If Title II forced Ollie's to serve Negroes, said Smith, the result "would convert the commerce clause into a general welfare power under which Congress could encroach upon personal liberty and property to a degree never heretofore imagined."

Cox stuck to one rebuttal: Ollie's supplies come from out-of-state and do affect interstate commerce. Ollie's "trickle," said Cox, is "representative of hundreds of thousands of trickles and together they make a great stream." This is "a national commercial problem" requiring the "wisdom and discretion of Congress," said Cox, and Title II is "reasonably adapted to the problem."

Will the Supreme Court agree? No since 1936 has the Court struck down an act of Congress based on the commerce clause, and the current Court is obviously concerned with Negro rights. Still, there is no such thing as an absolutely sure bet on Supreme Court decisions, but the smart money is betting that the Court will squarely face the issue and rule before Election Day.

STATUTES

That Spy Loophole: A Deal or a Goof?

Why did the Government really drop its case in Brooklyn two weeks ago against accused Soviet Spies Aleksandr Sokolov and the woman who called herself Joy Ann Balch? Was it a deal or a goof? Was the Government really foiled because Defense Lawyer Edward Brodsky invoked what newsmen called

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"1795 law" requiring the names and addresses of Government witnesses—thus endangering U.S. secret agents?

Whatever the answers, the law in question was duly invoked last week in behalf of two more accused Soviet spies facing trial in Newark—and the Government duly cooperated. Fact is, the law is hardly a new discovery. Last revised in 1958, it is plain as day in the U.S. Code, Title 18, Section 3432, which reads: "A person charged with treason or other capital offense shall at least three entire days before commencement of trial be furnished with a copy of the indictment and a list of the veniremen, and of the witnesses to be produced on the trial for proving the indictment, stating the place of abode of each venireman and witness."

Most states have similar laws, and the "place of abode" rule is old news to any good criminal lawyer or prosecutor. It stands, in fact, as one of the milestones of English law, which long held that a criminal defendant had no right to know anything about the witnesses to be used against him. In 1708, Britain's Parliament's own fear of royal persecution moved it to make an exception in the case of treason. In 1790, the U.S. Congress enacted a similar statute for treason, and in 1873 extended it to cover all capital offenses.

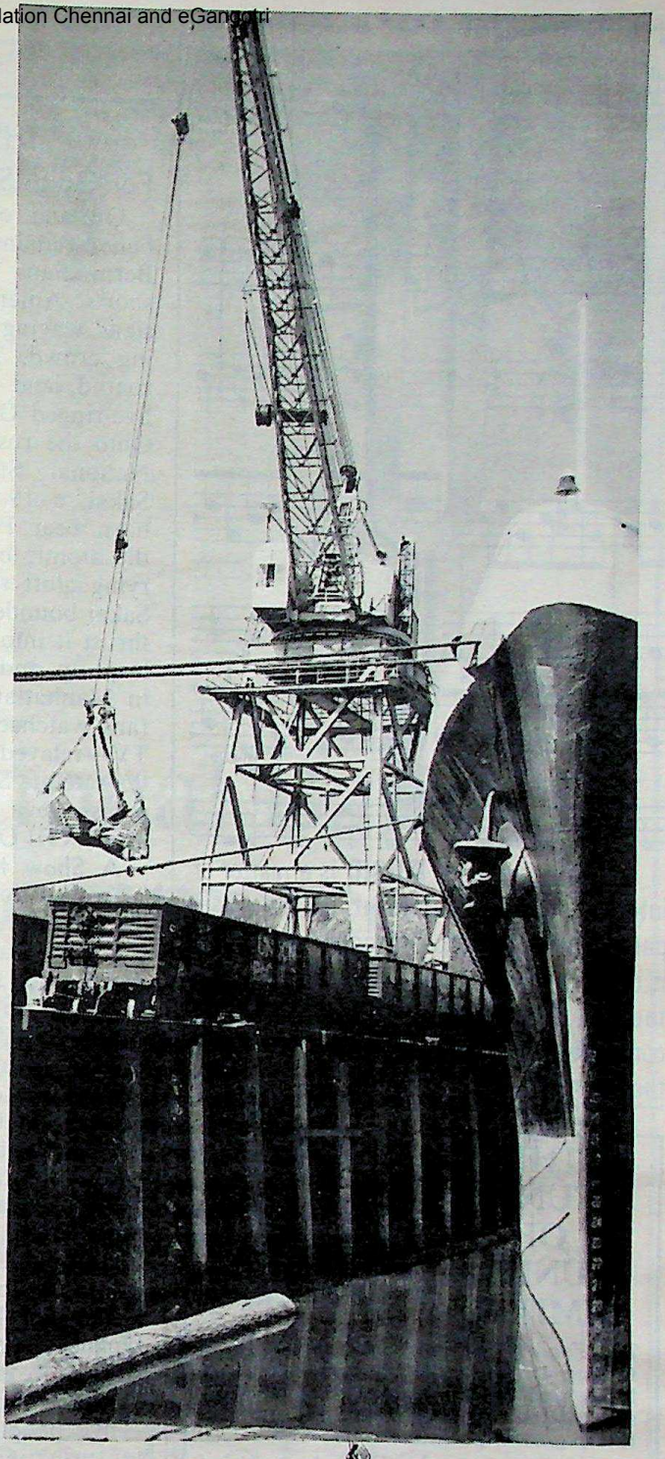
Every federal defendant has, thus, long been entitled to a list of Government witnesses in order to decide what testimony he must rebut when he is accused of crimes punishable by death—including espionage. Thus, the Sokolov case could not have surprised the Government; in fact, the court had approved it a full year before the aborted trial in Brooklyn. Why the Government really dropped the case is yet to be determined.

CRIMINAL JUSTICE

...y as You Stay

When he recently completed a 15-month rap at Michigan's Jackson state prison, Benjamin Ritholz boasted the unique distinction of having paid for paying his debt to society. Reason: Lensmaker Ritholz, who was convicted of trying to bribe the state optometry board, is a millionaire. And under a 1953 state law, Michigan requires rich prisoners to pay their way.

Michigan's unusual statute sets no standard for judging which cons are rich enough to pay as they stay; the law says that an inmate who "appears" solvent enough is subject to being charged the $4 to $9 that it costs the state to keep him in jail. Few actually get into debt; the state has collected only $4,000 from paying prisoners in the past nine years. But the possibilities are clear from the record of Lifer Roman Gribczak (murder, bank robbery), the state's top paying con. While earning $5 a month in the Jackson prison laundry, Gribczak has over the past ten years shelled out $13,847.51 for his keep.



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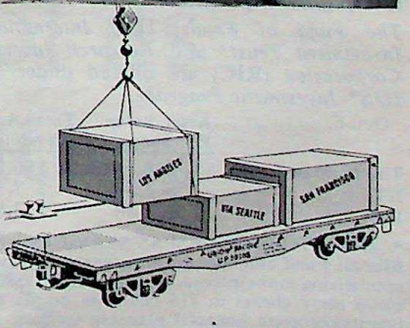
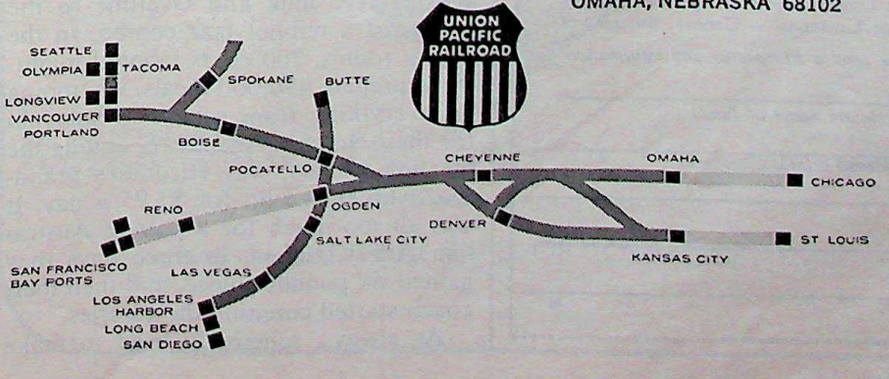


UNION PACIFIC RAILROAD

OMAHA, NEBRASKA 68102



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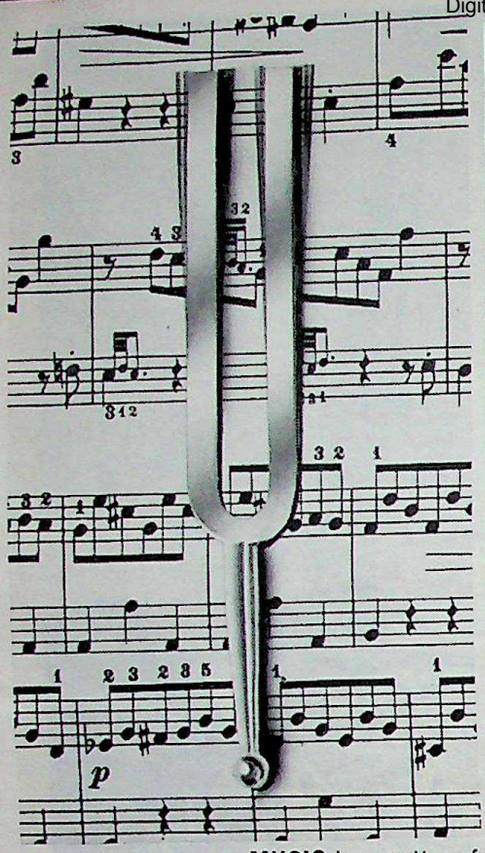

MUSIC is a matter of interpretation, temperament. It lives only in performance. In reporting on the arts, TIME is concerned with the performer as much as the work; in following all the news, TIME is concerned with the personalities as well as the events.

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THE OLYMPICS

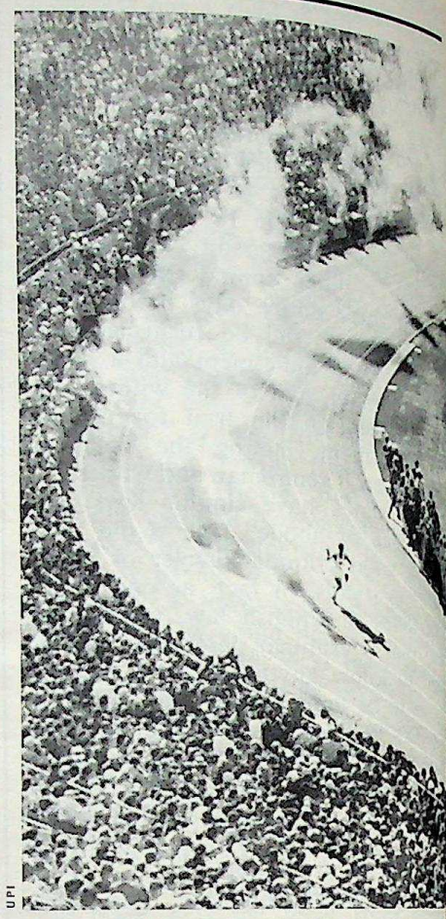
For Gold, Silver & Bronze

On and on they came—purple-turbaned Indians, saffron-robed Ghanaians, Bermudians in (what else?) Bermuda shorts, Americans in L.B.J. hats, Russians waving red ribbons at the cheering crowd. Trumpets blared, cannons roared, and screaming jets traced the five-ringed Olympic symbol in the sky. Onto the rust-colored track at Tokyo's National Stadium trotted Yoshinori Sakai, a 19-year-old student who was born near Hiroshima just hours after the atomic bomb fell on the city. Carrying aloft the blazing Olympic torch, Sakai bounded up a flight of 179 steps, thrust it into a cauldron of oil. Flames leapt up, and halfway around the world, in Manhattan and Mexico City, sports fans watched the dramatic moment on TV—relayed with marvelous clarity by the satellite Syncom III, orbiting 22,000 miles above the International Dateline. The XVIII Olympiad had begun.

A Show to Remember. Tokyo was scheduled for the 1940 Olympics, but the games were canceled because of the war. Now, at a cost of $2 billion, the sports-mad Japanese were determined to make up for it—with a show the world would never forget. Flags honoring 94 nations flew everywhere in Tokyo—7,000 of them, tended by 10,000 uniformed boy scouts. Hotels were jammed with 130,000 foreign tourists hard put to take in all the shrines, nightclubs and kabuki shows. Special police squad cars manned by a corps of smiling interpreters cruised the city searching for the lost, or merely bewildered-looking foreigners. Quaint old Japanese customs were put aside to make sure that Tokyo presented only its most decorous face to the visitors —five people were summarily arrested for urinating in the streets—and signs in the subways carefully instructed young *chosans* in the mysterious ways of the West with polite reminders that "lady-first etiquette is common practice overseas. Do not mistake it as an expression of love."

Probably no athletes in history have ever been accorded such tender loving care. In the Olympic village, 650 bicycles stood ready in case any Olympian tired of walking. An International Club helped while away their idle hours, dispensing free milk and Ovaltine to the strains of a red-hot jazz combo. In the dining rooms, 300 chefs labored mightily to prepare 490,000 meals, whomping up everything from scones to sukiyaki for their charges. And there, among the hustling waiters, was Hirohito's grandson, who signed on for $1.95 a day. It was all too much for a pair of Australian girl swimmers; in three days they gained six pounds apiece, and then their coach started counting the calories.

As always, somebody tried to make political hay out of all the fun and games. Just before the balloons went up, North Korea and Indonesia angrily withdrew when the Olympic Committee refused to lift its ban on athletes who had competed in President Sukarno's blacklisted Games of the New Emerging Forces last year. But they were hardly missed among the 7,000 sturdy youngsters competing for 499 gold, silver and bronze medals in 20 sports.



UPI

RUNNER SAKAI CARRYING TORCH
650 bikes for tired athletes.

From All Quarters. The U.S., fielding its biggest and strongest team ever, was favored to win 13 gold medals in track and field alone, another 14 in swimming. But the rest of the world was catching up fast, and the competition was coming from all quarters: Cuban and Venezuelan sprinters, a German pole vaulter, a Czechoslovakian discus thrower, a Chinese in the decathlon. Plus, of course, the Russians. Lest they succumb to the charms of Tokyo, they were bundled off to the mountain resort of Nikko, 100 miles away, for a week of seclusion before the games.

BASEBALL

Rap on the Knuckles

"It's a good thing the Yankees are here," said Third Baseman Ken Boyer of the St. Louis Cardinals. "This wouldn't seem like the World Series without them." Sure the Yankees were there. They always are: 15 times in the last 18 years.

The Cards were the surprise. A month

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efore, they were 8½ games out of first
lace, and Owner Gussie Busch had al-
eady lined up Leo Durocher to replace
ad-faced Manager Johnny Keane. Now,
s the story went, Beer Baron Busch
as paying Durocher $100,000 just to
ay away from the ballpark.

Off the Fists. After the first game,
e Yanks wished they had stayed home
"Damn," complained Pitcher
hitey Ford, watching the Cards take
atting practice in Busch Stadium.
They're hitting them into the stands off
eir fists." The Yankees had all kinds
complaints: the dirt was too hard,
wind too strong, the fences too short,
the outfield grass looked as though
had been mowed with mortar shells.
the second inning, Rightfielder Mick-
Mantle proved that his throwing arm
s good as ever—by firing the ball
ar into the grandstand on a play at
plate. Leftfielder Tommy Tresh mis-
yed an easy liner into a triple, Catch-
Elston Howard was charged with two
ssed balls, and Third Baseman Clete
yer watched a grounder trickle right
ween his legs—prompting a friendly
e from Brother Ken: "No. 6, watch
for those hops. (Signed) No. 14."
rdinal Outfielder Mike Shannon put
finishing touch on a 9-5 St. Louis
ory with a 500-ft. homer that clipped
leftfield scoreboard—between the B
the U in BUDWEISER. Said Shannon
estly: "I just closed my eyes and
ng."

By the time the second game was
, the Yankees were a whole lot
pier: they had an 8-3 victory, a
-game total of 24 hits (two more
n they got in the whole 1963 series
ost the Los Angeles Dodgers), and
ntastic team batting average of .325.
at's more, they were going home
cavernous Yankee Stadium. Said
ner Ford: "The Cards will die in
d Man's Gulch." But the Cards had
ething going for them, too: a re-
d stripper in Venice, Fla., named
LaTour, who had been sending
postcards all season long predict-
that they would win the pennant.
Fifi was phoning in her World
es forecast. "She says we won't come
from New York," exulted a Car-
. "She says we'll win it there."

On the Horns. The Cards certainly
ry. After 8½ innings, the two teams
locked in a tight, 1-1 pitching
. Then Cardinal Starter Curt Sim-
s gave way to Reliefer Barney
ltz, an ancient knuckleballer who
knocked around 19 teams in 21
. Up came Mickey Mantle, whose
rd error of the Series had set up
ne St. Louis run. "I was wearing
horns," said Mantle afterward. "I
to do something." Schultz threw—
uckle ball that didn't quite knuck-
Mantle swung—and hammered a
that was still climbing when it
ed off the upper deck, 400 ft.
And the Yankees took the lead
Series, two games to one.
Say something, Fifi.

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CHEMICAL ENGINEERING

Breathing Air Out of Water

The 3-ft. tank filled with swimming goldfish looked like any other pet-shop aquarium, but the hamster hopping about inside the tank raised more than a few eyebrows. Sealed in an air-filled chamber, the hamster was staying nicely alive in his underwater environment without the help of lines or pipes leading to the air above the surface.

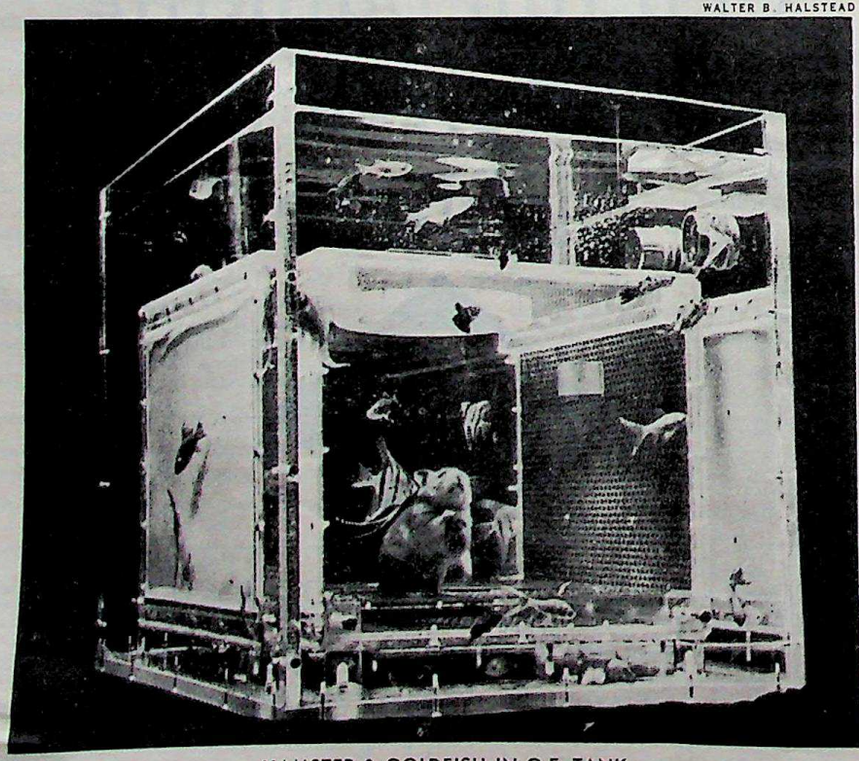
Keeping the water out of the hamster's container was an all-but-invisible silicone rubber film. But what was truly remarkable was that the film was acting like a membrane, drawing oxygen out of the water for the hamster to breathe. Just as remarkable, the porous film was also carrying the hamster's exhaled carbon dioxide into the water.

1/20,000th of an Inch. Silicone rubber is one of the most permeable substances (60 times more so than Teflon film), and General Electric Researcher Walter L. Robb, 36, had long known that it could be made to act like a membrane. Two years ago, Robb hit on a way to stretch the rubber into sheets 1/20,000th of an inch thick, set about trying to devise a way to eliminate the tiny holes that somehow showed up in each square foot of film. His solution was simple: since the probability of two holes being in the same spot on two sheets of film was remote, he laminated two sheets together, making a film 1/10,000th of an inch thick.

Robb now had what amounted to an artificial membrane. Just as the lining of the lungs blocks out liquid blood but lets oxygen in and carbon dioxide out, Robb's membrane was able to filter through its gossamer skin the tiny dissolved bubbles of oxygen-rich air from water without drawing any of the liquid with it. Robb's membrane works best in a tank or stream of running water, where bubbles of oxygen are plentiful to draw on. Then the artificial membrane can operate as a gill does when it filters oxygen into a fish's bloodstream. Indeed, trout breathe best in mountain streams where there is plenty of oxygen in the water.

Air with 35% Oxygen. General Electric says that the silicone membrane is more than a laboratory stunt, and G.E. engineers foresee half a dozen practical applications, not all of which will be water-bound. The membrane's natural preference for oxygen over most other gases (G.E. scientists, including Robb, do not yet know why) may soon result in a revolutionary unit to supply an enriched mixture of 35% oxygen for military field hospitals as well as in improved breathing systems for spacecraft and submarines. Other possibilities: space suits that cool off astronauts even as they perspire; a substitute for the very expensive heart-lung machine used in open-heart surgery. In this application, the membrane would separate blood and oxygen, perform some of the same functions as a human lung.

WALTER B. HALSTEAD

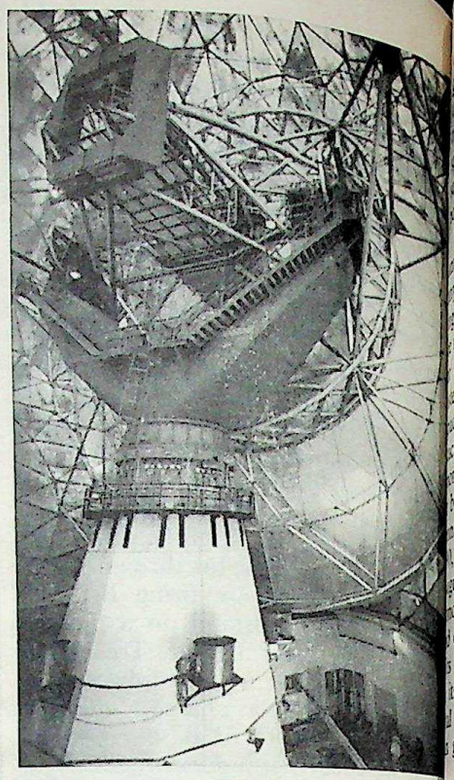


HAMSTER & GOLDFISH IN G.E. TANK
No stunt.

SPACE

Finding a Needle with a Haystack

In the autumn-foliaged town of Tyngsboro, Mass., the U.S. space program last week got a handsome present. It is the world's most sensitive radio antenna, a 120-ft. aluminum dish named Haystack for the New England hill on



LINCOLN LAB'S ANTENNA IN MASSACHUSETTS
No stiction.

which it rests. Balanced like spoke on a bicycle wheel, protected from the weather by a golf-ball-looking dome that is the world's largest metal-frame radome, Haystack is now tuned and ready. Its tasks will range from radar tracking of a satellite 20,000 miles in space to holding a two-way radio conversation with a speeding space probe 100 million miles from earth.

Near-Perfect Parabola. Haystack is the property of the Air Force, was designed and built by M.I.T.'s Lincoln Laboratory and North American Aviation Inc. for $15 million. Of the total cost, $5,000,000 went in fees for computers, which designed and redesigned the antenna 42 times. The painstaking expense was worth it, producing an antenna that misses, by the thickness of a paper match, being a perfect parabola. Haystack can resolve objects down to 1/60th of a degree, could zero in on an area of the moon just 225 miles in diameter *v.* 4,500 miles for the bigger but less sensitive Jodrell Bank antenna in Britain. If the need ever rose, Haystack could track an object no bigger than a needle orbiting the earth 500 miles out in space. "Haystack has the same capacity for angular resolution as the human eye," says Project Engineer Herbert G. Weiss, 46. "For its size, it is the most precise movable instrument ever built by man."

To give the 171-ton Haystack its phenomenal accuracy required miracles of designed precision. The huge aluminum antenna floats, for instance, on a film of oil not much thicker than a human hair, moves on a 30-ton bearing with the ease of a ship's gyro. The oil bearing eliminates what engineers call "stiction," for static friction, enables the antenna to rotate through more than three degrees of arc in less than

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second, make a complete 180-de- about-face in less than one min- With such agility, Haystack can ack anything that can be tossed into ace, right down to a fast, low-altitude ssile put up by a hostile military wer.

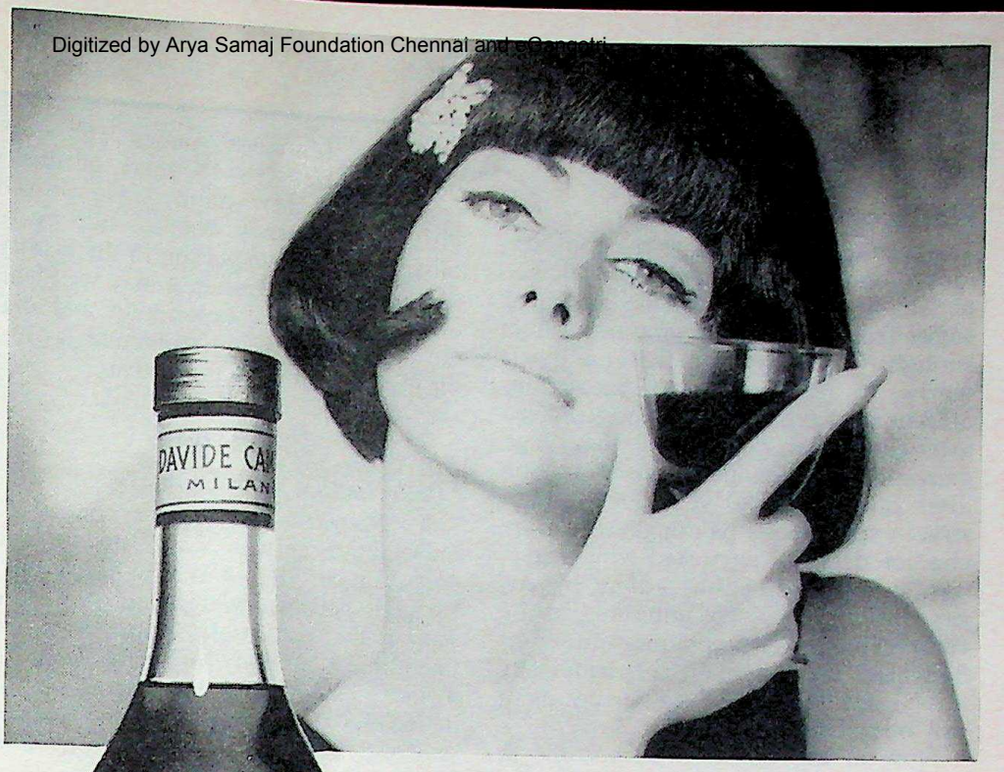
Magnetic Memory. Haystack's radio erna will also be the most versatile rywhere in the free world. By chang- transmitters and receivers it can e used as a superradar, radio telescope, a radio transmitter to talk to and n to communications satellites or ecraft probing the planets. Hay- ck is so sensitive, and its tasks so rmous, that its operation could nev- e entrusted to mere men. The an- na beam will be pointed by a Univac which will be able to call on a netic memory with a complete as- nomical almanac for the sun, moon eight planets. The computer trans- 250 instructions per second, has s gigantic memory an incredible of 28,000 different instructions it give the antenna.

ering with Mouse Burps

e bedeviling problem facing space ntists is the difficulty of building enormous chemical rocket engines ed to propel the ever growing pay- s the U.S. wants to hurl deep into e. Last week the problem came r to solution, not with the develop- of a big new chemical rocket but the Air Force announcement that U.S. had for the first time success- tested an ion rocket engine in e.

nder development by Electro-Op- Systems Inc. of Pasadena, Calif., he past four years, the ion rocket is to prove to be the Mighty Mouse e space age. On earth it develops no thrust than several milli-pounds neers call it the "milli-mouse ," barely enough to lift a one- diamond an inch off a desk. But ictionless, gravity-free space, such s can propel the biggest payloads. the ion rocket's assignment is just to take over the task of propelling space cargoes to the planets and after the mighty chemical rockets them clear of the earth's gravita- pull.

e ion engine tested in a 30-minute, -mile flight over the Pacific got its by passing vaporized cesium met- ough a hot tungsten filter. This ac- strips electrons from the cesium, s the positively charged ions out ear of the engine. The great advan- of this process is that it requires arkably little fuel—only one-tenth at for a conventional chemical et. Even the smallest ion engine keep a satellite on its right course re than ten years by giving it l nudges. On a 300-day trip to s a full-scale ion rocket could push es as much cargo as a chemical still have enough left to get back h.



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TECHNIQUES

Plastic on the Palette

Ars longa, vita brevis to the contrary, most "immortal" paintings are all too perishable. Oil paintings in particular suffer from uneven temperatures, direct sunlight, or smog. Some of the finest works of Rembrandt, a meticulous craftsman, have darkened and yellowed after three centuries; several Van Gogh canvases are in danger of disintegration after only 75 or 80 years. As for abstract expressionist paintings, which are characteristically encrusted with heavy, hastily applied impastos—often by artists who are relatively untutored in the complexities of oil technique—museums find that they should be periodically turned upside down so that errant paint will ooze back into place.

Now at last chemists have come to the artists' rescue. Synthetic paints, developed over the past 15 years, have proved so satisfactory that oils in time may seem as archaic as *buono fresco*. One in three U.S. artists has already switched to the new medium.* The converts range from Romantic Realist Thomas Hart Benton to Pop's Andy Warhol, from Collagist Alfonso Ossorio to Boris Artzybasheff, who used synthetic paint on the portrait of Lady Bird Johnson that appeared on TIME's cover, Aug. 28.

"Plastic" paint, as many artists call it, is made from acrylic and vinyl resins consisting of emulsion polymers, long strands of molecules floating in water. Wound into these strands, like prickles on barbed wire, are standard pigments. When the water evaporates, polymers and pigments bind into a film that is actually waterproof and can be scrubbed with soap and water.

The practical advantages over oils are legion. Synthetic paint is cut with ordinary tap water instead of turpentine, thus has little or no smell and is nontoxic. Unlike oils, it dries in minutes and does not change color in the process. When dry, synthetic paint up to three-quarters of an inch thick bends readily without buckling or cracking, so that tomorrow's test-tube Titians may safely be rolled up for shipment.

Manufacturers make synthetics in various thicknesses equivalent to those of watercolors, gouache and oils. Matte and gloss media are available to impart every kind of surface finish, from chalky pastels and flat tempera to buttery oil glazes. Plastics can be thickened to print graphics or molded into free-standing sculpture. Moreover, under laboratory tests equivalent to 45 years of direct sunlight, the new paints have proved virtually fadeproof. Indeed, like every other technical innovation in the history of painting, the synthetics may well lead artists to explore, experiment and discover new forms and techniques as enduring as the paints themselves.

* Jackson Pollock used synthetic Duco lacquers in the late '40s and early '50s. One of the first celebrated artists to rely wholly on synthetics was Holland's Hans van Meegeren, who used them to paint equally synthetic Vermeers in the 1930s. Since new oil paint can be distinguished from old in a simple laboratory test, the forger used a heat-setting resin to avoid detection.

PAINTING

From Venice with Love

To Nietzsche, seeking a synonym for music, the answer was "always and only Venice." But it is a painter's city. Lodged between water and sky, the seaport that calls itself *Serenissima* is an unending symphony of light. Its sun-mellowed stones and shimmering canals, its façades etched in chiaroscuro against sea-fresh skies, its wide horizons and weirdly shifting perspectives have challenged and eluded more artists than any other city in the world. Of all the painters who have attempted to capture the visual music of Venice—and some of the greatest have been Venetians—none was better attuned than Giovanni Antonio Canal, better known by his nickname Canaletto.

Canaletto's Venice was the 18th century's most worldly and sensual city. In the last, decadent century of its independence, the old republic was all pageantry and intrigue. From Piazza San Marco to the Rialto, it was a gaudy blur of masquers and courtesans, actors, singers and sightseers. As the sunny antithesis of London, and most colorful way-point of the Grand Tour, Casanova's Venice even then drew 30,000 Englishmen a year. So many top-chop Londoners returned with Canaletto's etchings and oil paintings that an Englishwoman visiting the city for the first time in 1785 wrote that the artist's "views of this town are most scrupulously exact, to such a degree that we knew all the famous towers, steeples, etc., before we reached them."

The First Postcards. Most visitors took home oil-painted *vedute*, facile, panoramic views of the city that predated the picture postcard. Canaletto was a *vedutista* with vision. Trained in theatrical scene painting, disciplined by Roman academicians, influenced by Dutch artists' oils of classical ruins, he swiftly caught the eye of visiting and resident English milords, who collected and commissioned such far-from-*vedute* fantasies as *Tomb of Lord Somers* (see *opposite page*), a highlight of North America's first comprehensive Canaletto retrospective, which opened this week in Toronto.

Such was his fame in England that Canaletto's patrons persuaded him to stay there and paint their murky land. His precise, atmospheric views of London, painted in the 1740s and '50s, helped shape English landscape paint-

GRAEFE UND UNZER VERLAG MUNICH

PIAZZA SAN MARCO

CANALETTO

Souvenirs for top-chop tourists from sun-stippled plazas and sea-fresh sky.

ing, lured later artists such as Turner and Whistler to Venice to seek new understanding of light and water. But the essential music of Venice, if not its counterpoint—sun-stippled plazas, majestic palaces, bustling, brightly clad people—always escaped them. In later life, painting steadily until his death in 1768, Canaletto essayed fanciful variations on his theme with almost surrealist capriccios, whose brooding ruins echoed the ancient grandeur that dissolved in carnival.

Practical Romance. Elsewhere, Leibnitz and Newton were demonstrating man's command of his environment through advances in science. Sir Christopher Wren had surpassed romance in vision with brick and stone. Napoleon was soon to end forever Europe's old order. And in Venice, where romance had always been well salted with practicality, Canaletto's lucid art bridged the opposed worlds. He stands to this day, as it was said of his city, "between the morning and the evening lands."

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A VENETIAN VISIONARY

EARL OF PLYMOUTH

CANALETTO CAPRICCIO, or fantasy, on the *Tomb of Lord Somers* is early work, was commissioned by English patron.

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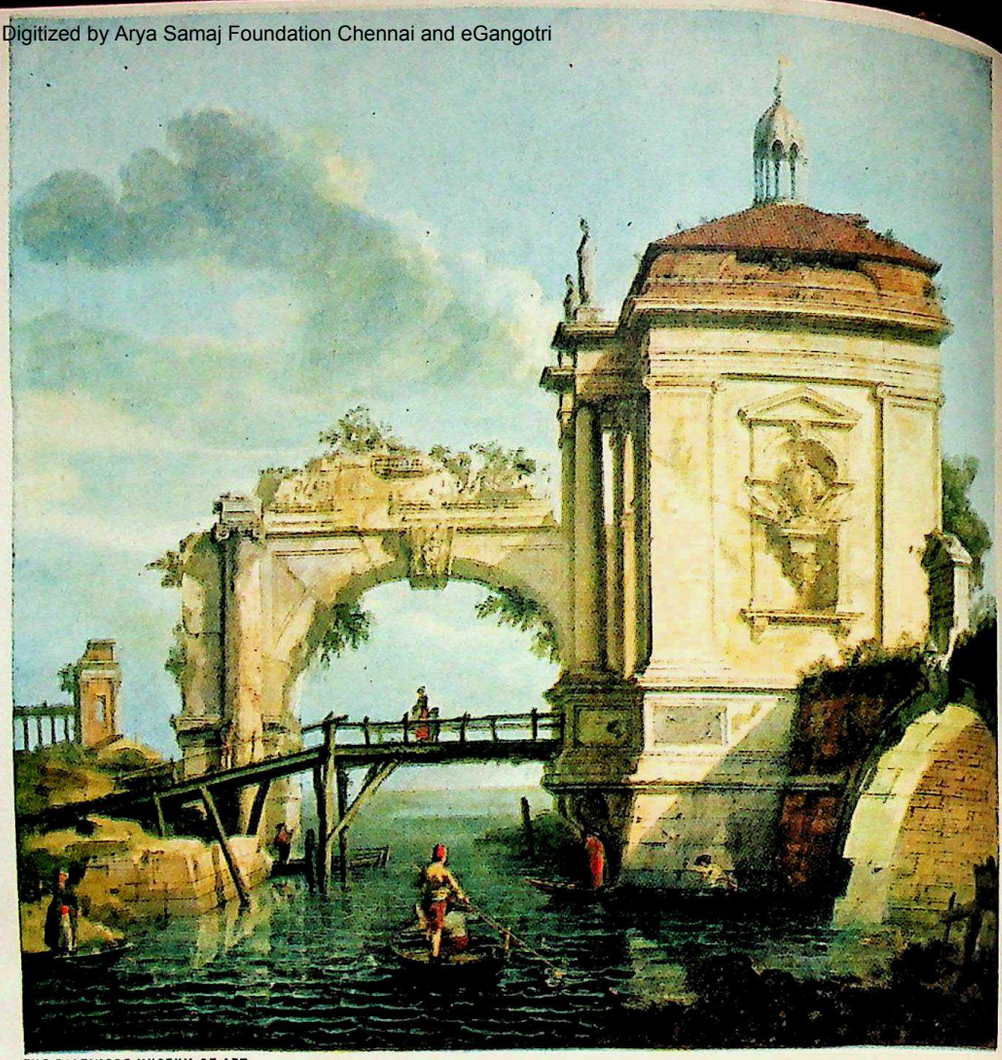
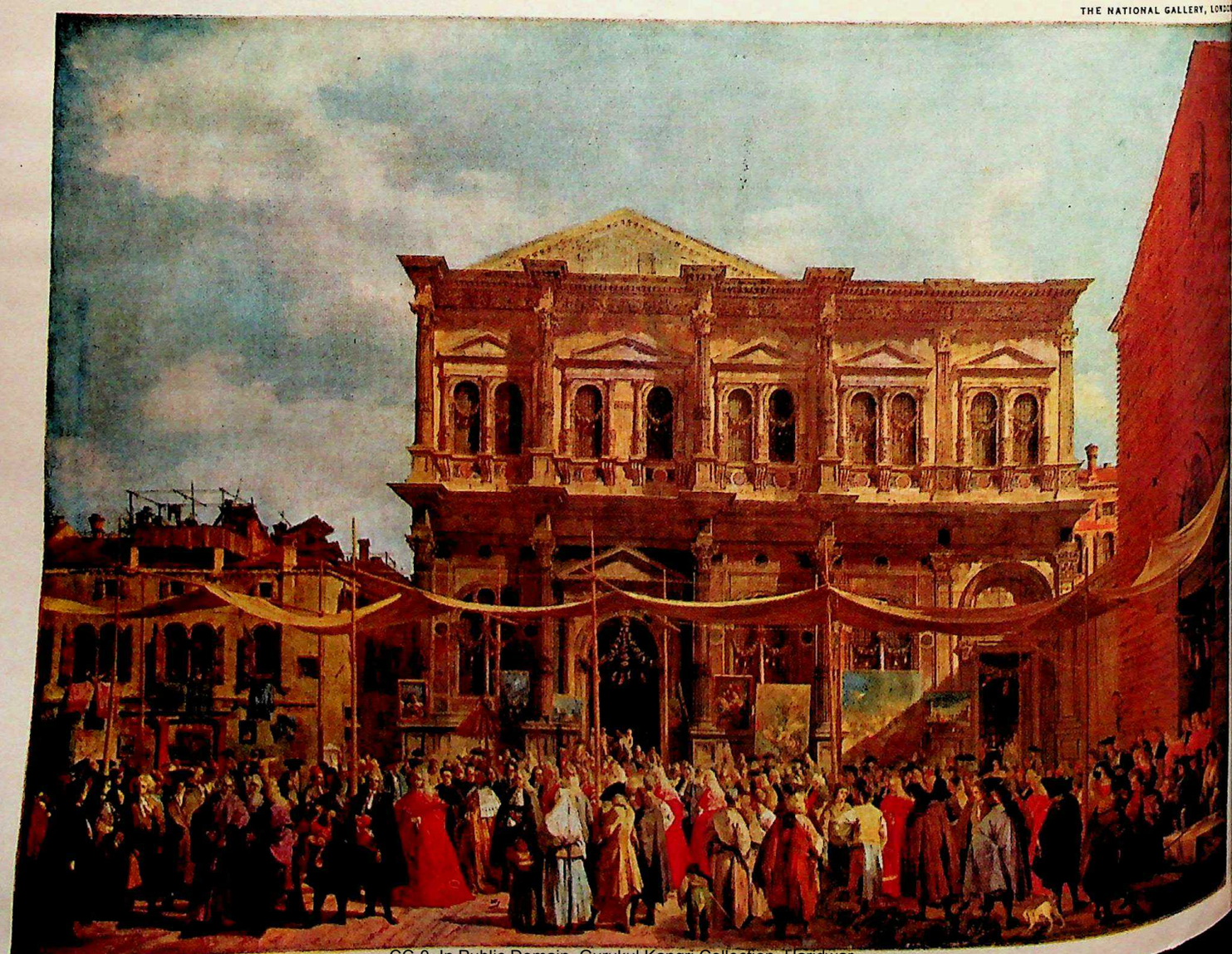


THE BALTIMORE MUSEUM OF ART

PICTURESQUE RUINS along an imaginary Venetian canal that ripples with artist's trademark highlights struck the fancy of the early romantics.

SCENIC PANORAMAS of Venice, such as his *Feast Day of St. Roch,* were bought up by traveling Englishmen as souvenirs of their trips abroad.

THE NATIONAL GALLERY, LONDON



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DARIEN'S OTTERSTROMS

THE DUTCHERS

THE HUGHESES

There, but for the grace of God?

THE FELTS

YOUTH

e Night of the Teen-Ager

was a nice-looking group. The men quiet ties and dark, well-fitting the women, mostly hatless and d for the occasion, were in simple or tweeds, just the thing for the rbs—even an appearance in court. e were the parents whose arrest violation of a Connecticut statute st serving liquor to minors has sent ck wave of there-but-for-the-grace-d-go-I across the country (TIME, 2).

e evening of last June 22 in Dari-Conn., had seemed like many an-r summer night. A vice president e Johns-Manville Corp., Francis Dutcher, and his wife gave a din-party for their debutante daughter cy. Then there was a dance for t 250 youngsters under a tent on spacious grounds of Psychiatrist rge S. Hughes and his wife, who e giving it with their friends, the am F. Otterstroms (he is general nor of the Olin Mathieson Chemical) and the Dudley Felts (he is a ulting engineer), in honor of the es' three debutante daughters. The le was that after the parties, 17-old Nancy Hitchings was killed in tomobile accident, and an indig-Circuit Court judge, Rodney S. n, haled the parents into court.

e parents did not look as if they ght they were going to jail. They ed quietly among themselves in the of the courtroom, a comely group under other circumstances might been waiting for an admissions-mittee meeting at the country club t under way.

ind them sat the other defend-Science Teacher Carlton Josselyn, had been earning extra money as ender, two part-time waiters, and eterers, Mrs. Helen Bussey, 56, Mrs. Emily Agnes Peterson, 51.

For these two ladies there was a shocking surprise: the prosecuting attorney charged them with an additional count of conspiracy on the ground that they had provided the bartenders. The case against the parents and caterers was postponed for a week.

Unrecognized. But the next day, Judge Eielson resumed the trial of Michael Valentine Smith, just turned 19, charged with reckless driving and negligent homicide.

Michael's defense, conducted by natty Lawyer Arthur ("Dart") O'Keefe Jr., who drives a Rolls-Royce and affects bowler hats and pin-stripe suits, is that he was just too drunk to have been driving Mrs. Hitchings' 1964 Ford station wagon at the time of the accident, and that Nancy herself must have been in the driver's seat. He claims to remember nothing of what happened that night.

"Michael was so drunk he didn't recognize me when I talked to him," testified William Alpert, 20, Michael's friend and fellow student at a three-year-old local junior college called Norwalk Community College. Alpert also testified that Nancy Hitchings, too, was "intoxicated to the degree that she kept asking me to dance. She would not have done that normally because she was a lady and would not have been so aggressive."

MARTHA HOLMES

MICHAEL & MOTHER

Lost memory of a lost evening.

A witness testified that Michael had not been driving when they left the Hughes party at 2:30 a.m.; Nancy's date, Jim Olsen, had been at the wheel, but they had dropped Olsen off at his house and then gone on—where, Michael does not remember. An hour later, and about 20 minutes before the accident, a police officer and a teen-ager both testified, they saw Michael driving the Hitchings car in the center of town.

Blood & Holes. Most of Michael's trial turned out to be a battle of accident experts. Nancy's father, George Hitchings, paid $300 a day for the testimony of Alfred Moseley, a nationally recognized authority, who claims to have investigated more than 15,000 automobile accidents. Moseley contended that Michael must have been driving because 1) Nancy's blood was found on the right side of the car roof; 2) there was a hole in the rubber floor mat on the passenger's side, which he claimed was made by one of her high heels on impact. The car, he said, had skidded, gone through 72 feet of hedge, hit a tree and turned over once, catapulting Michael across the front seat and through the open right door. Defense Lawyer O'Keefe, on the other hand, called an accident expert of his own to testify that the car had not turned over at all, and that Michael must have been on the passenger's side to have gone out the right door. The court went outside to study the crushed and battered car, in which Nancy's body had been found.

George Hitchings, who is a vice president of American Airlines, took the stand to admit that his daughter Nancy had recently complained of a couple of blackouts lasting a minute or more, but that after visiting two doctors, including Psychiatrist Hughes, nothing had been found to be wrong. Michael, slender and sullenly hand-

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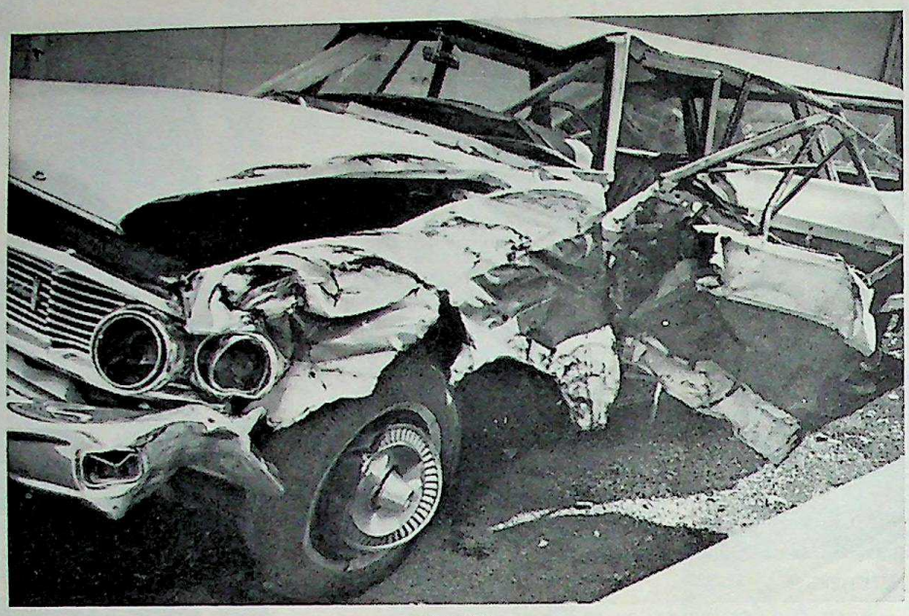


THE CAR
Who was in the driver's seat?

some, puffed a cigarillo during a recess and expressed the hope to reporters that "now at least parents will realize they have to do something about this problem of teen-age drinking." His widowed mother, a secretary for CBS in Stamford, sat behind him throughout the trial, neat and archetypically suburban in a grey wool suit.

Vodka on the School Bus. On the stand, Michael testified that he remembered arriving at the Dutchers' for dinner (where he was Nancy Dutcher's date "and acted as co-host"), drinking and chatting for about 45 minutes before dinner, arriving at the Hughes's coming-out party about 9:45 p.m., going through the receiving line, and heading for the tent, where there was dancing and two bars—one for hard liquor and one for soft drinks. About the only thing Michael remembered of the party was kissing a girl named Cindy Whelan on the dance floor and getting pushed around for it by her date. He did not recall being with Nancy Hitchings at any time that night, attributing his loss of memory chiefly to the concussion he had suffered in the accident which left him unconscious for two and a half days.

All through the trial, over a hundred dinner tables, Darien parents kept protesting that Darien was no different from any other high-tax suburb on the flanks of a hundred other U.S. cities. But even to some of the inhabitants, Darien seemed wilder than most. In the weekly *Darien Review*, Episcopal Rector William C. Bartlett described the town as a place "where ninth-graders drink vodka on the school bus." Early this year an entrepreneur opened a teen-age nightclub that had dancing but only soft drinks. It failed. "The kids around here just won't go to a place where they can't drink," complained the owner. Where do they go? Either to private parties or across the line to New York, where the drinking age is only 18.

At week's end, the verdict on the trial was still not in; nor was the verdict on Darien. But Judge Eielson had his own views: "I don't think things are the way they should be in a community," he said, "where the majority of 250 youngsters are drunk by the end of the evening—think what a percentage of the families in Darien that figure represents—where teen-agers can force parents to reopen the bar at 12:30 in the morning, and where it seems that almost all of those kids left the party with a different date than they started with."

FASHION

In the Stretch

The first stretch fabric, of course, was skin. It fit fairly well, withstood wear and tear (scuff marks, lipstick traces, even wine stains vanished in a jiffy), but wrinkled like crazy: a knee bend, for example, caused the stuff to stretch 45%, a shoulder shrug, 16%. After as little as 30 bending, shrugging years, shape was sure to go. Fortunately, skilled technicians got to work on the problem, finally turned up with an A-No. 1 solution called polyurethane elastomeric yarn (spandex) that stretches like skin, leaves no telltale bags or sags, and springs back into good-as-new condition without benefit of plastic surgery.

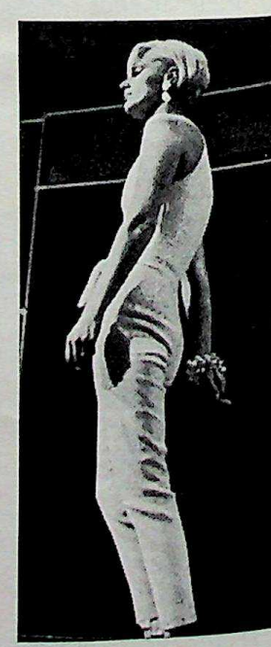
One Giant Step. In theory, stretch fabrics have been around since 1947, when the discovery of vertically stretchable textured yarn hit the slopes, making ski pants a stylish as well as a sturdy business. Chemical processes like slack mercerizing (by which the fabric, not the raw fiber, is made resilient after it is woven) left cottons and wools horizontally stretchable, did wonders for men's oxford shirts. Spandex, a wholly elastic fiber produced by Du Pont in 1958, revitalized bathing suits, hosiery and undergarments. But the big breakthrough came only last spring, when Du Pont went one giant step farther with the discovery of a core-spun process (with spandex as the core around which staple yarns might be wrapped or spun). The result: a versatile, sure-fire way to convert every conventionally rigid fabric in the world into stuff that stretched up and down, back and forth, to and fro, and never once ran out of breadth. Accordingly, a whole new galaxy of stretch fabric appeared, all developed around a spandex core, ranging from brocade to burlap, taffeta to twill. Not all of them cling to the skin, but the stretch qualities let them give when and where they have to.

This fall, stretch is the biggest word in fashion. Sportswear manufacturers are designing stretch shirts, stretch shorts, stretch dungarees, stretch skirts, jumpers and jump suits (one-piece outfits, designed as lounge wear but equally at home in the cockpit). Lingerie makers, longtime fanciers of "the flexible look," are offering a flock of pliable bras and girdles, stretched the point with a night gown topped in stretch lace and called "the Jean Harlow." The children's wear industry got busy on stretch coveralls and snowsuits. Men's wear merchandisers offered stretch slacks (no bagging at knees or seat).

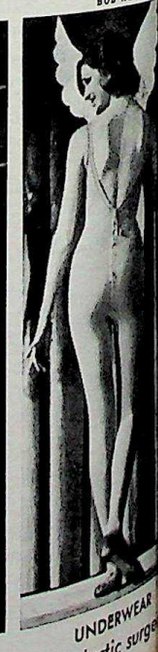
No Little Old Lady. But no one stood to benefit more than the 20 million American women who cannot fit into standard-size fashions without major alterations. For them, spandex means clothes that will give a little here or there and keep them out of the hands of the little old lady who lets out seams and fixes the collar lines. Even high-style couturiers, who have a tendency to sniff at anything not imported from foreign showrooms, showed high-style appreciation. Some—like Oleg Cassini and Hannah Troy—went so far as to rush right in with some select stretch dresses with give where it counts.

The new stretch clothes may cost an estimated 5% more than the old-style stuff, but response so far indicates that no one minds much. In a pinch, even a pocketbook can be made to stretch.

BOB HENRIQUES



JUMP SUIT



UNDERWEAR

Away with sags, bags and plastic surgery

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MORALITY

Sex & Common Sense

No longer do embarrassed parents have to explain the Facts of Life to embarrassed children. And if anxious young Christians do seek advice on sex-morality from their elders it is all too often expressed in lofty double-think about the "liberating power of the Gospel" and "freedom from myth and law through Christ." All of which suggests that religion is not saying anything helpful about morality for teen-agers, who consequently have to fall back on their common sense. To Dean Robert Fitch of the Pacific School of Religion, that seems to be the best solution after all. In the current issue of the *Christian Century*, Congregationalist Fitch advocates a code of sexual morality with its basis in reason, not revelation. His five-point argument:

Either you control sex or sex controls you. "Currently young people have a respectful awareness that they must control their appetites for food, drink and tobacco. Surely there is something ludicrous in the notion that sex, on the contrary, is something to which you may help yourself when, as and if you choose."

Sex is for human beings. Easygoing sex may be fine for the idyllic South Islander, Fitch argues, but when a member of a more complex culture tries to ease back into the patterns of a simpler life, he doesn't become idyllic—he becomes less human. "We must take sex according to the order and degree of our own humanity. Sex for us as human beings has to be blended with intelligence and with love. Intelligence as disciplined inquiry into truth, and love as the highest spiritual excellence, are something more than a mere impulse of curiosity or a sudden leap of lust."

Sexual compatibility is not the essential in a happy marriage. "Any marriage counsellor knows that there are happily married couples whose experience of sexual intercourse is limited or infrequent. Here we are at one point where premarital sexual experiments are actually misleading. Happiness in marriage depends on other factors. It depends on a love and a loyalty which can withstand the long-range test for better for worse, for richer for poorer, in sickness and in health. No premarital relationship can test these things."

Sex is social. "There is no society whatsoever that does not regulate sexual conduct by its folkways. Love is not just a matter of the feeling of emotional sincerity or of the experience of a beautiful relationship consummated privately in a motel. Nor does love even show itself as love until it has entered community with groceries, the rent, mortgage, taxes, civic responsibilities and various forms of association."

Sex is for persons. "Being a person implies the full social context and also involves the genuine emotion of love. And that surely is the heart of the matter. Sex must be a part of the self as a person. Nor shall we get the most out of it, or out of ourselves, unless we mingle it with those elements that are moral and spiritual and social, that call forth the highest in our humanity."

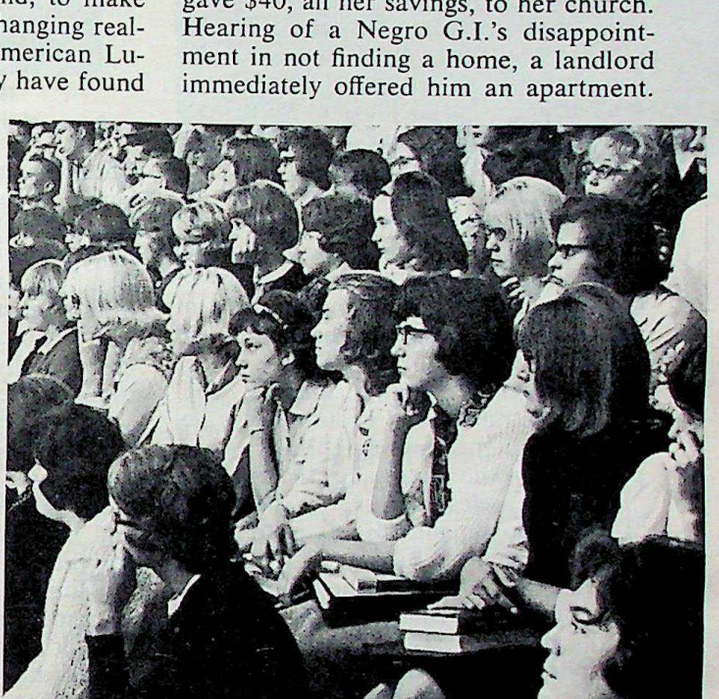
EVANGELISM

Meeting the Community

To many theologians, Christianity's biggest problems are: first, to get the church out of the cathedrals and into the marketplace; and, second, to make the Gospel message a life-changing reality in men's hearts. The American Lutheran Church thinks it may have found one solution in its "Faith in Life Dialogue," a week-long experiment that concluded last week in the neighboring towns of Fargo (pop. 50,500), N. Dak., and Moorhead (23,000), Minn. The venture, says Methodist Church Historian Franklin Littell of Chicago Theological Seminary, is "the most important thing of its kind to occur in America."

CAL OLSON

PASTOR MICKELSON



STUDENTS AT FAITH IN LIFE DISCUSSION

Out of the cathedral into the feed mill.

The dialogue, modeled loosely on the German Protestant *Kirchenwoche*, or church week, was organized by Lutheran Pastor Arnold Mickelson "to get people to talk about their problems and their faith, to meet the community outside the church and discuss issues the public wants to talk about." A special interfaith committee scheduled more than 200 talk-stirring events, most of them under secular auspices, while clergymen stayed discreetly in the background. The dialogue was supported by nearly all local churches and service clubs.

Fargo theaters had special showings of "problem" movies, such as *Becket* and *Black Like Me*, followed by panel discussions on their meaning. There were neighborhood kaffeeklatsches at which parents discussed ways of raising the moral standards of their teen-agers. Minnesota's Democratic Senator Eugene McCarthy, who once taught economics and sociology at Roman Catholic colleges, lectured on the moral problems of political responsibility, while New York Attorney William Stringfellow, an Episcopal lay theologian, addressed the bar association on law, conscience, and civil rights.

The dialogue was intended to stir consciences rather than save souls, and it seems to have done just that. Said a farmer: "Now it's O.K. to talk religion in the feed mill." A teen-aged girl was so moved by the discussions that she gave $40, all her savings, to her church. Hearing of a Negro G.I.'s disappointment in not finding a home, a landlord immediately offered him an apartment. The local Catholic and Protestant clergy, meeting for the first time while preparing for the week, found the experience so agreeable that they have set up monthly conferences. And Lutheran officials are so cock-a-hoop over the results that they want to test their luck in larger communities. Next year a Faith in Life Dialogue is planned for Duluth, the year after for Minneapolis.

THEOLOGY

The Noosphere Revisited

During his lifetime (1881-1955), Jesuit Father Pierre Teilhard de Chardin achieved a professional reputation as a distinguished paleontologist and one of the discoverers of Peking man. Since the publication of *The Phenomenon of Man* (TIME, Dec. 14, 1959), its author has emerged as one of the century's most remarkably prophetic thinkers, an Aquinas of the atomic era. For Teilhard was not only a scientist who studied the world's past. He was also a philosopher-mystic who saw man evolving toward

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the ultimate encounter with what Teilhard, ever groping for new ways to express ancient truth, called the "Omega point." Other men have called it God.

Teilhard's life was branded with personal disappointment. He loved his native France as much as his scientific research, but obeyed when his superiors exiled him to long years of field work in Asia and Africa. His order also forbade him to teach or publish his nontechnical writing on evolution and theology—partly to spare him censure from the Holy Office. Nonetheless, Teilhard never lost his boundless optimism, which pulsates through the latest of his posthumous works, a collection of 22 essays called *The Future of Man* (Harper & Row: $5).

Footnotes to Grand Themes. Six of these studies, written between 1920 and 1952, have never been published before; most of the rest saw brief light in scholarly European journals with modest circulations. Lucid and exuberant, they serve as useful footnotes to the grand themes of *The Phenomenon of Man*, and as testimony to the range of his interests. He could write with equal insight on the spiritual implications of the atomic age, the biological basis of the democratic spirit, the nature of Christian education.

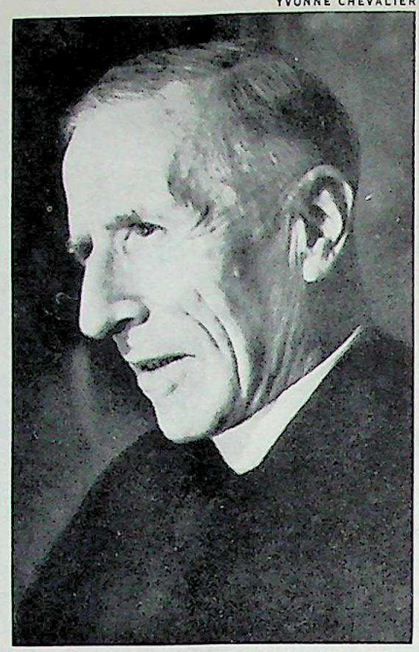
The essays illumine one of Teilhard's central beliefs: evolution has not stopped, but has merely shifted its emphasis from the material to the spiritual. "Life is ceaseless discovery," he wrote. "Life is movement." First, from layers of earthly matter billions of years old, evolved the biosphere, the realm of living organisms. But with man, argued Teilhard, came also what he calls the noosphere (from the Greek word for mind: *noos*, pronounced *no*-os), the realm of thought and spirit.

The reality of evolution in the noosphere, Teilhard believed, is reflected in the mushrooming of knowledge, research, thought, technological advance. He was convinced that this "eruption of interior life" would lead man—inevitably but freely—toward a new era of planetary unity, and thereafter, at the culmination of history, toward a meeting with God.

Uniting the Implacable. Thus Teilhard discerned man's future with expectation and delight. Although he lived through two world wars, he argued prophetically that such social upheavals were merely the birth pangs of a new and greater era. "Every new war," he wrote in 1945 in *The Planetisation of Mankind*, "embarked upon by the nations for the purpose of detaching themselves from one another, merely results in their being bound and mingled together in a more inextricable knot. The more we seek to thrust each other away, the more do we interpenetrate."

This interpenetration, Teilhard believed, would unite even those men with apparently implacable hostilities. Man, he wrote in 1949, "is not yet zoologically mature." Perhaps, he suggested, the Christian faith and a God-rejecting belief in man need each other to reach their full development; the God rejected by Marx might prove to be a "pseudo-God," an image created by man, that would be stripped away to reveal the true divine reality. In Teilhard's eyes, the real division of mankind was between those who welcomed the future and those who feared it.

YVONNE CHEVALIER



TEILHARD DE CHARDIN
Beyond the biosphere, toward God.

The Pioneer. Many scientists are disturbed by Teilhard's works, which often shift disconcertingly from geological and biological realities to metaphysical conjecture. Nonetheless, his influence and impact have continued to grow, and he remains the contemporary Christian thinker who speaks most tellingly to the secular mind. An international committee of intellectuals, including Metahistorian Arnold Toynbee, French Minister of Culture André Malraux and Biologist Sir Julian Huxley, is sponsoring the publication of his collected works; the three Teilhard volumes previously published in the U.S. have sold 150,000 copies.

In Rome, which has so often scorned its own prophets in life and embraced them in death, there are signs of a thawing attitude toward Teilhard. Although the faithful have twice been warned against dangers in his work, Popes John XXIII and Paul VI have privately acknowledged his greatness. His fellow Jesuits have pioneered in the further study of Teilhard's thought; last August, for example, Fordham University held a well-attended conference on his work. Says Father Robert Francoeur, a biologist and executive coordinator of the newly formed American Teilhard de Chardin Association: "Teilhard was a pioneer in many areas of thought—the nature of creation, the relationship of body and soul, original sin, the meaning of man's personality. Of course, some of his terms have to be clarified. But in general his vision seems valid, and a coherent system is being developed out of it."

MILESTONES

Died. George Schlee, 63, husband of Dress Designer Valentina, better known as Greta Garbo's companion for the past 15 years, who managed a very European *ménage à trois*, smoothly explaining to his wife, "I love her, but she will never want to get married, and anyway you and I have so much in common"; of a heart attack; in the suite that he and Garbo were sharing at Paris' Hotel Crillon.

Died. Eddie Cantor, 72, comedian, philanthropist, author of three autobiographies, whose purse-mouthed, pop-eyed, hand-clapping routines delighted three generations of Americans; of a heart attack; in Beverly Hills, Calif. Born Izzy Iskowitz on Manhattan's Lower East Side, Cantor sang, danced and joked his way to stardom on Broadway (*Banjo Eyes*) and in Hollywood (*Kid Boots*), pioneered live comedy on radio and TV, set the U.S. humming such ditties as *Ida* and *Oh How I Can Yicky Yacki Wicki Wacki Woo*. Stricken with heart trouble in 1952, grieved by the death of his wife and eldest daughter, he donated most of his later years and many of his millions to charity. But charity had always been a big thing with Cantor; he was instrumental in founding the March of Dimes in 1936.

Died. Dr. Winfred Overholser, 72, specialist in criminal psychiatry and longtime superintendent (1937-62) of Washington's St. Elizabeths (mental) Hospital, who believed that the mentally ill are not responsible for their crimes; in 1957 won a point when he persuaded the U.S. Government to drop treason charges against Poet Ezra Pound, testifying that Pound's wartime broadcasts "were the result of incurable insanity"; after a long illness; in Washington.

Died. The Very Rev. Jean Baptiste Janssens, 74, Superior General of the 33,000-member Society of Jesus (Jesuits) since 1946; of complications following a stroke; in Rome. An austere Belgian, Janssens was best known for the General Congregation he called in 1957 to propose that his own absolute authority be diluted, but which came to nought after Pope Pius XII warned that obedience should not be replaced by 'democratic equality' in which subjects argue with their superiors."

Died. Eugene Varga, 84, Soviet economist, who in 1946 stunned the Communist world—and discredited himself—by writing that 1) the U.S. would not suffer a severe postwar depression, 2) capitalist nations would not necessarily undergo revolution, and 3) Communism and capitalism could coexist, views that eventually returned Varga to grace after Stalin's death, when the Kremlin revamped its party line; in Moscow.

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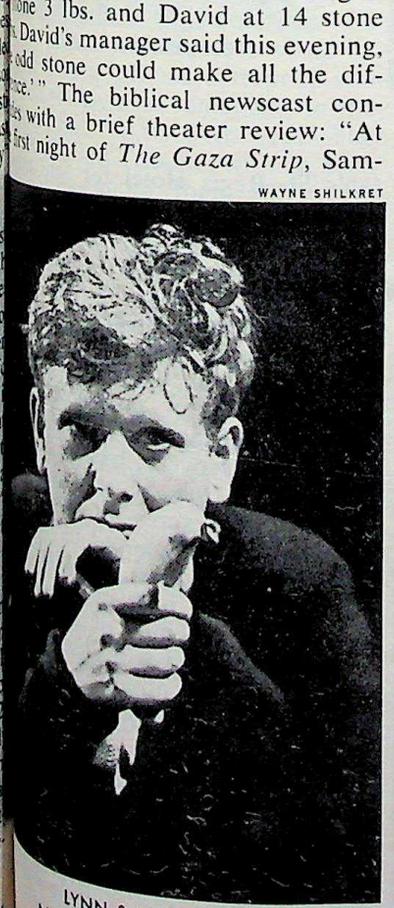
...ana with Appeal

...Cambridge Circus. A good guffaw ...days is hard to find. Onstage and ...film comedy has gone cosmic—as ...ramatists were engaged in a cam... to laugh wars, capital punish... and lung cancer out of existence. ...big news about *Cambridge Circus* is ...it thinks small and carries a big ...stick. The manic, unassuming young ...bates of Cambridge University who ...e and perform in the revue would ...or tickle a rib than wash a brain, ...more often than not they are in...bably funny.

...eir free-flowing antics can scarcely ...congealed in print. One sight gag ...es the impish inventiveness that ...ates the evening. A man (Jonathan ...) holding a banana like a revolver ...s firing away at imaginary foes, ...ow! ka-pow! ka-pow!* Suddenly the ...na goes silent. He peels it down, ...s the banana into the orchestra ...keeps the skin, takes another peeled ...na from a paper wrapper, inserts ...ticulously in the empty skin, and ...es firing. *Ka-pow!*

...ough the Cantabrigians—six men ...a girl—keep their eyes on the odd- ...they also have a wayward way with ...s. Sounding like the BBC, B.C., ...ewscaster announces unctuously, ...e beginneth the first verse of the ..." goeth on to report the latest ...Testament news flashes. Sports ...include a heavyweight bout: "At ...eigh-in for the big fight tomorrow, ...ath tipped the scales this evening at ...one 3 lbs. and David at 14 stone ...David's manager said this evening, ...odd stone could make all the dif...ce.'" The biblical newscast con...s with a brief theater review: "At ...first night of *The Gaza Strip*, Sam...son, this year's Mr. Israel, brought down the house."

WAYNE SHILKRET



LYNN & WEAPON
Noncosmic rib tickling.

At times, there is a dearth of mirth. Takeoffs on murder mystery and trouble-in-paradise movies poke along rather predictably; the idea of Antony delivering Caesar's funeral oration while struggling frantically to hold onto the unwieldy corpse is funnier in promise than performance. On the other hand, when the cast dons wigs and choirboys' surplices for a spastic rock-'n'-roll number called "I Wanna Hold Your Handel," they memorably spoof both the composer and the Beatles, with a blasting hallelujah! yeah! yeah! The evening ends in a British courtroom with a bewigged theater-of-the-absurd farce-trial involving a dwarf that is hilarious enough all by itself to make the show Broadway's Circus Maximus.

Deviled Marlowe

The Tragical Historie of Dr. Faustus is Christopher Marlowe's greatest play. The current off-Broadway effort by the Phoenix Theater's repertory company is not so much a revival as a disinterment. It is a clammy sort of compliment to pay the Elizabethan playwright in the 400th anniversary year that he shares with Shakespeare, but perhaps better than no celebration at all.

In the prologue to an earlier Marlowe play, *The Jew of Malta,* the playwright declared:

I count religion but a childish toy,
And hold there is no sin but ignorance.

Faustus holds the same views, but this time the play moves in exactly the opposite direction. Here religion is a dominion of implacable law reducing man and his will to a broken toy; and it is knowledge that is tainted with evil. Through Satan's agent Mephistophilis (James Ray), the learned Dr. Faustus (Lou Antonio) makes a pact with the Devil. He wills his soul to eternal damnation for 24 years of life, during which he will unlock all the secrets of the universe, command all earthly power, be granted every whim of pleasure. The request makes Faustus an archetype of Western man, with his aspiring mind, towering ambition, compelling curiosity and vaulting pride. With Mephistophilis to do his bidding, Dr. Faustus conjures up spirits, becomes invisible, plays pranks on the Pope, and makes love to Helen of Troy ("Was this the face that launch'd a thousand ships?").

Pleasure breeds remorse and despair; yet Faustus cannot repent. He can grasp the letter of God's law ("The reward of sin is death: that's hard"), but he cannot conceive the saving grace of Christ. He asks Mephistophilis why the Devil's agent is out of hell, and Satan's servant answers:

Why, this is hell, nor am I out of it:
Think'st thou that I, who saw the face of God
And tasted the eternal joys of heaven,

ALIX JEFFRY

FAUSTUS & COMPANY
Polysyllabic mouthwash.

Am not tormented with ten thousand hells,
In being depriv'd of everlasting bliss?

As Faustus is dragged into the flamered torture pit, he recognizes a more searing anguish than fire—eternal exile from God.

Mounting a lavish display of props, costumery and lighting effects, the Phoenix production camouflages the entire metaphysical tragedy and smothers the tensions in Marlowe's imagination, which was fearfully and longingly obsessed by the Christianity that his intelligence scoffed at and rejected. The cast gargles "Marlowe's mighty line" like polysyllabic mouthwash, except for James Ray's Mephistophilis, who, to give him his due, is devilishly good. By contrast, Lou Antonio in the title role is fumbling and playboyish. It is rather too bad that Faustus' pact with Satan should overlook mastery of the part.

Noplace

Beekman Place, by Samuel Taylor, should have been a musical. It has an elegant set, no book, and precious few laughs. It is a drawing room comedy dusty with storage room drama. In the middle of Act I, the ingenue announces that she is pregnant. At the end of it, a wife (Leora Dana) discovers that during World War II her best friend (Arlene Francis) slipped with her husband (Fernand Gravet) under a billiard table. The wife starts packing her bags. Gravet gets grave. He is an ex-concert violinist wedded to his Stradivarius. They both seem to be made of fine wood. Arlene Francis blinks her eyes more often than David Brinkley, but his lines are wittier. Toward play's end, Playwright Taylor decides to go topical and involves the cast in a ban-the-bomb melee at the U.N. Plaza. They don't have to go that far to ban a bomb; they can picket the Morosco theater.

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MAGAZINES

Revolt at Curtis

Word of the revolt brewing inside Curtis Publishing Co. has been widespread in the trade for months—partly because of leaks from the combatants themselves, who have been jockeying for outside editorial support. Since neither the image nor the health of this once sturdy old magazine house, now fallen on lean times, could possibly improve by airing the story of a savage, behind-scenes struggle for power, the contestants might have been expected to keep this intelligence where it belonged: behind scenes. But last week Curtis' unhappy secret was out. In a story obviously leaked by participants, the New York Times splashed the revolt all over Page One.

CURTIS PRESIDENT CULLIGAN

BEN MARTIN

MANHATTAN'S NEW POST BUILDING

The messy secret was all over Page One.

AP

REBEL EDITOR BLAIR

The rebel leaders were identified as Editor in Chief Clay Blair Jr., 39, and Marvin D. Kantor, 37, head of the company's magazine division and a relative newcomer to Curtis. The man they were out to topple was President and Board Chairman Matthew J. Culligan, 46, brought in by Curtis in 1962 to lead the company back to recovery. Last May, the Times reported, Blair and Kantor had aired their grievances before the board. But when this maneuver failed, the dissidents sought to spread the rebellion. In September, Blair convoked a secret meeting at a steakhouse outside Greenwich, Conn., where he lives, and helped frame a bill of particulars against the Culligan management. On Oct. 1 this document, signed by Blair, Kantor and 13 top-ranking editors and advertising officials, was sent to Curtis' board. The letter not only accused Culligan of mismanagement, but served notice of the intent of all 15 signatories to resign unless Culligan was relieved of command.

Revolving Doors. Curtis is in poor condition to support any kind of warfare, especially internal. Despite a special newspaper supplement fortnight ago to advertise its occupancy of the sparkling new Saturday Evening Post Building on Manhattan's Lexington Avenue, the company is in deep financial trouble. Since 1961 it has lost a total of $34.5 million—a figure that includes the $8,000,000 deficit recorded through September of this year. In 1963 Curtis was rescued from near bankruptcy by a last-minute $35 million loan from a group of six banks—a loan that must be repaid, with $10 million in interest, in the next six years.

Editor in Chief Blair's efforts to jack up Curtis magazines have met with little success. On four of them—the *Ladies' Home Journal*, *Holiday*, *American Home* and *Jack & Jill*—a revolving-door policy for editors has had little more effect than to unsettle the incumbents. The *Journal*, for example, which in 1961 lost its crown to *McCall's* as the leading woman's magazine, has yet to recover it.

Shrinking Revenues. For the *Saturday Evening Post*, Blair set a course that borrowed much from the techniques and styles of existing magazines —among them LIFE, *Esquire*, TIME and *Look*—without adding much that was new. Blair also led the *Post* on a campaign of "sophisticated muckraking"—his term for controversial journalism—that gained the *Post* well-publicized libel suits but few new followers. As to advertising, the *Post*, which accounts for two-thirds of Curtis' magazine revenue, has not fared well either. Since 1962, its annual advertising revenue has shrunk by some $6,000,000.

For Curtis' editorial and economic crisis, Blair was ready to blame Admiral Culligan. "Joe Culligan," said he, "is a great guy to know—after 5:30." Blair succeeded in selling this view to Marvin Kantor, one of two new men placed on Curtis' board by a group of Wall Street investors in 1962. Kantor had been a partner in J. R. Williston & Beane, the brokerage firm that was shattered last December after tankfuls of vegetable oils, supposed to be one of its principal assets, proved to be nonexistent.

Day of Decision. Together, Blair and Kantor constructed a case against Culligan—some of it trivial. They objected, for example, to the sumptuous private suite that Culligan keeps at Manhattan's St. Regis Hotel for late evening in town—and for which Curtis is billed. But their chief argument is that Culligan's interest in editorial salvage work has waned, particularly since the discovery of a rich copper-ore body in Ontario, adjacent to a Curtis holding of timberland. Since then, Culligan has filled the role of prospector with enthusiasm. Texas Gulf Sulphur, which made the discovery, has promised Curtis a mere 10% of the net profit from mining Curtis' acres—if and when they are ever mined. Buoyed in part by the blue-sky possibilities in Ontario, Curtis stock rose to a high of 19¼, has since settled in the vicinity of 12½—or about $5 per share above the price at which such Curtis executives as Joe Culligan and Clay Blair can exercise their stock options.

Curtis' directors tried to paper over the whole messy business with a plaintive announcement that "policy differences" would not deter them from "proceeding vigorously with plans which have been under consideration for strengthening the company's opera-

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SEMENENKO

KANTOR

Bitter about the suite.

But President Joe Culligan was to be heard from. With the power- support of Boston Banker Serge menko, who put together the con- m of banks that saved Curtis last Culligan ripped the whole thing open again as he lashed back at es. Blair and Kantor, he decreed, henceforth "relieved from all du- and "placed on inactive status with orary leaves of absence pending er action."

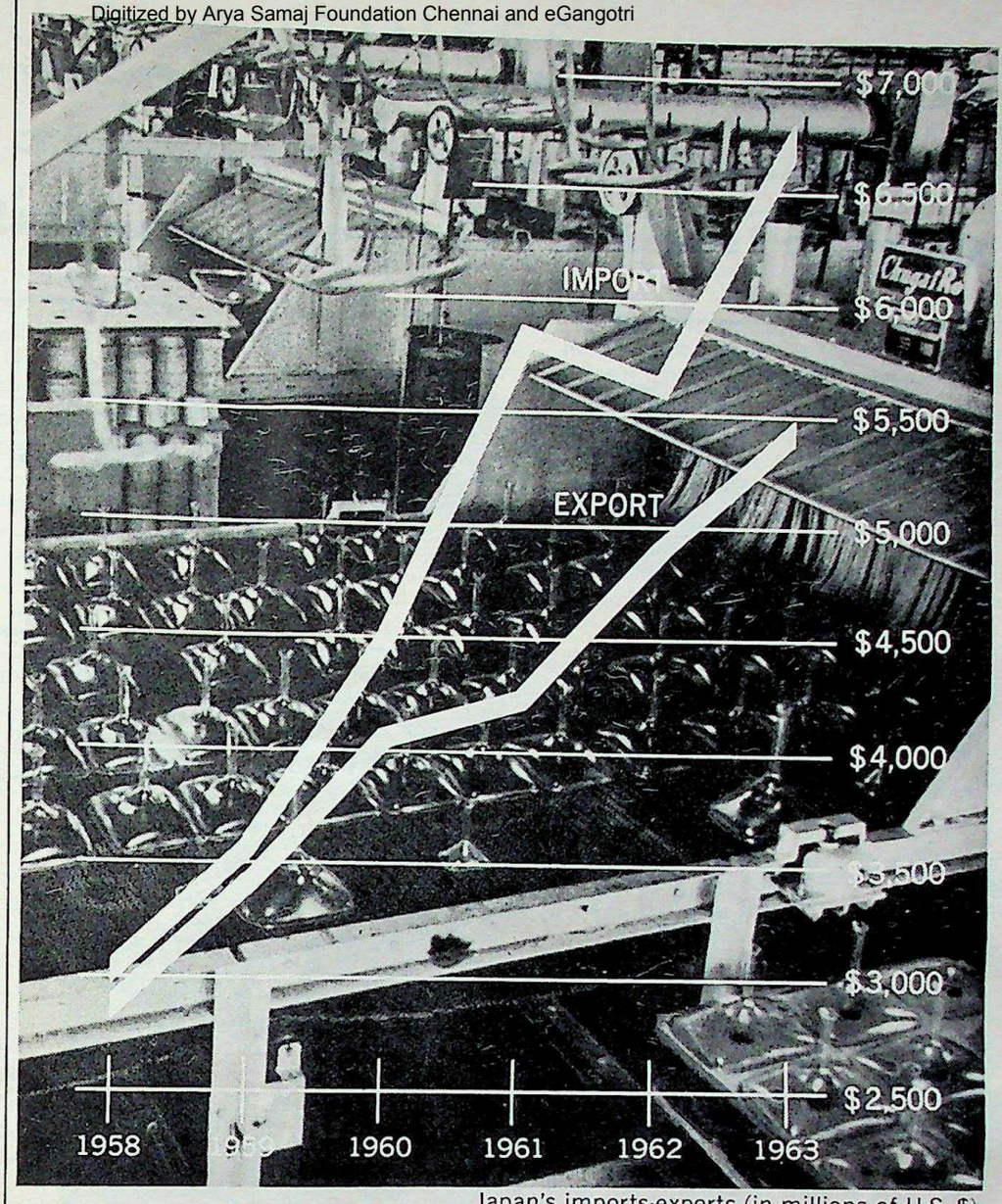
tion there will surely be as the re- n rages on. Next week a special, l-appointed investigating commit- scheduled to consult and report on idity of the Blair-Kantor charges t Culligan.

NEWSPAPERS

king Precedents

h less than a month to go before on Day, newspapers across the y were continuing to get off the and lining up behind a presiden- andidate. The effort was upsetting dents, leaving more than one patch ats on the barbed wire. The Los es Times, which had backed Nelson efeller against Goldwater in the rnia primary, decided to stand by dual liberty, private enterprise and Goldwater, thus remaining in the p. column for its 84th year. The York Herald Tribune, with an even r record—more than 100 years a Republican stalwart, said: WE E JOHNSON. Confessed the Trib: ail and torment go into those words. But we find ourselves as icans, even as Republicans, with ter acceptable course."

the crucial Midwest, the St. Louis Dispatch (Democratic since Alf n) predictably chose L.B.J.; the o Times broke a 116-year-old on and followed suit, while the nnati Enquirer opted for Barry, and Wisconsin State Journal decided, annot honestly recommend either ate to the voters." Not surpris- one of the nation's largest Negro papers, the Pittsburgh Courier, edi- ed for Johnson. Also in the L.B.J. were the Louisville Courier-Jour- d New Hampshire's Concord Dai- itor. LIFE Magazine, which said J. last week: "We think he de- his own full term as President," eek came out for ticket splitting r of five G.O.P. Governors and



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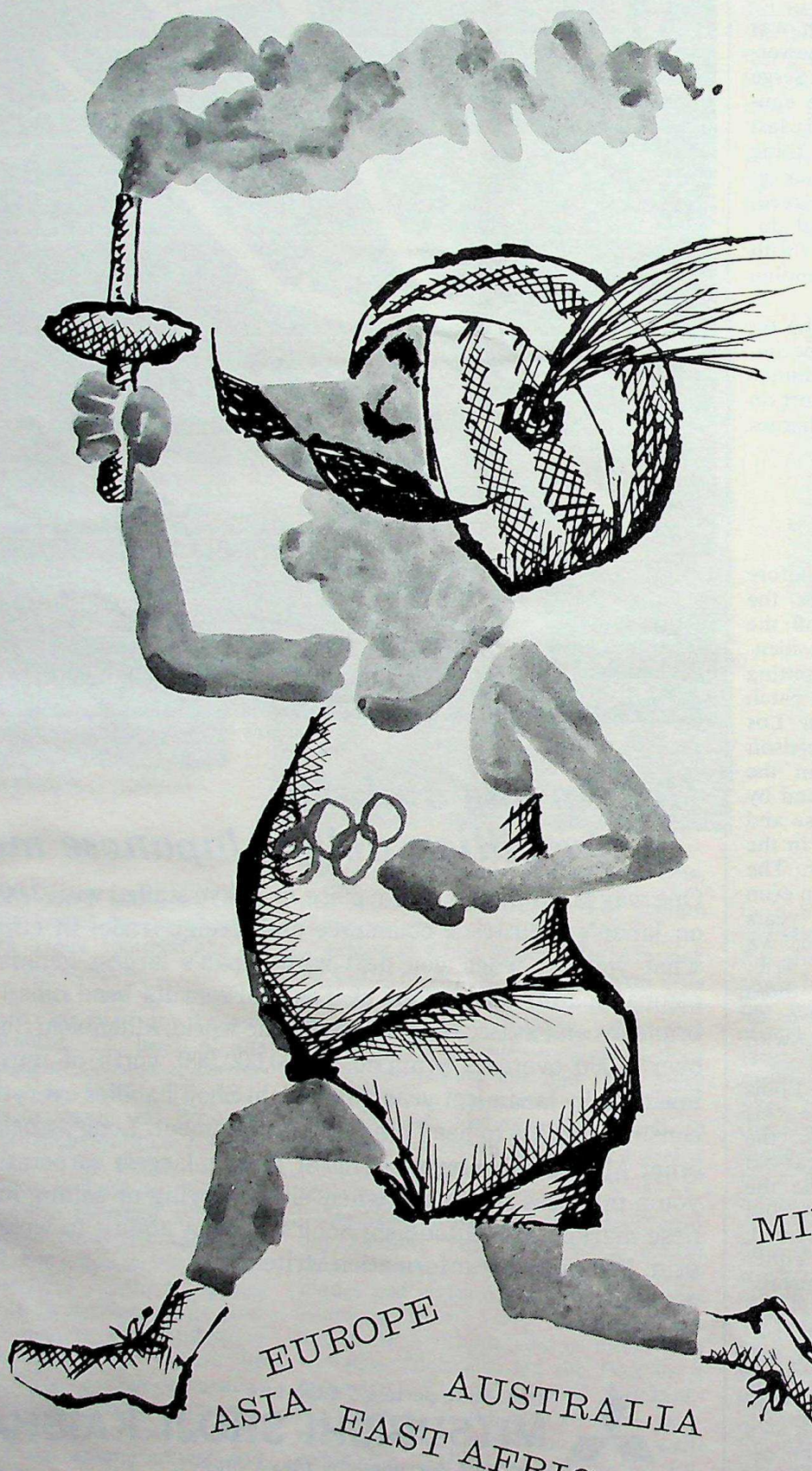
A lot of fuss about the mile in 3.54 1/2 minutes–it takes me precisely 6 seconds!



AIR-INDIA

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THE ECONOMY

Action in the Three-I League

Businessmen keep a sharp eye on a ...n of supremely important and closely ...ated factors that make up the econ...y's three-I league: inflation, inven...ries and interest rates. When business...en start building up their inventories ... a rapid pace, they have historically ...ped bring on inflation, which the ...overnment then seeks to curb by ...sting interest rates and slowing ...wn the economy. The current eco...mic expansion has been long-lived ...t steady precisely because invento...s have stayed lean, prices stable and ...ult free and easy. Last week, how...er, there were rumblings, rumors and ...ns of concern on all three fronts.

Overworked Steelmen. The Com...erce Department reported that inven...ries generally continue to run at a ...odern-day low, averaging only $3 ...rth of goods on the shelves for every ... worth of monthly sales, and that ...oduction rose faster than stockpiles in ...gust. But business psychology—that ...sive but important factor in gauging ...e economy's course—has undergone ...subtle change as a result of the auto ...or settlements (*see* Labor). More ...an 25% of the nation's purchasing ...ents report that they have started to ...ck up in expectation of a series of ...merous wage hikes and price increases ...er the election, as well as continua...n of good business and heavy de...and well into next year.

Partly as a result of corporate hedg...g against inflation, backlogs of un...ed orders have jumped smartly in ...e metals industries. Inventories of steel ...e running close to 20% higher than a ...ar ago because users in the auto, ...pliances and can industries are con...erting their plentiful cash and credit ...o stockpiles as a defense against price ...es or the possibility of a steel strike ...xt May. The overworked steelmakers ...ve stretched out many delivery times ...o four months and have pushed pro...uction to a two-year high of 81% of ...apacity—and would be producing even ...ore were it not for a shortage of ...illed labor so acute that 3,000 steel ...bs are open in the Chicago area.

Inflationary Flutters. Such strong de...and is added temptation for the steel...akers to post a long-sought price hike ...fter the election—especially when ...ears of inflation do not seem to be de...erring other industries from raising ...rices. In the past few weeks, prices ...ave increased for copper, zinc, tin, ...hemicals, paper and rubber. Viewing ...ll this, and perhaps anxious to test a ...harbinger of overall rise, U.S. Steel ...and Inland Steel last week increased ...by 17% the price of the reinforcing ...ars widely used in construction.

These inflationary flutters are keenly ...ed by the sensitive and watchful Fed...eral Reserve Board, and they serve in general to make the board less reluctant to risk an economic slowdown by stepping up interest rates. Lately it has issued warnings about that possibility in the hope of talking businessmen out of overbuying, or boosting prices too much. Though the board is usually as secretive and unpredictable as the CIA, broad hints that it may soon tighten money were voiced last week by three insiders—the presidents of the New York and Cleveland Federal Reserve banks and the board's economic advisor, Guy Noyes. Chairman William McChesney Martin Jr. seemed somewhat more sanguine. Said he: "Actually, the price situation is healthy today except for an incipient tendency of some prices to break out on the plus side." Martin means that prices are beginning to rise, and to judge whether that and the increased stockpiling mean the start of inflation, he and his colleagues will "reappraise" the board's easy-money policies within a month.

PASSENGERS WATCHING MOVIES ON TWA

Next: Bulldog Drummond and softer headsets.

AVIATION

Coffee, Tea or Doris Day

When it comes to fares and equipment, major U.S. airlines are so much alike that they must constantly maneuver for competitive advantage by offering some extra touch. They have tried champagne, caviar and credit, but the latest dogfight in the skies is over a rapidly spreading innovation that promises to change the whole character of flights: movies and TV shows in the air. In-flight entertainment, which was used by only two airlines only a few months ago, is causing more excitement in the industry than anything since the jet.

Last week Trans World Airlines, the first to introduce movies to fly by, took double-page ads in newspapers to boast of the superiority of its single, cabin screen over the smaller, seat TV screens just introduced by American Airlines. American, equipped to receive TV as well as to show Hollywood movies, fought back by running the World Series telecasts on its Chicago-Los Angeles flights. United Air Lines has just started showing cabin-screened movies on its Honolulu run, plans to extend the service soon to its transcontinental flights. Continental Air Lines next month will inaugurate a Golden Marquee movie service with small TV screens, and Pan American World Airways, Eastern Air Lines and several other lines are studying plans for providing their passengers with escapo-vision too. So swiftly has entertainment taken hold in the airline industry that delegates to the International Air Transport Association, meeting in Athens last week, spent much of their time debating how to deal with it.

"Adults Only." The international airlines would like to prevent the spread of in-flight entertainment because of its cost, but that does not seem to bother the American lines much. (Pakistan—oddly enough—is the only foreign country whose airline shows movies, but that is bound to change.) TWA spends up to $2,000,000 a year to lease its equipment and movies from Inflight Motion Pictures, which developed the idea. Installation of Continental's system, developed by California's Ampex Corp., will cost about $45,000 a plane. For its Astrovision, made by Sony of Japan, American Airlines pays $52,000 a plane; it puts out another $1,000,000 a year just to rent 52 movies. Pan American is studying an in-flight movie system that would cost about

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$5,000,000 to install in its jet fleet.

Cartoonists have had fun with the trend, showing stewardesses peddling Cracker Jacks or children being turned away from an "Adults Only" flight. But for a cost to the line of from $50 to $80 a flight, the movies earn their fare. TWA, for example, has increased its passenger business 28% so far this year, and the movies get at least partial credit. TWA has dropped its $1 movie charge in economy class, and most other lines will show their movies free to all classes. What the passenger gets is sound and pictures that are surprisingly clear, though the new systems still have some bugs to work out. (American's TV screens are thinly gold-plated to minimize interference with the plane's radar.) The individual earphones can be somewhat uncomfortable after a while, but better, foam-rubber headsets are being installed. The earplugs are sterilized and reused—when that is possible. Last year passengers stole about 50,000 from TWA.

Even a Marquee. Most stewardesses bless the movies, if only because they keep children quiet and adults in their seats. But there are problems. "I sometimes wish I could rip those plugs off their faces," complains an American Airlines stewardess. "I ask, 'Coffee, tea or milk?' and they say 'Yes.' " Another problem: as soon as the movie is over, passengers line up 20-deep for the plane's tiny toilets.

The airlines are clearly in show business to stay. Continental actually thought of putting live jazz combos on its planes before settling on its Golden Marquee system, and President Robert Six has hired a veteran movie-industry executive to be director of in-flight entertainment; he has also suggested that all the airlines get together and buy their own movie studio. Many of the movies in flight so far have been of the Doris Day-Rock Hudson genre, but Inflight Motion Pictures has bought the rights to make movies based on the Bulldog Drummond series, also plans to produce TV-length films for short flights and resale to the networks.

Now the railroads want aboard, and Inflight has formed a wholly owned subsidiary called Intransit Motion Pictures to handle the expanding business. At least four railroads are already deep in negotiations. Next month the Baltimore & Ohio will become the first to show movies regularly on the rails: it will introduce movies in the dining car and in a special coach on its Baltimore-Chicago and Baltimore-St. Louis runs. Each evening the program will be announced on lighted marquees above train gates at major railroad stations along the route.

LABOR

A Sort of Ending

It was a silly strike to begin with, and it came to a silly ending. Walter Reuther had insisted that all local work issues—some 17,000 of them—would have to be settled before his United Auto Workers could reach a national agreement with General Motors. On the tenth day of the strike and with almost 300,000 men out of work, he changed his mind, decided that a national settlement would help to iron out local differences. After that, it took only eleven hours of negotiation to reach a national pact. That did not immediately end G.M.'s problems. Because thousands of local work issues remained in dispute, scores of locals stayed out. Instead of a national strike, the union now had local strikes on a national level.

Most of the local strikes are expected to be settled some time this week. But the stoppage has already cut auto production 48% from the same week a year ago, and will cost G.M. several more days before it can get back to normal production. What was the upshot of the walkout? Reuther gained the same 57¢-an-hour package that Ford and Chrysler had given him in September, plus three small concessions. The company promised to put extra men on the production line at times when the work load becomes unusually heavy, loosely agreed to give some men the option to turn down overtime (for which they are paid time and a half) and, more important, agreed that union committeemen, who are paid by the company for 40 hours a week, can devote 25 hours exclusively to union business instead of the present 15. It all amounted to a settlement that Reuther could almost certainly have won without a strike.

Nonetheless, Reuther's score for the year was impressive, and it was enough to cause continuing concern among inflation watchers, who fear that the 4.8% hike in pay and benefits won by the union—which fractured the Administration's 3.2% guideline—may set a pattern for other industries. Sensing this concern, President Johnson last week expressed the rather optimistic hope that other unions will recognize the "unique" nature of the settlement in the highly profitable, highly productive auto industry and thus will be more restrained in their own demands.

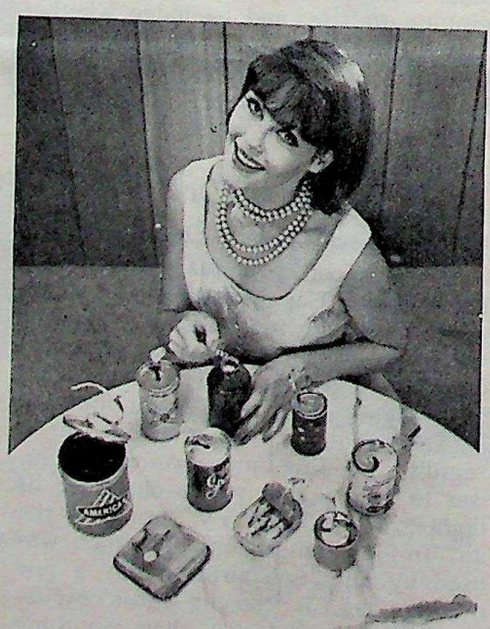
INDUSTRY

An Uncanny Transformation

The tin can, that 154-year-old companion of the housewife, is undergoing an uncanny transformation. The pattern of change began a while ago, but it has picked up such speed that it is affecting both habits in the home and the future of an entire industry. Millions of cans no longer require keys or openers; they flip, zip, pop or peel. Cans now come in thin tin or aluminum instead of hefty old tin plate, and in many cases have evolved into containers of paper, plastic or fiber foil. The aerosol can, once limited to a few household uses, now dispenses everything from cake icing to lotion for poison ivy.

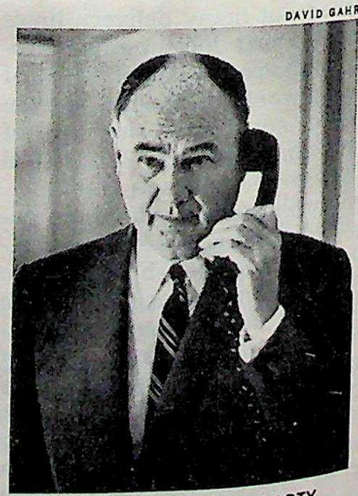
Something Different. All of this means more convenience for the housewife, who totes home an average of 840 cans each year, and more upheaval

AMERICAN'S STOLK



NEW CONTAINERS
They flip, zip, pop or peel.

DAVID GAHR



CONTINENTAL'S FOGARTY

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for the $5.8 billion container industry, which makes 46 billion cans a year. The industry is dominated by Continental Can Co. and American Can Co., which wrestle with each other to lead the Continental last year narrowly edged out its rival with $1,154,000,000 in sales v. $1,149,000,000, last week announced that its nine-month sales are up 4.4% over last year. But neither, in spite of size, is able to dictate the trends. Says Continental Chairman Thomas C. Fogarty: "The demand for new packages, gimmicks, new opening devices has made our problems 100 times greater than they were a few years ago. The customers all want something that's different from their competitors."

To give them something different, the two companies now churn out a profusion of products—bottle caps, plastic containers and paper cartons among them—although cans still account for more than half their sales. Continental is about to open two new plants to make plastic bags, has just come out with a new plastic motor-oil "can"—the fourth switch in its oil-can materials in as many years. American has just introduced tiny aerosol tubes that contain a seven-day supply of such items as hair spray and shaving cream for travelers, is spinning out a line of two-tone scented toilet tissue and conducting a campaign to replace "the dirtiest thing in the American home—the bathroom glass" with its plastic paper-cup dispenser.

No More Squeeze. Both companies have gone strongly into flip-top cans for beer and soft drinks; production of flip-tops has risen from 25 million to 3.6 billion in two years. Designers are now working on flip-tops that will remain on the can after it is opened, thus avoid cutting feet when tops are tossed carelessly on floors or beaches. Recently U.S. companies adopted the Swedish idea of covering vacuum-pack coffee cans with plastic lids that can be used to keep the product fresh. Some companies have already taken the next obvious step: putting advertising stress on the containers instead of on the product, as Chase & Sanborn does with its decorated coffee canisters.

The new products have given the can companies a certain advantage in dealing with both the steel mills and customers, who once squeezed them on prices and deliveries when they made nothing but tin cans. "Unless the steel companies produce a better product," says American Can Chairman William C. Stolk, "other industries are going to take steel's place." On the other hand, many big packers (Green Giant, Libby, Campbell Soup) now make their own cans, and glass and aluminum have proved formidable competitors for the can companies, forcing them to diversify steadily. Toward that end, Continental and American each now spend $15 million a year on research. Both are also looking to overseas markets, where the packaging upheaval is just beginning in earnest. Continental has granted licenses to 60 foreign firms, including one that makes cans for French wine.

RAILROADS

Much-Wanted Talent

Mergers are becoming so common among U.S. railroads that planning and executing them have become necessary talents for rail executives. Looking around for a new boss to fill the post that has been vacant since the death of Chairman J. D. Farrington three years ago, the directors of the Chicago, Rock Island & Pacific Railroad particularly wanted a man who was savvy about mergers. Reason: the Rock Island not only wants to merge with the larger Union Pacific, which last week made a new offer to Rock Island stockholders, but is also fighting off a takeover bid by the Chicago & Northwestern. Last week the directors picked a man who seemed ideal for the job: Third-Generation Railroader Jervis Langdon Jr., 59, who fought off New York Central incursions in 1961 as president of the Baltimore & Ohio, then went on to merge the B. & O. with the Chesapeake & Ohio.

ROCK ISLAND'S LANGDON
Merger savvy, highballing west.

Langdon is more than willing to highball west. Though he has expertly swung the B. & O. from a $31 million deficit three years ago to anticipated earnings of $10 million this year, he had a limited future in the combined C. & O.-B. & O. In another round of management shuffles earlier this year, C. & O. Vice President Gregory S. DeVine took over the presidency, as Walter J. Tuohy moved up to vice chairman and chief executive officer (Cleveland's Cyrus S. Eaton remains chairman). DeVine will eventually head both railroads when the physical merger is complete.

Thus passed over, Langdon was anxious to relinquish the B. & O. presidency, which was taken over temporarily last week by Tuohy. From his new position as Rock Island chairman, however, Langdon could end up running the big Union Pacific if the Rock Island merges with it. Langdon is highly regarded in rail circles, and both Union Pacific President Arthur E. Stoddard and Chairman E. Roland Harriman are approaching the road's retirement age of 70.

BANKING

Pin-Stripe Invaders

The ads in San Francisco newspapers last week introduced "Miss Lizbeth Rotherwick of Telegraph Hill. Has Hester Bateman silver. Collects old Spode. Enjoys pullovers by Pringle. And now she has a special checking account at the Chartered Bank of London." The mythical miss sounds somewhat less than smashing, but the point of the ads was that she did not have to cross a continent and an ocean to open a checking account at Chartered: the London bank recently opened a San Francisco subsidiary. Aware that the U.S. money market can be a happy hunting ground, foreign banks are setting up branches in the U.S. in increasing numbers.

Four dozen foreign banking branches and offices now do business from Washington state to the Virgin Islands, the great majority of them in New York and California. Osaka's Sumitomo Bank opened its sixth California branch last year, and the Bank of Tokyo of California recently started its eighth and ninth branches. In Manhattan, the international banking center, the British have opened four major branches, the Swiss three, the French and Israelis two each, and the Italians, Dutch, Lebanese and Pakistanis one apiece. Last month Brazil's Banco da Lavoura de Minas Gerais opened up in Manhattan, and last week the Bank of Tokyo Trust Co. opened newly expanded offices as kimono-clad Japanese girls served raw fish and Suntory whisky to customers.

The foreign branches work primarily to promote and finance U.S. trade with their home countries. They issue letters of credit, handle trading in foreign securities, assist tycoons and tourists from abroad, arrange dollar loans for foreign companies and foreign-currency loans for U.S. firms with subsidiaries abroad. Some states, notably New York and California, also permit them to do a "retail" business with small local customers. The foreign banks often make adventuresome loans that U.S. banks turn down and fatten their reserves by accepting U.S. deposits, mostly from immigrants with sentimental ties to the old country. They also have some novel ways of attracting U.S. customers. The Manhattan branch of the Israel Discount Bank, for example, offers its own version of the Christmas Club for savings—a Chanukah Club, tied to the Jewish Feast of Lights.

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Ericsson LM

TELEPHONE EQUIPMENT

Library building, University of Mexico, Mexico City

Why Ericsson Telephone Equipment Has Been Selected For 60 Years In Mexico

Ericsson's first installation in Mexico of a public telephone exchange was made in 1906. Since that time Mexico has made remarkable progress in expanding its telephone service. Today five out of six telephones are automatic and the long distance network and Direct Distance Dialing are being extended. Ericsson is providing the bulk of the equipment for this continuing modernization.

More than 350,000 lines of Ericsson's automatic exchange equipment are already in operation or on order in Mexico.

Telephone administrators in Mexico and more than 70 other countries specify Ericsson when they want the finest in modern systems or components—equipment that features realistic initial cost and negligible maintenance.

L. M. ERICSSON TELEPHONE COMPANY

World Headquarters: STOCKHOLM 32

MANUFACTURING FACILITIES ON FOUR CONTINENTS / SALES ORGANIZATION THROUGHOUT THE WORLD

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ITALY

Changing the Face of a Land

That backward and poverty-stricken bottom half of the Italian boot, *Il Mezzogiorno*, was long considered a good place to be from and a hard place to get to. Economically and physically isolated, a separate and underdeveloped land within a developed nation, the south stood in harsh contrast to Italy's industrialized north. Now all the old ideas about the south may have to be revised. Last week, with flying banners and ecclesiastical pomp, the Italians opened the last stretch of the 368-mile Milan-to-Salerno *Autostrada del Sole*, the first modern highway link between north and south.

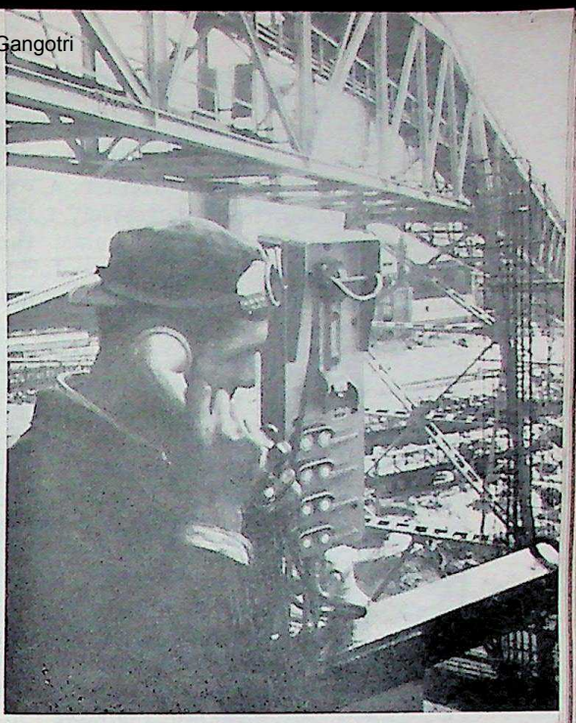
The "Superhighway of the Sun," a four-lane expressway that avoids all cities and villages on its course, will move steadily southward and eventually connect with Sicily at the Strait of Messina, serving as a vital economic lifeline for the entire region. It is only the latest of Italy's ambitious efforts to help *Il Mezzogiorno* (which means Midday) move, in one great leap, from medieval society directly into the age of automation.

Many of the 18 million southerners have already skipped centuries, advancing from their primitive agricultural economy into the industrial revolution. In parts, farmers still live in cone-shaped huts more suggestive of the Sudan than of Italy, and peasant women walk three steps behind their husbands. But the south now boasts Italy's biggest steel mill, its biggest oil refinery and its biggest petrochemical plant. Naples, now Italy's second biggest seaport (after Genoa), has become so thoroughly industrialized that there is little more room to expand, and Caserta to the north has grown into a mighty concentration of more than 100 plants. The city of Latina, just below Rome, has risen out of a drained marsh to become a bustling center of steel processing, pharmaceuticals and cinema studios. The discovery of methane gas reserves has brought three major petroleum companies to Ferrandina. At Sicily's port of Augusta, the Esso refinery has attracted so many other industries that Sicilians call the region "piccolo Milano"—little Milan.

Preparing the Way. Government and private enterprise have combined to bring about this transformation. The Italian government has poured in about $9 billion for roads, power, schools and housing since 1950, has also persuaded the U.S., the World Bank and other international agencies to help out with massive loans. With its *Cassa per il Mezzogiorno*—Fund for the South—the government has lured industry through tax incentives, custom-free importation of plant equipment, easy credit, cash grants, free building sites and worker training programs. Such state-owned enterprises as the holding company I.R.I. and the petroleum company E.N.I. are required to channel their major investments south of Rome; in the Naples area, I.R.I. has built a plant for almost every one of its many industrial lines.

Private corporations also have been moving south, attracted partly by the government incentives, partly by the south's low-cost labor and the challenge of a relatively untapped market. Such Italian giants as Olivetti, Montecatini and Alfa Romeo have built plants, and several others have decided to shift their headquarters from Milan to Rome to be closer to the south. One after another, U.S. companies have also opened southern plants—American Cyanamid, Esso, Gulf, Goodyear, Litton Industries, Pfizer, Raytheon, Remington Rand and Willys.

City Transformed. The south's most spectacular new industry is the $500 million steel mill at the old port city of Taranto, which was partly constructed by U.S. Steel. Built by the state-controlled Italsider, a subsidiary of I.R.I., the plant will start its first blast furnace this month, and by early 1965 will be producing steel at the rate of 2,200,000 tons a year and employing 4,500 workers. But the plant's impact has already transformed Taranto, a once decaying city where not long ago electric lights and running water were still dreams of some far-distant future. A cement plant has risen to serve the steel mill, and the old docks have taken on a new bustle. Workers are buying motor scooters and small cars, thus opening the way for new filling stations and garages; Royal Dutch/Shell already plans to open a new refinery. Taranto's per capita income has doubled in four years.


HENRY GROSSMAN

AUTOMATION AT TARANTO STEEL PLANT
The future has already arrived.

The most profound change in *Il Mezzogiorno* has been the slow development of an "industrial mentality" among people who had never known anything but manual work. At Brindisi, where Caesar's legions put to sea for Egypt and Syria, Montecatini and Shell have joined to build a $300 million petrochemical complex where nearly every worker has to have some kind of skill. "You should have seen our raw material," says Mario Natta, the plant manager. "They were agricultural day laborers, peasants, garbage collectors, street sweepers—and we have transformed them into skilled workers in an automated industry."

As the new mentality deepens and broadens, other companies will have an easier time setting up shop, and the southerners will have more opportunities to earn a decent living without leaving home. In fact, the tide of migration has already started to turn: southerners, hearing of what is happening in the south, are moving back—and bringing with them the valuable skills acquired in the north.

JAPAN

Clocker of the Games

Next to the athletes, the most vital ingredients in the Olympic Games are the precision timepieces needed to clock the contests, whose outcomes sometimes depend on milliseconds of difference. Last week, as the 18th Games got under way in Tokyo, the official timepieces were not European for the first time in Olympics history. They were Japanese, and they all bore one name: Seiko, the brand mark of K. Hattori & Co., Ltd.,

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Japan's biggest watchmaker (1963 sales: $98 million).

The switch made sense. Duplicating its efforts in cameras and transistor radios, Japan has quietly become a top producer of watches, aggressively competing around the world against the long-unchallenged watchmakers of Europe. Japanese watch production has ticked upward from 2,000,000 annually to 11,700,000 in a decade, now ranks fourth behind that of Switzerland, Russia and the U.S.

Split-Second Timing. Hattori, founded in 1881 by a clock salesman of that name, started out as a shoestring importer of foreign timepieces, later pioneered Japan's own watch industry. Destroyed by a 1923 earthquake, Hattori rebuilt, only to be leveled again by U.S. bombers. That disaster proved to be a blessing. In starting from scratch the third time, the company virtually scrapped hand-assembly methods, today makes 75% of its watches by machine. As a result of its super-efficiency, Hattori claims to have been for five years the non-Communist world's largest maker of jeweled-lever watches. Last year it turned out 5,900,000 wristwatches, 53% of the Japanese total, this year expects its output to rise to 7,000,000.

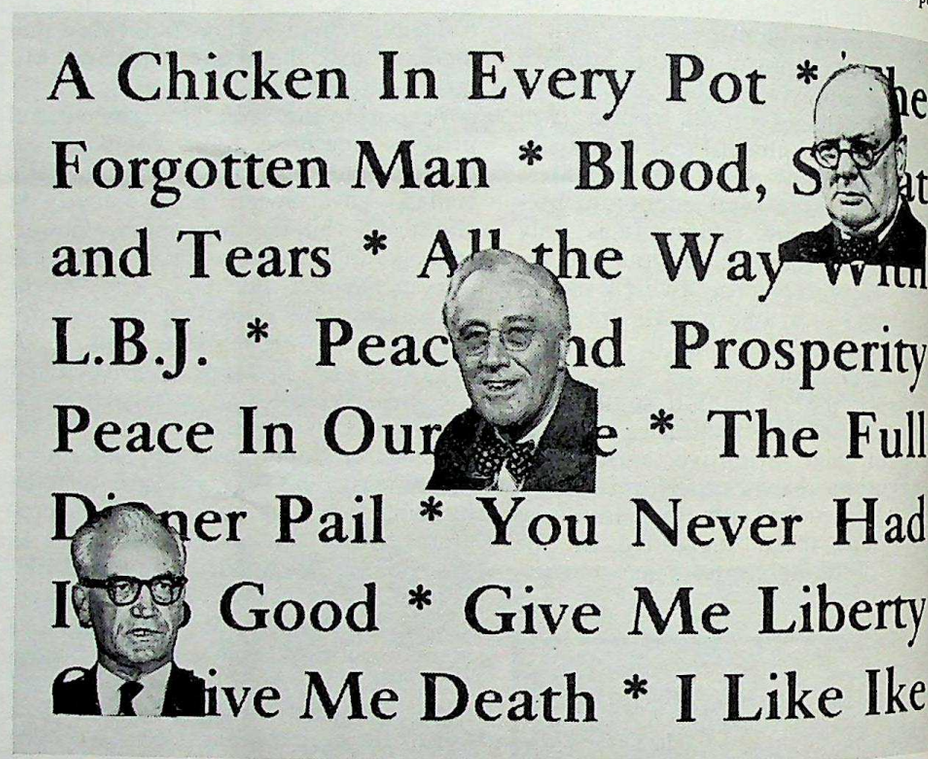
In 1959, when Tokyo was selected as the 1964 Olympics site, Hattori shrewdly picked a delegation of technicians to attend the 1960 Games in Rome, where they carefully studied timing problems and techniques. When the Tokyo Olympic Organizing Committee asked whether there was a Japanese company capable of providing time clocks for the 1964 Games, for the sake of national honor, Hattori was ready. Last week, after an investment of $850,000 in research, Hattori's men unveiled 1,300 ingenious Olympic time devices. They ranged from nine varieties of split-second stop watches to an electronic judge of swimming events that: 1) clocks swimmers to 1/1,000th of a second; 2) memorizes individual lap times of up to nine swimmers at a time; and 3) prints all scores on a sheet of paper the instant the race is over, thus eliminating time-consuming human calculation.

Pushing the Undersell. For its services Hattori is paid only in prestige. "I hope some of the foreign visitors will remember us after the Olympics," says Company President Shoji Hattori, 64, second son of the late founder. To refresh their memories, Hattori salesmen are stepping up their export drive, in the past year have broken the Swiss monopoly in Norway, Denmark, and Sweden, where Seiko watches now sell at the rate of 9,000 a month. Another target is the U.S. market, which Hattori has heretofore tapped largely by supplying movements to Benrus. Despite forbidding U.S. tariffs, Hattori is beginning a U.S. sales campaign for Seiko, retailing 17-jewel wristwatches for $29.75, just over half the price of a Swiss equivalent.

LANGUAGE

The Slogan Society

In politics, it seems, bad times make good slogans. Herbert Hoover's promise of "a chicken in every pot" did not get him re-elected in 1932, but it was a far more ingenious catch phrase than the Republicans' 1944 theme, "Time for a change," or "I like Ike" in 1952. And for all John F. Kennedy's eloquence, no Democratic orator since the Depression has matched Franklin D. Roosevelt's phrasemaking prowess on behalf of "the forgotten man." Lyndon Johnson's vision of "the Great Society" is not only vague, but *vieille vague* as well; the term was the title of a 1914 book by British Political Psychologist Graham Wallas, and the idea is as old as Plato's *Republic*. Equally lackluster is Barry Goldwater's "In your heart you know he is right"—which L.B.J. could not resist parodying in his speech before the Steelworkers Union last month ("You know in your heart that I am telling you the truth").



"Word Magic." To many scholars, all slogans are bad slogans. George Mowry, dean of social sciences at U.C.L.A., argues that they "compress a lot of truth into what is basically an untruth." Indeed, for the majority of voters not inclined to analyze issues for themselves, slogans are a welcome substitute for logical argument. "Most people would rather die than think," says Bertrand Russell. "In fact, some do." Russell's own ban-the-bomb marchers, mindlessly chanting "Better Red than dead," prove his point.

Phrases such as "Peace in our time" and "Prosperity is just around the corner" invoke "word magic," as linguists call verbal formulas that promise to make dreams come true through sheer repetition. On the other hand, observes San Francisco State College's S. I. Hayakawa, a pioneering U.S. semanticist, "You don't move a mass society with a volume by Galbraith." Particularly in the U.S., as Cambridge Historian Denis Brogan has pointed out, "the evocative power of verbal symbols must not be despised, for these are and have been one of the chief means of uniting the United States and keeping it united."

The most effective political slogans are timely, yet live long beyond their time. Passing into the language, they help crystallize great issues of the past for future generations: "Give me liberty or give me death"; *"Lebensraum"*; "The world must be made safe for democracy"; "There'll always be an England"; "unconditional surrender"; "the Great Leap Forward"; "We shall overcome." In an increasingly complex society, as Hayakawa points out, such coinages are essential "short cuts to a consensus."

Seven Is Tops. The word "slogan," from the Gaelic *sluagh* (army) and *gairm* (a call), originally meant a call to arms—and some of history's most stirring slogans, from "Erin go bragh" to "Remember Pearl Harbor" have been just that. In peacetime, argues Hayakawa, electorates respond more readily to slogans that promise change, since people are rarely satisfied with things as they are. One notable exception was the catch phrase that helped return Britain's Tory Party to power in 1959: "You never had it so good." In general, though, Democrats, like detergent manufacturers, favor slogans that offer a new and better product ("New

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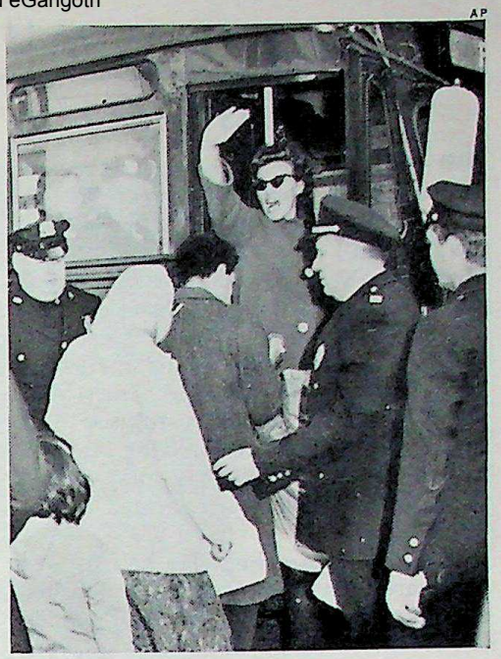
POLICE SUBDUING DEMONSTRATOR



PARENTS BEING HAULED TO COURT

After the brawl, baby bottles and box lunches.

"rum, Romanism and rebellion" in 1884, James G. Blaine lost New York's electoral votes and the presidential election against Grover Cleveland. Barry Goldwater has probably lost votes by charging that Lyndon Johnson is "soft on Communism"—an inflammatory Republican slogan a decade ago, but now a burnt-out cliché. Another Goldwater slogan that boomeranged was "extremism in the defense of liberty"—even if it was intended as a paraphrase of Tom Paine's aphorism: "Moderation in temper is always a virtue, but moderation in principle is always a vice."

To be compelling, a slogan must above all be simple. Its acceptance, says University of Houston Psychologist Richard Evans, "is rooted in man's basic intolerance for ambiguity." But it doesn't always work that way. One of the most successful slogans in recent years was a "Vote for clean water" campaign in St. Louis, which led many citizens to believe that a proposed $95 million bond issue would be spent to purify their drinking water. In fact, it was intended to reduce pollution of the Mississippi River downstream from the city, but confused St. Louisans passed the bond issue in a 5-1 landslide. Nothing ambiguous about that.

PUBLIC SCHOOLS

Battle of the Moms

"When you see that man," the mother instructed her young son, "spit at him." The man was Thomas F. Nevins, an assistant superintendent of the New York City board of education. The mother was one of 65 parents who for three days had forced their way into Jackson Heights' P.S. 149, children in tow, to protest the compulsory exchange of students between the previously all-white school and one predominantly attended by Negroes six blocks away.

Last week, while children bawled and mothers screamed defiance, police hauled the demonstrators off to criminal court after a melee that stunned the nation's biggest school system. The demonstrators were old hands: members of Parents and Taxpayers (P.A.T.), the white organization that staged a massive citywide school boycott last month in an unsuccessful attempt to pressure the board into canceling calculated plans for ending *de facto* segregation at a handful of New York City's 850 public schools.

The battle of the moms began with a signal from P.A.T. Leader Mrs. Joan Addabbo, a 28-year-old mother of two. The parents broke through police lines into P.S. 149. But police inside the entrance locked arms, formed a human chute that funneled the crowd into the auditorium. As each parent entered the hall, Nevins shouted: "You have no legal right to be in this building. You are under arrest." Outside, 300 P.A.T. pickets turned nasty as dark-green police vans rolled up to a side entrance. When police tried to herd their prisoners into the vans, someone shouted, "Don't let them!" and the riot was on. The scuffle, brief but bloody, finally ended when a P.A.T. lawyer borrowed a bull horn from the police and calmed down his followers.

P.A.T. partisans were well prepared for their arrest. One mother brought diapers, changed her baby on a court bench. Others came with baby bottles and box lunches. Taken before the judge in relays of five, the parents were charged with loitering on school premises, a form of disorderly conduct punishable by up to 60 days in jail. Then they were released in their own custody to await trial next month.

P.A.T. counted the violence and arrests a gain. "We have made our point," exulted one P.A.T. official. The board grimly agreed. "Force was brought to our doorstep," protested Superintendent of Schools Calvin Gross, warning that he would not wait two days next time to arrest parents who threatened yet another sit-in.

"New Frontier"). The Grand ... Party, like whisky distillers, prefers to emphasize aged-in-the-wood reliability from Abraham Lincoln's "Don't ... horses in the middle of the stream" ... 1924's "Keep cool with Coolidge." To be fully effective, say psychologists, a slogan should express a single ... in seven words or less. "It is a psychological fact," says Harvard's Gordon ... "that seven is the normal limit ... rote memory." (Example: telephone ... bers.) Whether plugging cat food ... a candidate, sloganeers lean heavily ... such verbal devices as alliteration ... Korea, Communism, Corruption"), ... me ("All the way with L.B.J."), or ... combination of both ("Tippecanoe ... Tyler Too").* Other familiar standby ... are paradox ("We have nothing to ... but fear itself"), metaphor ("Just ... kiss of the hops"), metonymy ("The ... dinner pail"), parody (a Norwegian ... el folder promises "a Fjord in Your ...ure"), and punning ("Every litter ... helps"). By using what semanticists ... "affective" language, many slogans ... deliberately exploit chauvinism ("Made ... Texas by Texans"), xenophobia ... Yankee go home"), insecurity ("Even ... best friends won't tell you"), narcissism ("Next to myself I like B.V.D. ..."), escapism ("I dreamed I barged ... the Nile in my Maidenform bra"). ... Long before Poet T. S. Eliot expounded his theory of the "auditory ...agination," Pioneer Adman Earnest ...mo Calkins used pocket poetry to ...ke "Phoebe Snow" glamorize passenger service on the coal-burning Del...are, Lackawanna & Western Railroad. Slogans nearly always overload ... language and often debase it ("cof...-er coffee"). English teachers curse ...adison Avenue for institutionalizing ...d grammar with such calculated ...ses as "us Tareyton smokers" and ...ke a cigarette should." By contrast, ...me of history's most enduring slogans ...re plucked from literature. Winston ...hurchill's call to "blood, sweat and ...ears"—boiled down from his first statement as Prime Minister in 1940, "I have ...thing to offer but blood, toil, tears ...d sweat"—was adapted from a passage in a 1931 book by Churchill; but ...rikingly similar words were used in ...revious centuries by the British poets ...hn Donne, Byron and Lord Alfred ...Douglas.

The Boomerang. "Knocking" slogans, ...adman's parlance, are apt to be risky ...though pollsters find that the "carpet-...gger" label has been damaging to ...obert Kennedy's senatorial campaign ...New York. By failing to repudiate ...promptly a supporter's denunciation of

*Tyler was the Whig vice-presidential candidate in 1840. "Tippecanoe" was used to ...mmorize Gentleman Farmer William Henry ...rrison, who had scored a dubious victory ...er the Indians in a skirmish at Tippecanoe ...ek 29 years earlier, but routed Martin Van ...ren in the election. A more forgettable Whig ...gan affirmed: "With Tip and Tyler we'll bust ...n's biler."

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CELLISTS

The Sad Hero

One of the hard realities of launching a concert career in the U.S. is the necessity of a recital, preferably in Manhattan's hallowed Carnegie Hall, the cost of which—anywhere from $2,000 to $3,000—must be footed by the artist. But when Budapest-born Janos Starker first came to America at the age of 24, he flatly refused "the social degradation of having to pay to be heard. I will only play where people are sufficiently interested to pay to hear me."

Treasure Unearthed. He had to wait 16 years, but last week an interested audience gladly paid to hear Starker, one of the world's finest cello players, make his belated Carnegie Hall debut. For the occasion Starker performed the U.S. première of Haydn's *Concerto in C for Violoncello and Orchestra*, a work lost for nearly two centuries until it was unearthed in a castle in Czechoslovakia three years ago.

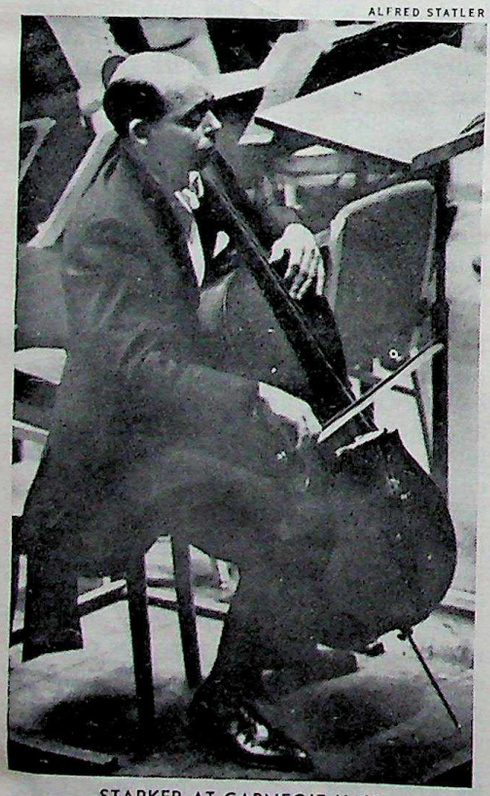
Eyes closed, brow furrowed in concentration, Starker's attack through the shifting intricacies of the work's opening theme, the stately second movement, and the sprightly, charging finale, was a wonder of clarity and virtuosity. His pure and singing tone was as warm and intimate as the human voice.

Starker feels that "the golden age of the cello is upon us." Lacking the glamour or flashy attraction of the piano and violin, the cello has been a neglected child in the family of strings. France's Jean Louis Duport revolutionized playing techniques in the late 1700s, an achievement that prompted Voltaire to exclaim: "A miracle! An ox has been changed into a nightingale!"

Modern Wealth. But the cello did not really establish itself as a solo instrument until Pablo Casals developed its rich potentialities in the early years of this century. As a result, there is a dearth of music written for the cello by the great classical and romantic composers. Starker, a professor of music at Indiana University since 1958, takes heart from the wealth of cello compositions being turned out by modern composers. But he admits that the instrument's sober reputation might hamper its achieving the popularity of its high-strung relative, the violin.

"To the average person," he says, "the sound of a cello means someone is slowly dying on the movie screen. It is a depressing, melancholy sound with a wailing tremolo. It cannot laugh, but it takes to agony perfectly. The cello is the sad hero who faces life with resignation."

ALFRED STATLER



STARKER AT CARNEGIE HALL
An ox became a nightingale.

ORCHESTRAS

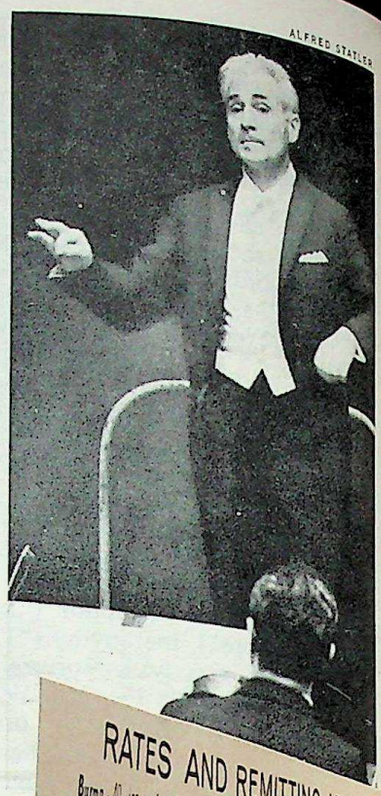
Discipline—Plus

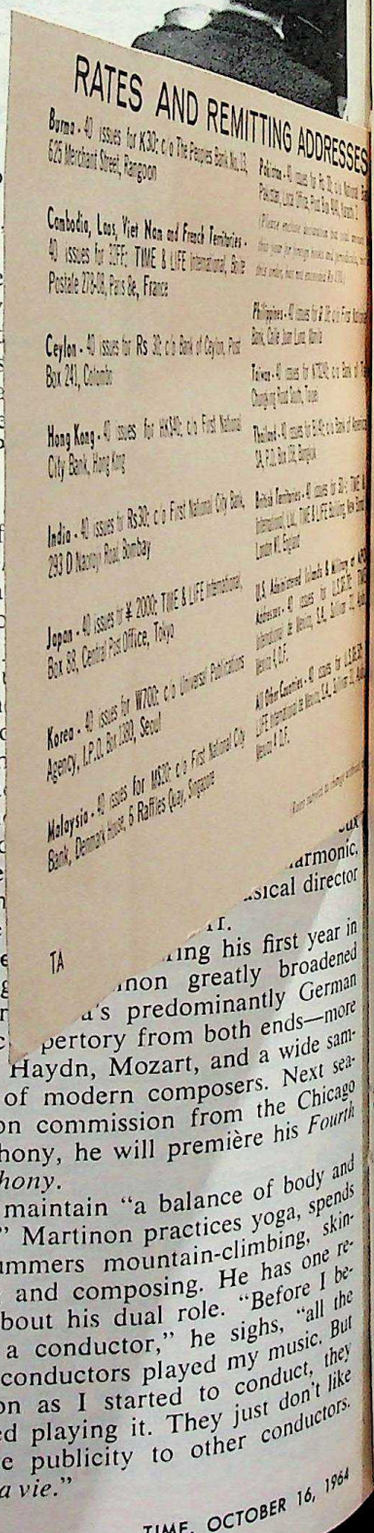
Assuming the weighty mantle of the late Fritz Reiner presented problems enough. But when Conductor Jean Martinon, 54, took over the reins of the Chicago Symphony last year, he walked straight into a crossfire of warring factions and a bitter union-management dispute that delayed the opening of the season. Chicago has run its share of conductors out of town (Désiré Defauw, Artur Rodzinski, Rafael Kubelik), but Martinon prevailed, and by season's end there was no doubt who was in charge.

What is more, despite the strains of transition, Martinon and his musicians are making beautiful music together. Under Reiner's exacting baton, the Chicago Symphony had become one of the best disciplined orchestras in the world. Last week in the opening concert of their 74th season, they proved they were still that under Martinon—and something else. Hunching forward with busy, close-chested strokes like a crone over her knitting, or bending grandly backward to summon a sweeping crescendo, Martinon embroidered his music with an airy Gallic elegance and tonal sheen —a style distinctly unlike the Teutonic floods of deep sound that distinguished the orchestra under Reiner.

Carved Potato. A spare, intense man who wears his white hair in a brush cut, Martinon has a dashing air. He is entitled to it. Son of the town architect of Lyon, France, he completed his first symphony at 22 and was embarked on a highly promising career when World War II intervened. Martinon fought in the front lines as an infantryman, was captured by the Germans, escaped

ALFRED STATLER





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pertory from both ends—more
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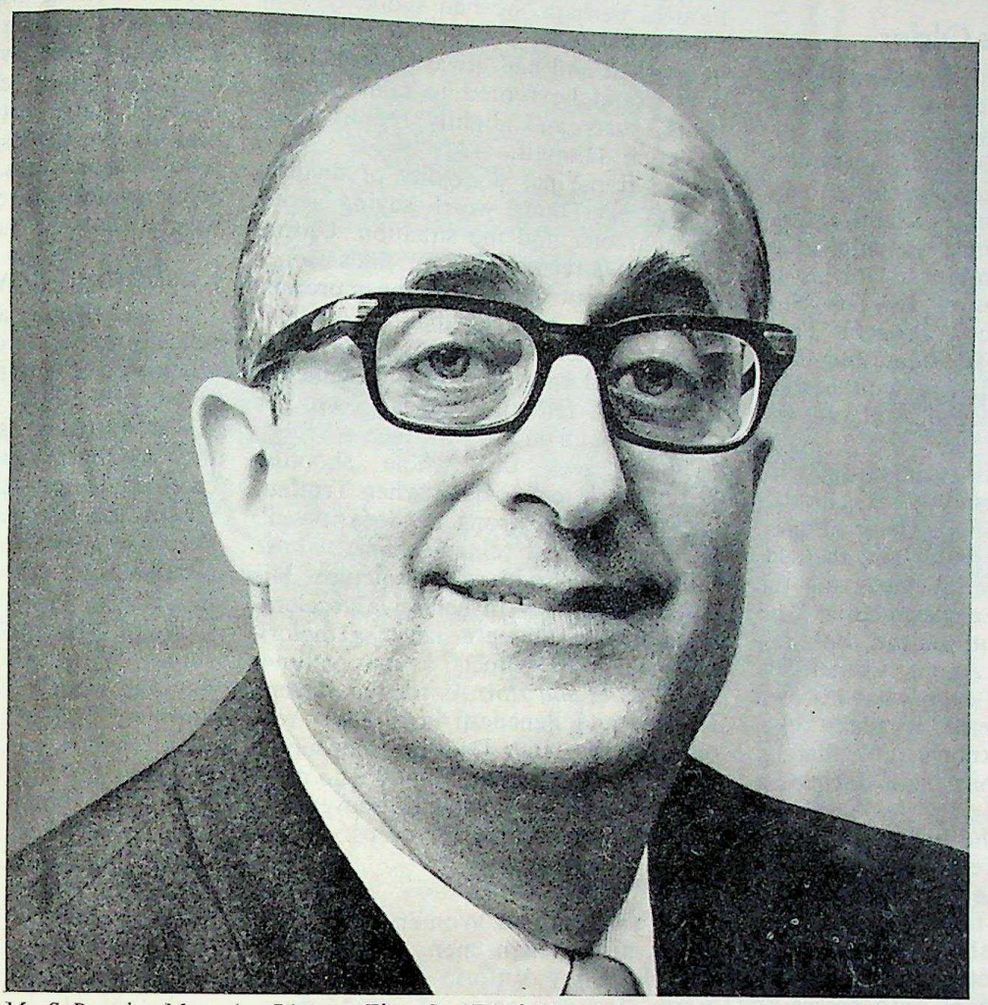

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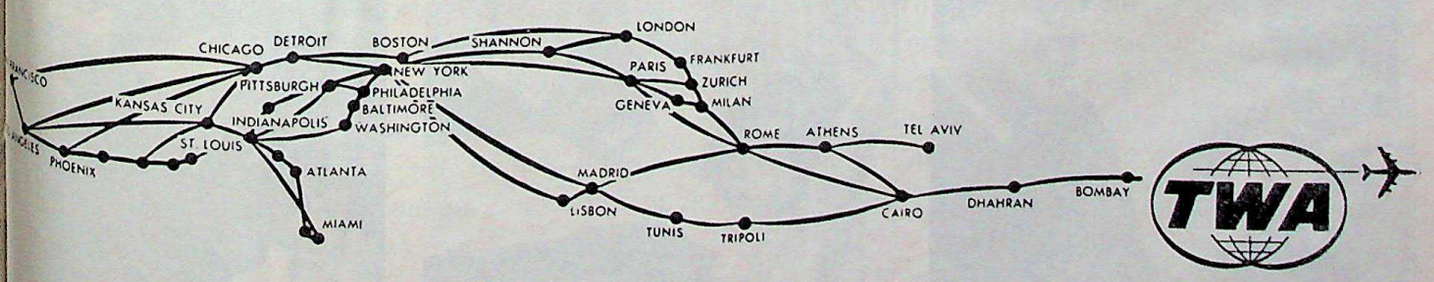

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CELLISTS

The Sad Hero

One of the hard realities of launching a concert career in the U.S. is the necessity of a recital, preferably in Manhattan's hallowed Carnegie Hall, the cost of which—anywhere from $2,000 to $3,000—must be footed by the artist. But when Budapest-born Janos Starker first came to America at the age of 24, he flatly refused "the social degradation of having to pay to be heard. I will only play where people are sufficiently interested to pay to hear me."

Treasure Unearthed. He had to wait 16 years, but last week an interested audience gladly paid to hear Starker, one of the world's finest cello players, make his belated Carnegie Hall debut. For the occasion Starker performed the U.S. première of Haydn's *Concerto in C for Violoncello and Orchestra*, a work lost for nearly two centuries until it was unearthed in a castle in Czechoslovakia three years ago.

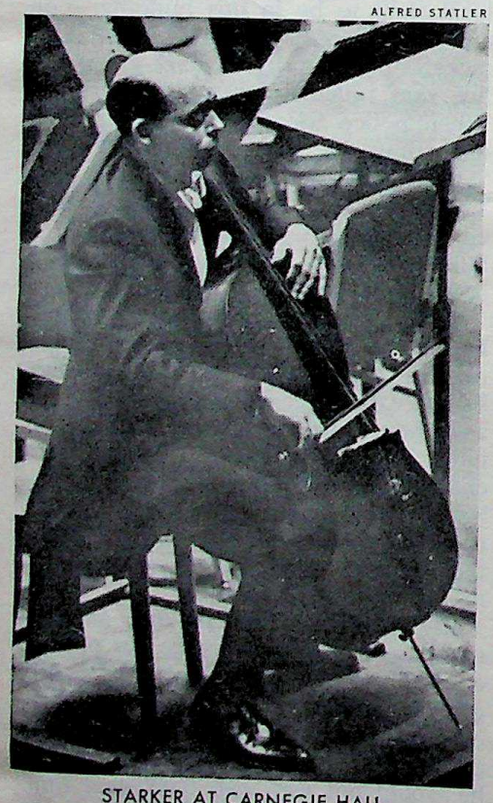
Eyes closed, brow furrowed in concentration, Starker's attack through the shifting intricacies of the work's opening theme, the stately second movement, and the sprightly, charging finale, was a wonder of clarity and virtuosity. His pure and singing tone was as warm and intimate as the human voice.

Starker feels that "the golden age of the cello is upon us." Lacking the glamour or flashy attraction of the piano and violin, the cello has been a neglected child in the family of strings. France's Jean Louis Duport revolutionized playing techniques in the late 1700s, an achievement that prompted Voltaire to exclaim: "A miracle! An ox has been changed into a nightingale!"

Modern Wealth. But the cello did not really establish itself as a solo instrument until Pablo Casals developed its rich potentialities in the early years of this century. As a result, there is a dearth of music written for the cello by the great classical and romantic composers. Starker, a professor of music at Indiana University since 1958, takes heart from the wealth of cello compositions being turned out by modern composers. But he admits that the instrument's sober reputation might hamper its achieving the popularity of its high-strung relative, the violin.

"To the average person," he says, "the sound of a cello means someone is slowly dying on the movie screen. It is a depressing, melancholy sound with a wailing tremolo. It cannot laugh, but it takes to agony perfectly. The cello is the sad hero who faces life with resignation."

ALFRED STATLER



STARKER AT CARNEGIE HALL
An ox became a nightingale.

ORCHESTRAS

Discipline—Plus

Assuming the weighty mantle of the late Fritz Reiner presented problems enough. But when Conductor Jean Martinon, 54, took over the reins of the Chicago Symphony last year, he walked straight into a crossfire of warring factions and a bitter union-management dispute that delayed the opening of the season. Chicago has run its share of conductors out of town (Désiré Defauw, Artur Rodzinski, Rafael Kubelik), but Martinon prevailed, and by season's end there was no doubt who was in charge.

What is more, despite the strains of transition, Martinon and his musicians are making beautiful music together. Under Reiner's exacting baton, the Chicago Symphony had become one of the best disciplined orchestras in the world. Last week in the opening concert of their 74th season, they proved they were still that under Martinon—and something else. Hunching forward with busy, close-chested strokes like a crone over her knitting, or bending grandly backward to summon a sweeping crescendo, Martinon embroidered his music with an airy Gallic elegance and tonal sheen —a style distinctly unlike the Teutonic floods of deep sound that distinguished the orchestra under Reiner.

Carved Potato. A spare, intense man who wears his white hair in a brush cut, Martinon has a dashing air. He is entitled to it. Son of the town architect of Lyon, France, he completed his first symphony at 22 and was embarked on a highly promising career when World War II intervened. Martinon fought in the front lines as an infantryman, was captured by the Germans, escaped twice, finally ended up in a prison camp. Then in 1940, using a carved potato to rubber-stamp forged papers, he made his way back to Occupied France and joined the underground.

ALFRED STATLER

CONDUCTOR JEAN MARTINON
Teutonic floods became Gallic elegance

His *Song of the Captive* was an immediate success in postwar Paris, and he reeled off a batch of film scores. One day Paris' Pasdeloup Orchestra, in dire need of a fill-in for their ailing maestro, asked Martinon to guest-conduct a performance of his own complex *First Symphony*.

Martinon's podium debut at age 33 led to further invitations, and incredibly, just a dozen performances later, he found himself in England conducting the prestigious London Philharmonic through a ten-concert series. "I knew nothing about conducting," he admits. "I had to learn backward the rules." But he learned fast, and his native gift landed him posts with Paris' Lamoureux Orchestra and the Israel Philharmonic, and in 1960 he became musical director of the city of Düsseldorf.

One Regret. During his first year in Chicago, Martinon greatly broadened the orchestra's predominantly German classic repertory from both ends—more Bach, Haydn, Mozart, and a wide sampling of modern composers. Next season, on commission from the Chicago Symphony, he will première his *Fourth Symphony*.

To maintain "a balance of body and spirit," Martinon practices yoga, spends his summers mountain-climbing, skin-diving and composing. He has one regret about his dual role. "Before I became a conductor," he sighs, "all the other conductors played my music. But as soon as I started to conduct, they stopped playing it. They just don't like to give publicity to other conductors. *C'est la vie.*"

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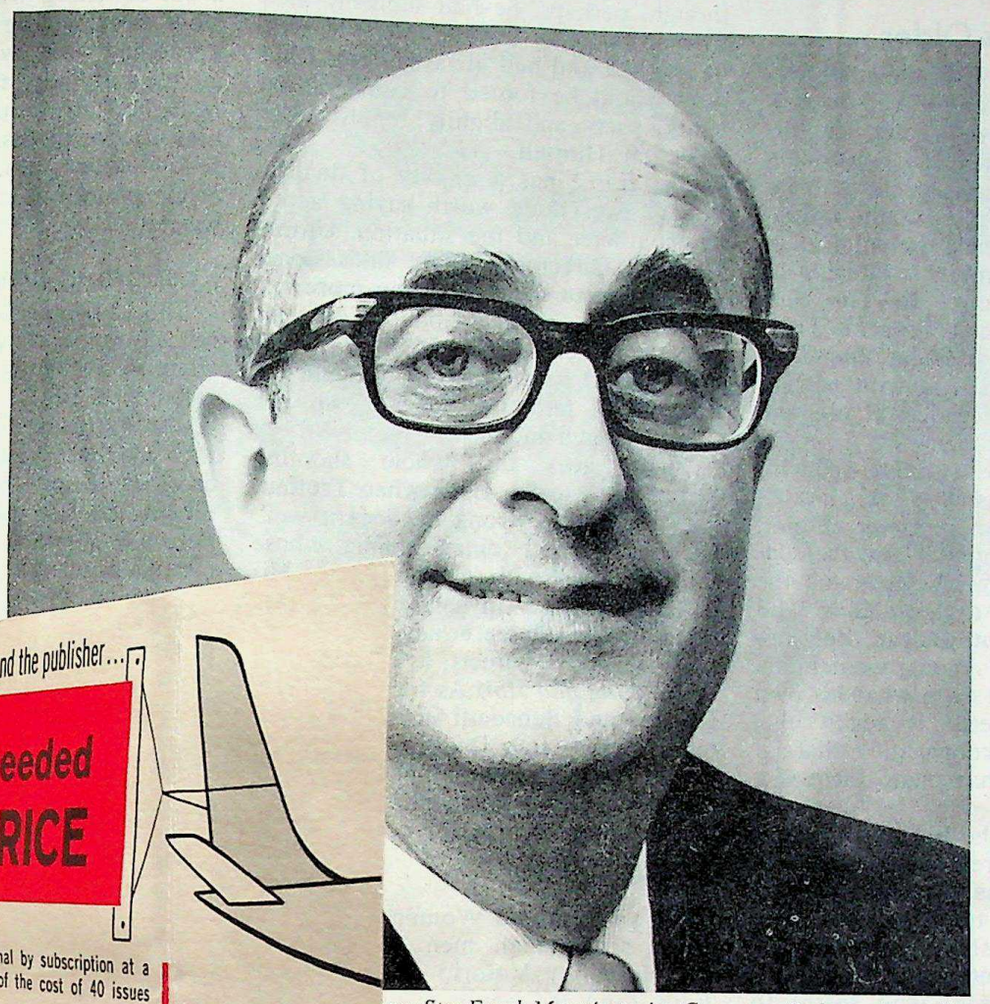

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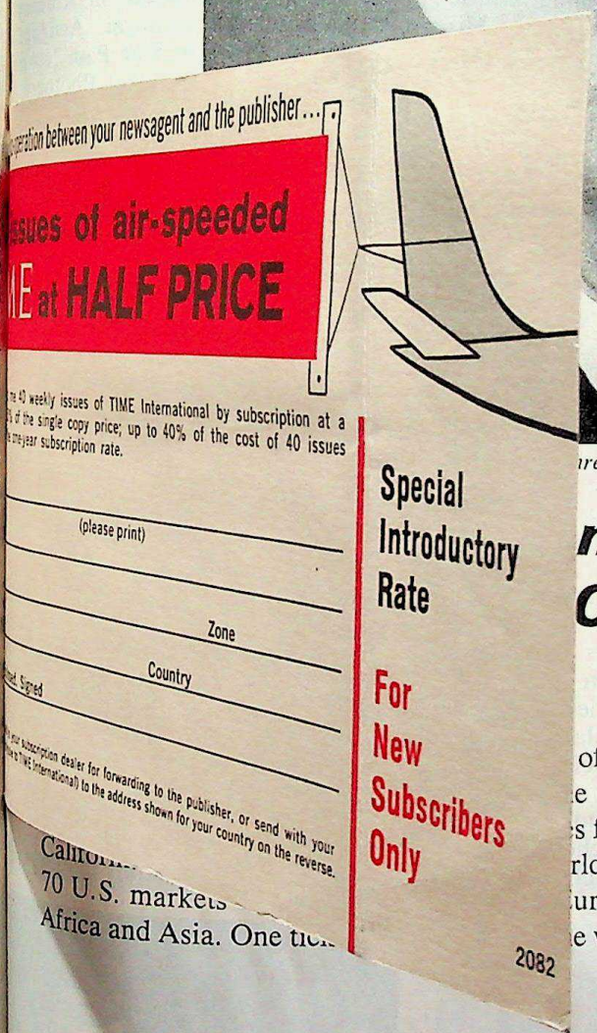

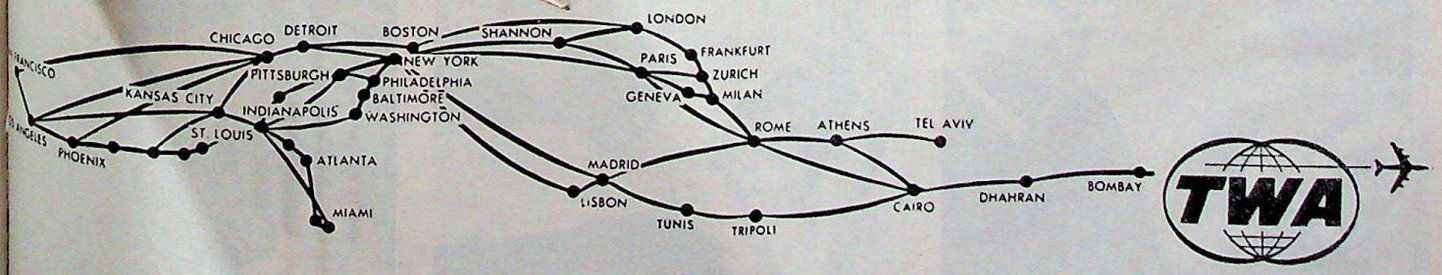

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As a Man Grows Older

The Soft Skin. In U.S. cinemate circles, the triangle is considered square. Among French moviemakers, on the contrary, it is respected as a fundamental unit of the social structure. Year after year, with relentless Gallic rationality, the finest French directors elaborate ever more complex problems of emotional trigonometry. In *The Soft Skin*, however, Director François Truffaut (*The 400 Blows, Jules and Jim*) describes a given triangle with perfect simplicity, perfect elegance. If only he had let it go at that.

At the apex stands a middle-aged intellectual (Jean Desailly). A middle-aged schoolboy, from the look of him. He has the bookish pallor and the sedentary sag, the big bright eyes and the soft little mouth of a clever child who knows plenty about Balzac but not much about life. About women he knows nothing—not even what his own wife (Nelly Benedetti) is really like. About himself he knows only that all work and no play has made Jacques a rather dull boy.

Then all at once he is famous. All at once he has the lucre and the leisure to make up for what he has missed. All at once his eye begins to rove.

On a trip to Lisbon it sees something he likes: a pretty airline stewardess (Françoise Dorléac) who seems to like him too. They spend a night together in Lisbon, and back in Paris they meet again. By chance his wife gets wind of the affair. They quarrel bitterly. He walks out. The experience leaves him shaken and confused, but as an intellectual he knows how to reason his feelings away. "I am a free man now," he nervously assures himself. "Free to take the woman I really want." Proudly he asks the stewardess to marry him. Gently she replies: thanks, but no thanks. And walks out.

The camera turns to the hero's face. It looks blank, a civilized blank. As though, perhaps, he had suddenly seen someone coming toward him, someone he loathed and had always avoided but now would be forced to confront: an aging, suety and slightly repulsive intellectual. Himself.

The frame has a quality of finality. It says everything worth saying about the character and the situation. Unfortunately, Director Truffaut finds something more to say, something more appropriate to a flick about *flics* than a study of sensibilities. In the last reel the rejected wife, smiling the smile of the eternal feminine, takes down her trusty shotgun and BAM!

There goes the whole shooting match? Not really. Even when Truffaut does something wrong he does it well. He is a master cinemechanic whose skill increases with every picture. His cutting is a study in narrative acceleration, and his camera never vaingloriously catches at effects, as it sometimes did in *Jules and Jim*. As for the players, Dorléac and Benedetti impeccably represent types. But Desailly profoundly illumines an individual, a boy who plays the love game for fun and discovers too late that women play for keeps.

Roamin' Holiday

Let's Talk About Women is a comedy about nine Italian men. All of them are played by Vittorio Gassman (*The Easy Life*), an actor of great charm and almost inexhaustible versatility, who seems determined to prove that the legendary Latin lover is really just a big blob of mozzarella. In his fall collection of heavy breathers, the evidence sure is persuasive.

Gassman's Roman rakes include: 1) a dolt who goes home with a prostitute and finds that she is married to an old school chum; 2) a sodden playboy whose haymate, ample Antonella Lualdi, tumbles out of bed just in time to get dressed for her wedding; 3) an impatient Lothario who checks into a motel and seduces the chambermaid while his peevish girl friend waits in the car; 4) a barkeep who saves carfare by hitching a ride home every night with a car-couching whore, hops out at his front door feeling cheap but chaste; 5) a ragman who waxes indignant when an elegant lady clad in a filmy black negligee ("Are you in mourning?") calls him up five flights, all for sex. This last fellow cooperates, naturally, but goes away grumbling over the time he has wasted. So will the audience.

Rashomon Revisited

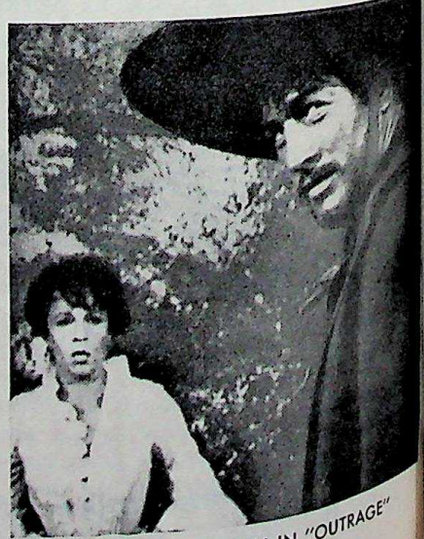
The Outrage, at best, is a 97-minute rehash of the vivid Japanese classic *Rashomon*. At worst, it is a clear case of Occidental death. In remaking Director Akira Kurosawa's 1952 Oscar winner, the producers have added a bumper crop of cactus, presumably hoping to repeat the success of *The Magnificent Seven*, a western based on Kurosawa's epic tale of the samurai. Assigned to this prickly task are Star Paul Newman, Director Martin Ritt and Photographer James Wong Howe, all covered with pay dirt from their triumphant collaboration in *Hud*. The result this time is a slick, shallow olio of rape, murder and violence.

Like the Japanese original, the American remake weaves four differing versions of a crime into a philosophical conundrum about the nature of truth. While waiting out a thunderstorm at a desolate western whistle-stop, three men fall to reminiscing about all the sex and sinnin' that came out at a badman's trial for murder. Seems a Southern dandy (Laurence Harvey) and his wife (Claire Bloom) had been lured into a woodsy glen by a notorious Mexican bandit (Newman), who bound the husband to a tree and then raped the wife. Later, the husband was found dead and the case came to trial. Whether he was killed in a fair fight, murdered by his dishonored wife, or done in by his own hand, depends on which of the protagonists' testimonies can be believed. One of the trio gathered at the depot is a thieving old prospector (Howard Da Silva), who finally admits that he was a

DAVID GAHR

DORLÉAC & DESAILLY IN "SKIN"
Gallic triangle.

LUALDI & GASSMAN IN "WOMEN"
Italian cheese.



BLOOM & NEWMAN IN "OUTRAGE"
Occidental death.

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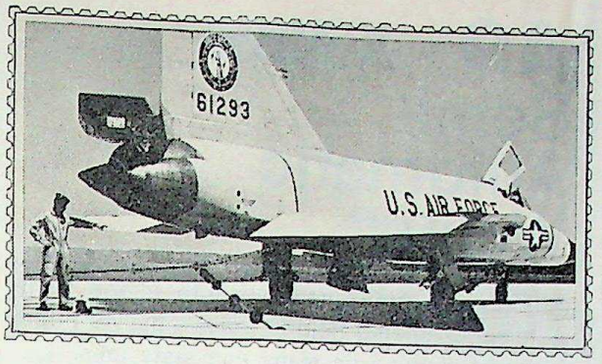

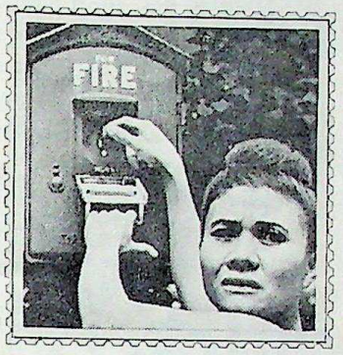

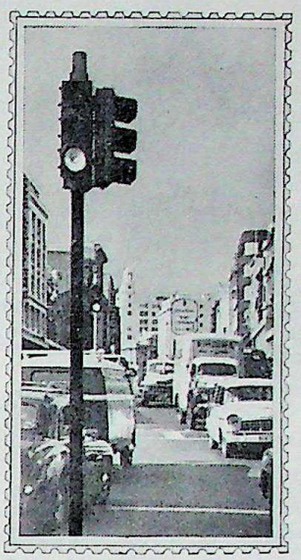

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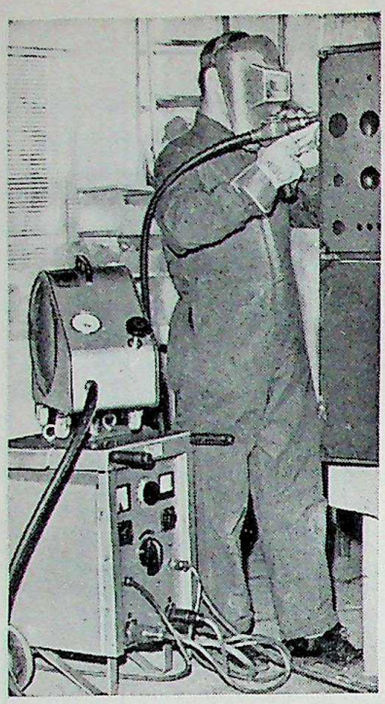

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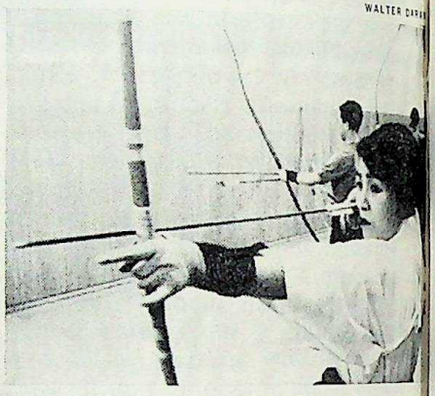
eyewitness to the crime but claims that none of the stories told at the trial were wholly true.

Unfortunately, before the prospector relates his own near-farcical version of what happened, *The Outrage* has already set the audience snickering. Even Howe's limpid, meticulous photography cannot redeem the dialogue, which the actors often appear to be addressing to Destiny rather than to one another, perhaps out of kindness. Actress Bloom intones: "He couldn't touch all we've been to each other." Newman's bandit is a growling comic-strip Mexican who leers: "You cooked dee pot of tamales I juz' took off dee lid." And in the film's bumbling climax, ironic tragedy turns to fatuity when Harvey belly-whoppers into a clump of sage, staggers to his feet, notes a bejeweled dagger protruding bloodlessly from his chest and announces coyly: "Ah tripped."



BUDDHIST ARCHERS IN "NEW YORK"
Sampling the melting pot.

City Under Glass

Only One New York is a safari through the urban jungle. It was written and faultlessly photographed by Pierre-Dominique Gaisseau, the French explorer who led a 1959 expedition to the head-hunting wilderness of Dutch New Guinea and returned with the remarkable documentary, *The Sky Above —The Mud Below*. His new film attempts to explore New York City in much the same way. "Never has there been a city in the world like this," glows Gaisseau, as his camera ogles the sheer canyons of lower Manhattan. "It occurs to me that people who expect a bomb to fall don't build their walls of glass. A city of glass is like a declaration of peace."

What follows are views of life among such ethnic fringe groups as Brooklyn's Hasidic Jews, a band of Rumanian gypsies at Coney Island, a voodoo cult in Harlem, Japanese Buddhists on Riverside Drive, New Year revelers in Chinatown. Paradoxically, while poking through the city's sociological byways, Gaisseau misses the singular flavor of New York almost entirely. Like many other well-meaning tourists, he makes a superficial tour of the melting pot but overlooks the fire that keeps it going—the fast, fierce, savvy modernity of a great metropolis.

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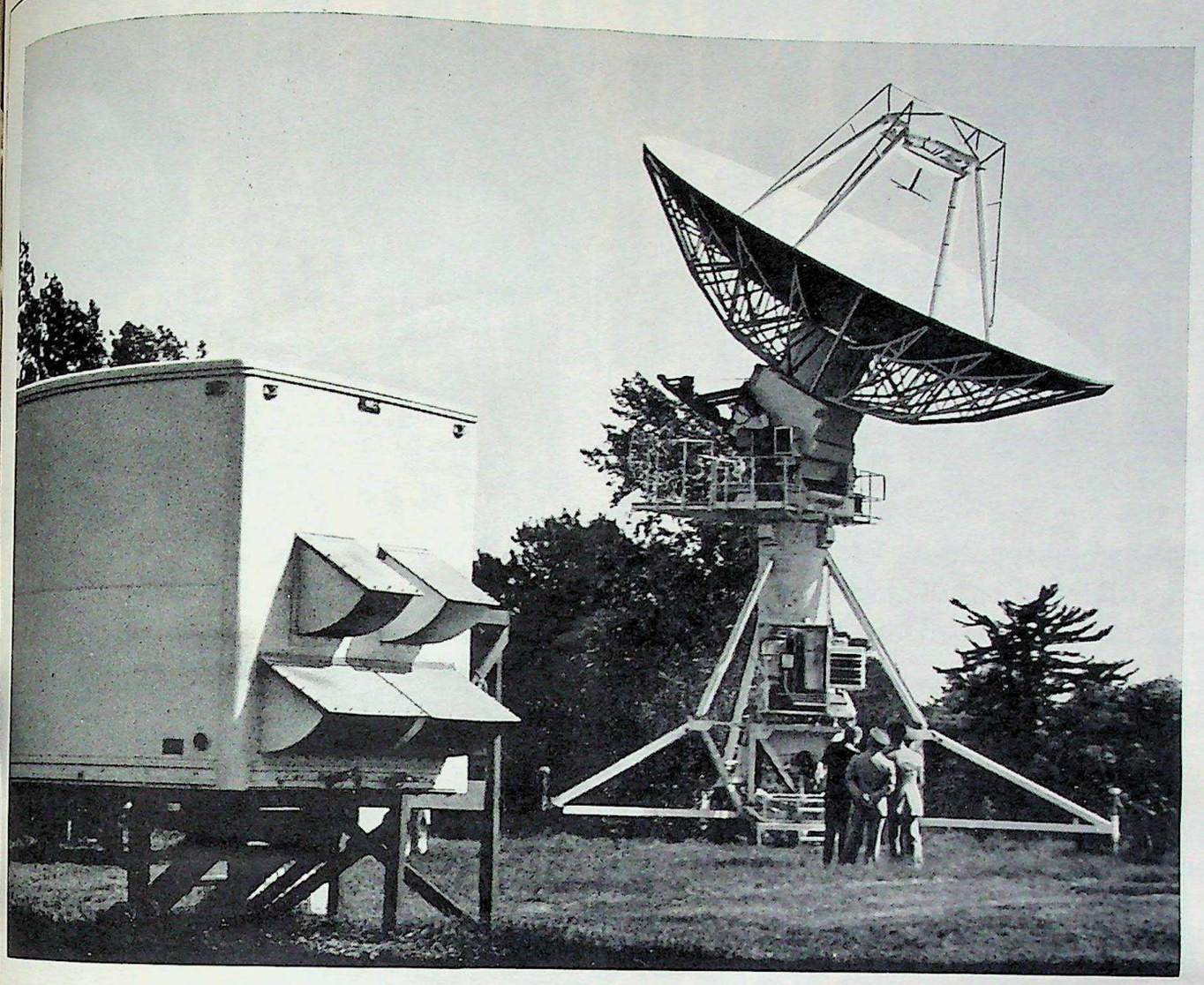

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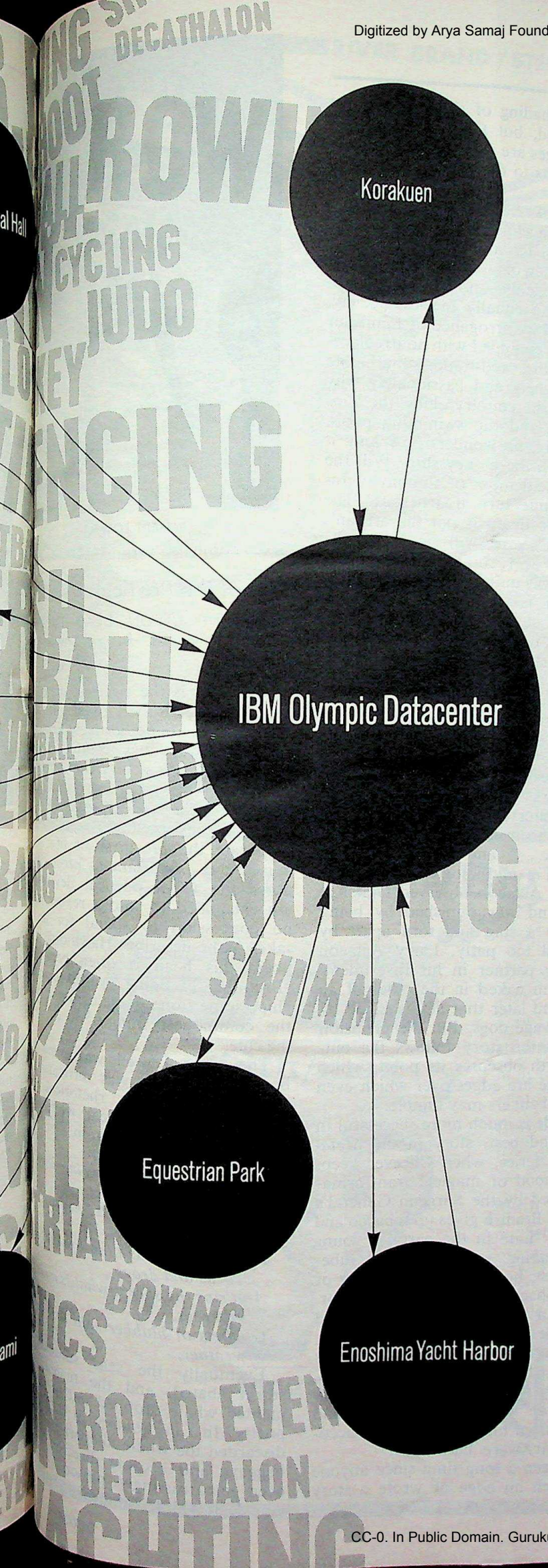

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Edge of Darkness

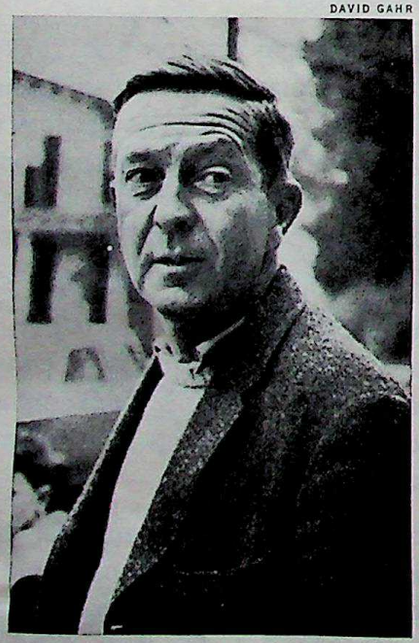
THE BRIGADIER AND THE GOLF WIDOW *by John Cheever. 275 pages. Harper & Row. $4.95.*

Lazing beside the Westerhazys' green pool one Sunday afternoon, Neddy Merrill decides to swim home. It pleases him to imagine that his neighbors' swimming pools form the course of a broad river winding through fertile fields to the grounds of his own fine house. He names the river after his wife Lucinda and sets out at a choppy crawl. At the Grahams' he is given a drink, and at the Bunkers', where a pool party is going on, he gets another. "Oh, how bonny and lush were the banks of the Lucinda River! Prosperous men and women gathered by the sapphire-colored waters, while caterers' men in white coats passed them cold gin."

But the afternoon turns cold, Neddy tires, and beyond the difficult portage of Route 424 he begins to see odd unfamiliarities that are not on his mental map. The lawns of friends are weed-grown; for-sale signs appear. There is another pool party, but the hostess, who is a social inferior, snubs him. Someone offers a word of sympathy for Neddy's financial troubles, and Neddy, vaguely uneasy, cannot recall that he has any. Chilled, and more tired than seems reasonable, he doggedly swims the last leg of his trip and hurries home to his wife and four tennis-playing daughters. They are gone: the house is locked and empty, and it is obvious that no one has lived there for a long time.

Real Edges. The story is typical of one preoccupation of John Cheever (TIME cover, March 27): the prosperous suburbanite who turns an unsuspected corner and falls off the edge of things into outer darkness. In synopsis, the occult shading of these stories can seem affected, but Cheever is persuasive. His edges are real, and the corners that one turns to reach them seem very near.

DAVID GAHR



JOHN CHEEVER
The subtler terrors of suburbia.

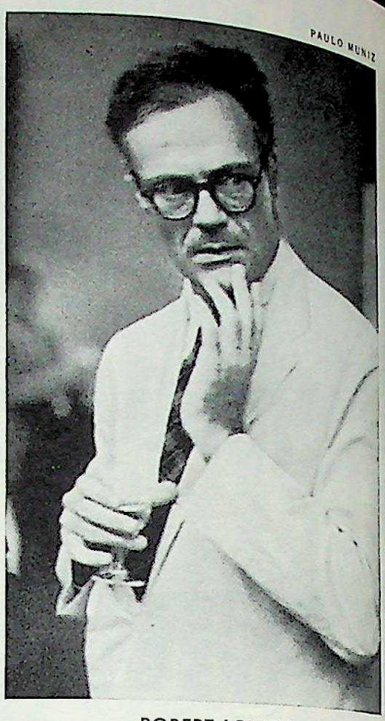
Kafka evokes the terror of a citizen forced by a faceless and brutalizing state to stand trial for an unspecified crime. Cheever writes of a subtler terror: that of citizens richly and pointlessly rewarded by an equally faceless society. Unsupported by arrogance of family or formal rank, equipped with no irreplaceable skill, the well-to-do suburbanite wonders vaguely and passionately why he deserves the country clubs, the trips to Bermuda and the swimming pools. More sharply, he wonders how long it will last. Will the money stop? Will the unpredictable demons of alimony or Internal Revenue turn treacherous? The sickness unto death is not the artisan's fear that his arm will go lame; the suburbanite arm could not earn him the price of his quinine water. It is a less specific and less bearable fear: there are gods to be appeased, and the suburbanite has forgotten even their names.

On Classic Lines. The gods were more elaborately and profoundly explored in Cheever's *Wapshot Chronicle*. These stories are in his lesser mode. In fact, the stratagem of treating suburbia as if it were a sacred grove, with every flowering tree an imprisoned nymph, works best when it is worked least. One story, for instance, begins: "Larry Actaeon was built along classical lines . . ." and the reader, with the help of a mythological dictionary, recalls that Actaeon observed Diana at her bath and was punished by being turned into a stag and torn apart by hounds. All too patly, Larry Actaeon sees a lady partner in his investment-banking firm naked in the office of an associate and later that day is killed by his own savage dogs. But the precision with which the story follows the outlandish myth obscures its point, which is that there are edges over which even investment bankers may tumble.

The mode is much more successful in the last, and best, story in the *Metamorphoses* series, when Cheever keeps only the mood of magical transformation. Goaded by the Surgeon General's report, Mr. Bradish gives up tobacco and his sanity. "Late in the party, a young woman wearing a light sack or tube-shaped dress, her long hair the color of Virginia tobacco, came in at the door. In his ardor to reach her, he knocked over a table and several glasses. It was, or had been up to that point, a decorous party, but the noise of broken glass, followed by the screaming of the stranger when he wrapped his legs around her and buried his nose in her tobacco-colored hair, were barbarous."

It has been a long time since anyone fell off such an edge or wrote a story so funny.

PAULO MUNIZ



ROBERT LOWELL
Occasionally obscure to tease the mind

Poet of the Particular

FOR THE UNION DEAD *by Robert Lowell. 72 pages. Farrar, Straus & Giroux. $3.95.*

"The fact is the sweetest dream that labor knows," Robert Frost once wrote in a poem; and another New Englander, Robert Lowell, has created a whole body of durable poetry on that notion.

Lowell is the poet par excellence of the particular. Too prosy for some tastes, he insists that poems must incorporate the prosiness of life; poetry must be as important as prose. He ignores the usual poetical devices that are calculated to woo a reader, makes no concession to sound for its own sake. As he describes Hawthorne in one poem, his head is often bent down: "Brooding, brooding, eyes fixed on some chip,/some stone, some common plant, the commonest thing,/ as if it were the clue."

The early Lowell was more flamboyant. His verse was intricately allegorical and grandly rhetorical, as in the killing of the great white whale, that symbol of suffering, in *The Quaker Graveyard in Nantucket:*

The death lance churns into the sanctuary, tears
The gun-blue swingle, heaving like flail,
And hacks the coiling life out: it works and drags
And rips the sperm-whale's midriff into rags,
Gobbets of blubber spill to wind and weather.

Eventually the seas subsided, the storm abated, and the majestic, tormented whale dropped out of Lowell's poetry. In *Life Studies*, in fact, Lowell discarded the whole allegorical-religious baggage and became directly, fiercely, even embarrassingly, personal. The poems dealt with his immediate family: his

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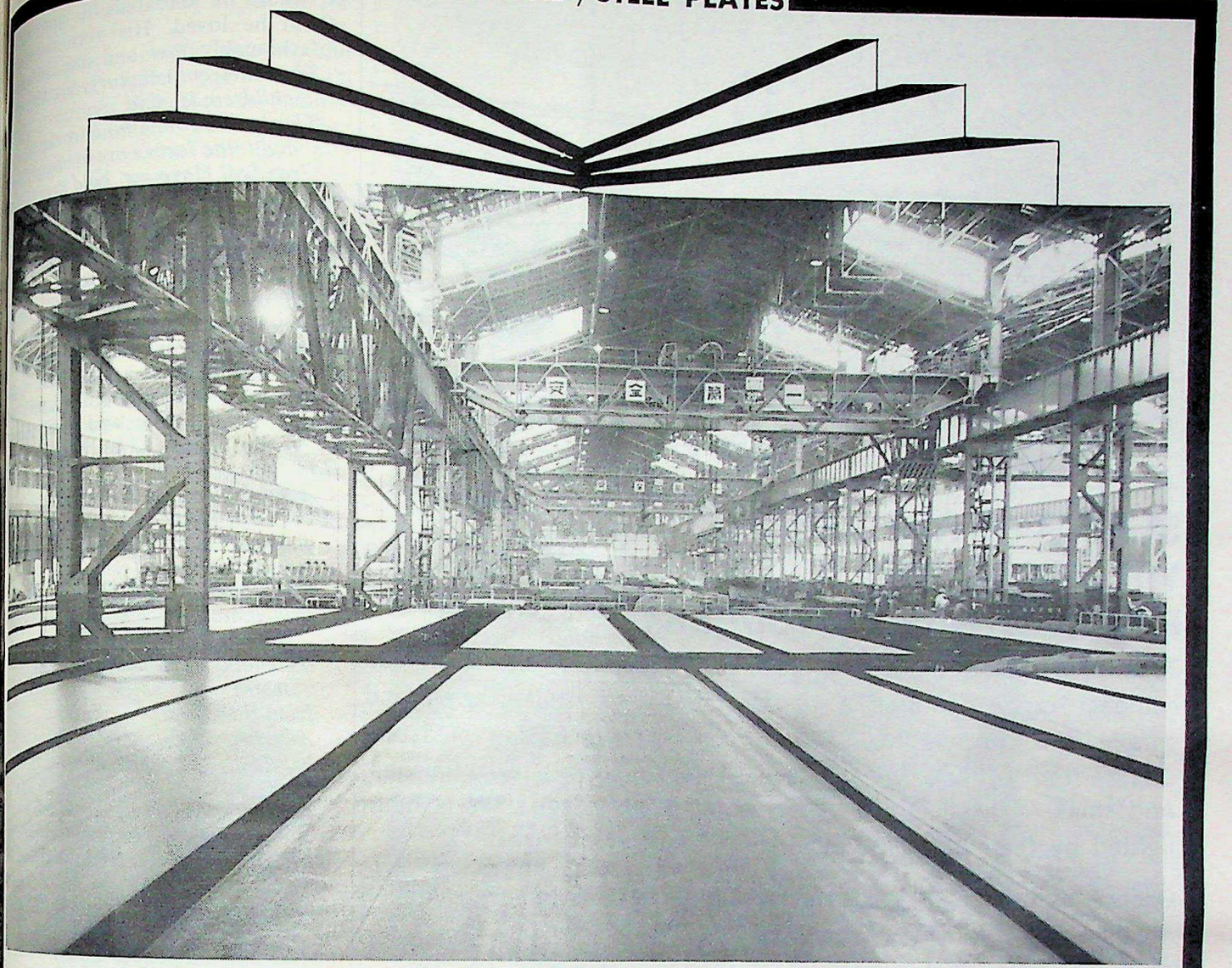

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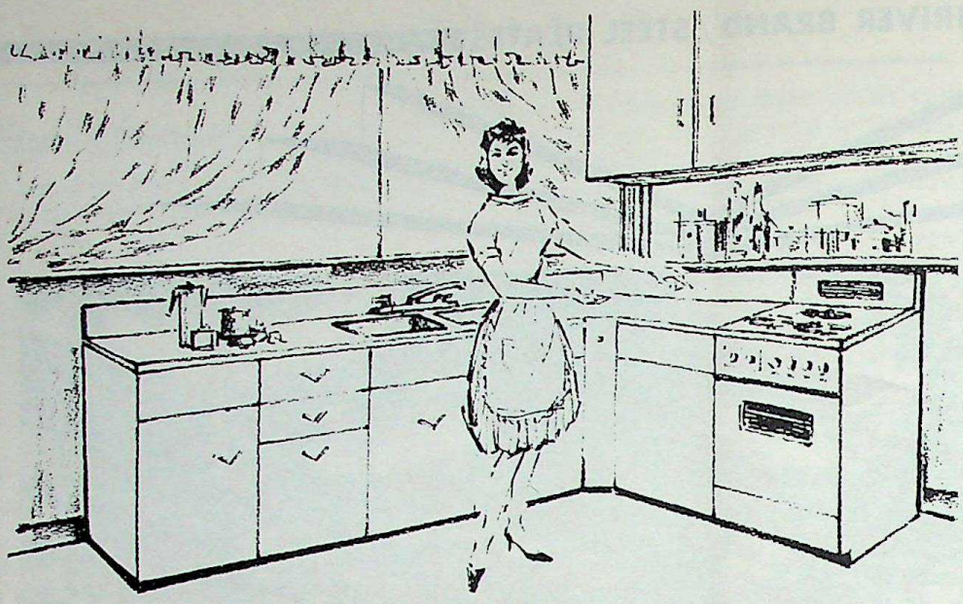

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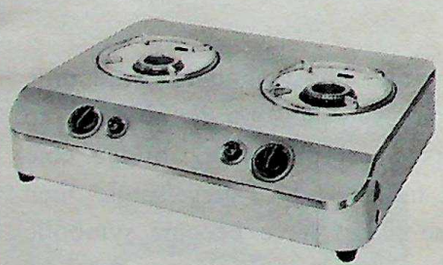

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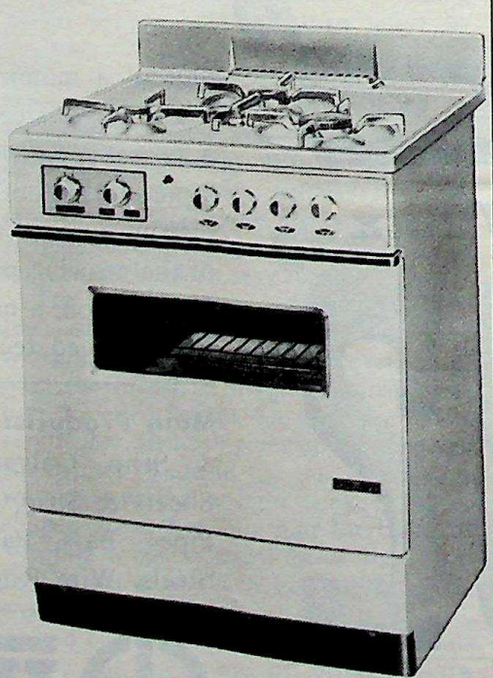

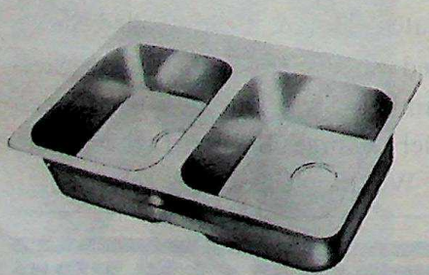

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father, whom he despised; his mother, whom he tolerated; his grandfather, whom he loved. His verse was often unfashionably raw and impassioned:

The nineteenth century, tired of
children, is gone
They've all gone into a world of
light; the farm's my own . . .
Grandpa! Have me, hold me, cherish
me!
Tears smut my fingers.

Lowell's latest book of verse, *For the Union Dead*, is in the manner of *Life Studies*, but Lowell is making his way back into the world again. The best of these poems have a compactness of phrase that evokes a time and a place with a vividness that comes from "meditation on the true and insignificant," as in the poem, *The Mouth of the Hudson:*

A single man stands like a
bird-watcher,
and scuffles the pepper and salt snow
from a discarded, gray
Westinghouse Electric cable drum.
He cannot discover America by
counting
the chains of condemned freight-
trains
from thirty states . . .
Across the river,
ledges of suburban factories tan
in the sulphur-yellow sun
of the unforgivable landscape.

Yet Lowell's grim landscape is relieved by people, people hallowed by compassion. Lowell's compassion has been tested. Great chunks of his life have been spent in misery and in mental asylums (an experience he has duly and dispassionately recorded in a poem). Now, for the first time, he has kind words for his father; for Jonathan Edwards, symbol of rigid Puritanism; even for that total tyrant, Caligula: ". . . yours the lawlessness/ Of something simple that has lost its law."

There are poems of lost loves and broken marriages:

Everything's changed for the best—
How quivering and fierce we were,
There snowbound together,
simmering like wasps
in our tent of books!

But in the best classical sense, Lowell is a balanced poet. Good and evil are poised in his poetry. His darkly glowing poem on Florence is a reminder that beauty, art and civilization are purchased at a high price:

Oh Florence, Florence, patroness
Of the lovely tyrannicides!
Perseus, David and Judith,
Lords and Ladies of the Blood,
Greek demi-gods of the Cross,
Rise sword in hand above the
unshaven,
Formless decapitation
Of the monsters, tub of guts,
Mortifying chunks for the pack.
Pity the monsters!
Pity the monsters!
Perhaps one always took the wrong
side—
Ah, to have known, to have loved

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Too many Davids and Judiths!
My heart bleeds black blood for the monster.

Lowell is occasionally obscure, and even his most explicit poems contain allusive overtones that tease the mind—sometimes hauntingly, now and then irritatingly. Few poems end in a tidy moral or a neat epigram. But the fact is that the poetry lives—images linger in the mind, the thing described is seen with stunning clarity; Lowell somehow wields emotion with the most mundane words and images. After reading the poem, who will forget the statue of the gallant colonel at the head of his Negro soldiers, standing defiant amidst the bulldozers of Boston Common, a reproachful reminder of the forgotten valor of the old Boston abolitionists, while around him "everywhere, giant finned cars nose forward like fish; a huge servility slides by on grease."

BEN MARTIN

THOMAS BERGER
Why Custer wasn't scalped.

Jack Crabb, Oldtimer

LITTLE BIG MAN by Thomas Berger. 452 pages. Dial. $5.95.

Howdy sir I hurd you was trying to find me. I reckon its me you was trying to find on account I never hurd of ennybody else among these here old burned out wrecks at this home who was ever known like myself and partipated in the whole history of the Olden Time Frontier and new them all Genl Custer, Settin Bull, Wild Bill, etc or went through the so called Little Bighorn fight or Custer's Last Stand.

I am being held prisoner here. I am one hundred and 11 year old and if I had my single acton Colt's I wd shoot my way out but I aint got it. Being a writer and all I will sell my story for a Thousand dollar which I figure is cheap.

In this fashion, Author Thomas Berger introduces Jack Crabb, who surely

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must be one of the most delightfully absurd fictional fossils ever unearthed from the Olden Time Fronteer. Berger solemnly declares that Crabb was "either the most neglected hero in the history of this country or a liar of insane proportions." Crabb, in fact, is both, which is just what Berger intended him to be. As relived by Crabb in Berger's telling, the legends and the romanticized history of the West are comically disassembled, like Hamlets seen from backstage. Typical is Crabb's meeting with Wyatt Earp. "You just spoke my name," says the skinny stranger. "I don't know your name," says Jack. "It is Earp," says the stranger. "Oh," says Jack, "what I done was belch."

Wild Bill Hickok appears as the sort of feller who loved to talk about guns with the expertise of an Ian Fleming. "Now then, about that S & W you carry," said Wild Bill. "It is a handsome weapon, but the shells have a bad habit of erupting and jamming the chambers. I'd lay the piece aside and get me something else: a Colt's, with the Thuer conversion." Crabb reports that Hickok knew an hombre who carried a small pistol in his crotch. When cornered, the fellow would ask permission to relieve himself before dying, open his fly, and fire. "The trouble was one time he got overhasty and shot off his male parts."

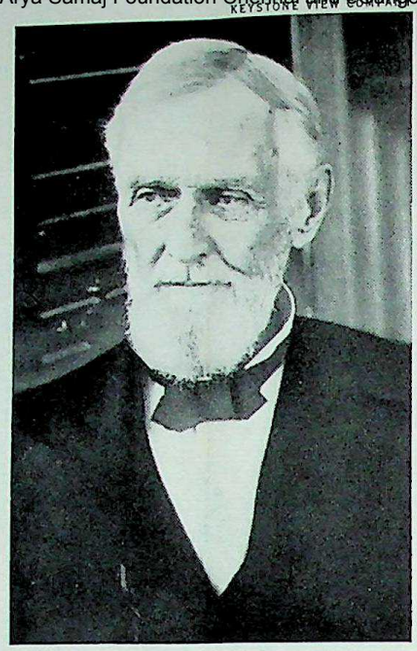
Betwixt and between, Berger-Crabb is a spellbinding storyteller with a fine feel for frontier manners and morals and for fascinating Indian lore. And why didn't the Sioux scalp Custer? Jack Crabb knows (because he was there): Custer was getting bald.

Justice for a Rebel

JEFFERSON DAVIS *by Hudson Strode.* 556 pages. *Harcourt, Brace & World.* $7.50.

With perverse sentimentality, posterity often remembers history's losers more fondly than the luckier or more competent heroes who beat them. But nothing like this Joan of Arc or Mary Queen of Scots effect has occurred in the case of Jefferson Davis. The public memory retains his name, but his deeds and character are dimmer than Hannibal's. Perhaps it is because Davis refused to let himself be forgiven, and went on proclaiming the rightness of the South's cause until his death in 1889. Or it may be that the popular taste for gallant losers is satisfied in this historical instance by the courtly warrior, Robert E. Lee. At any rate, the dimness of Davis' repute, even among Southerners, is attested by the fact that Hudson Strode's three-volume biography is not only the best modern work on Davis; it is virtually the only one.

Partisan View. The book is clearly partisan, and Strode, who is emeritus professor of English at the University of Alabama, frankly admits that he is presenting "the Southern viewpoint." He obviously believes that Davis was correct in his fundamentalist reading of



JEFF DAVIS (CIRCA 1889)
Victim of a classical passion.

the Constitution, that the South was justified in seceding, and that the Civil War was a close parallel to the American Revolution, in that it, too, was a war for independence. His references to slaves almost invariably mention their great loyalty and contentment. This, the third and last volume, bears the title *Jefferson Davis: Tragic Hero,* and Strode writes in his introduction: "I can find no fatal 'flaw' in the Davis character like to that which Shakespeare gives his heroes to bring about their own ruin, unless it be a passion he shared with the classic Greeks: an almost fanatical belief in freedom in government."

The reader who stops short of seeing Davis as tragic must admit that he was an extraordinary man, whose best quality was an inflexible devotion to principle. Davis had been a minor but authentic hero of the Mexican War, an exemplary Secretary of War under Franklin Pierce and, up to a few weeks before he was called to the presidency of the seceding states, an outstanding member of the U.S. Senate. His maltreatment after the Civil War was shameful. President Andrew Johnson signed a proclamation ridiculously charging him with complicity in the assassination of Lincoln, and he was kept in prison for two years—the first week in leg irons—before being released without a trial. His personal burdens were increased by the death, in infancy or early youth, of his four sons.

Near Treason. But Davis is remembered because he was President of the Confederacy. Strode, listing his achievements, writes that he was "perhaps the only political chief in history who successfully organized a new nation in the course of pursuing a mighty war." But did he? Davis' constitution, with its emphasis on states' rights, left it up to the individual Governors to contribute troops and supplies only as they felt inclined. The Governors of Georgia and North Carolina particularly were obstructive to a degree that, in a more centralized nation, would have been treason. Governor Joseph E. Brown of Georgia pettishly sent the whole state militia on furlough at one crucial point in 1864. Governor Zebulon Vance of North Carolina hoarded huge quantities of military supplies. Strode observes that "the President must have reflected somewhat bitterly what a difference these hoarded commodities would have made to Lee's men during the grueling siege of Petersburg. But he had been unable to persuade the Governor to relinquish his stores."

Apparently, it did not occur to Davis that a governmental system in which a President was required to "persuade" a state Governor to contribute supplies during a wartime emergency was ridiculously unworkable.

It was, of course, a remarkable achievement for Davis to have imposed as much order as he did on a military situation in which the odds were almost always poor. But Strode, perhaps in an effort to make up for all of the wrongs done to Davis in those times and since, asks that he be listed among history's great chiefs. He was neither a great chief nor a tragic hero, and a more measured appraisal would have done him more justice.

Too Many Subtitles

A KIND OF ANGER *by Eric Ambler.* 311 pages. *Atheneum.* $4.95.

A wealthy Iraqian refugee is shot to death in the bedroom of his secluded Swiss villa. A black Mercedes 300S piloted by a beautiful girl roars away into the snowy night. The refugee turns out to have been the ex-chief of Iraq's security forces, who was conspiring against his government. The vanished girl turns out to be his French mistress Lucia Bernardi. There is a missing suitcase full of documents. There are other interests. And when the police of three countries are stumped, there is even Piet Maas, a brilliant, disillusioned young Dutch journalist who is told by his boss to Find That Girl! Cut! New scene: the sunny Riviera . . .

Ten times in the past 27 years, Author Ambler has taken ingredients no other unlike these and distilled his own aromatic blend of 160-proof suspense—sometimes with the smoky overtones of his early *A Coffin for Dimitrios,* sometimes with the dry, fruity tang of last year's *The Light of Day* (bubblingly filmed by Jules Dassin as *Topkapi*). This time, unfortunately, somebody's been tinkering with the formula. As Piet and Lucia go through their appointed rounds of deception and huff-and-puff chase, the reader begins to realize that too many of the motivations are phony, too much of the real action takes place off-screen, while too much of the on-screen talk comes out with a kind of freshly translated stiffness, as though the characters were speaking directly in English subtitles.

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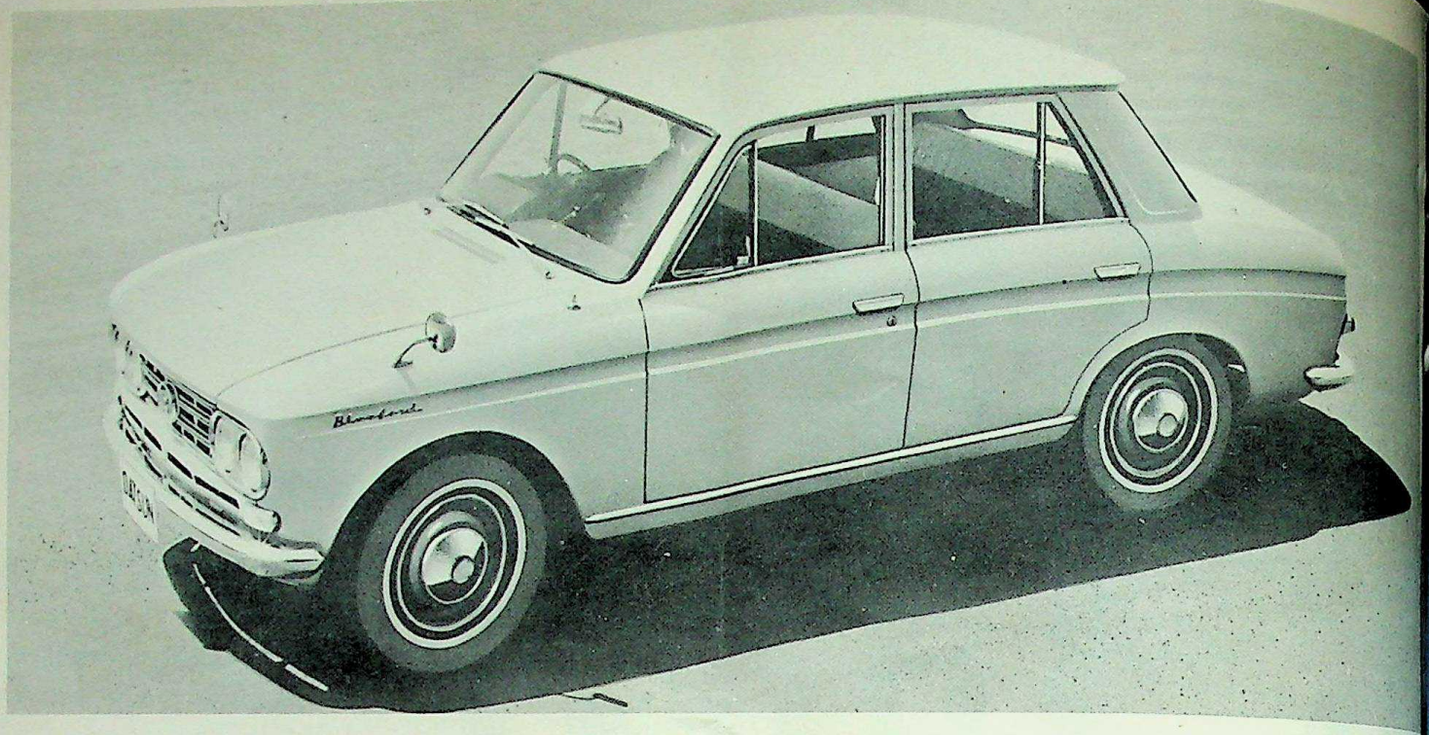

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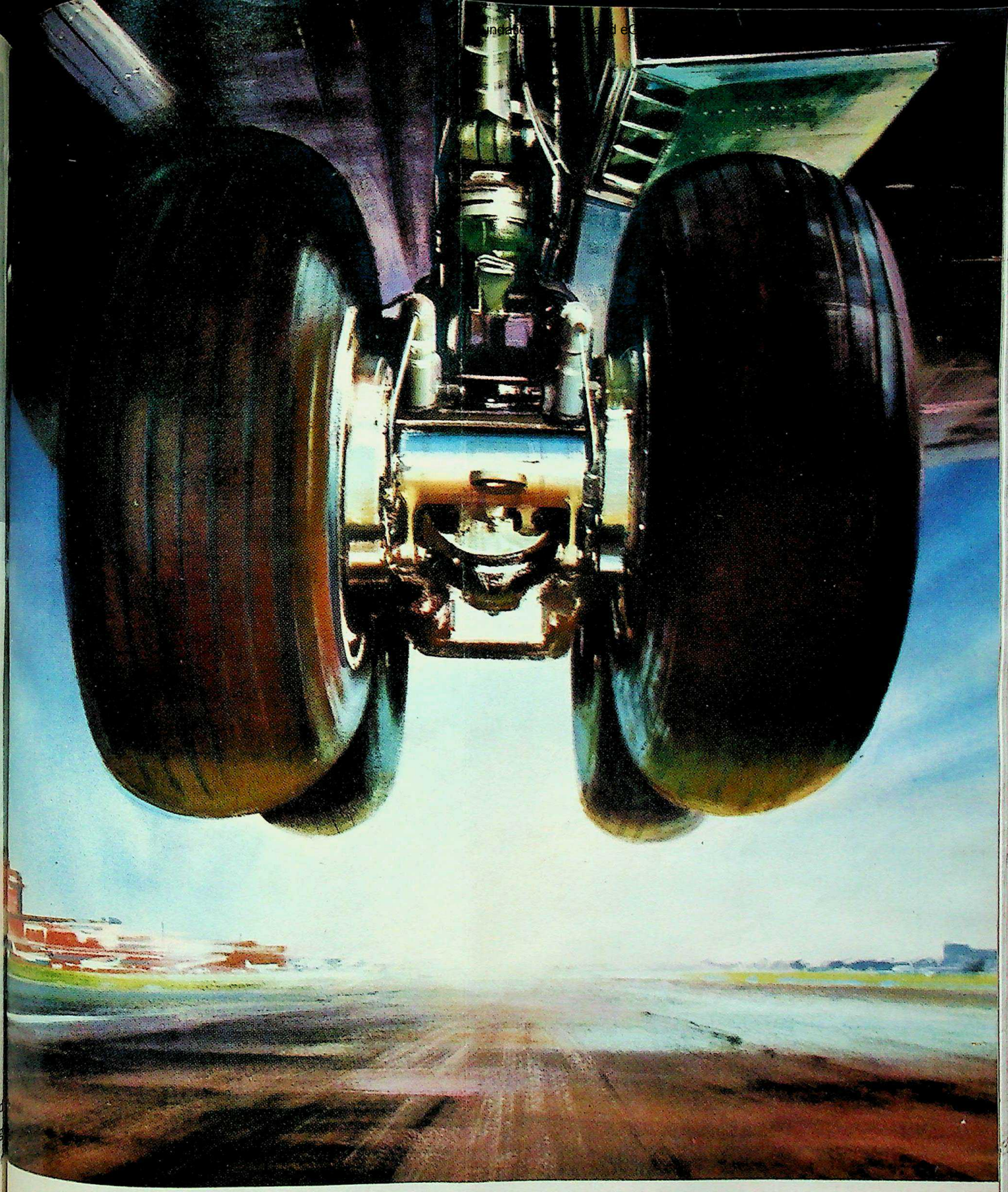

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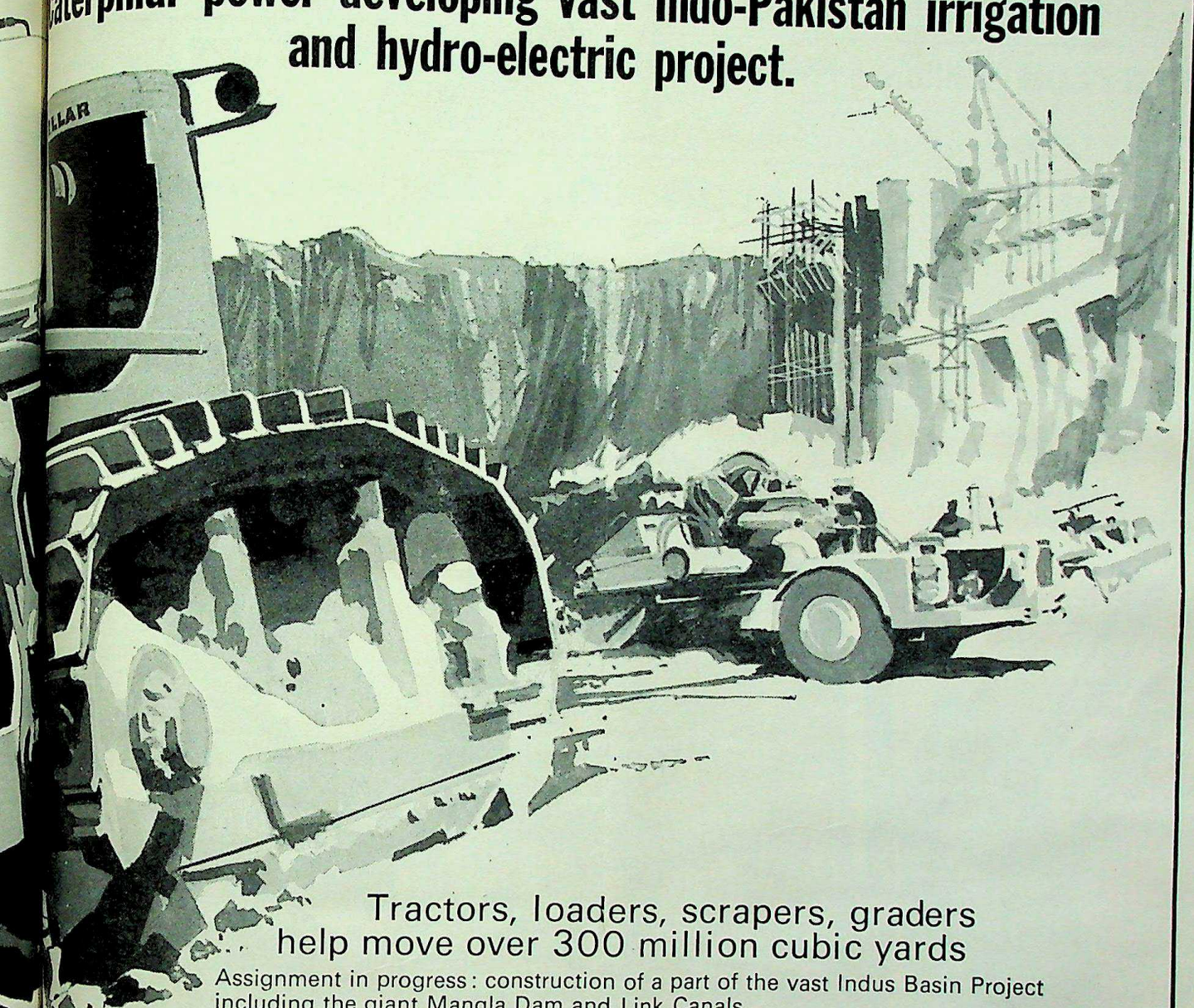
Caterpillar power developing vast Indo-Pakistan irrigation and hydro-electric project.



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Another world record

Old records are being shattered and new sports heroes are being made at the Tokyo Olympic Games. Athletes from around the globe are displaying the skills at which they have sweated and strained for long, tiring hours.

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HITACHI-ALWEG Monorail whisks Olympic visitors from Tokyo International Airport to downtown Tokyo, covering the 13.2 kilometer distance in 15 minutes.

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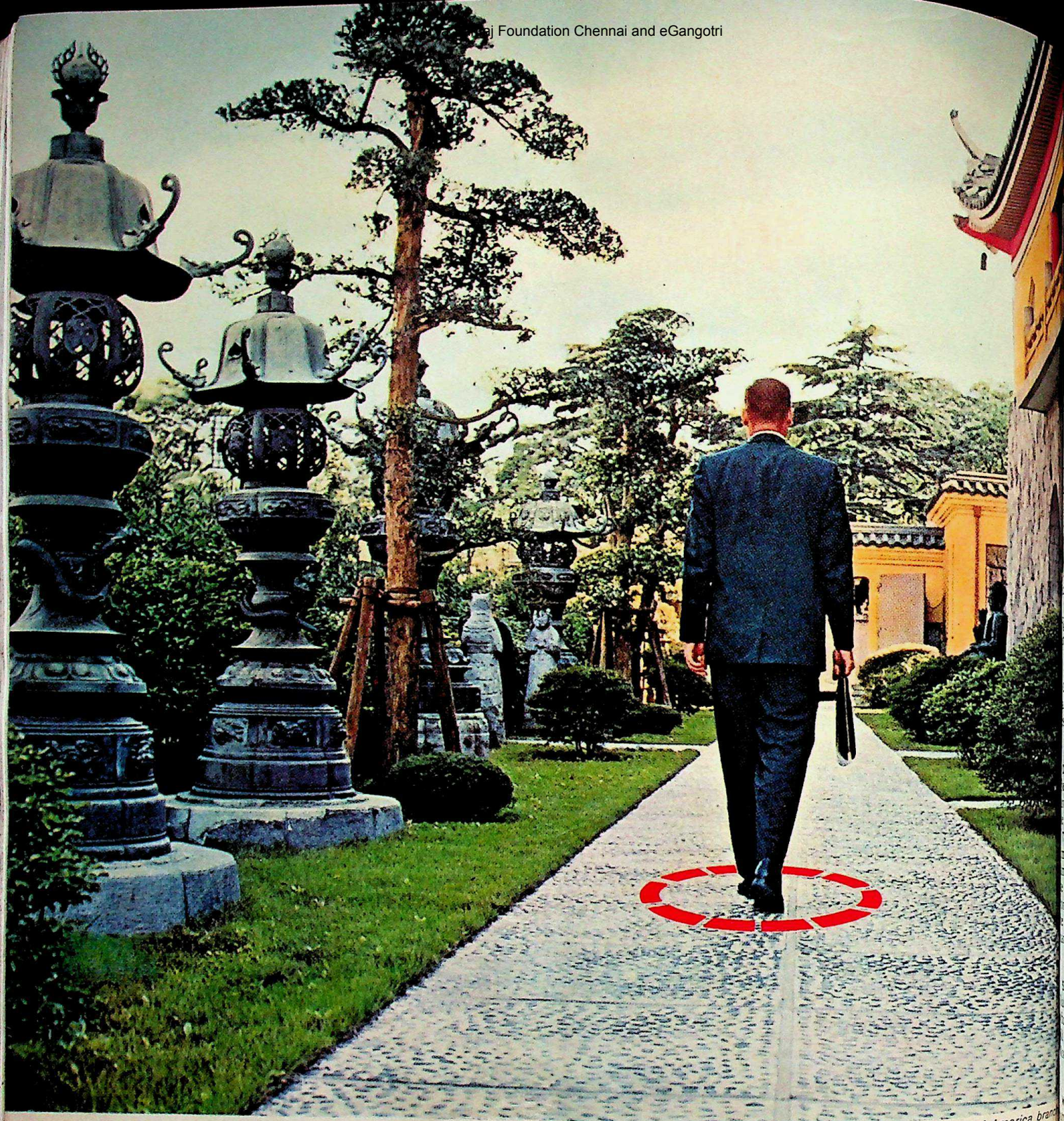

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TIME LISTINGS

TELEVISION

Wednesday, October 21

CBS REPORTS (CBS, 7:30-8:30 p.m.).* CBS follows the candidates in New York's ...torial fight between Kenneth Keating ...d Robert Kennedy.

ELECTION SPECIAL (ABC, 10:30-11 p.m.). ...lo Alto County in Iowa has always vot... for the winning presidential candidate. ... study of this county's temper, 1964.

Thursday, October 22

THE MUNSTERS (CBS, 7:30-8 p.m.). Gas... ...mpany workers stumble into the Mun... ...r dungeon while installing a pipeline.

Friday, October 23

BOB HOPE PRESENTS THE CHRYSLER THEA... ...E (NBC, 8:30-9:30 p.m.). The story of ... Korean War G.I. who turns traitor and ...turns to the U.S. to steal missile secrets. ...orge Hamilton attempts the leading role. ...rgaret O'Brien co-stars.

THE JACK PAAR PROGRAM (NBC, 10-11 ...m.). Excerpts from Broadway's new top... ...l revue, *The Committee*. Color.

OLYMPICS 1964 (NBC, 11:15-11:30 p.m.). ...ecial gymnastics competition for men ...d women.

Saturday, October 24

OLYMPICS 1964 (NBC, 5-7 p.m.). Eques... ...n grand-prix jumping, closing ceremo... ...s and highlights of week's events.

Sunday, October 25

DISCOVERY (ABC, 11:30 a.m.-12 noon). ...e history of witchcraft, starring Mar... ...et Hamilton, Oz's Wicked old Witch of ... West.

THE TWENTIETH CENTURY (CBS, 6-6:30 ...m.). A fascinating look at the smear ...mpaigns of past presidential elections— ...e rumors that George Washington was a ...man, Abraham Lincoln a Negro—and ...e successful use of slander in destroying ...ny a political career.

Monday, October 26

SLATTERY'S PEOPLE (CBS, 10-11 p.m.). ...ttery takes on a freshman legislator ...o insists on introducing an important ... on his own, refuses all help. Ricardo ...ntalban guest-stars as the stubborn one.

Tuesday, October 27

WORLD WAR I (CBS, 8-8:30 p.m.). The ...le of Verdun, the bloodiest of them all: ...50,000 French and German casualties.

THE CAMPAIGN AND THE CANDIDATES ...BC, 10-11 p.m.). A look at the polls, ... state-by-state evaluation of the presi... ...tial candidates' areas of strength.

THEATER

CAMBRIDGE CIRCUS. A band of incredi... ...funny young Cambridge graduates, ... a revue that thinks small and carries ...a slapstick. Laughter is all but inces... ...t, and the most hilarious sketch of the ...ing is a bewigged theater-of-the-absurd ...h courtroom trial involving a dwarf.

WHAT A LOVELY WAR. Mockingly ...c, tender, frolicsome and tragic, this ...al revolves around the unlikely sub... ...t the follies of World War I. Blend... ...English music-hall sentimentality with

...times E.D.T. through October 24. E.S.T. ...after.

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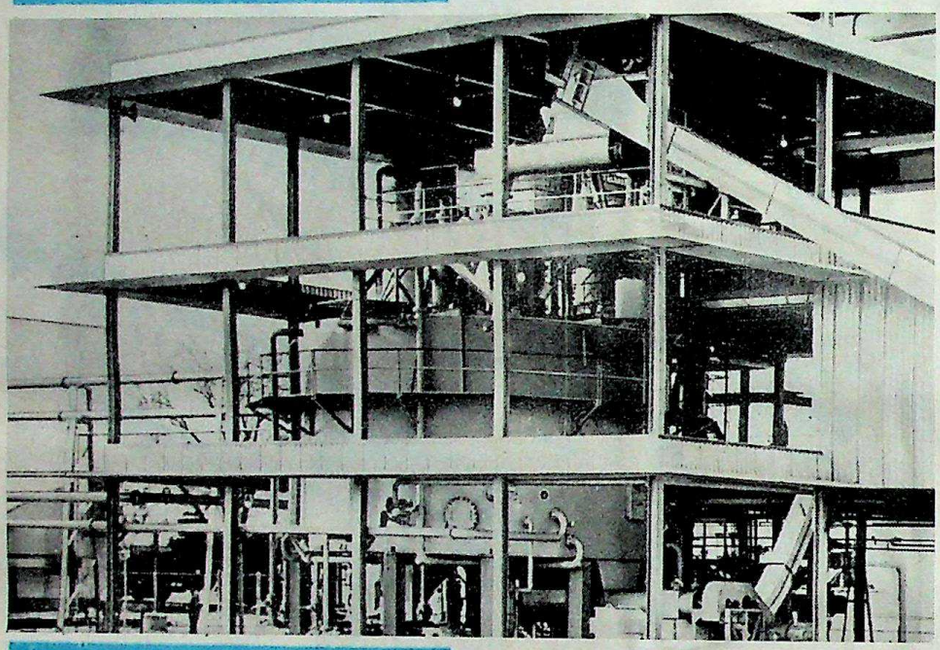

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FRIED. KRUPP · ESSEN

Brechtian savagery, *Lovely War* is an un- settling and not-to-be-forgotten theatrica experience.

FIDDLER ON THE ROOF strays far from Broadway to record the gentle joys an occasional sorrows of a Jewish communi ty in a Russian town in 1905. In his finest performance to date, Zero Mostel give this musical an unfaltering heartbeat.

ABSENCE OF A CELLO erupts with steadi laughter as an academic scientist tangle with an org man from corporation land

RECORDS

Jazz

KENNY BALL PLAYS FOR THE JET SE (Kapp). The thought of *From Russia wit Love* pounded out in Dixieland style b a sextet of Britons is enough to mak purists quail. But the result is surprisingly lively, with a mean banjo taking the bala laika part. Even more surprising is *Lon donderry Air* in shuffle rhythm, and *Is of Capri* with a honky-tonk piano intr Best of all is *Alabama Jubilee*, a trad tional Dixie item done up brown as hoecake.

ELLINGTON 65 (Reprise) sounds reassu ingly like Ellington '26, but the materi in this album of pop and corn is scarce worth the Duke's attention. Fortunatel his style shines through almost every b of such half-roasted chestnuts as *New on Sunday* and *I Left My Heart in Sa Francisco*. Oldtime Ellington Saxpots Jim my Hamilton (tenor), Johnny Hodg (alto) and Harry Carney (baritone) a to the luster. Standouts are Russell Pr cope's low-register clarinet solo in *Mo* and Cootie Williams' soaring trump work on *Fly Me to the Moon*. And bind ing it all together is the deft piano scrim shaw of Ellington himself.

CHARLIE MINGUS: TONIGHT AT NOON (A lantic) is the sort of stuff that Ellingto should be doing: original jazz works concert length and worth. Bassist-Pian Mingus' debt to Ellington is most appare in *Invisible Lady* where both mood a the stylish trombone solo of Jimm Knepper are evocative of the Duke his best. *Peggy's Blue Skylight* featur Mingus on piano and a haunting tenor s solo by Booker Ervin.

HELLO LOUIS! (Epic). Cornetist Bob Hackett, freed from the treacly bonda of those Jackie Gleason albums of a fe years back, pays tribute to Satchmo t composer. Louis Armstrong's compos tions have always been overshadowed his virtuoso performances of other pe ple's work, though he has written sever hundred pieces, among the better know being *Gate Mouth Blues*, *Brother Bill* an *Hear Me Talkin' to Ya*. Hackett prov to have a real feeling for the Armstron style, and his cornet solos, backed b authentic-sounding tuba, saxophone, ban jo, trombone, piano and drums, are in cisive and bouncy. Pick of the lot: *Some day You'll Be Sorry*, with Hackett's cornet and Sonny Russo's trombone taking turns playing obbligato to each other.

SAMMY DAVIS JR. SINGS MEL TORME'S CALIFORNIA SUITE (Reprise). As a singer Mel Torme is known as "the velvet fog"; as a composer he is known scarcely at all. Yet Torme is responsible for at least four songs that have become standards in the repertory. Sammy Davis Jr. gives *Stranger in Town* a stronger performance than Torme's original, and his rendition of *Born to Be Blue* is the best since the

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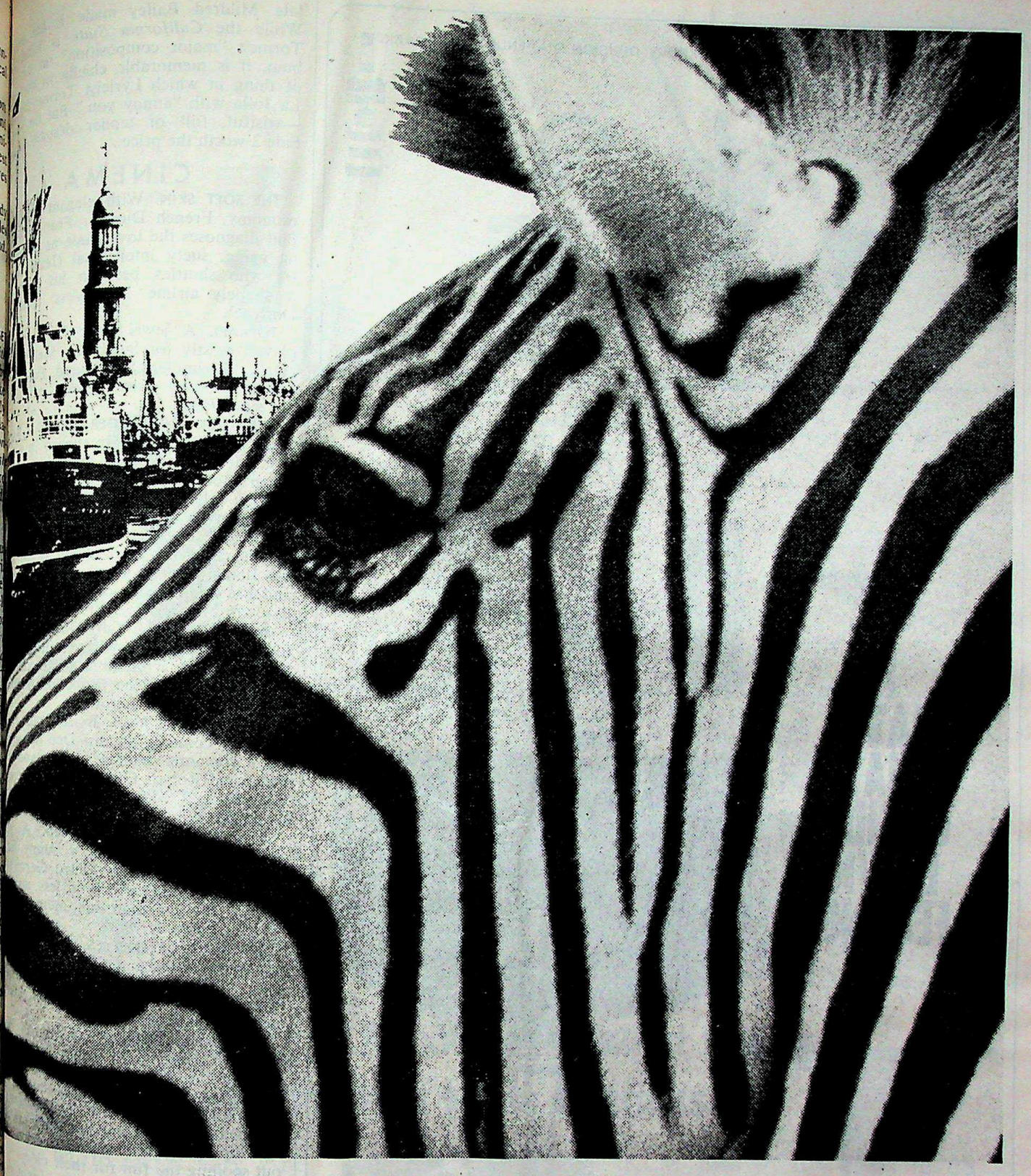

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At the Intersection of the Markets

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I HAVE THAT UPSIDE DOWN FEELING

E. Du. 182

late Mildred Bailey made it her own. While the *California Suite* is billed as Torme's "major composition" on this al- bum, it is memorable chiefly as the sort of thing in which Lyricist Torme rhymes La Jolla with "annoy you." But the songs —wistful, full of tender despair—make Side 2 worth the price.

CINEMA

THE SOFT SKIN. With elegant style and economy, French Director François Truf- faut diagnoses the love game as played by an aging, suety intellectual (Jean Desail- ly) who shuttles between his wife and a shapely airline stewardess (Françoise Dorléac).

TOPKAPI. A jewel theft in Istanbul is played mostly for laughs by Melina Mer- couri, Maximilian Schell and Peter Usti- nov in Director Jules Dassin's niftiest ca- per since *Rififi*.

THE LUCK OF GINGER COFFEY. Robert Shaw and Mary Ure are superb in a sensi- tive, deeply affecting drama based on Brian Moore's novel about a genial Irish nobody who feels his life and his wife slipping away from him.

THE APE WOMAN. Man's inhumanity is the theme of this squalid but often hilari- ous Italian comedy about a punk promoter and his wife, a girl covered from head to toe with brown silky hair.

MARY POPPINS. Walt Disney's drollest film in decades has wit, sentiment, lilting tunes, and an irresistible performance by Julie Andrews as the proper London gov- erness with a flair for magic.

I'D RATHER BE RICH. In this surprisingly sprightly comedy, Sandra Dee occupies an acute romantic triangle with Andy Wil- liams and Robert Goulet, while Hermione Gingold and Maurice Chevalier sharpen its points.

SEDUCED AND ABANDONED. A young girl's dishonor sets off a sunny Sicilian nightmare in Director Pietro Germi's sav- age tragicomedy, which is less warm but no less wicked than his memorable *Di- vorce—Italian Style*.

GIRL WITH GREEN EYES. As a bubbly col- leen who chances a fling with a middle- aged author, Britain's Rita Tushingham makes a trite tale seem fresh, poignant and deliciously funny.

THAT MAN FROM RIO. A stylish French spoof of Hollywood action epics assigns most of the derring-do to Hero Jean-Paul Belmondo, who does it to a turn.

A HARD DAY'S NIGHT. The Beatles play the Beatles in a comedy deftly calculated to whip up hysteria among pre-teens with- out spoiling the fun for their elders.

RHINO! African melodrama as it should be done—with scenic splendor and crack- ling humor—tied to a timely story about a hunt for a pair of rare white rhinos.

BOOKS

Best Reading

FOR THE UNION DEAD, by Robert Lowell. Less obscure than his earliest works and less embarrassingly confessional than his recent *Life Studies*, these poems pursue Lowell's preoccupation with creativity, madness, marriage and his Puritan heri- tage in tough, masculine verse.

MY AUTOBIOGRAPHY, by Charles Chap- lin. Hollywood's comic genius writes elo- quently of his pitifully poor childhood but prefers name-dropping to telling about his later artistic achievements. The reason for this autobiographical lapse is apparent on

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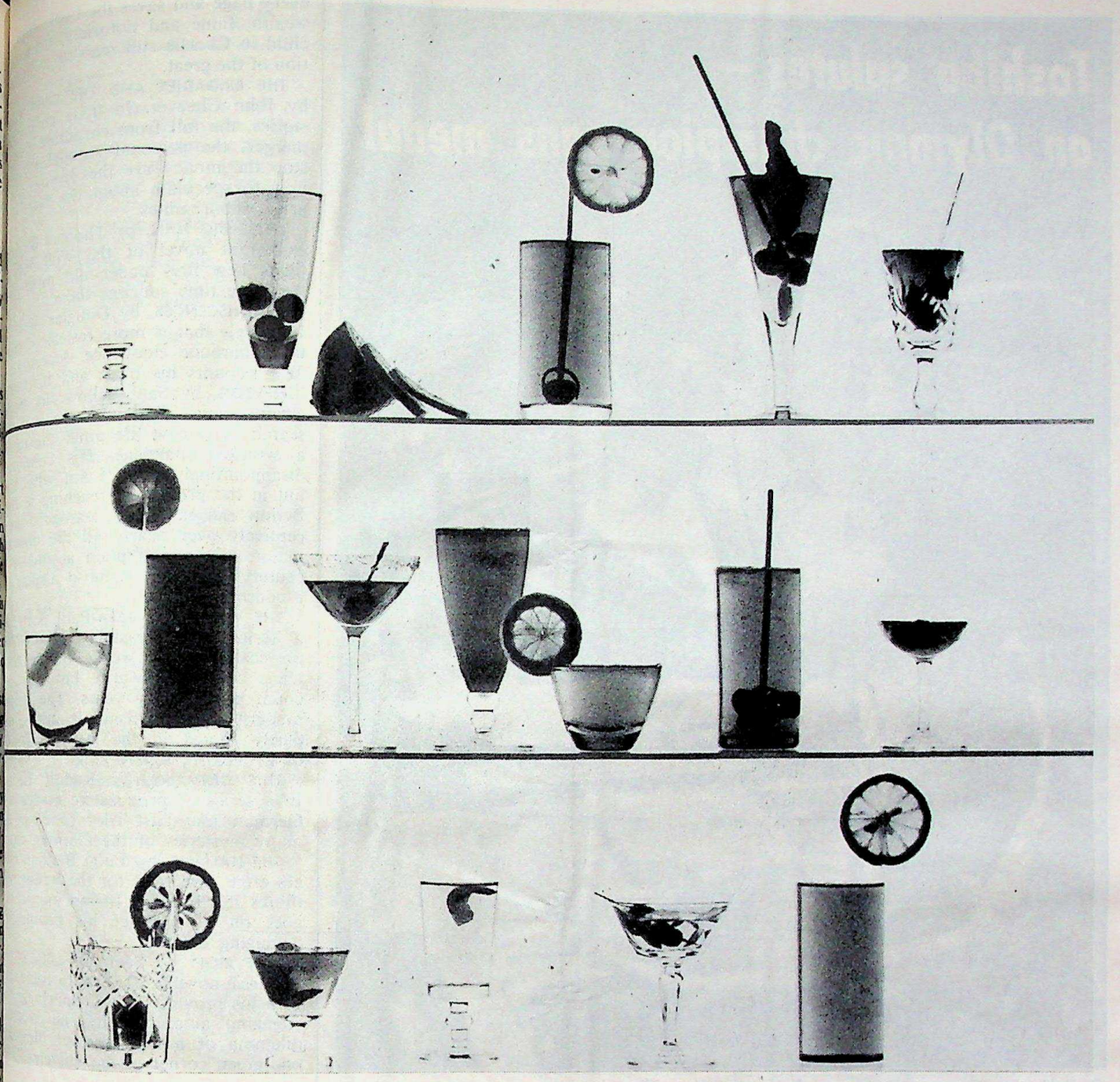

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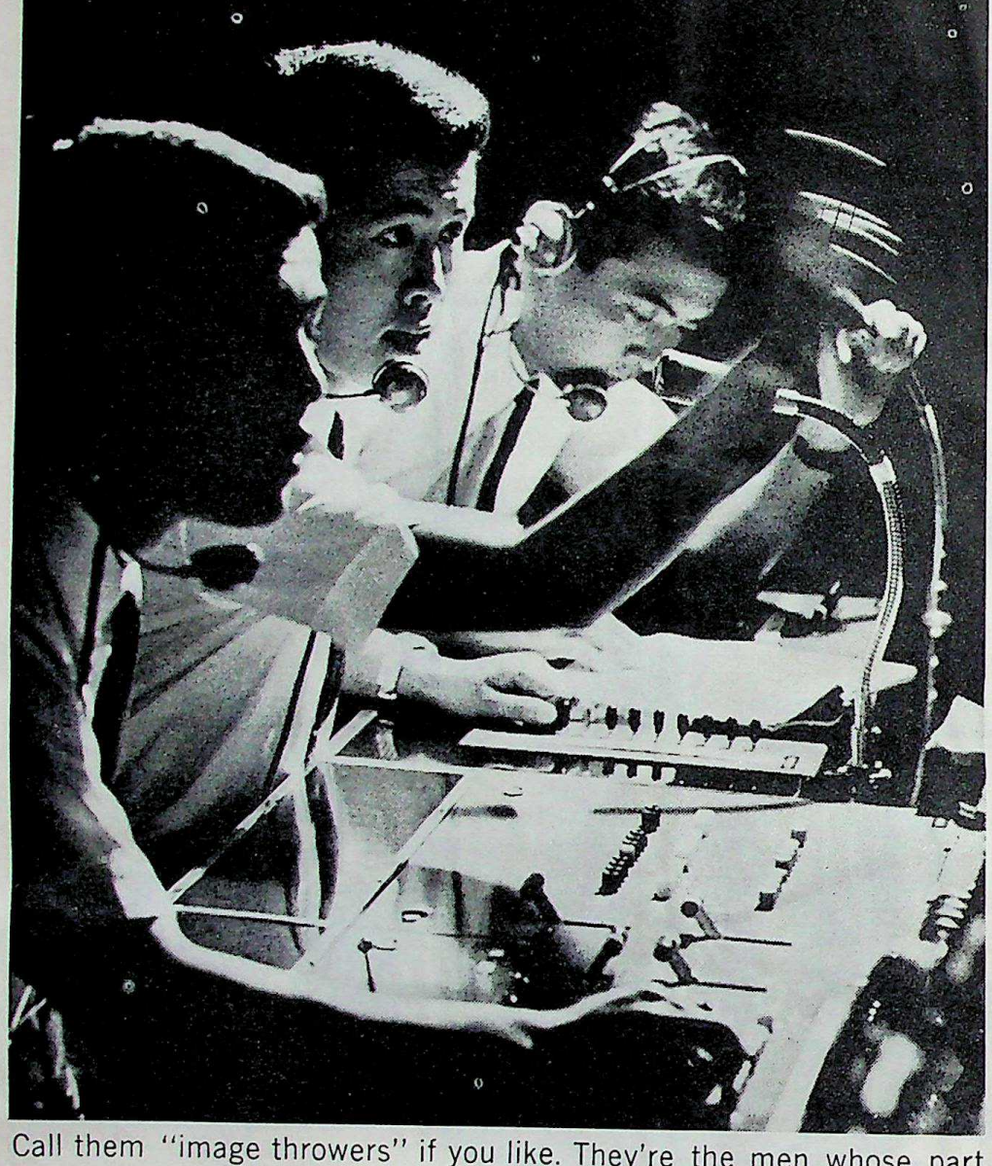
Toshiba salutes — an Olympic champion sans medal



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every page and saves the book; despite his wealth, fame and notoriety, the penniless child in Charlie still marvels at the attention of the great.

THE BRIGADIER AND THE GOLF WIDOW, by John Cheever. In these chilling short stories, the fall from corporate grace, the merger, the personal scandal that might stop the money are the demons Cheever uses to speculate about the fears of salaried suburbanites.

LITTLE BIG MAN, by Thomas Berger. An exuberant novel of the wild West that lights new fires under old myths yet at the same time satirizes them.

REMINISCENCES, by Douglas MacArthur. In a style that is more restrained than his usual baroque eloquence, MacArthur vividly recounts his trials and his triumphs.

HERZOG, by Saul Bellow. In this long-awaited novel, Bellow's hero is a man in search of a new life amid the rubble of a wrecked marriage. His conclusion is disappointingly flat ("I am what I am") but in the process of reaching it, Herzog-Bellow ranges wittily, learnedly, and perceptively over nearly all the dilemmas—major, minor, and plain absurd—of 20th century man in a virtuoso display that is a constant delight.

THE WORDS, by Jean-Paul Sartre. After a series of increasingly labored, metaphysically morose works, Sartre has written a clear-eyed, warm, but very sad account of his early years. The despair of modern existentialism, it turns out, is partly rooted in the struggle for sanity of a bookish, lonely child.

THIS GERMANY, by Rudolf Leonhardt. In a series of provocative essays, a West German journalist tries to clear up the many mysteries of the German character.

THE ITALIANS, by Luigi Barzini. Foreigners often love Italy for the wrong reasons, thinks this brilliant Italian journalist, who goes on to consider his countrymen in damaging detail.

VIVE MOI! by Sean O'Faolain. It took this Irish novelist 30 years to come to terms with his provincial Irish upbringing; in an engaging autobiography, he records the dilemma of a man forever "impaled on one green corner of the universe."

Best Sellers

FICTION

1. Candy, Southern and Hoffenberg (1 last week)
2. Herzog, Bellow (3)
3. The Spy Who Came In from the Cold, Le Carré (2)
4. This Rough Magic, Stewart (8)
5. Armageddon, Uris (6)
6. The Rector of Justin, Auchincloss (5)
7. Julian, Vidal (4)
8. You Only Live Twice, Fleming (7)
9. A Mother's Kisses, Friedman (10)
10. The Man, Wallace (9)

NONFICTION

1. Reminiscences, MacArthur (3)
2. My Autobiography, Chaplin (7)
3. A Tribute to John F. Kennedy, Salinger and Vanocur (6)
4. A Moveable Feast, Hemingway (2)
5. Harlow, Shulman (5)
6. The Italians, Barzini (4)
7. The Invisible Government, Wise and Ross (1)
8. Mississippi: The Closed Society, Silver (9)
9. Diplomat Among Warriors, Murphy (8)
10. Four Days, U.P.I. and American Heritage (10)

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LETTERS

Morality Issue

As the American version of the
mo scandal comes from the White
, the future of this nation requires
truthful and objective answers. If
1959 morals arrest that is now re-
d indicates Jenkins' vulnerability to
blackmail during these years, and
dangerous fact has been concealed
President Johnson, then the fitness of
Administration not only to govern
to defend this nation from its enemies
be examined.

BILL DEMING

wood

Re Walter Jenkins: I wonder how
more unsavory characters are in the
son Administration.

(MRS.) MARY CRUNKER

e, Minn.

I trust that the American people
be able to evaluate and vote on the
issues in November whatever ma-
s scandal Dean Burch succeeds in
ing up. However shocked we may be
the private morals of public officials,
U.S. cannot be persuaded that the pub-
ral problems of civil rights, nuclear
poverty and prosperity are better
dled by Goldwater than by Presi-
Johnson.

JEAN BAKER

apolis

It is with great disappointment that
America's "leading clergymen" have
it ethical to use their power, pul-
d journals as instruments for in-
g politics [Oct. 9]. This action
s even more ludicrous in view of
ndals that have been characteristic
e Johnson Administration. Why has
been no mass clerical denunciation
e Bobby Baker scandal? Certainly
spectable clergy cannot be blind to
k of morality in high offices and
read disregard of the law that are
so prevalent in our country.

EDWARD HERNANDEZ

Angeles

So William Sydnor says that those
who are voting the Goldwater-Miller
are not Christians and are commit-
the sin of ardent nationalism. Since
may we ask, is patriotism a sin?
rely he believes that there is only
way to achieve brotherly love and
peace—by voting the Democratic
May we suggest that he check into
personal integrity and character of
Mr. Goldwater and Mr. Johnson.
We think that he will make some star-
tling discoveries.

BARBARA B. PUCKETT
ELIZABETH H. BABB

Richmond

Sir: What a commentary on the mixed-up American way of life that practitioners of medicine, entrusted with the job of ministering to our mentally ill, should allow themselves to be a pawn in the cheap journalistic efforts of Ralph Ginsburg [Oct. 9]. That professional men of such stature should be taken in by such an obvious political smear is indicative of the days in which we are living—days of compromise and diluting of principles, days when sin is labeled as "error," when morality is relative and when materialism emphasizes the values of expediency and the shirking of responsibility. God help us to choose wisely Nov. 3.

H. L. BAILEY

Chicago

Mr. Humphrey's Wet Peanut

Sir: You printed a picture of Mr. Humphrey in Tifton, Ga., with a huge peanut [Oct. 9]. Mr. Humphrey didn't mention how wet that peanut was, but I'm sure it was the wettest of all peanuts, and I'm afraid Mr. Humphrey got his hands stained handling it. I made the peanut on short notice. As clay takes time to dry and of course to be fired, I consented to do one in plaster. After finishing the peanut, I soon found that it would not stain successfully because of the water content of plaster. I tried my best but stain will just not adhere to a wet subject.

Tifton County is Goldwater country (mostly), but I do hope Mr. Humphrey enjoyed his visit to our city. I also wish I had known in time. I could have made him a ceramic peanut that he would have been proud to have taken home.

VENICE OWEN

Tifton, Ga.

The Nine Justices

Sir: The ugly raving and ranting of the hate groups, heaping calumny on the revered Court [Oct. 9], is one of the many indications of decay in our national morality. Respect for law and the courts, and most certainly the Supreme Court, is essential for the survival of our democratic institutions.

S. E. PASETTE

Los Angeles

Sir: Pleased to see that you are aware of the impact of Justice Black on the

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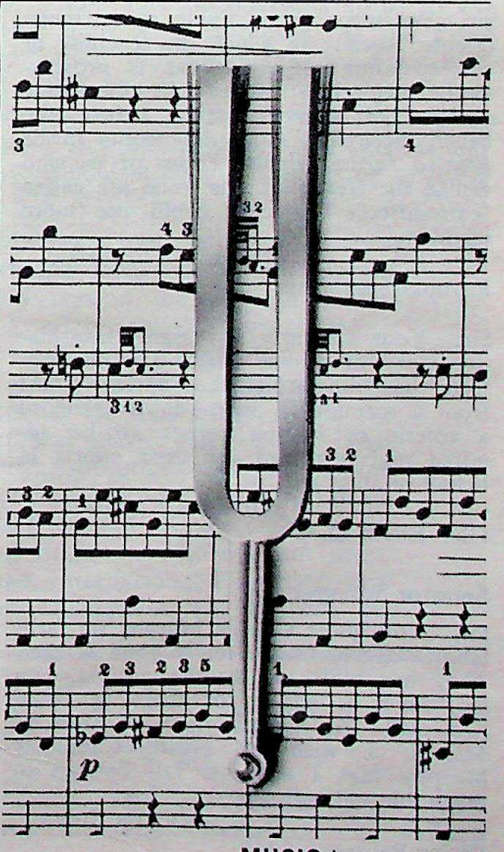

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Supreme Court, but I miss the hammer and sickle on the cover.

JAMES B. MCCULLOUGH JR.

Philadelphia

Sir: Your article on the much-maligned Supreme Court was perceptive and sympathetic, and pointed out the Court's strange new role of defending our basic rights *against* our "elected" legislators. For those of us who love our land, but are increasingly repelled by its contradictory, obsolete, and often irresponsible state and local laws, the Supreme Court has come to be a major hope of eventual sanity and freedom. We have heard too much talk of states' rights—now perhaps we'll have some individual rights.

RICHARD PETTERSEN

Norristown, Pa.

Sir: Without the Supreme Court's Black, Marshall and other "judicial activists," the Constitution would be a collection of hypocritical platitudes serving only the rights of the few. Instead, in their hands, it has been a marvellously adaptable living document, standing as a bastion against inequality and privilege, oppressive state power, public prejudice, and majority suppression of minority belief, action, writing, and speech. Your article should be required reading for all.

ROBERT BASKIN

Little Silver, N.J.

Sir: What a snow job! But not quite deep enough to cover the footprints of socialism marching across the American soil.

MRS. W. F. NELSON

Gardnerville, Nev.

Sir: We seem to be living in a rights-oriented society in which the teaching of corresponding responsibilities is progressively neglected. Hence an increasing amount of crime, placing before the bench more and more defendants to be granted further rights. Those of us who dislike the stench of this trend are called "extremists." The club could use more members!

DAVID J. CARRIGAN

Reynoldsburg, Ohio

Sir: Your scholarly and highly informative story of Justice Black and his confreres has transformed the Supreme Court from a formidable, little-known group to a coterie of human beings, to be admired and respected for their efforts in behalf of all of us.

KATHARINE K. MOORE

Glen Ellyn, Ill.

Senator Salinger

Sir: You quote George Murphy on farm labor: "Mexicans are really good at that. They are built low to the ground, you see, so it is easier for them to stoop [Oct. 16]." As a Californian of Mexican descent, I wish to assure Candidate Murphy that I am just tall enough to reach that old ballot box.

VICTOR SILVA

Pacific Palisades, Calif.

Sir: I emphatically deny ever making derogatory comments about *bracero* Mexican laborers as to their physical abilities or characteristics. I have never said, "Americans can't do that kind of work. It's too hard." I have said that Americans won't do that kind of work, and the experience of California farmers is the basis of that statement. I also bitterly resent your unfair reference to a fine volunteer worker, Mrs. Tucker.

GEORGE MURPHY

Los Angeles

▶ TIME *has checked its sources, finds Candidate Murphy spoke as quoted.*—ED.

Sir: The editorial on Salinger reads like a Broadway review of a comedy—a lemon at that!

ELISABETH BECK

Pasadena, Calif.

Sir: Mr. Murphy is no longer the "song and dance" man you have so crudely illustrated but is now, and has been for some time, a politician in the highest sense of the word.

GLENN W. MOORE

Arcadia, Calif.

Sir: As an old and ardent debater, I think that in the television debates Mr. Salinger had an edge from the start and perfect timing. Murphy had to be constantly reminded that his time was up. In the question-and-answer period, Murphy was inexcusably rude. The moderator quite fairly had to remind him of this. When Murphy made the generous gesture of offering Salinger time—as he said he "had taken some of [Salinger's]"—it was a grandstand play and left me untouched.

P. C. ANTHONY

San Diego

Home Away From Home

Sir: Granted that a Korean hooch was not a home [Oct. 16], it was the closest thing to home in contrast to the cold barracks 60 miles north of Seoul. Besides, I would take one moose any time in exchange for five U.S.O. dolls.

ALEX S. DORIAN

New York City

Sir: Being an ex-G.I. who served 19 months in Korea, I had to undergo an interrogation from my wife after she read your hooch story. The Rev. Ernst W. Karsten's charge is an exaggeration.

JOSEPH A. FARRAH

Daly City, Calif.

Bard of Housewifery

Sir: Phyllis McGinley's paean to the American housewife is absurd [Oct. 9]. Housewifery is not a profession. Does one need an education to do a good job making beds? And is it any more "noble" to bake a cake than to teach a child to read? Not all members of the profession have the intellectual sanctuary of a typewriter and a poetic mind to retire to when the emotional strain of being mentally unemployed becomes too much.

STEPHANIE WENKERT

Bryn Mawr, Pa.

Sir: As a profession, houseswifery may be noble as hell, but as a day to day occurrence, it is rather vapid. Like death and taxes, it should largely be regarded as regrettable and ignored when possible. Simpering over boiled pudding is neither professional nor noble.

MRS. FRED BIKLÉ

Littleton, Col.

Sir: It's about time someone answered "the creative, fulfilled career women" who have helped plant the insidious seed of discontent in so many of our young wives and mothers.

SYLVIA MERLIN

Merion, Pa.

Post Dated

Sir: TIME, Oct. 16: "the *Saturday Evening Post* borrowed much from the technique and styles of existing magazines, among them TIME." From my article on Pierre Salinger in the *Post* May 30: "Politics in California has outdone itself with sudden lurches, phosphorescent goblins and things that go bump in the dark." From TIME's article on Salinger Oct. 16: "[California's] political landscape is alive with sudden shadows, phosphorescent goblins, and things that go bump in the dark." I apologize to TIME for having stolen a vivid line from you—five months before you wrote it.

JIM PHELAN

Saturday Evening Post
New York City

▶ Touché! *The goblins in our office were real.*—ED.

Life After 45

Sir: What are you, Dr. Kistner—some kind of Miss Ogynist [Oct. 16]? The mature women of over 45 in professions and business are both backbone and buffer against the constant turnover of marriageable young gals. Look around you, sometimes at the many gorgeous grandmothers in and out of the soap ads and ask yourself, honestly, do they need a pill? You flatter yourself in your male ego and medical knowledge that a man and a pill are essential to a woman's golden years. Today's *grand'mère* is off to the bossa nova lesson in a souped-up sports car without a care in the world or a tranquilizer in her purse.

RITA BOSCIA

Tuckahoe, N.Y.

Sir: Dr. Kistner forgot to add that since men have their greatest capacity for procreation during adolescence, they can be dispensed with before the age of 2[illegible].

(MRS.) LYNN BRAVO

Flushing, N.Y.

Silenced Sportscaster

Sir: It may be true that Mel Allen was corny at times [Oct. 16], but his ability to generate excitement, to lend color and flavor to the many drabities that are baseball, is unmatched.

MOSES M. BERLIN

Brookline, Mass.

Gringo Aid Watchers

Sir: Our new *amigo* with a big nose, Don Carlos de Gaulle, has been telling us new things about our neighbors, the gringos [Oct. 16]. Now we have a chance to see if Don Carlos is truthful. We will watch what the gringos will do with President Macapagal's request for aid. We know the Filipinos went down fighting for the gringos in the last war.

FRANCISCO TELADA

Mexico City

Sir: While it is externally true that the Philippines are an "admixture of Spanish and American cultures," you overlook the fact that, out of their Malayo-Indian roots, the Philippines have developed a distinct national culture of their own, the dominant features of which are love of freedom and filial piety. Slowly and painfully, we Filipinos are awakening to the promise of self-reliance and to the folly of colonial mentality. But we still prefer moderate but dignified nationalism to passionate but empty chauvinism!

JESUS A. ASUNCION

Manila

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TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

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PUBLISHERS.....Lawrence E. Laybourne
MANAGER.....John J. Frey
.....James A. Thomason

TIME-LIFE INTERNATIONAL
DIRECTOR.....Edgar R. Baker
DIRECTOR.....
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OCTOBER 23, 1964

A letter from the PUBLISHER

Bernhard M. Auer

THE editors of TIME began the week with well-laid plans for a cover story on the winner of the British election. While covering both sides right down to the ballot box, the London Bureau weighed in 48 hours before the polls opened with a firm judgment that Labor's Harold Wilson would win. In New York, the WORLD staff was inclined to agree, but with knowledge born of experience remained flexible and ready for a narrow victory by either side. It turned out to be a week when flexibility, always the journalist's best stance amid breaking news, was nothing less than a critical necessity.

First of the big stories to break in the hottest week of international news in years was the scandal in the White House. Then in quick succession came the overthrow in Moscow and the bomb in China. As one big story piled on top of another, about all that journalists reporting by the minute or the hour or the day could do, as one editor said (*see* PRESS), was "throw it at" the public. In a position to look at the news at greater length and depth, TIME correspondents around the world and writers and editors in New York set about the more difficult but more rewarding task of studying, analyzing and assessing the meaning of the startling events. As the stories were developing, the editors decided that Artist Bernard Safran's finely painted cover of Harold Wilson would have to give way, so it became a reduced black and white engraving, and joined photographs of the new Russian leaders and a picture of President Johnson taken as the news of the scandal was breaking—all four superimposed on the background of an atomic explosion.

In addition to these nation-rattling events, there was other hard news to be assessed—for example, the Russian space troika (SCIENCE), and the spectacular U.S. success in the Olympics (SPORT). With all that, TIME's editors—by the very nature of their mission—went right on with a full schedule of stories on another level, such as ART's critique of "op art," a new movement across the Western world; MEDICINE's report on the use of animal corneas for transplant into the human eye; RELIGION's study of an ecumenical milestone, the first Bible translation to combine the labors of Protestant, Catholic and Jewish scholars.

When big news is breaking fast, TIME's editors believe in taking the time and the intensive effort to explain what it means. At the same time, they know they must not neglect the stories of trends and developments that may not make such black headlines but nevertheless add understanding and meaning to life.

THIS month some 20,000 schools outside the U.S. were invited to join the TIME International Education Program. Based on the well-known U.S. version, the program was recently expanded to include secondary schools overseas. Here's how it works. When a teacher signs up ten pupils for short-term TIME subscriptions at a low student rate, the class receives a teaching aid every month for six months. These valuable aids vary from colorful wall maps to reprints of TIME articles. In addition, each student subscriber receives the popular Current Affairs Test issued annually by the TIME Education Department. Any school interested in subscribing to the TIME International Education Program, who has not heard from us, should write to: TIME International Education Program, 5 Ottho Heldringstraat, Amsterdam, The Netherlands.

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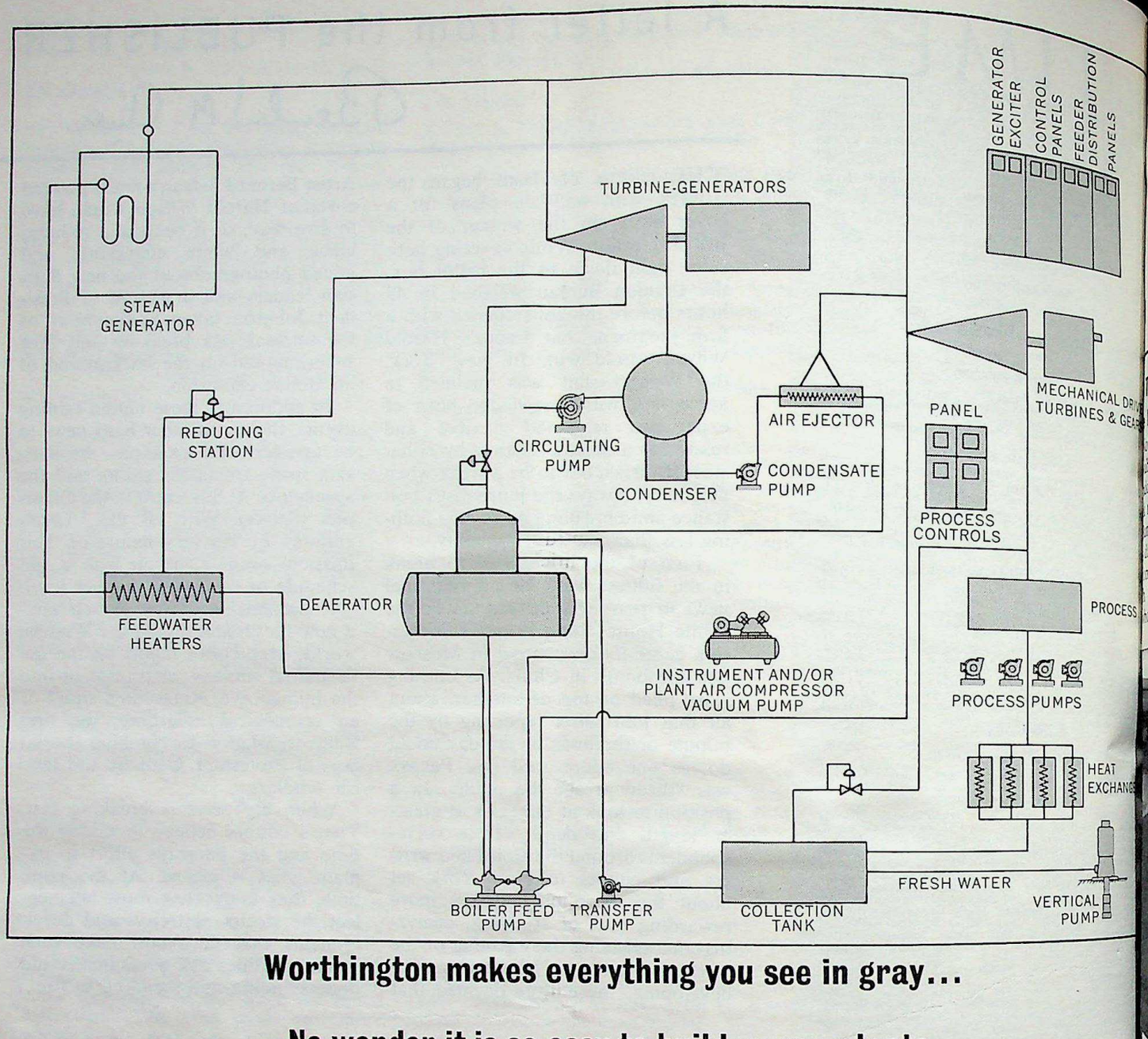

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TIME
THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE
October 23, 1964 Vol. 84, No. 17

THE U.S.

THE ADMINISTRATION

Imponderables

Nothing, it had seemed, could conceivably stand in the way of Democrat Lyndon Johnson's inexorable march to the White House.

But last week, during a few tumultuous days, a spectacular series of international and national events tumbled over in bewildering array and threw the whole set of imponderables into a

AP

JOHNSON WITH DOBRYNIN
Assurances.

presidential campaign that had previously seemed all too ponderable.

Good Old Rules? To start it off, the Soviet Union orbited the earth's first three-passenger spaceship, indicating that the Russians maintain at least a year-to-year lead over the U.S. The overthrow of Nikita Khrushchev raised the question of what kind of Communist enemy the U.S. faces. The election of a new Labor government in Britain posed for the U.S. the problem of establishing a new set of relationships with one of its oldest, staunchest allies. And the news that Communist China had exploded a nuclear device aroused vivid fears in the hearts of many peoples, indicating as it did that Peking will, within the foreseeable future, be in the hands of the most irresponsible government among the world's major powers. By all the good old rules of political reaction, these events should have strengthened President Johnson in his 1964 election run. In times of crisis, U.S. voters ordinarily flock to the cause of the man in office.

Johnson, who is perfectly familiar with these rules, behaved accordingly. He called off some politicking engagements, scheduled a weekend television speech to underline the seriousness with which he viewed the world situation.

Responsibility & Accountability. Yet, lest anyone think that that situation had deteriorated under his Administration, he also gave assurances. He talked for 45 minutes with Soviet Ambassador Anatoly Dobrynin, posed for pictures smiling and shaking hands, received vows that the new Soviet government would continue to seek peaceful coexistence. The President also let it be known that he had told Dobrynin that the U.S. would maintain its strength, even while trying to be considerate of the views of others. He reminded the Russian ambassador that it is "one thing to tell a man to go to hell, and another thing to make him do it."

Similarly, in his reaction to the Chinese nuclear explosion, the President promised that "if and when the Chinese Communists develop nuclear-weapons systems, the free-world nuclear strength will continue, of course, to be enormously greater."

All week Johnson's watchword was "responsibility"—a watchword that has proved tried and true in many another U.S. election year. But "responsibility" has many aspects, and one of them is accountability. And many a U.S. voter might feel that the President should be held accountable for a domestic event that burst onto the nation's front pages even amid the cannonade of foreign news: the resignation of Johnson's senior aide, Walter W. Jenkins, after disclosure of the fact that he had been arrested as a sexual deviate.

First reactions to the news about Jenkins were shock and sympathy, particularly for Jenkins' family. This was followed by a nationwide wave of ribald jokes—and no one realizes better than Lyndon Johnson how much it can hurt a politician to be laughed at.

Yet the events in the Soviet Union, Britain and Communist China, following news of the Jenkins affair in rapid succession, seemed to overshadow it and to highlight the sorts of crises that would ordinarily figure to favor an incumbent President during an election year.

Thus, even after last week, Johnson remains likely to win. But the dimensions of his victory may be diminished to a degree that will help many state Republican candidates who might have been buried in a Johnson landslide.

UPI

WALTER JENKINS
Revelations.

The Senior Staff Man

(See Cover)

His head bowed, his face lined with weariness and worry, the President of the U.S. sat glumly on the dais in the Grand Ballroom of the Waldorf-Astoria. To his right and to his left, white-tied politicians traded good-natured gibes in the spirit of the Al Smith memorial dinner that Francis Cardinal Spellman stages each year. But the guest of honor smiled wanly or not at all. When his time came to speak, he cut his talk in half, delivered it in a hoarse monotone. Lyndon Johnson looked for all the world as if he had just lost one of his best friends.

In a sense he had, for just before the

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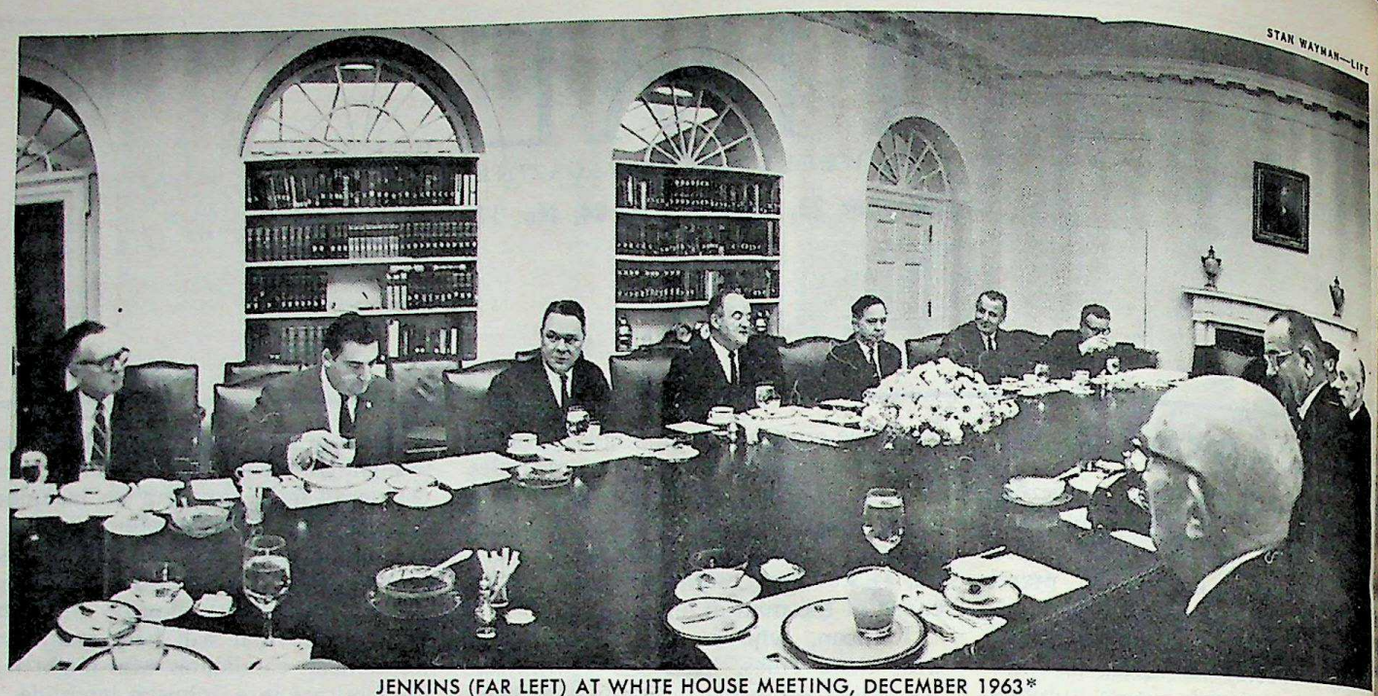

JENKINS (FAR LEFT) AT WHITE HOUSE MEETING, DECEMBER 1963*

Access to any secret.

banquet began, the news broke that Special Presidential Assistant Walter W. Jenkins, 46, one of Lyndon's oldest, closest friends and most trusted aides, had been arrested on the night of Oct. 7 in a Y.M.C.A. washroom just two blocks from the White House and charged with "disorderly conduct (indecent gestures)." Moreover, newsmen checking into Jenkins' police record discovered that on Jan. 15, 1959 he had been arrested in the same washroom on a charge of "disorderly conduct (pervert)."

Even while President Johnson was brooding in the Waldorf ballroom, White House Press Secretary George Reedy summoned reporters to a special briefing in a makeshift press room near by. Red-eyed and visibly shaken, Reedy announced: "Walter Jenkins submitted his resignation this evening as special assistant. The resignation was accepted, and the President has appointed Bill D. Moyers to succeed him."

Into the Limelight. Sordid in its details, tragic in its personal consequences, and of unmeasured significance in its political effects, the story was splashed atop front pages all over the country. Ironically, the man around whom the storm swirled had been the most self-effacing, quiet and publicity-shy member of Johnson's White House team. Quartered in Sherman Adams' old office in the southwest wing of the White House, he was the mysterious, slightly-out-of-focus fellow who seldom had his picture taken or got in the papers but who knew everything that was going on. A whiz at shorthand, he sat in on meetings of the Cabinet, on breakfasts with congressional leaders, and occasionally on sessions of the National Security Council. He had access to any national secret.

The senior White House staffer, Jenkins was the one to whom such other aides as Reedy and Jack Valenti went when L.B.J. was busy. During the Democratic Convention in August, he was Lyndon's chief of staff in Atlantic City; when the summons finally came for Hubert Humphrey to be anointed the vice-presidential candidate, it was Jenkins who did the summoning.

Despite his aversion to the limelight, Jenkins was exposed to its glare on two notable occasions before last week. After the Billie Sol Estes scandal broke in 1962, it was learned that Jenkins, on behalf of then Vice President Johnson, had spoken to the Agriculture Department about Estes during the previous year. Jenkins requested information about any decisions involving Estes' cotton-acreage allotments, which were then being scrutinized for irregularities. But his involvement was at most peripheral, and no evidence was ever presented to prove that Jenkins or his boss ever tried to pressure the department in the Estes case.

Jenkins was more deeply implicated in the Bobby Baker scandal. During the Senate investigation, Maryland Insurance Broker Don Reynolds testified under oath that while he was trying to sell a $100,000 policy to Lyndon Johnson, Jenkins forced him to buy $1,208 worth of advertising time on Lady Bird Johnson's KTBC television station in Austin. Reynolds said he had no use for the advertising, but bought it anyway "because it was expected of me." "Who conveyed that thought to you?" asked Nebraska's Republican Senator Carl Curtis. Replied Reynolds: "Mr. Walter Jenkins."

Jenkins sent the committee an affidavit swearing that he "had no knowledge" of such an arrangement. B
when the three Republicans on
nine-member investigating commit
demanded that Jenkins be subpoena
to testify, the Democrats turned th
down cold. After the Baker flare-u
Jenkins withdrew even deeper into t
shadows.

"Little Brother." Born March
1918, in Jolly, Texas, Walter Jenki
was the youngest of six children o
farmer. He grew up in nearby Wichi
Falls. "Walter was the baby of t
family, and they all doted on hi
recalls Mrs. Macon Boddy, a ranch
wife who went to high school with J
kins and used to date his older bro
Bill, a veteran FBI agent now statio
in Amarillo, Texas. "We called h
'Little Brother.' He was a wonde
person, and a sort of child genius
school."

Jenkins finished high school at
junior college at 17, worked for a c
ple of years, and then entered the U
versity of Texas. Just before he w
to graduate in 1939, he quit and w
to work for Lyndon Johnson, the
bright young second-term Congre
man. He has worked for Lyndon e
since, except for a four-year stint in
Army, which he entered as a priv
and left as a Quartermaster Corps c
tain after serving in North Africa a
Italy. Even when he ran for Congre
from Texas' 13th District in 1951,
was at Lyndon's behest. Jenkins finish
second in a field of eight candidate
was probably hurt by the fact th
though he was raised a Baptist, he c
verted to Roman Catholicism in 19
two years after his marriage to M
jorie ("Babe") Whitehill, a Catholi

Johnson's life became Jenkins'
He was a stockholder in the LBJ C
and its treasurer until December 196
He handled many of Lyndon's person
and financial affairs, looked after th
lobbyists for him, kept tab on the Tex

* Others, around the table: then Press Secretary Pierre Salinger, Representative Hale Boggs, Senator Hubert Humphrey, Representative Carl Albert, Senator George Smathers, Presidential Aide Larry O'Brien, Speaker John McCormack, President Johnson and Senate President Carl Hayden.

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gation in Congress. He named one his six children Lyndon, and his ghter Beth, now at Marquette Uni-sity, became one of Luci Baines nson's closest friends.

e Best Man. "There were two devotions in his life," said a friend Jenkins', "L.B.J. and his own family." as Lyndon moved up from the Sen-to the vice-presidency and to the e House, Jenkins saw less and less e family. "The only time he could his own was when he was driving ," says an old friend. "And then on had him put a phone in his car e could talk to him on the way d from home."

ndon repaid Jenkins' devotion with ssions of the highest regard. Talk-with reporters one night not long the President buzzed for Jenkins, warmly as Walter trotted in with rn folder full of political polls: always here. He's the best man ot." With his rather heavy humor, esident called Jenkins "the Pope," ference to Jenkins' Catholicism. standing beside the swimming the L.B.J. ranch, the President d: "I had this pool put in just Pope's kids."

Johnson is a hard taskmaster, recent months friends noticed e pressures seemed to weigh on Jenkins. He grew increasing-ous, last January was told by his to lighten his load because of ously high blood pressure. He the advice, kept working hard hnson. And the work always to be piling up. After one lengthy with the President, Jenkins back to his desk, found 43 tele-calls waiting to be answered.

Peepholes. On Oct. 7, the eve-of his arrest, Jenkins went to a given by *Newsweek* magazine to e its move into a new office, cks down Pennsylvania Avenue e White House. Jenkins was in pirits. He had one or two high-chatted about his family, par-y nine-year-old Lyndon and his per route. President Johnson, ually discourages his men from g cocktail parties, was away that barnstorming in Iowa and Illi-oon after 8 p.m., Jenkins left, ly for the White House.

Jenkins took a detour, headed for the Y.M.C.A. on G Street. mile, two plainclothes members Washington morals squad, Pri-amonte P. Drouillard and R. L. , walked through the front door "Y" into the lobby, then de-to the basement men's room. A 11-ft. spot reeking of disinfect-Male cigars, the room is a no-angout for deviates. During one period earlier this year, po-ed eight homosexuals there, two college professors and Government workers.

wo cops entered the room, walked past two adjoining pay toilets and up four narrow steps leading to a shower room that has been padlocked for ten years.

Drouillard and Graham had a key to the lock. They entered the shower room and stationed themselves at two peepholes in the door that gave them a view of the washroom and enabled them to peep over the toilet partitions. (There are two peepholes in this and several other washrooms in the area because two corroborating officers are required in such cases.) On that night the cops spotted Jenkins in a pay toilet with Andy Choka, 60, a Hungarian-born veteran of the U.S. Army who lives in Washington's Soldiers' Home. Jenkins' back partly obstructed the detectives' view, but they figured they had seen enough to arrest the two men for a misdemeanor, if not for a more serious morals rap.

Back to Work. At the fifth-floor office of the morals division at police headquarters, Jenkins identified himself as Walter Wilson Jenkins, giving his rarely used middle name. He gave his address, birth date and birthplace correctly, but listed his occupation as "clerk." Under questioning by Lieut. Louis A. Fochett, he admitted that he was indeed the President's aide. Fochett immediately telephoned Inspector Scott E. Moyer, chief of the morals division, for guidance. Moyer gave a two-word order: "Book him."

Jenkins and Choka were booked. Since the police had a full set of prints from Jenkins' arrest in 1959, only a thumbprint was taken. At the central cell block in the basement, Jenkins paid a $50 bond and was freed. Forfeiture of the bond is, in effect, a waiver of the right to trial but not a confession of guilt.

It was 10:10 p.m. when Jenkins left the police station. Incredibly, he went on to the White House, worked at his desk until midnight.

Real Trouble. Only two days after Jenkins' arrest, anonymous tipsters began advising newspapers that there was an interesting item on the Oct. 7 blotter of the morals squad. The tips were widely dispersed: a man from Pravda even showed up for a peek. At least one of the tips was traced to the Republican Congressional Campaign Committee, and the Republican National Committee was known to be on to the story. Delaware's Republican Senator John J. Williams said he heard of the case several days before it got into print.

Early Wednesday, the Washington Star got the tip, called the White House to check it. With Lyndon and several top aides on the road, Liz Carpenter, Lady Bird's press secretary, was the only White House press staffer on hand. She took the call. Unbelieving and upset, she phoned Jenkins in his office. Within minutes, a distraught Jenkins got in touch with Lawyer Abe Fortas,* an old Lyndon crony, and told

* The man appointed by the Supreme Court to represent Florida Convict Clarence Earl Gideon in his milestone battle to establish that any man who faces trial but cannot afford to pay a lawyer is entitled to counsel, even in state courts, for anything beyond a petty offense.

JIM MAHAN

THE G STREET Y.M.C.A.
Twice in five years.

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BURTON BERINSKY

REEDY AT WALDORF
With red eyes.

him almost hysterically that he was in "real trouble." Fortas called Fellow Lawyer Clark Clifford, a top trouble-shooter in the Truman, Kennedy and Johnson Administrations.

Fortas and Clifford hurried to the Star. "They made what I would regard as a plea to have us not break the story," said Star Editor Newbold Noyes. "I agreed to go along at that time." Clifford and Fortas next called on Washington Daily News Editor John O'Rourke. "There was no pressure," recalled O'Rourke. "I agreed not to break the story—provided it wasn't in print elsewhere. But it couldn't be kept secret." The lawyers paid a third call, this one on the Washington Post's editors. Both Fortas and Clifford later insisted that they acted solely on Jenkins' behalf, and that the President did not even know what was going on.

Cryptic Statement. By 4 p.m., Jenkins, who spent the day at Fortas' home, was nearly out of control. His personal physician, Dr. Charles W. Thompson, summoned there earlier by Clifford and Fortas, concluded that Jenkins was "worn out," had him admitted for an "indefinite" stay at George Washington University Hospital for "high blood pressure and nervous exhaustion."

At about the same time, Republican National Committee Chairman Dean Burch, who had expected the Jenkins story to appear in Washington's Wednesday afternoon papers, was beginning to wonder why nobody had printed it. Figuring that someone had managed to suppress it, he issued this cryptic statement shortly after 6 p.m.: "There is a report sweeping Washington that the White House is desperately trying to suppress a major news story affecting the national security." Two hours later, at 8:09 p.m., United Press International broke the story, and morning papers across the U.S. rushed it into print.

According to White House spokesmen, President Johnson went through the entire day's campaigning in Pennsylvania, New Jersey and New York without knowing what was afoot. But between 6 and 7 p.m., just before Lyndon was to call on Jackie Kennedy at her new Fifth Avenue apartment, a newsman called Press Secretary Reedy with details of Jenkins' arrest and hospitalization, and Reedy passed the news on to Johnson. After a few minutes, the President said simply: "We've got to have a resignation."

No Snare. The initial reaction among Jenkins' friends was utter disbelief, followed by dismay. "His worst enemy—if he has any enemies—could never have conceived of such a thing," said another Texan, Wichita Falls Postmaster Pat Hardage. Texas Governor John Connally, a member of Lyndon's court for as long as Jenkins, suggested that it might be a frame-up, that Choka had somehow entrapped Jenkins. But CBS newsmen, who picked up Choka at 1 a.m. Thursday and took him to an undisclosed spot, quoted him as denying entrapment. Choka, who is separated from his wife Lieslotte and their two children, said that he "neither asked nor was offered money to snare Jenkins."

Barry Goldwater, who heard the news as he arrived at Denver's Brown Palace Hotel, said, "I don't know what the hell this is about." Later he added, "I don't intend to comment on it at all." G.O.P. Vice-Presidential Candidate William Miller told a luncheon for Chicago's blue-chip Executives Club: "If this type of man had information vital to our survival, it could be compromised very quickly and very dangerously." Democratic Vice-Presidential Candidate Hubert Humphrey appeared shocked, refused to comment. But an aide said gloomily in Milwaukee: "It's bound to cost us votes."

Point of Exhaustion. Lady Bird Johnson quickly issued a statement saying: "My heart is aching for someone who has reached the end point of exhaustion in dedicated service to his country." In the months since the Bobby Baker case was first aired, the President has made only one belated, curt and inadequate comment. This time he waited for 2 hours before saying anything publicly. Finally, accused by Dean Burch of having "covered up" Jenkins' earlier arrest "for 5½ years," he issued a statement in Washington.

"Walter Jenkins has worked with me faithfully for 25 years," it said. "No man I know has given more personal dedication, devotion and tireless labor. Until late yesterday, no information or report of any kind to me has ever raised a question with respect to his personal conduct." While expressing "deep personal compassion for him and for his wife and six children," Johnson added that "in this case, as on any such case, the public interest comes before all personal feelings."

Johnson also ordered the FBI to assign 50 to 100 men "to make an immediate and comprehensive inquiry and report promptly to me and the American people." He instructed Treasury Secretary Douglas Dillon to look into security procedures of the Secret Service, an arm of his department. And the Central Intelligence Agency quietly began probing the possibility that the Jenkins case might involve foreign espionage through blackmail.

"Q" Clearance. There was plenty to investigate, since there had obviously been serious security lapses. Before his first arrest in 1959, Jenkins had at least two security checks. In 1956 the Air Force gave him top-secret clearance in connection with his reserve status; he is a colonel in Capitol Hill's 9,999th Reserve Squadron, whose command, of all people, is Reserve Major General Barry Goldwater. Two years later,

FRED WARD—BLACK STAR

CLARK CLIFFORD

ABE FORTAS

On a friend's behalf.

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Atomic Energy Commission asked the FBI to run a full field investigation because Jenkins would be handling atomic data in connection with L.B.J.'s work with the Senate Preparedness subcommittee. At that time, Jenkins was given a top-secret "Q" clearance, an AEC classification.

A few months later, on Jan. 15, 1959, Jenkins was arrested for loitering in the same Y.M.C.A. washroom where he was nabbed two weeks ago. At first he was booked on an open charge, photographed and fingerprinted. Inspector Roy E. Blick, then head of the morals division, quizzed Jenkins for 3¼ hours, finally learned he was a top aide to Majority Leader Lyndon Johnson. He allowed Jenkins to list his occupation as "unemployed," apparently because he had previously run into trouble in cases involving important people. Blick, now retired, said last week that he had been "leary of talking to the Hill" because he had been "burned" in the past. A duplicate card with Jenkins' prints was sent to the FBI the next day as a matter of routine; the agency receives some 23,000 such cards a day from all over the U.S. On that card, Jenkins was listed as "unemployed," and the charge was listed only as "investigation—suspicious person," the standard notation used by police for a misdemeanor of that sort until they decide on a more precise charge.

Later, the police listed the charge on the blotter, in black ink, as "disorderly conduct." Still later, in a different hand in blue ink, the word "perv" was added in parentheses.

In on Everything. When, in 1961, Jenkins needed a White House pass, the Protective Research Section of the Secret Service fingerprinted him and sent a copy to the FBI for a check. Sure enough, the bureau turned up his old record, told the Secret Service about his having been arrested in 1959 on the vague charge of "investigation—suspicious person." As the Secret Service saw it, nobody checked further with the police about the arrest because it was only a misdemeanor and because Jenkins already had a "Q" clearance. According to all present accounts, nobody told Johnson about his aide's 1959 arrest. Jenkins got his White House pass. Ten days after John Kennedy's assassination, a White House staff member phoned the CIA and requested immediate top-security clearance for four Johnson men who would be "in on everything"—Bill Moyers, Jack Valenti, George Reedy, and Walter Jenkins. The CIA, responsible for such clearances whenever intelligence documents are involved, suggested a full FBI field investigation for all four.

Such FBI field investigations were required by Dwight Eisenhower for all presidential assistants. One check eliminated a possible appointee to Ike's personal staff on the ground of perversion just before Eisenhower's inauguration. John Kennedy, in his turn, ran checks on some aides, but not all. But in 1963, when the CIA suggested field investigations on Johnson Aides Moyers, Valenti, Reedy and Jenkins, there was a long, hostile silence on the White House end of the phone. The CIA, lacking legal authority to require investigations of presidential staffers, had no alternative but to give the four men top clearance.

Unquenchable Penchant. Though a preliminary, unpublicized check by the CIA has unearthed no evidence that either Jenkins or Choka was involved in anything worse than what they were caught at, it is axiomatic that sexual deviates are vulnerable to blackmail. Walter Jenkins could at any time have laid his hands on the most closely guarded secrets of the U.S., including the workings of the most advanced nuclear weapons. Any questions now to be asked of Jenkins, however, may take some time to be answered. In his dark, 8-ft.-square room on the hospital's second floor, he is under partial sedation and almost constant surveillance.

TOM MC AVOY

PRESIDENTIAL AIDE MOYERS
With scriptural citations.

The Jenkins case raised new doubts about the effectiveness of U.S. security agencies. Are the FBI and the Secret Service, recently rebuked by the Warren Commission for their sloppy work before the Kennedy assassination, once again guilty of grave inefficiency? Should the CIA or any other security agency be denied the authority to check out White House staffers who handle the nation's top secrets? Just what kind of atmosphere prevails in Washington when local police would rather let a case rest than risk getting "burned" by Government officials or Congressmen?

One characteristic of Lyndon Johnson familiar to all Washington is his unquenchable penchant for intimate knowledge and gossip about everyone of importance in the capital. Was this one case where cops and security agencies—and who knows who else—were simply afraid to tell him about his aide?

The Replacement

With the departure of Walter Jenkins, the White House staffer who emerges as most important is Billy Don Moyers, 30, who, in addition to his own duties, now takes over those of Jenkins.

Bill Moyers (he was christened Billy but dislikes the diminutive) is a slim, pallidly handsome Baptist lay preacher who has directed the intellectual side of L.B.J.'s shop with quiet efficiency since Johnson moved into the White House. He supervises such speechwriters as Richard Goodwin, Douglass Cater and Horace Busby, tosses in the scriptural citations of which Lyndon is so fond. Better than any other staffer, he knows Johnson's mercurial moods, manages to assuage the boss with well-reasoned argument, never shouts or panics. Yet such self-control comes at a price: Moyers suffers from a chronic ulcer.

Against Moral Monopolies. The son of an odd-jobs man (truck driver, candy salesman, cotton picker), Moyers was a top student at high school in Marshall, Texas. At North Texas State College he was twice elected class president, twice named the college's outstanding student. His record came to the attention of Senate Democratic Leader Lyndon Johnson, who hired him as a summertime hand in his Washington office in 1954, later gave him a job as a news editor at Lady Bird's KTBC radio and television stations in Austin. At the same time—getting only six hours of sleep a night—Moyers also attended the University of Texas' Journalism School, racked up one of the best scholastic records in its history. He won a fellowship to study church-state history at Scotland's Edinburgh University. There he developed a lingering aversion to "moral absolutism," once explained: "No one has a monopoly on virtue or truth. Those who peddle this line, under whatever label, subvert the very thing they want to obtain."

Moyers later enrolled at Southwestern Baptist Theological Seminary in Fort Worth, also worked fulltime as its information director. He preached in rural churches, was ordained as a Baptist teacher but not a minister, intended to teach ethics at Baylor University, but changed his plans in 1959 when Johnson asked him to join his Senate staff. In a matter of months, Johnson hiked Moyers' salary from $10,000 to $15,000, made him executive assistant during his 1960 vice-presidential campaign.

A Matter of Age. After the election, Moyers left Lyndon and struck out as a New Frontier bureaucrat on his own. He helped Sargent Shriver set up the Peace Corps, became its director of public affairs at 27 and a deputy Peace Corps director at 28—one of the youngest officials ever to require Senate confirmation.

His age is one of the few things that Moyers gets emotional about. Said he in a speech: "This is a nation of youth—45% of the population of America is under 25 years of age. God save us

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from that day when we must say to the young men and women of America: 'We cannot trust you. We cannot depend upon you. We cannot use you —except for fodder in the flames of war.'" Moyers also feels strongly about Texas. A television interviewer, noting Moyers' soft twang, asked: "Do I detect a Texas accent?" Replied Moyers quickly: "Not only in my speech, sir, but in my heart."

Moyers willingly responded to Johnson's call for help at the White House last November, served as a bridge between the Johnson and Kennedy men. But he still speaks wistfully of breaking away from the L.B.J. pace and of spending more time with his wife Judy and their three children.

In Pursuit of Details. The only White House staffer who now rivals Moyers in influence with Johnson on administrative and social matters is the omnipresent Jack Valenti, former Houston adman who married one of Johnson's secretaries in 1962, became his "special consultant" when he moved into the White House. Valenti was completely unknown to Washington a year ago. His power lies in the fact that he dogs Lyndon's every step, amiably complies with his every wish. He tirelessly pursues the sort of details that anyone except Johnson might consider trivia. When Johnson appears in public, Valenti acts as a combined prompter, prop man and scriptwriter, even counts the bursts of applause during a Johnson speech. Like most of the Texans around Johnson, Valenti is more of a technician than a thinker, remains eternally pleasant—and worshipful.

THE CAMPAIGN

Good & Bad

At times last week—but only at times —President Johnson sounded like his old, exhilarated self.

Embarking on a grueling 8,000-mile campaign tour, the President stopped off in his opponent's home town to go to church, made a stop-and-go trip through downtown Phoenix, and did a little of his own preaching along the way. "Let's go to church and thank the good Lord for the U.S., for sunshine and freedom in the world," he told a Phoenix street crowd. "Love thy neighbor!" In Reno, he struck out at Goldwater, drawling that "we here in the West aren't about to turn in our sterling silver American heritage for a plastic credit card that reads, 'Shoot Now, Pay Later.' One candidate is roaming around the country saying what a terrible thing the Government is. He seems to be running against the office of President instead of for the office of President. Somebody better tell him that most Americans are not ready to trade the American Eagle in for a plucked banty rooster!"

"Forgive Them." In Northern New Jersey, Johnson proclaimed that the American people "are weary of those who preach that America is failing in the world and faltering at home. The people are tired of being told that their character is in question, that their moral fiber is riddled with rot and decay. The American people want leadership which believes in them, not leadership which berates them."

LYNDON & LADY BIRD JOHNSON IN NEW YORK CITY
"The people are weary."

In Rochester, he extolled the virtues of bipartisanship in foreign affairs. "How can we unite the world and lead it if we divide among ourselves?" he demanded. "Let's say to these men of little faith, the doubters and the critics, who sometimes become frustrated, and other times become bitter—let's say, 'Let's turn the other cheek' and say, 'God forgive them, for they really know not what they do!'"

Security Scares. But by midweek the fatigue in Johnson's face was plain to see. His fingers had become bloodied and were bandaged from shaking so many hands. He had also gone through some security scares. In Phoenix, one young man had been arrested when police found him carrying a loaded .22-cal. revolver under his coat. Another young punk bashed the President with a Goldwater sign. The sign creased Lyndon's hat; the President thought it was an accident, but others were not so sure, and the fellow was arrested.

In the outskirts of Los Angeles, the President was standing on the back of his car, making a speech, when police got a tip about a man with a gun. Johnson abruptly got in and sat down; a Secret Serviceman jumped up, brandishing an automatic rifle in the rear seat of the presidential follow-up car, and the motorcade moved away. In Buffalo, police picked up a man holding a rifle at a place where the President was expected to pass.

"You-Know-Where." In New York City, Johnson got word of the Jenkins case, delivered his toneless speech and next night, after a day of upstate campaigning with Bobby Kennedy, went to Madison Square Garden for another spiritless performance. Toward week's end, in Dayton, the President got a thunderous greeting from street crowds. But he also found people carrying crude signs alluding to the Jenkins story.

"I am not here to indulge in muckraking or mudslinging," the President declared testily. "Those are always weapons of desperation and of fearful, frightened men. You can always tell them by their words if not by their signs. A campaign can tear open new wounds, and it can pour fresh salt on fresh wounds. It can divide America instead of uniting it!" Then he delivered an emotional defense of his Administration's program and added: "If you don't believe in it, you can go you-know-where!"

"The Curious Crew"

Republican Goldwater decided some time ago that his most effective issue was national "immorality" under Democratic Administrations. Thus, although the Jenkins case underlined the issue, it did not change Barry's tone. The only difference was that when he spoke—as he had been speaking for weeks—about the "curious crew" in the White House, he got a greater audience response.

Bobby Baker's name remained the one that Barry mentioned most often and most scornfully. Early in the week, while he was addressing some 15,000 people in downtown Des Moines, Iowa's Republican Senator Bourke Hickenlooper handed him a slip of paper. Written on it was news of an announcement that a Democratic-controlled Senate committee, assigned to continue the investigation of the Baker case, had decided that it would hold no more hearings until after Election Day. Barry's face purpled.

"Now this is the kind of thing I'm talking about, folks!" he cried. "This is the kind of thing that bothers me. When the President of the U.S. has swept so

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...each dirt under the rug that you have ...o walk uphill to get to the Democratic ...latform; and when he can, by twisting ...he arm of any U.S. Senator or Con...gressman, call off an investigation that I am now convinced leads to the White House, then it is time for a change. This is a question of morals, it is a question of honesty or dishonesty, it is a question involving the White House—and that dark cloud has gotten darker. The American people don't like this!"

In Kansas City, Goldwater declared: "The man who now occupies the White House could stand on the side of truth. Instead, he is standing firmly and coldly on the side of deceit and cover-up . . . The White House remains silent in the face of scandal, grave suspicion, and a cause of national doubt unequaled in our time!" In Harlingen, Texas, he said: "The people have looked at the White House and have found it dark with scandal. The people have looked at the man who now occupies the White House and have found him shadowed by suspicions which no amount of handshaking and hurrah can chase away."

Goldwater's decision not to mention Jenkins, however temporary, was not shared by some other Republicans. G.O.P. Campaigner Dick Nixon raised the question of how it happened that Johnson's "two closest associates" should be "bad apples." Beyond that, Republicans are working up a TV film documentary showing stripteasers and wild teen-age parties, interlaced with shots of Bobby Baker and his pretty friend, Carole Tyler. Also on tap: G.O.P. sponsorship of an organization to be called "Mothers for a Moral America."

GREY VILLET—LIFE

BAKER & FRIEND IN 1957
The people don't like it.

The Social Security Argument

A disembodied pair of hands rips a social security card in half as a television voice confides: "On at least seven occasions, Senator Barry Goldwater said that he would change the present social security system. But even his running mate, William Miller, admits that Senator Goldwater's voluntary plan would destroy the social security system. President Johnson is working to strengthen social security."

That Democratic TV commercial is evidence of the fact that the U.S.'s social security system, so long accepted by so many, has become a red-hot issue in a presidential campaign for the first time in 28 years. And it has badly hurt Republican Candidate Goldwater, even though he went out of his way to bring up the argument.

A Turkey in New Hampshire. Last November, in a New York Times Sunday Magazine interview, Goldwater said: "I think social security ought to be voluntary. This is the only definite position I have on it. If a man wants it, fine. If he does not want it, he can provide his own."

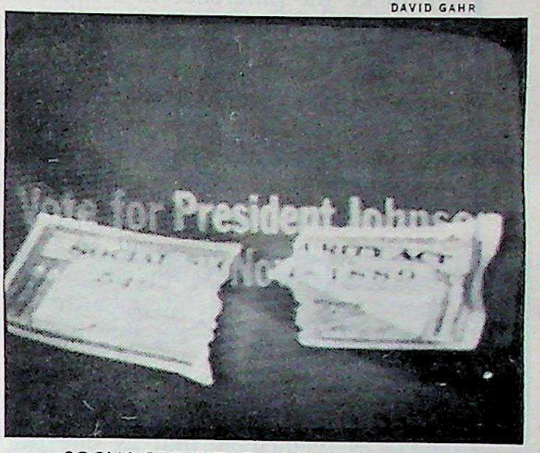
During the early weeks of this year's Republican presidential primary in New Hampshire, Goldwater reiterated this stand. It did not go over very well, particularly with the large segment of the New Hampshire population that depends on social security. Rival Nelson Rockefeller jumped on the Goldwater argument, charged that to make social security voluntary would be to make the system actuarially unsound, bankrupt it, and turn it into a "personal disaster to millions of senior citizens and their families." Somehow sensing that he had said the wrong thing, Barry backed away, started replying to those who asked him about his sentiments for voluntary social security: "I don't know where you ever got the idea. You must have been listening to the Governor of New York."

Damaging Cues. After New Hampshire, Goldwater came out with a paper insisting that he not only wanted "a sound social security system" but indeed hoped to see the system "strengthened." But right up to the time of the San Francisco convention, Rocky kept hammering away at Goldwater on social security, and so did Pennsylvania's Governor William Scranton, who termed Barry's voluntary scheme "the worst kind of fiscal irresponsibility." Since Goldwater's nomination, Democrats have picked up the issue, and President Johnson mentions social security in almost the same breath with "Peace and Prosperity." Said he to a Harrisburg, Pa., audience last month: "We do have a choice this year. It is the choice between the mighty voice of the American majority saying yes and the fading echo of the few who still say no. The majority said yes long ago to social security. The echo still says no."

As often as not, the Democrats take their cue from Rocky and Scranton, and Goldwater recently complained: "Rockefeller and Scranton have done me more damage than the Democrats ever could."

Goldwater has charged that Johnson is no friend of social security, since the President insisted that medicare be attached to an already passed bill expanding the social security system and increasing its benefits. The whole bill, Goldwater says with some justification,

DAVID GAHR



SOCIAL SECURITY TV COMMERCIAL
"On at least seven occasions."

died in conference committee because of the medicare rider.

The Controversy Rages. Just what are the merits of Goldwater's notion of voluntary social security? Most authorities, whether liberal or conservative, or whether in or out of government, agree that it is totally impractical. According to at least one expert estimate, if the system were to be made voluntary and only 15% of today's covered workers under 30 elected to drop out, the 1965 loss in contributions would amount to $1.5 billion; by 1968 the loss to the retirement benefit fund would amount to $8.5 billion, and by 1988 the social security program would be bankrupt.

Almost beyond argument, the social security system could be improved. As of now, improvement is all that Goldwater has made clear he wants; and it is plainly galling to him, as to many another American, to see the system misused as a vote catcher, as in the case of the medicare debacle. But Barry is not about to get well on this issue, especially so long as he fails to come up with a specific program of his own —a program that would keep the social security system going in one form or another.

Even though, since New Hampshire, Goldwater has virtually purged the word "voluntary" from his vocabulary, it has not done much good. Still the controversy rages, and the uncertainties over his true position abound. In Fort Dodge, Iowa, recently, a 500-signature petition was sent to the state's two U.S. Senators, asking that social security not be made voluntary. Like it or not, it seems that Barry is going to have a tough time convincing voters that he did not mean what he said before he was sorry he said it.

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THE RACES FOR GOVERNOR

OF the 25 states holding gubernatorial elections this year, 18 now have Democratic incumbents, seven Republicans. Although most of the campaigns are being fought strictly on state issues, the results of the presidential contest nonetheless seem almost certain to make the difference in a number of states where the races are remarkably close. A state-by-state rundown:

Arizona: Republican Richard Kleindienst, 41, a Goldwater field director before San Francisco, is an effervescent, effective campaigner, while Democrat Sam Goddard, 45, a Harvard-educated Tucson attorney, seems ill at ease on the speaker's stand. Kleindienst is favored to succeed Republican Paul Fannin, who is now running for Goldwater's Senate seat.

Arkansas: Only a few days ago, the chances seemed as thin as one of his granddaddy's dimes, but Republican Winthrop Rockefeller, 52, could now upset five-term Democrat Orval Faubus, 54, if resentment over the Jenkins case builds up.

Delaware: After 26 years on the bench, Democrat Charles L. Terry Jr., 64, took off his robes as chief justice of the state Supreme Court and came out swinging in his first political campaign. Republican David P. Buckson, 44, peppery state attorney general and former Lieutenant Governor, accuses Terry of political inexperience, says that, as a judge, Terry only "second-guessed" state government. Terry has a narrow edge.

Florida: Republican Charley Holley, 39, former Florida house minority leader, last week unveiled "photocopies" of bank ledgers purporting to show that Democratic Candidate Haydon Burns, 52, Jacksonville's segregationist mayor, had $1,215,690 stashed in Nassau. Burns denied it, flew with reporters to Nassau, proved to their satisfaction that Holley's documents were phony, came home a near cinch to replace outgoing Democrat Farris Bryant.

Illinois: Republican Charles H. Percy, 45, the former whiz-kid board chairman of Bell & Howell Co., is ahead of Democratic Governor Otto Kerner, 56, recently staggered by scandal in his first-term administration.

Indiana: Familiar as a witty speaker on the state's banquet circuit, Democrat Roger Branigin, 62, a prosperous Lafayette lawyer, is little known to voters in general, trails Republican Richard Ristine, 44, the state's smooth-working Lieutenant Governor.

Iowa: A reformed alcoholic who nonetheless put through a law allowing the sale of liquor by the drink, Democratic Governor Harold Hughes, 42, is popular, should win handily over Republican Evan ("Curly") Hultman, 39, state attorney general who backed William Scranton in San Francisco and has since been on the outs with Iowa's highly vocal Goldwaterite minority.

Kansas: Both U.S. Senators and all five Congressmen are Republicans, and Kansans seem likely to pick silver-haired Republican William Avery, 53, a ten-year congressional veteran, over Democrat Harry Wiles, 48, a St. John attorney.

Massachusetts: Complacent campaigning lost former Republican Governor John A. Volpe, 55, the 1962 election against hapless Democrat Endicott ("Chub") Peabody, who was dumped in the Democratic gubernatorial primary last month by his own Lieutenant Governor, Francis X. Bellotti, 41, father of twelve. Now working hard and aided by new corruption indictments of Democrats, Volpe holds a slim lead over Bellotti.

Michigan: Republican Incumbent George Romney, 56, speaks proudly of unprecedented state prosperity, generally ignores the ineffectual campaign attacks of Democrat Neil Staebler, 51, Michigan's Congressman at Large. Staebler's main pitch is to try to tie Moderate Romney to Conservative Goldwater, but it does not seem to be going over well. Romney appears to be pulling ahead.

Missouri: His age (68) and Goldwater's candidacy do obvious damage to Republican Moderate Ethan A. H. Shepley, a distinguished St. Louis lawyer and onetime chancellor of St. Louis' Washington University. Sharp-tongued Democratic Secretary of State Warren Hearnes, 41, who won a tough primary over the hand-picked candidate of outgoing Democratic Governor John Dalton, carps at Shepley as "a nice old man." Hearnes has a lead, although reaction to the Jenkins case could erase it.

Montana: Republican Incumbent Tim Babcock, 45, succeeded Governor Don Nutter, who died in a January 1962 plane crash. He campaigns on ultraconservative issues, boasts of rising employment and a decreased state deficit during his term. Babcock is the favorite, but Roland R. Renne, 58, former Montana State College president, has support from teachers, labor and the Farmers' Union, could come out on top if Montana goes strongly for Lyndon.

Nebraska: A cornfield campaigner from way back, Democratic Governor Frank Morrison, 59, plows political furrows all around colorless Republican Dwight Burney, 72.

New Hampshire: A lucrative sweepstakes law highlights the first term of well-liked Democratic Governor John King, 46. Though Republicans outregister Democrats 5 to 3 in the state, King's appeal to G.O.P. voters (he got 3,532 write-ins in the Republican primary this year) makes him a small stakes bet to repeat his 1962 victory over former Republican Legislator John Pillsbury, 45.

New Mexico: Democratic Governor Jack Campbell, 48, is running for a second term against Republican Merle Tucker, 52, a past president of Kiwanis International and a radio-station owner who brought joy to local Indians by putting out Navajo-language broadcasts. But there are not enough Navajos around.

North Carolina: Walking a tightwire between party liberals and conservatives, Democrat Dan K. Moore, 58, a former state judge, recently gave lukewarm backing to Lyndon Johnson, but still maintains a precarious alliance with segregationists. Republican Robert Gavin, 47, an attorney who showed well in a 1960 loss for Governor, is expected to lose again unless Moore topples from the wire.

North Dakota: Traditionally Republican, North Dakota twice elected a Democratic Governor William Guy, 45. Republican Donald Halcrow, 51, a Drayton businessman, got off to a badly organized campaign start. Leaning to the popular Guy.

Rhode Island: Elected in a 19[illegible] squeaker (a margin of 398 out of 328,000 votes cast), Republican John H. Chafee, 41, a Yaleman and ex-Marine, got medicare and aid to vocational-education bills through a Democratic-controlled legislature. But Rhode Island is generally Democratic, and Chafee appears to be slightly behind Democratic Lieutenant Governor Edward Gallogly, 45, an Irish Catholic who made a rung-by-rung political rise from precinct runner to gubernatorial nominee.

South Dakota: Polls show Goldwater trailing way behind Johnson, but ticket-splitters abound. Most South Dakotans (59% to 35%) say they'll go for Republican Lieutenant Governor Nils Boe, 51, bachelor attorney from Sioux Falls, over Democrat John F. Lindley, 46.

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...mer Lieutenant Governor, in the ...e to replace outgoing Republican ...bie Gubbrud.

Texas: No one heard much about ...publican Candidate Jack Crichton, 48, ...Dallas oilman, before his campaign ...st Lyndon's friend, first-term ...ocratic Governor John Connally, ...Chances are, no one will hear much ...t him after the election, either.

Utah: For 16 years Utah has had ...P. Governors. But with Incumbent ...ge Dewey Clyde quitting after a ... record and with strong anti-...ater feelings stirring, Republican ...didate Mitchell Melich, 52, is plod-...uphill despite his qualifications as ...mer state legislator, university re-... and uranium-firm president. The ...is case could hurt Democrats here, ...Democrat Calvin L. Rampton, 50, ...-known Salt Lake City attorney, ...still win going away.

Vermont: Big, blond Philip H. Hoff, ...e first Democrat to be Governor ...rmont since 1854, cut the state ... ramrodded an improved state ...tion bill through the G.O.P.-con... legislature, lured new industry ...e state during his first two-year ... But Republican Lieutenant Gov-... Ralph A. Foote, 41, has united ...t this year from a party that was ...by dissension in 1962, now has a ...edge.

Washington: Noted for wearing red ... in his buttonholes, Democratic ...rnor Albert ("Rosy") Rosellini, ... waging a vigorous backslapping ...aign for a third term. But Repub... Daniel Jackson Evans, 38, is a ...ome, articulate state legislator, ... united G.O.P. behind him, is a ...favorite to defoliate Rosy's roses.

West Virginia: Aiming to be the first ... mountaineers' memory to serve ...erms, former Republican Gover... (1957-61) Cecil H. Underwood, 42, ... coal-company executive, attacks ...ing Democratic Governor W. W. ...n for hard times and bad roads. ...crat Hulett C. Smith, 46, Bar... state commerce commissioner, ...es Underwood in good looks and ...forensics, criticizes Underwood's ...administration, defends Barron's. ...rwood, in a cliffhanger.

Wisconsin: Democratic Governor ...Reynolds, 43, got tangled up in ...factional fights, angered voters ...oing the state sales tax, looked ...while to be a sure loser. Republi... Warren Knowles, 56, a former ...tenant Governor, has conducted a ...ve campaign, but is still ahead and ...may there because of the Jenkins ...ection.

MASSACHUSETTS

From Dazzling to Fizzling

In the murk of Massachusetts politics, Democrat Foster Furcolo, Yale-educated ('33) lawyer and sometime playwright, was a dazzler. When he was a Congressman (1949-52), a poll of Washington correspondents rated him one of the ten best on Capitol Hill.

Furcolo handily won the governorship in 1956 and 1958—the first person of Italian extraction to win the job. But Foster fizzled in the statehouse, lost a 1960 primary for the Democratic U.S. Senate nomination.

The Payoff. Last week Furcolo, 53, was indicted on charges of misconduct while in office by a 21-member Boston grand jury. In the eight months since it was impaneled at the request of Republican Attorney General Edward Brooke, the grand jury has charged 40 persons with various violations of public trust. It now accused Furcolo of conspiring to arrange a bribe while he was Governor.

The indictment claimed that in 1960 Furcolo wanted to guarantee the reappointment of his commissioner of public works, Anthony N. DiNatale. Under Massachusetts' archaic (1780) constitution, final approval for gubernatorial appointments must come from the nine-man Governor's Council, an elected board that treasures its control over some 1,000 state patronage jobs. The grand jury charged that Furcolo had conspired to pay off four council members so they would vote for DiNatale. In last week's indictment, the four council members—Democrats all—were charged with asking for and getting a bribe in a conspiracy with Furcolo. DiNatale had been indicted a week earlier on separate allegations of larceny, bribery and conspiracy.

"Obviously Political." Furcolo denied all, cried that the whole thing was "obviously political," demanded a trial before Election Day. Instantly, there was speculation about how his indictment might affect contests for state offices. Both gubernatorial candidates—Republican John Volpe and Democrat Francis X. Bellotti—are Italian-Americans, and thereby are presumably equally immune (or susceptible) to any bloc-vote protest. But there is to be a referendum on Nov. 3 on whether to curtail the powers of the Governor's Council—specifically abolishing its right to approve gubernatorial appointments. Volpe has favored it all along, while Bellotti is on record against curbing the council.

Republican Brooke, the U.S.'s top elected Negro officeholder, is also up for re-election as attorney general.

Would the powerful Italian bloc now rise against him and ruin his chances? Brooke's campaign managers were unworried, pointed out that he already has an enormous lead and added, almost as an afterthought, that Brooke's wife is a native of Italy anyway.

AWARDS

The Youngest Ever

Of all the leaders of the U.S.'s Negro revolution, none has become more respected by his own people or more reviled by segregationists than the Rev. Dr. Martin Luther King Jr. Last week King, 35, was awarded the Nobel Peace Prize for 1964. He is the twelfth American,* and the youngest person ever, to be so honored.

Following custom, the five-man Nobel Prize Committee, named by the Norwegian Parliament, did not explain its choice. But in a brief biographical note, the committee noted that King "follows the principle of nonviolence."

There were, of course, outraged howls from the U.S.'s Deep South. "They're scraping the bottom of the barrel," cried Birmingham's former Public Safety Commissioner "Bull" Connor. Said Leander Perez, long a Democratic spokesman for Louisiana segregationists: "That only shows the Communist influence. Shame on somebody!"

UPI

KING & WIFE AFTER HEARING NEWS
A tribute to restraint and courage.

As for King himself, he was getting a routine checkup in an Atlanta hospital. Said he: "I do not consider this merely an honor to me personally, but a tribute to the discipline, wise restraint and majestic courage of the millions of gallant Negro and white persons of good will who have followed a nonviolent course in seeking to establish a reign of justice and a rule of love across this nation of ours."

King will go to Oslo to receive the award on Dec. 10. He plans to turn over "every penny" of the award—$54,000—to the civil rights movement.

* The others: Theodore Roosevelt, 1906; Elihu Root, 1912; Woodrow Wilson, 1919; Charles G. Dawes, 1925; Frank B. Kellogg (Calvin Coolidge's Secretary of State), 1929; Nicholas Murray Butler and Jane Addams, 1931; Cordell Hull, 1945; Evangelist John R. Mott and Pacifist Emily G. Balch, 1946; Dr. Ralph Bunche, 1950; Gen. George C. Marshall, 1953.

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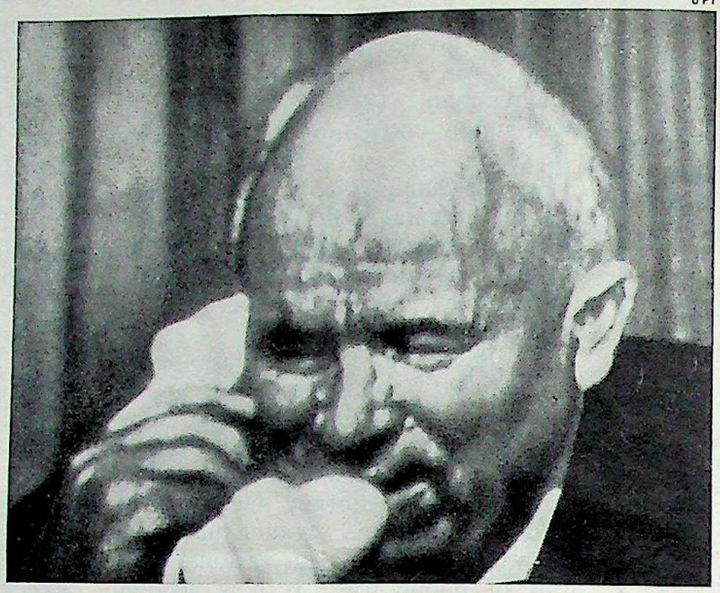
RUSSIA

Revolt in the Kremlin

(See Cover)

Nikita Sergeevich Khrushchev beamed his golden smile into the radiotelephone that connected him with the heavens. He was talking to Russia's latest space heroes, three cosmonauts whirling high above the Black Sea resort where their leader was vacationing. He congratulated them warmly, told them to keep in good shape for the huge reception planned on their return to Moscow, then uttered an eerily prophetic goodbye. "Here is Comrade Mikoyan," Nikita chortled. "He is literally pulling the telephone from my hands. I don't think I can stop him."

UPI



KHRUSHCHEV LAST WEEK TALKING TO COSMONAUTS
"He is pulling the telephone from my hands."

He couldn't. Nor could he stop the other comrades, whoever they might be, who were about to pull power from his hands.

Khrushchev had gone to the Black Sea, as he liked to, to relax, while also tending to a little business and receiving occasional visitors. Thus the West has a witness to at least part of the story. In the morning after his talk with the cosmonauts (*see* SCIENCE) and his prophetic crack about Mikoyan, Khrushchev received France's Atomic Science Minister Gaston Palewski. In the midst of their conversation, a messenger burst in. Nikita excused himself, as the minister later recalled, explaining that he had to return to Moscow "for the cosmonauts." Then he disappeared into the dusk of a typically Byzantine-Communist blackout.

Most Fascinating Dictator. For outsiders, the next clue to Nikita's fate came three days later, when home-bound Moscow workers queued up before newspaper kiosks and were greeted with hastily scribbled signs: "There will be no Izvestia tonight." Something was definitely in the works. Shortly after midnight, Tass tersely announced it. Nikita Khrushchev had been "released" from all his duties "at his own request" for reasons of "age and deteriorating health." His successors were named and congratulated: Leonid Brezhnev, 57, Secretary of the Central Committee, and Aleksei Kosygin, 60, who had served as First Deputy Premier.

Brezhnev, a florid, clever politician who so far, however, has mostly performed ceremonial functions, inherited the more powerful of Khrushchev's jobs and the one that has been traditionally the key to Soviet power: the secretaryship of the Communist Party. Kosygin, a trained economist and business-minded technician who has had little political experience but may just be the smarter and deeper of the two, inherited the premiership. Both had been known as Khrushchev's protégés.

Thus, some time between the moment his French visitor saw Khrushchev's exit from his Black Sea home and the time Tass announced the news of his removal, Communism's most raucous, most human, most infuriating, and in many ways most fascinating dictator had been deposed and replaced by two of his underlings.

Flimsy Reasons. Exactly how it happened might not be clear for weeks or months, or indeed ever, but the official announcements added up to this much: there had been two meetings, one of the powerful 170-member Central Committee, which usually convenes in a cramped Kremlin conference room, and the other next day of the 30-member Presidium of the Supreme Soviet. The inference was that Khrushchev had been present at both sessions. At the Central Committee meeting, Mikhail Suslov, an ideologue who had once been a Stalinist but has more recently

AP

MUSCOVITES READING THE NEWS IN RED SQUARE
"There will be no Izvestia tonight."

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...ared as Khrushchev's polemical ...chet man in the fight with Peking, ...ad a speech that contained the party's ...ccusations against Nikita—nepotism, ...stering a personality cult, and errors ...f policy toward China.

That is what happened. But why?

A great many possible explanations ...egan swirling through the startled air. ...the nature of things, no one in the ...st could yet be sure which of the ...ories or combination of theories ...s correct, but Kremlinologists peer... into the weird logic and dark moti... ...ons of Communism were to a re...arkable extent in agreement.

Even Moscow did not bother to sup... ...t the flimsy official reasons—age and ...lth. To be sure, Khrushchev at 70 ...s no longer the robust bullyboy who ...ed in the roadside dust of Yugoslavia ...h Mikoyan nine years ago in an ...romptu wrestling match. Lately he ...d been eating cabbage rather than ...t on doctor's orders, and drinking ...eral water rather than the vodka ...once made him the life of the Party. ...in retrospect, the real causes of ...downfall could be listed, and they ...e many.

CHINA. Khrushchev had much sym... ...y in Russia and elsewhere in the ...mmunist world in his joust with Chi... ...which involved deep national, racial ...economic rivalries. But he had ...ed the fight too far, or had allowed ...self to be pushed too far. Specifical... ...e had insisted on a Dec. 15 Mos... ..."summit" meeting in which the ...ese were to be formally condemned ...raitors to world Communism. Mao ...jeeringly replied: "The day you ...your so-called summit you will step ...your grave." Of Khrushchev's 26 ...ations, only 15 had been accepted, ...those who agreed to come were ...of the result.

THE MESS ON THE FARM. Despite his ...d proclamations of expertise in ag... ...ure (he devoted more speeches to ...yield, fertilizer and seed bulls than ...20 national leaders), Khrushchev's ...programs were disastrous. He fell ...one oversimplified solution after an..., kept reshuffling the administra... ...setup for agriculture, and dreamed ...better fertilizer—all to little avail. ..."virgin lands" scheme showed prom... ...this year, thanks to a hopeful har... ...but it was too late.

"GOULASH" COMMUNISM. Most of his ...e cheered when he announced that ...mmunism must first give people a ...ent life and then think about world ...olution. They cheered when he prom... ...that the revolution would, in fact, ...accomplished by beating the capital... ...on the economic front. But many ...also appalled—classical Marxists, ...gers of heavy industry ("metal eat... ...he called them) and military men ...of whom thought that heavy in... ...including armaments, must con... ...to have top priority, rather than ...ing more and more resources to consumer goods. Some party economists were also shocked by Nikita's growing acceptance of the need for capitalistic incentives to achieve Soviet industrial growth.

▶ FAILURES AGAINST THE WEST. His adventure in Cuba two years ago ended in humiliation when the U.S. forced him to retreat. Where Stalin, armed with nothing tougher than tanks, had grabbed great swatches of territory and threatened other countries (Spain, Korea and Greece), Khrushchev, despite his ICBMs and thermonuclear terror, could gain nothing more than a small Caribbean island—and not even defend it. From the point of view of his critics, it was turning into a no-win policy, aggravated by ideological softness on capitalism. Military men also charged that he was relying on the nuclear deterrent too much, at the expense of conventional forces.

▶ THE SATELLITES. He proclaimed the right of each national Communist Party to self-determination, but he let this concept go too far, losing control and causing disarray in the Eastern alliance. Rumania, for instance, would not play ball with Russia's self-serving Comecon (common market); and Hungary, which Khrushchev brutally suppressed during the 1956 rebellion, became daring enough to allow scornful "political cabaret" acts to have free reign. All this illustrated the dictator's classic problem: once he loosens his grip, it is hard to know where, when, or if things will stop.

▶ GERMANY. Khrushchev scandalized many comrades by his planned trip to Bonn in January for conferences with Chancellor Ludwig Erhard. Coming on top of his offhand treatment of Walter Ulbricht's East Germany (the long-promised separate peace treaty has yet to be signed), this caused the suspicion that Khrushchev might want to make some sort of deal with West Germany, a country regularly denounced as neo-fascist by Moscow propaganda.

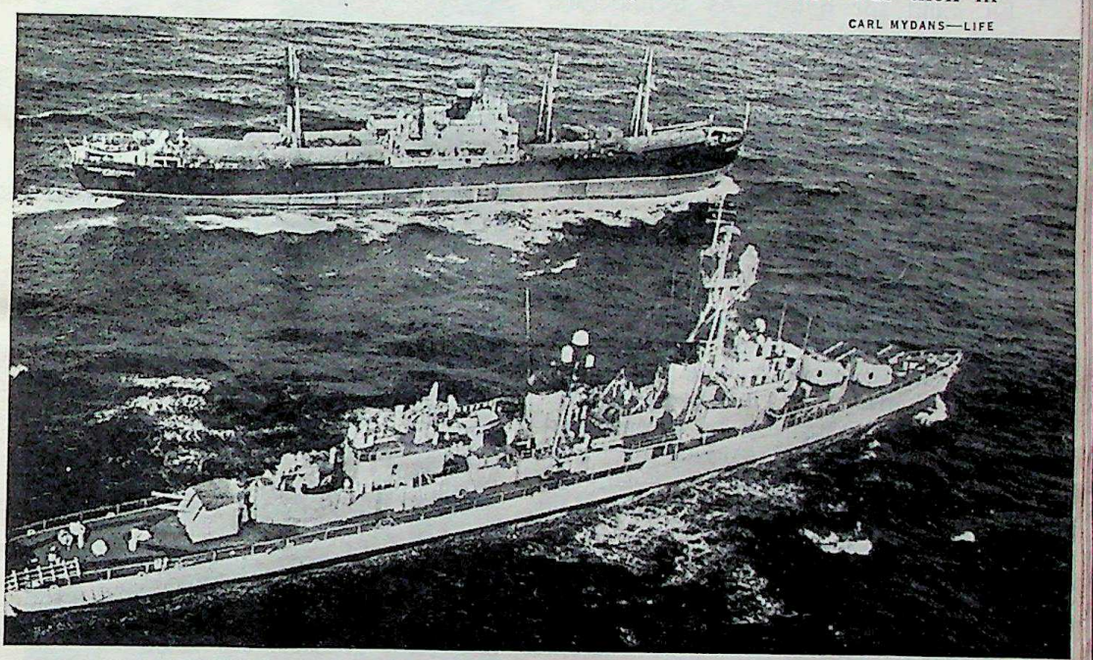
▶ THE "CULT OF PERSONALITY." He condemned it in Stalin, but he erected one around himself. His clowning, boorishness, shoe-pounding and endless references to buffaloes, wolves, tigers and housecleaners could at first be refreshing, in a weird way. But gradually Khrushchev became, in the words of the French Communists, "too Grand Guignol." Besides, he was stubborn and intractable. There were growing signs that the comrades were getting desperately tired of him.

No More Airlift. All of these factors, to a greater or lesser degree, were present throughout Khrushchev's ten-year reign. Indeed, his leadership of Russian Communism was gravely threatened once before. In 1957, a group of Stalinist rebels led by Malenkov met in the turbulent wake of Nikita's 20th Party Congress denunciation, which took Stalinism apart. Khrushchev was then in Finland. The anti-Nikita faction actually mustered a majority in the Presidium, voting 7-4 to throw him out.

Always keenly sensitive to the political pulse—in those days at least—Khrushchev winged back to Moscow, called on Marshal Georgy Zhukov, then Defense Minister, who airlifted dozens of supporters into Moscow to back him in the subsequent Central Committee fight. That time he won; this time he didn't. Perhaps the opposition now was too solid; perhaps he could no longer find supporters in the armed forces; perhaps he was too weary to make the effort.

Whatever the reason, his failure in last week's struggle for power was not against neo-Stalinists—at least it did not appear that way—but against his own boys. Both Brezhnev and Kosygin were hand-picked by Nikita to buttress his domain, and consequently in the past they represented many of his own

CARL MYDANS—LIFE



U.S. DESTROYER WATCHES RUSSIAN FREIGHTER REMOVING MISSILES FROM CUBA

Was someone guilty of a no-win policy?

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ideas and methods. On the face of it, they now stand for "Khrushchevism" without Khrushchev—the same show run more smartly, more carefully, with the old irritant out of the way. But somehow things never stay that simple for long in Soviet Russia.

Hammer & Sickle. The Kremlin's two new rulers are well-traveled, well-educated professional men—Brezhnev a metallurgical engineer, Kosygin an economist. Both have given what to all appearances is their wholehearted support to the two fundamental policies that slowly were making Russia a less revolutionary place to live in: Khrushchev's "peaceful coexistence" with the West, and his ever greater emphasis on consumer production at the expense of heavy industry and armaments. They are members of the generation that has been labeled "Communists in grey flannel suits."

But neither man fits any past Kremlin mold for power. As technocrats, both are colorless politicians. And, unlike Stalin, Malenkov and Khrushchev —each of whom had to claw his way to the seat of power—both Brezhnev and Kosygin were the logical heirs to their new posts. They had been put in line by the fallen Khrushchev.

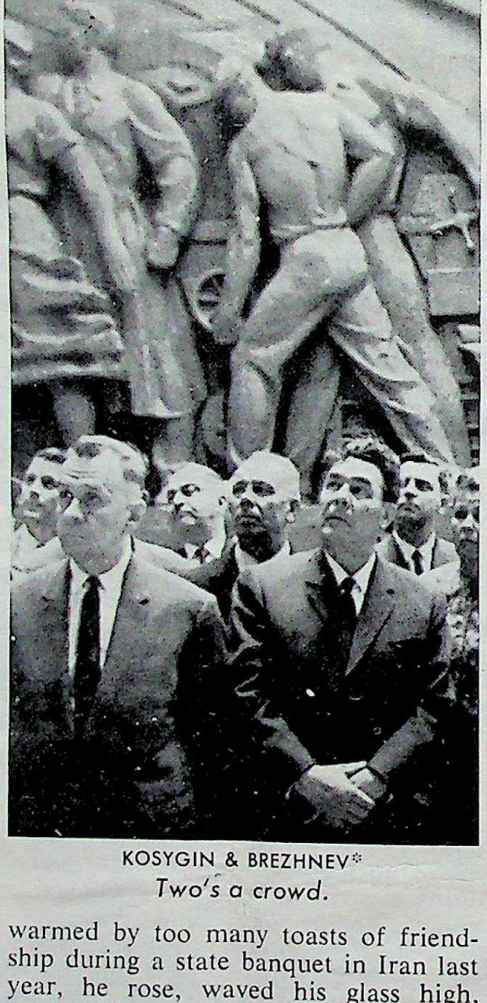
Brezhnev (pronounced Brezh-*nyoff*) is a suave, energetic Ukrainian who collects antique watches and rare songbirds, has high blood pressure, is rumored to have suffered two heart attacks. His daughter Galina, 20, is one of the prettiest—and best-dressed—girls in Moscow. Regarded by Kremlinologists as intelligent, potentially more flexible than Khrushchev, he nonetheless seems to lack the touch, originality and sense of purpose which the job of First Secretary demands.

But Brezhnev can hardly be accused of dogmatism. He rose to power by playing hammer to Khrushchev's sickle: whatever Khrushchev cut down, Brezhnev managed to drive in. Son of a steelworker, he first caught Khrushchev's eye in 1938 as an effective local boss in Nikita's Ukrainian party organization. In the Red Army during the war, they worked closely together as high-ranking political commissars. Only after Khrushchev became Premier did Brezhnev really show his worth.

In 1954, struggling for power with a faction led by Georgy Malenkov, Khrushchev staked his reputation on a project which Malenkov scoffed at as impossible, then detailed loyal Teammate Brezhnev to make it come true. The project: to make the shallow, wind-blown topsoil of Kazakhstan's vast virgin lands grow wheat. Brezhnev, on the strength of hordes of imported farm laborers and unusually heavy rains, produced bumper harvests—until 1959, when Malenkov's prophecies came true and the area turned into a dust bowl.

"Down with Protocol." Brezhnev moved on to seats on both the party's central Committee and the powerful Presidium. And, instead of being blamed for the Kazakhstan disaster, he headed the investigating committee that made his successor the goat. In May 1960, he replaced the 79-year-old Kliment E. Voroshilov as President of the Soviet Union, remained in that largely ceremonial role until last July, when Khrushchev installed him as his fulltime deputy on the Central Committee.

Brezhnev converted the presidency into a portable platform, made official state visits to 14 nations as Khrushchev's traveling salesman. He was a meticulous visitor, careful to learn the names, dates and statistics dearest to the hearts of his hosts, and always friendly to the precise degree demanded by the occasion. He slipped only once. Well



KOSYGIN & BREZHNEV*
Two's a crowd.

warmed by too many toasts of friendship during a state banquet in Iran last year, he rose, waved his glass high, roared triumphantly: "Down with protocol, long live freedom!"

Official Shadow. Aleksei Nikolaevich Kosygin, at 60, has been Khrushchev's economic czar since 1959. Pale, thin, and usually dressed in a baggy dark suit, he always seemed to be a kind of official shadow who was expected to mind the store for the ebullient proprietor. "He sits there and looks at you, and you can almost hear the wheels grinding," says one acquaintance. "Let's say he doesn't seem to have the greatest sense of humor. He isn't a funny fellow like Nikita."

* In 1963, at the Moscow monument to the conquest of the cosmos.

But Kosygin (pronounced Koh-see-gain) is full of surprises. For one, he is probably the most pro-Western of all Kremlin leaders, often shows up at U.S. embassy cocktail parties to chat amiably in German or Russian; he was the first member of the Council of Ministers to defend Khrushchev's great backdown in the 1962 Cuban missile crisis. For another, he has been working openly to discard the production quotas and controls so sacred to his Communist predecessors, replace them with decentralized controls and added incentives to both worker and manager.

On his numerous trade missions to potential Soviet customers abroad, Kosygin heads straight for the business community, where he feels at home. He ignores the local Communist Party, where he does not. One Italian capitalist who knows him well says he is "more like a glorified businessman than a politician." Adds another: "I consider Kosygin a first-class businessman. He drives a hard bargain, but once he has reached agreement, he honors that agreement."

Cold Sober. Like Brezhnev, he rose through the ranks of Communist organization men, but faster. In 1948, he became Stalin's Finance Minister and the "baby" of the Politburo (he was 44), only to fall from favor shortly before the dictator died in 1953. Justifiably wary, Kosygin since his reinstatement on the Central Committee has steered so far from party politics that Khrushchev once chided him publicly for being a "bureaucrat."

His capacity for work amazes everyone who knows him. "He kills himself working," says a Western acquaintance. "All at the same time, he was Finance Minister, chief of the central bank and head of the chamber of commerce. It was a superhuman job." Adds former West German Ambassador Hans Kroll: "He always struck me as extremely competent. He is no *phraseur*, but one can talk with him. He is not cold, but he is sober. He is the very opposite of a fanatic and adventurer. To my mind, it would be quite wrong to underestimate him."

Bragging & Commandism. Actually, nobody was underestimating either Brezhnev or Kosygin. Sudden successions in Communist regimes usually result in tough leaders—witness Stalin and Khrushchev. But sudden successions also raise questions, and the first to come up was: How long will they last? As soon as correspondents noticed that Brezhnev had been missing from two official Kremlin luncheons, everyone wondered inevitably whether he, too, had been ousted. No, he was merely busy, was the word. But the rumors and doubts would continue.

The new regime was quick to promise a better, more efficient form of Khrushchevism to both the Russian people and the world at large. In so doing, it

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outlined a few of the sins attributable to Nikita without actually naming him. Said a Pravda editorial: "Harebrained schemes, immature conclusions, hasty decisions, bragging and phrasemongering, commandism, unwillingness to take into account the achievements of science and practical experience are alien to the Leninist party." That was phrasemongering worthy of Khrushchev himself and, indeed, some of the phrases might well have been included in Nikita's earlier blasts against Stalin.

No sooner had Khrushchev been deposed than heads began falling all around him. First to hit the tumbril was Izvestia Editor Aleksei Adzhubei, 40, the pudgy, sneering, widely resented husband of Nikita's daughter Rada. Adzhubei had feathered his nepotistic nest with sports cars for his kids, and fouled it by betraying his trusting comrades in the Soviet Writers Union. Also canned were six of Khrushchev's closest aides, from private secretary to agricultural expert.

At the same time, Moscow's new leaders were busily reassuring the West that Khrushchev's basic policies were still in effect. Soviet ambassadors from Ankara to Tokyo proclaimed a continuance of "peaceful coexistence" and *détente;* and in Washington, Ambassador Anatoly Dobrynin spent 45 minutes with President Johnson reaffirming Russia's desire for relaxation of international tensions, increased disarmament and support for the United Nations. Johnson, for his part, was willing to give the new regime a chance to prove itself, but would brook no sudden belligerence on the Soviet Union's part.

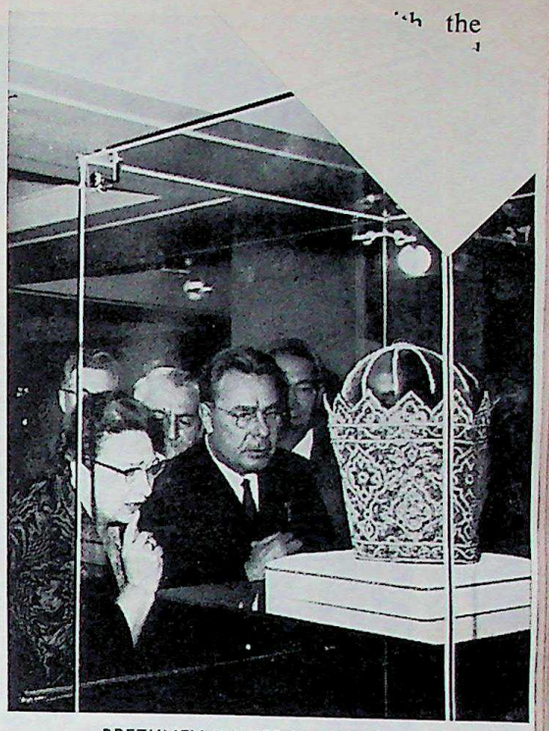
Warm Greetings. Such belligerence seemed unlikely—at least for the time being. Just as the triumvirate of Malenkov, Molotov and Beria bided their time during the transitional year after Stalin's death, Brezhnev and Kosygin are not likely to rush in new directions until their feet are firmly planted. But every indication was that the new B. & K. team,* trying for better relations with Red China, would move to paper over the rift. The first step would probably be a postponement of the Dec. 15 summit (an immediate cancellation might result in too serious a loss of Russian face). Another area for appeasement could lie in taking a tougher line with the West, perhaps in Berlin, maybe in Laos, where stalemate can always be unbalanced with little repercussion. At the outset at least, Brezhnev and Kosygin were playing it for continuity. At week's end they issued a relatively mild "resolution," condemning Red China for its venomous behavior toward the Soviet Union. Halfheartedly, they asked Mao to be the first to apologize.

Mao had already weighed in with hopeful-sounding praise for Russia's new leaders: "May the Chinese and Soviet peoples win one victory after another in their common struggle against imperialism headed by the United States and for the defense of world peace!" It was entirely possible that Khrushchev had been sacrificed in order to bring about a *détente* with Mao. But even if that were so, Chinese and Russian interests would continue to clash in the long run. With the detonation of its first nuclear bomb, Red China may feel more impelled than ever to push for leadership of the Communist world.

Forum for the Fallen? One side effect of the Russo-Chinese split has been the widely heard argument in the West that if it were not for Khrushchev in the Kremlin, a tough, pro-Chinese, belligerently anti-Western faction might take over. That is, of course, still possible. But if Khrushchev talked or practiced peaceful coexistence, it was largely because he was forced to—by his own economic troubles at home and by the nuclear "balance of terror." Both factors will continue to apply to Russia's new regime.

Says one top Washington policymaker: "I have never subscribed to the view that anyone who comes after Khrushchev would be worse. Although Khrushchev at 70 was portrayed as the benevolent grandfather, at the age of 68½ he put missiles into Cuba." While the new rulers may very well have slowed down the disintegration of the Communist world, they may also have weakened Russian Communism even further—if only because of the continued power struggles that are likely to follow.

Thus last week's transition was largely on the surface. It has yet to be effected on the level that counts—with people and with policies. No one could predict whether Brezhnev and Kosygin could achieve such a change. The long history of changes within the Soviet leadership suggests that they will first have to fight it out for sole control of Russia with each other—or with some third contender who is still lurking in the woodwork. Such speculation was rife. It happened that way with Stalin, and again with Khrushchev. And meanwhile, the man who had set up the whole problem, Nikita himself, was out of sight, his whereabouts unknown. According to one rumor, he was still free, writing a rebuttal to the Central Committee's charges against him. But his chances of ever being heard were slim. Even in the liberalized Russia he had created, there was still no forum for the fallen.



BREZHNEV & WIFE IN IRAN*
A portable platform.

GALINA BREZHNEV & RADA ADZHUBEI
A cult of personality.

DUFOTO

KOSYGIN & DAUGHTER IN VENICE
A glorified businessman.

* Also used for Bulganin and Khrushchev, before Khrushchev kicked Bulganin out in 1958.

* Inspecting crown jewels at Bank Melli.

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P.A.—REUTER

WINNER HAROLD WILSON & WIFE
The computer grew folksy.

GREAT BRITAIN

The Taxicab Majority

(See Cover)

The election was a squeaker—and the government it produced would have to hang on for dear life. Labor won the election, but it did not win the country, and it only barely won control of the House of Commons. The outcome almost too neatly balanced growing dissatisfaction and boredom with the Tories against lingering distrust of the socialists.

All through election night, Labor's jubilation mounted as its margin seemed to rise. When counting ended for the night, Harold Wilson's party was 67 seats ahead. But next day, as the delayed rural results came in, Labor's lead began to dwindle sharply. By noon it was down to 37. An hour later it was only 19. In the end, with 630 seats at stake, Labor had won 317, or a majority of only four. The Tories carried 304 constituencies, down 56. The minuscule Liberal Party had nine, up two from the last Parliament, and Liberal Leader Jo Grimond promised, "under certain conditions," to support a Labor government. In the popular vote, Labor captured 44.2% of the ballots, Conservatives 43.4%, Liberals 11.2%, Communists .2%, others 1.0%.

Trying to run the government and pass legislation with that slim a margin will prove an immense strain—and, before too long, probably impossible. In 1950 Clement Attlee's Labor government won a majority of six, and Attlee was forced to call another election within 18 months, which Labor lost, starting the long Tory reign. During those 18 months, politicians used to crack: "Suppose there's an important vote in the Commons and a taxi carrying a full load of Labor M.P.s breaks down—out goes the government." As things are now, the taxi need not even carry a full load.

Personalities. The Tories suffered particularly painful embarrassment in the defeat of several of their Cabinet members: ex-Prime Minister Harold Macmillan's son Maurice, who was Economic Secretary to the Treasury, lost in Halifax; Postmaster-General Reginald Bevins was beaten in Liverpool; Health Minister Anthony Barber fell at Doncaster; and Geoffrey Rippon, Minister of Works, was defeated at Norwich. But Labor had a bad local setback too. Patrick Gordon Walker, slated to be Foreign Secretary, was beaten in his constituency of Smethwick, a part of Birmingham where the race issue is raging because of heavy immigration by West Indians, Pakistanis and Sikhs from India, turning whole neighborhoods into slums. Because the Laborites originally opposed Tory-sponsored curbs on Commonwealth immigration (actually, they have since changed their stand), and because the party platform blames conditions on "landlordism" rather than on the immigrants themselves, a devastating local slogan arose: "If you want a nigger neighbor, vote Labor."

On balance, Tory Leader Sir Alec Douglas-Home fought a remarkable fight. A year ago, as an aristocratic amateur, he had inherited a party shattered by the Profumo scandal and enervated by a dozen years in power. They laughed when he sat down on the government front bench—but when he started to play politics, he very nearly led his party to victory. To a large extent, of course, it was a contest of personalities.

Wilson emphasized this again when he drove to the palace last week to "kiss hands" and formally accept the Queen's commission to head a new government. He turned that routine ceremony into a symbolic occasion by taking along not only his handsome wife Mary, but his two sons, Robin, 21, and Giles, 16, and his father Herbert, a retired industrial chemist who, a vigorous 81, had campaigned tirelessly for his son. Wilson was, in effect, proudly displaying his lower-middle-class origins. He is the first Prime Minister in British history who is a "grammar-school boy"—meaning he did not attend one of the country's select private schools.

While many Britons obviously still love a lord, many others saw Home as the only recently unbelted earl, millionaire, landowner, and symbol of everything old-fashioned and privileged in the Tory Party. Despite Britain's gradually fading class lines, class feeling is still strong—and perhaps at the bottom more so than at the top. Wilson told foot-stomping, cheering crowds that "we must get rid of established privilege" and ridiculed the "old-boy network." And he enjoyed the cut-and-thrust of argument with hecklers as much as Old Etonian Home abhorred it. When Wilson referred one Midlands heckler to a printed pamphlet, a Laborite cried, "He can't read!" Wilson rejoined, "Oh, yes he can. He went to a Yorkshire school, not to Eton."

Wilson also carefully set out to build a new Wilson—a warmer, folksier character than the arrogant and computerized type he has always appeared to be. How long the new image will last remained to be seen. Shortly after the election, the new Prime Minister snapped at photographers on a train: "I must tell you once and for all, I'm not a performing seal. I will not be photographed eating or drinking."

The Economy. Beyond personality, the central issue was—and remains—prosperity, its care and feeding. The Tories claimed credit for full employment and fat pay packets. British workers were vacationing in Spain and on the Balearic Islands; clerks and stevedores were moving into houses in developments and erasing bad old memories of the dole and Depression. Douglas-Home urged voters not to risk their jobs and their living standard by opting for the "officialdom run riot and red tape" of a Labor government.

Wilson countered that the British economy, while seemingly flush, is dangerously stagnant. There is much truth in this, so that yesterday's campaign issue is tomorrow's chief problem for the new government. The growth rate of British industry is one of the lowest in Western Europe and the balance-of-payments deficit rose alarmingly from $266 million to $310 million between August and September. Wilson insisted that "Britain will have just as much influence in the world as we can earn and deserve"—and that only Labor has the efficiency and the ideas that will make Britain earn and deserve more. The argument was somewhat dimmed by the fact that while no one

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doubted Wilson's own brilliance, his team is composed either of old-line party socialists or of promising but untried intellectuals with little or no administrative experience (*see box*).

At the same time, while even Communism is admitting the need for capitalist-style incentives, many suspect that, as the London Times put it: "At the heart of much Labor thinking there is still the idea of an egalitarian society. There has been some move away from the old rigidity when £2,000 a year was envisaged as a maximum for anyone. But the old Adam is not dead."

Socialism. Just how socialist is Britain's new government likely to be? While Wilson indulges in some ritualistic clatter about Wall Street operators and Whitehall barons, he stresses science more than socialism, efficiency as much as welfare. Besides, a great deal of Britain is socialist for keeps, no matter who is in power. Coal mines, railroads and a segment of steel are nationalized already; the gas and electric industries are run by public corporations, as are airlines, broadcasting, canals and atomic energy.

Labor is committed to nationalizing the rest of the steel industry and possibly the trucking business. Wilson has also promised to modify the private ownership of land so as to prevent speculation—and of course he has vast housing and pension schemes. To accomplish all this he intends to set up a super-ministry of planning, which will overshadow the established economic departments (Treasury, Board of Trade). But it is highly unlikely that Wilson will be able to accomplish much of this in the near future. Quite apart from his precarious parliamentary position, he has urgent problems to take care of, notably the balance-of-payments crisis and the weakening pound.

Foreign Affairs. In foreign and defense matters, Wilson creates some uneasiness in Washington. He wants to abandon Britain's independent nuclear deterrent, wants to renegotiate the Nassau agreement, which originally promised Britain Polaris missiles. This switch might not trouble Washington. But Wilson is also known to be cool, if not downright hostile, to joining M.L.F., the multilateral nuclear force that the U.S. is pushing hard, and he is sometimes regarded as a little too eager for *détente* with Communism and for serious disarmament schemes. But despite the lingering left wing, Harold Wilson's Labor Party is basically pro-Western and pro-NATO.

The worrisome part for Britain and its allies is not that the Conservatives—for their own good, they could use some time in opposition—but that Labor won by so narrow a margin. In Europe, in Anglo-U.S. relations, in defense and the cold war, Britain ought to make its influence felt through a strong and stable government. Instead, Britain is saddled with a regime that has no authority and that will be constantly hampered by close votes and surrounded by controversy.

Much of the controversy will be provided by Sir Alec Douglas-Home, who left No. 10 Downing Street within 24 hours after the polls closed and got ready to lead Her Majesty's Loyal Opposition—a job he says "will be comparatively easy." He added, with a characteristic mixture of éclat and cliché: "I enjoyed being Prime Minister, but one must take the rough with the smooth." Harold Wilson appeared equally determined to enjoy his sojourn as Prime Minister. Despite the narrowness of his victory, Wilson insisted that Labor has a mandate to make "many changes." He added: "We intend to fulfill that mandate, and we are concerned to ensure that there should be a true partnership between the government and the people."

DONS & BROTHERS

THE new Labor Cabinet is divided between party veterans who still call each other "brother" and are belligerently proud of not being university men, and a group of donnish types with dazzling academic credits. The dons seem to predominate. Like Harold Wilson himself, five top Cabinet members took firsts at Oxford, and several of them have had teaching experience. Leading appointments so far:

BROWN

George Brown, 50, Minister of Economic Affairs. The son of a truck driver, he began his political career at the age of eight by distributing Labor leaflets, put in a few years as a clerk and fur salesman before he turned to a career in trade unions and the Labor Party. He served as deputy leader under Wilson, his former rival for the top job. Easily emotional, Brown has been known to embarrass his colleagues and the public; Britons have not forgotten his display on television after the murder of John F. Kennedy, when tearfully he kept calling the dead President "Jack." But Brown has a marked instinct for survival, plus vision, drive and authority.

CALLAGHAN

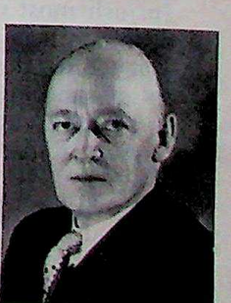
James Callaghan, 52, Chancellor of the Exchequer. He is the son of a chief petty officer in the Royal Navy, entered it himself as an ordinary seaman in the war, rose to lieutenant. He joined the civil service in 1929 as a tax collector. Next to Wilson, "Stoker Jim" Callaghan is the party's most skilled parliamentary debater, and though virtually self-taught in economics, he has a sound grasp of world finance. He has shown he can work well in tandem with Wilson, who plainly expects to be pretty much his own Chancellor.

GORDON WALKER

Patrick Gordon Walker, 57, Foreign Secretary. One of the original staunch supporters of the late Labor Party chief Hugh Gaitskell, he has since loyally followed Wilson. The son of a judge, Gordon Walker was a history tutor at Christ Church, Oxford, for nine years, and, in the opinion of one observer, "could be mistaken for a Tory." The only member of Wilson's Cabinet to have held senior rank in the last Labor government, Gordon Walker is regarded as a bridge-figure between the academic and union sides of the Labor Party. He was the first Secretary of State to visit all Commonwealth countries.

HEALEY

Dennis Healey, 47, Defense Minister. Regarded as "an intellectual first and a politician second," he went to Oxford on a scholarship, was briefly involved with the extreme left, but is now considered notably pro-U.S. "Anti-Americanism," he says, "is a disgrace to Socialism and a danger to peace." Healey is thought by some of his colleagues to be too theoretical, but he has made a strong impression abroad with his deft performances at international conferences.



GARDINER

Lord Gardiner, 64, Lord Chancellor. Respected even by Tories as "the Prince of Lawyers," and noted for ruthless cross-examination in court, Gardiner has successfully defended such diverse cases as D. H. Lawrence's *Lady Chatterley's Lover* (obscenity) and Randolph Churchill (libel). He is a dedicated crusader against capital punishment. Son of a British shipping magnate and a German baroness, he is an unlikely Laborite who served for a time in the Coldstream Guards. As a young man he was so elegant and ennuied that his friends organized a group known as S.R.G.G.H. (Society for the Ruffling of Gerald Gardiner's Hair).

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RED CHINA

Fateful Firecracker

It was probably the most thoroughly anticipated explosion in history. For years Western experts had been predicting that the Chinese would perform the feat before long. Two weeks ago, Secretary of State Dean Rusk said so again. Last week, with consummate timing, less than a day after Nikita Khrushchev's downfall was announced, the Chinese finally did it. From a steel tower in the desert of western Sinkiang, north of the Himalayas, they exploded a crude nuclear device.

It had taken them 14 years, cost them more than $200 million and the talents of 1,800 scientists and engineers —all of which were badly needed elsewhere in China's near-starvation economy. Western experts believe the blast was fueled by plutonium and was slightly smaller than that of the 20-kiloton bombs that the U.S. dropped on Hiroshima and Nagasaki 19 years ago.

The Red Chinese were triumphant. Peking Radio immediately began transmitting the news in all major languages, including English, Quechua and Swahili, that it had become the world's fifth atomic "power," demanded an immediate worldwide summit conference to "discuss the complete prohibition and thorough destruction of nuclear weapons." Added Peking smugly: "The mastering of the nuclear weapon by China is a great encouragement to the revolutionary peoples of the world."

Years & Efforts. The U.S. did not quite enter into that spirit. Said President Johnson: "This explosion has been fully taken into account in planning our own defense program and nuclear capability. Its military significance should not be overestimated." Most experts also believe that Peking shot its wad for a while, may not be ready to test another one for more than two years. But as a result, at least in part, of the defection of Western-trained scientists from such atomic centers as Caltech and France's Curie Institute, the Chinese have the scientific know-how to continue. Because of Russian aid from 1950 to 1959 (when the Moscow-Peking split first fissured), they also have a network of operating uranium mines, at least four nuclear reactors, a raft of Soviet-trained technicians, and a rudimentary basic industrial plant that can furnish most of the products needed to maintain a small atomic-bomb program. But China is woefully lacking in chromium and nickel, two elements basic to the operation of an atomic reactor.

According to top China experts, Peking can afford to spend a maximum of $500 million a year on all phases of its nuclear program—unless drought or floods force it to spend hard currency to buy food. At this rate, it might take China between five and ten years to produce 30 bombs small enough to be lifted by an airplane or missile. But China has no long-range bombers or missiles, and to create the air fleet that would deliver the bombs would take $10 billion to $20 billion and between 15 and 20 years—unless outside help comes along.

Anxiety & Distrust. Throughout the world, the China bomb was greeted with anxiety and distrust. Japan fired off an official protest—and it was refreshing for once to see Communist students demonstrate not in front of the U.S. but the Red Chinese headquarters. At the United Nations, the Indian ambassador said China's explosion of "this golf ball" was "in defiance of world opinion," dismissed its demand for a nuclear summit meeting as "a propaganda gesture."

In both Washington and Paris, diplomats feared that the most likely immediate result would be greater activity by

AP FROM EASTFOTO

MAO TSE-TUNG
Reason for triumph.

Southeast Asia's Communist guerrilla armies, in the mistaken belief that Peking can now stand up to Washington with an atomic punch.

But far off as it may seem, the day when Red China can stand up to Washington—and to Moscow as well—has now drawn much, much closer. It was Mao Tse-tung, last of the oldtime Communists and master of Red China's 750 million, who had the clearest reason for triumph last week. It was far too early to conclude that Mao had won the struggle with Russia, which reaches beyond ideology into economic and national rivalry and beyond that into the whole question of Communism's future. But as the radiation glow faded in the Sinkiang wastelands, Mao Tse-tung could afford to gloat over his bomb—and over the sudden departure of his hated fraternal enemy Nikita Khrushchev, whom he had once scorned as the "laughingstock of the world."

Both the U.S. and Russia share one dilemma: sooner or later they must do something about the China problem.

SOUTH VIET NAM

Suggestions, Anyone?

Saigon last week wore the strained smile of a city denying reality. In the sensual half-light of the busy Tu Do nightclub, a chanteuse belted out "*Non, je ne regrette rien*," while in the harsh countryside the casualties totaled over 1,000 Vietnamese and a score of Americans in one of the worst weeks of the long war against the Viet Cong. Tall bottles of Krug champagne stood at attention next to Long John Scotch in the windows of shops filled with luxury goods, and the cafés and milk bars were jammed with clothes-conscious students oblivious to the squawk of loudspeakers in planes flying overhead commanding all males between 20 and 25 not yet under arms to register for the draft.

In the Eden Palace movie theater, *Judgment at Nuremberg* played to a packed house, while Saigon's 1,000-bed Cong Hoa military hospital overflowed with 3,000 war victims. The fashionable French high schools are desperate for teachers to satisfy the demands of wealthy Saigonese who want to enroll their children, and "curfew parties" start at midnight and end at dawn. Saigon is suffering from *Weltuntergangstimmung* (an end-of-the-world mood), a local psychiatrist told TIME Correspondent James Wilde. "There's something of the feeling here that existed in the Middle Ages when the plague struck," he added. "You have big feasts and orgies."

Brief Reprieve. There was even a festive air at the trial of 13 officers and seven civilians charged with attempting to unseat General Khanh last month. The five-man military tribunal wore dress white and medals. As the accused entered the prisoners' box, they turned and smiled to their waving and applauding wives and children in the packed gallery. Although the defendants are all former friends or classmates of his, Khanh has insisted on the trial to discourage further coups and to satisfy Vietnamese Buddhists, who felt the "coupette" that failed was essentially anti-Buddhist. On the other hand—such are the balancing acts required in Vietnamese politics—if the accused were to draw overly severe sentences, much of the army would be antagonized.

For Viet Cong Terrorist Nguyen Van Troi, however, there was no tempering of justice. Troi, convicted of trying to kill Defense Secretary McNamara last spring had got a brief, bizarre reprieve when Venezuela's Castroite F.A.L.N. kidnaped U.S. Air Force Lieut. Colonel Michael Smolen and announced that it was Troi's life or Smolen's (TIME, Oct. 16). But last week Smolen was released unharmed in Caracas, while in Saigon, Troi was tied to a post in the garden of Saigon's Chi Hoa prison and executed by a Khanh firing squad.

Northern Threat. Meanwhile, Khanh and the High National Council of civilians, set up to give South Viet Nam a

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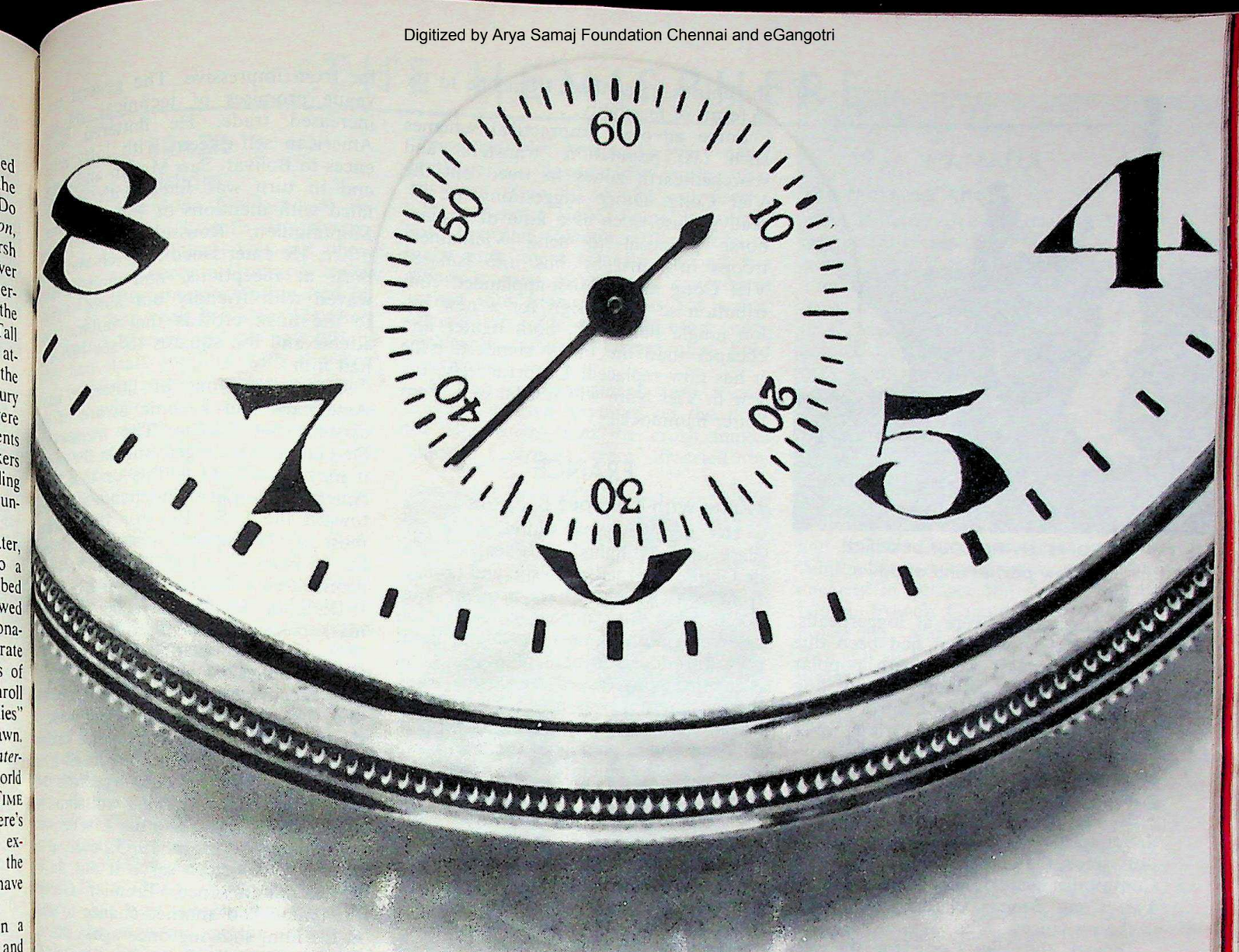

Each minute, each day something happens somewhere
that makes news. Each week
TIME sorts out the most important happenings,
extracts what makes news from what
merely makes noise. In the process, TIME keeps the
world's most interested readers informed on
the world's most interesting people, places and events.

TIME

The Weekly Newsmagazine

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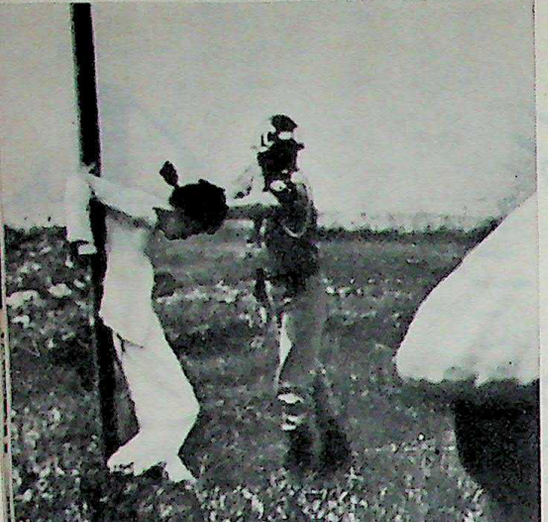

TROI RECEIVING COUP DE GRÂCE
Curfew parties end at dawn.

new constitution, were at loggerheads. Though the constitution had been due for unveiling last week, with popular elections to follow, Khanh was insisting on virtually autonomous control by the military in exchange for turning over the reins of power to a civilian government—a notably self-contradictory plan even by South Viet Nam standards. At any rate, the Council wisely announced, popular elections were ruled out, since they might well result in a Communist victory, given the extent of Viet Cong control of the countryside in the provinces.

Indeed, the Viet Cong for the second straight week seemed to be stepping up the tempo of the war. They now have virtual control of four of the six northern coastal provinces of South Viet Nam and thus the potential to cut the country in two.

The northern provinces had been largely free of Viet Cong until the Vietnamese 25th Division was pulled back to help clear the infested provinces immediately around Saigon three weeks ago. The move is paying off: at week's end, in a series of battles largely around Saigon, the Vietnamese inflicted heavy losses—300 casualties in one day—on the Viet Cong. But meanwhile the Viet Cong have come down from the mountains in battalion strength to fill the vacuum left by the 25th's departure, are now forcing peasants in the undefended area to collect and carry the rice harvest north to feed Communist troops.

Feasibility Six. Under the circumstances, all suggestions were welcome to harassed officials in Viet Nam, and in fact the U.S. military command in Saigon disclosed that since last January it has been running a suggestion box to elicit ideas on how to win the war in Viet Nam. It has received more than 500 ideas from all over the world, ranging from the terse "Go north" of a sergeant in Texas to four detailed pages containing 15 suggestions from an officer based in a Vietnamese jungle camp. A nine-man committee screens the entries, rates them from one to six in terms of feasibility.

Some advocate impractical schemes such as population transfers and scorched-earth zones to weed out the Viet Cong. Other suggestions are already in use, such as a kind of Trojan-horse proposal to send Vietnamese troops in mufti by bus into isolated Viet Cong areas. Most-applauded contribution so far: design for a new nylon jungle hammock, both lighter and cheaper than the bulky standard issue it has now replaced. Unfortunately, the war in Viet Nam will not be won from better hammocks.

FRANCE

Home with Trumpet & Spurs

His myopic eyes squinting in the glare of Orly lights, President Charles de Gaulle emerged, majestic and tanned, from the jet that had brought him home after his four-week, ten-nation tour of South America. The general bore an odd assortment of presents: an Argentine pony (asked De Gaulle when the presentation was made: "What does it eat?"), a Bolivian trumpet, Chilean spurs, a Colombian gold cigar box encrusted with emeralds (he does not smoke), and a Uruguayan whip appropriately inscribed, "Strike hard against the enemies of France."

The return received dutiful top coverage by the state-owned television network, although the French had long since become bored with the general's marathon Latin solo. By now they were far more preoccupied with the Chinese bomb and the change in the Kremlin's management. In the dailies, the news of De Gaulle's return was even being crowded by Labor's victory in Britain.

Special Alliance. In Brazil, the last and greatest nation on his tour, De Gaulle had waxed loftier and more Delphic than ever. He spoke of the traditional bonds between the two countries, and then, alluding to some dark and distant Armageddon, cried: "I greet the Brazilian army as the ally, if need be, of the French forces, whatever may befall us. There will always be between us, I am sure, a special alliance."

There were more immediate matters to discuss. The Brazilians having promised to compensate the former French owners of the São Paulo–Rio Grande railroad nationalized in 1940, De Gaulle and President Castello Branco issued a communiqué expressing the hope that "the two governments will reach fully satisfactory results as rapidly as possible regarding the other questions still pending between France and Brazil." The most outstanding of these problems is the Brazilian claim that once Brazilian, a lobster always remains Brazilian, no matter how far he strays on the continental shelf, and that French fishermen who capture them are pirates.

Friendly Aloofness. Apart from a possible lobster truce, the tangible results of De Gaulle's peregrinations were far from impressive. The general gave vague promises of technical aid and increased trade. He flattered South American self-esteem with lofty references to Bolívar, San Martín and Sucre, and in turn was feted with speeches filled with mentions of Pascal, Racine, Montesquieu, Rousseau and Jeanne d'Arc. He entertained the rich and well-born at receptions, and nodded and waved with friendly but aloof dignity to the huge crowds that jammed the streets and the squares to see him and hail him.

Clearly, millions of illiterate Latin Americans had become aware of the existence of France. The memory of De Gaulle may linger, and in the future it may contribute to this or that Latin American leader's independent stance toward the U.S. But for the present, most of De Gaulle's hosts had, if anything, made a special point of their hemispheric solidarity with the U.S.

Dauphin Declared. The most remarkable single result of the trip probably was the demonstration of De Gaulle's physical stamina. At 73, and only recently recovered from an operation, he endured the grueling pace of the journey, the speeches and endless receptions, the mob scenes in all kinds of weather. All this reinforced the conviction in France that he will stand for re-election for another seven-year presidential term in 1965, even if he does not expect to serve it out. In the President's absence, Premier Georges Pompidou had another chance to stand in for him, showing once again that De Gaulle evidently leans to him as his chosen dauphin. Not that the able Pompidou had much latitude; he received his instructions by phone from far-off South America as carefully and regularly as he does when De Gaulle is in residence at the Elysée Palace.

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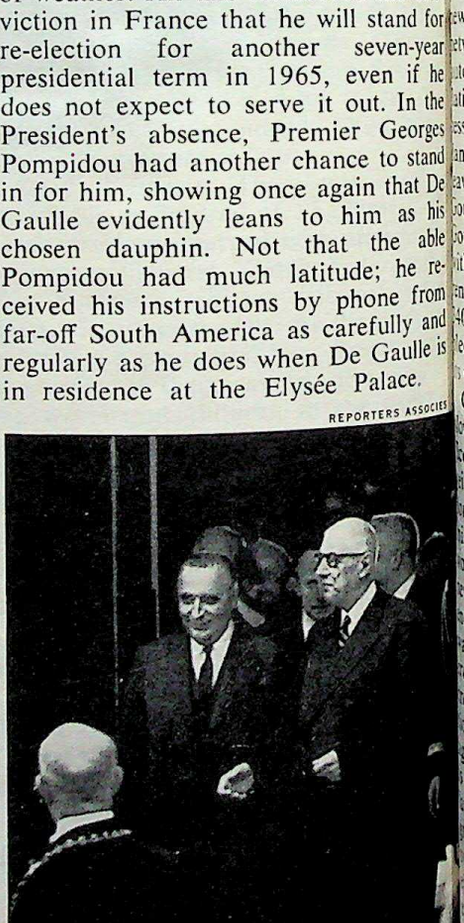

DE GAULLE WELCOMED BY POMPIDOU
Loftier and more Delphic.

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BRAZIL

The Great Whirligig

After Leftist João Goulart was deposed last March, Brazil's new government declared all-out war on three problems that had become Goulart's trademark: Communism, corruption and inflation. By last week President Humberto Castello Branco and his revolutionaries had dealt forcibly with the first two. Inflation is proving far more difficult. Nowhere in Latin America is inflation so deeply and strongly rooted in life—until it has become as much a part of Brazil as carnival and the inky *cafèzinho* Brazilians sip at corner coffee bars.

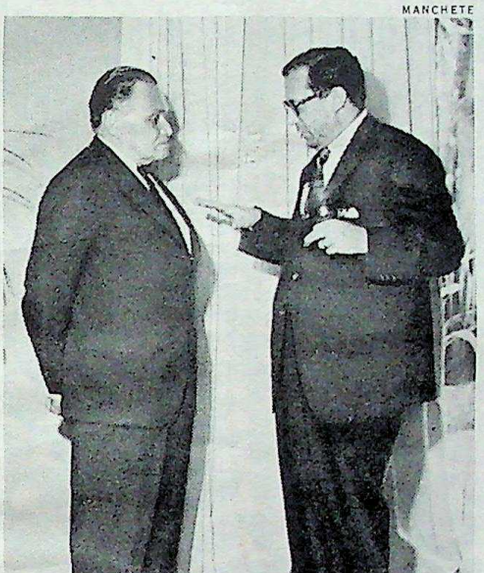
Papered with Money. Many economists argue that a little inflation is healthy in a young nation, stimulating investment, production and growth. In Brazil, where everything is larger than life, the theory got out of hand. Ever since World War II, successive governments have felt a compulsion to build by spending wildly—and to pay their bills by printing more money. As President in 1956-61, Juscelino Kubitschek performed prodigies of development: a new inland capital of Brasília, a vast network of roads, thriving new steel and auto industries, all at a cost of giddy inflation and staggering debt. His successor, Jânio Quadros, recognized the dangers, but quit after seven months, leaving the economy at the mercy of Goulart. In a 31-month spending spree, Goulart literally papered the country with money, tripling the amount of currency and raising the cost of living 340%. When the military finally toppled Goulart, the cost of living was on its way to a 144% increase for 1964.

Castello Branco is determined to slow the whirligig. His new Minister of Economic Planning, Roberto de Oliveira Campos, 57, onetime Ambassador to the U.S. and a brilliant economist, has eliminated $200 million a year worth of subsidies for wheat, oil and newsprint, has raised taxes and tightened collections. One of his first moves was to end the 75% to 100% salary increases of the Goulart days; he set up credit bureaus to expand farm production and lower food prices. To encourage more investment, the government is also liberalizing profit-remittance laws. This month the Brazilian Congress finally set aside $188 million to purchase the assets of American & Foreign Power Co., part of which were expropriated under Goulart.

Campos' goal is to hold inflation to 90% this year and reduce it to a "normal" 10% by 1966. The program already shows some progress. Brazil's monthly rate of inflation is down from a prerevolution 7% to an average 4%.

Nothing to Save. For Brazilian consumers, however, a few percentage points do not a revolution make. "Prices still rise practically every day," says one Rio householder, noting that salt went from 90 to 128 cruzeiros a kilo in August alone. Some Brazilians hold two and sometimes three jobs to make ends meet. Hardly anyone has money to save. Every extra cruzeiro is socked into time payments for autos, refrigerators, TV sets and other nonperishable inflation hedges that hold their value.

At one Rio department store, a customer can have anything on the floor for 50¢ down—and the crush makes Macy's basement seem deserted by comparison. Another store gives twelve months to make the first payment. "A house is always a house," bugles a full-page ad in Rio's Sunday papers, urging people to buy not one, but two or three houses as "investments." "Your holidays free for the rest of your life," teases another come-on for resort-hotel investors. In a switch on air travel, some Brazilians pay now and fly later.



BRAZIL'S BRANCO & CAMPOS
A house is always a house.

In the meantime, the hard-goods business throbs with activity. Brazil's infant auto industry went from scratch in 1958 to more than 200,000 cars last year. But the gains are often more apparent than real. Costs still climb so fast that businessmen find their capital and profits eaten alive by inflation.

There is no guarantee that Brazil will win its war on inflation. Indeed, one recent survey by Rio's Getúlio Vargas Foundation finds "an almost fatalistic acceptance" of inflation among many Brazilians. Yet Castello Branco's campaign has made some important gains, and it certainly distinguishes itself by its persistence.

CANADA

The Morning After

As Britain's Queen Elizabeth II flew homeward across the Atlantic last week, rumors blazed through Canada that she would never return. London quickly and flatly denied such talk. "She is Queen in Canada and of Canada," said one official, "and she will share her country's trials and tribulations as well as its joys."

Yet there was no blinking the fact that the Queen's visit had been, as London's Daily Mirror put it, "a wholly wretched mission." Liberal Prime Minister Lester Pearson had hoped that her presence would somehow draw French and English Canadians closer together. While her welcome was warm and cheerful in Ottawa and Prince Edward Island, French Canadians virtually ignored her, and among those who did turn out in Quebec City were the separatists, who shouted rude obscenities, chanted *Québec Libre,* and fought with billy-swinging policemen.

"Ignorant Pigs." Across Canada, English Canadians reacted with shock, revulsion and anger. The Toronto Daily Star called the Quebec reception a "national disaster," and an Ontario businessman spoke for millions when he muttered: "I'm a hell of a lot less sympathetic toward Quebec this week than I was last week." Added a Newfoundlander: "I think the people of Quebec are a crowd of ignorant pigs."

The danger, of course, is that the two sides may have been driven so far apart that Pearson will find it infinitely more difficult to push through the things that French Canadians clamor for: more provincial autonomy and a stronger voice in federal affairs. Yet, if nothing else, the Queen's unpleasant reception brought all of Canada face to face with a problem that many English Canadians had never bothered to think about before. "This came as a real shock in Ontario," said Eleanor Berry, a Toronto secretary.

A Time for Work. In Quebec, too, there seemed to be the realization, at least among its leaders, that now was the time for work and conciliation. Last week, after Elizabeth returned to Britain, Quebec's Premier Jean Lesage turned up in Ottawa for a meeting with Pearson and Canada's nine other provincial premiers. The subject was a request that Britain give up its formal, though purely ceremonial, right to approve all amendments to Canada's constitution. The request itself was certain to be approved, but in earlier meetings, Lesage had quibbled over the new formula for amending the constitution, and sought to use it as a lever to win more concessions from Pearson. Last week there was no bickering. "I am proud to agree," Lesage announced with emphasis.

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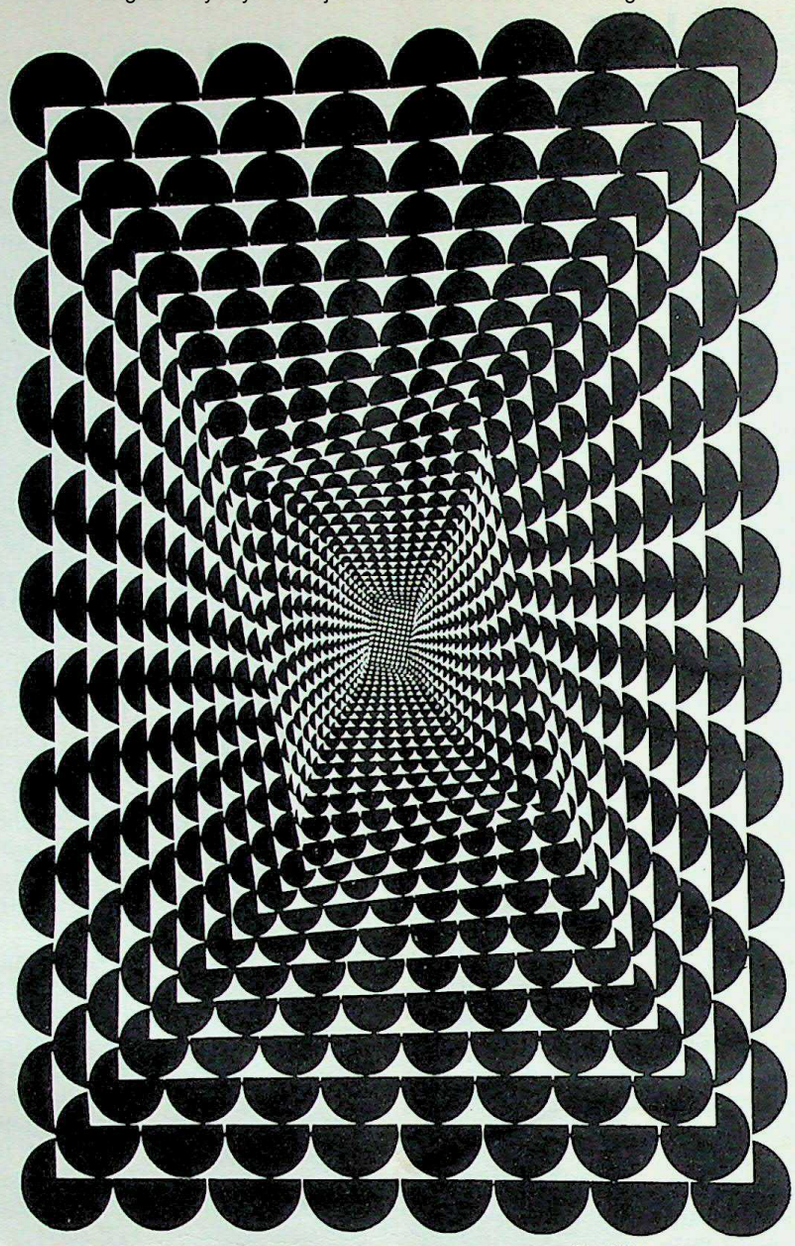

JEFFREY STEELE
Harlequinade

GRABOWSKI GALLERY, LONDON

OP ART: PICTURES THAT ATTACK THE EYE

MAN'S eyes are not windows, although he has long regarded them as such. They can be baffled, boggled and balked. They often see things that are not there and fail to see things that are. In the eyes resides man's first sense, and it is fallible.

Preying and playing on the fallibility in vision is the new movement of "optical art" that has sprung up across the Western world. No less a break from abstract expressionism than pop art, op art is made tantalizing, eye-teasing, even eye-smarting by visual researchers using all the ingredients of an optometrist's nightmare. Manhattan's commercial galleries are beginning to find space on their walls for it, and the Museum of Modern Art is planning an op show titled "The Responsive Eye" early next year. Says the show's organizer, Curator William Seitz: "These works exist less as objects than as generators of perceptual responses."

Pleasure in Precision. "Optical art is this year's dress length," says Carl J. Weinhardt Jr., director of Manhattan's Gallery of Modern Art, which will not show any. Some critics already are throwing their weight behind op in dubious battle with pop. Actually, they both share an everyman's land. If anything, they are opposite sides of the same coin, gambled on what art can become.

Scornful of the emotionalism and accident in abstract expressionism, op artists know where they stand. Precision is their pleasure. Their art instantly engages the beholder, yet does not demand his involvement or insist that he relate it to the world of objects, emotions or experiences. Op fascinates the way a kaleidoscope does a child. Its pitfall is that fascination often turns, by repetition, to boredom.

Op art has a legitimate ancestry. Cézanne, Seurat and Monet seized upon newly proposed theories of optics when they painted. In this century, such constructivists as Mondrian and Malevich were the forebears of op art's dry, highly controlled use of color, which sometimes—as in the work of Britain's labyrinth-making Jeffrey Steele, 33 (*above*)—amounts to rejecting color. When they do use color, however, it is to stimulate the first sense directly rather than to enhance forms.

Sleights of Art. The immediate fathers figures of op art are Josef Albers, 76, that pioneer in the perception of color, and Victor Vasarely, 56 (*see opposite page*), a Hungarian who lives in Paris. Albers paints only colored squares. Vasarely dons the craftsy lab coat instead of the smock and refers to his work as visual research. Their influence has given birth to optical artists in a dozen countries, from Israel's Yaacov Agam to remote Iceland's poet-painter Diter Rot. Last summer the pavilions at the Venice Biennale and the attics of Germany's Dokumenta III dickered and chattered with electrically driven, and even electronically musical, kinetic op.

At the square root of op art are the essentially static visual phenomena that enslave and enthrall the eye. The op artist's job is to turn those illusions into sleights of art. Some examine the way a single color looks darker than it

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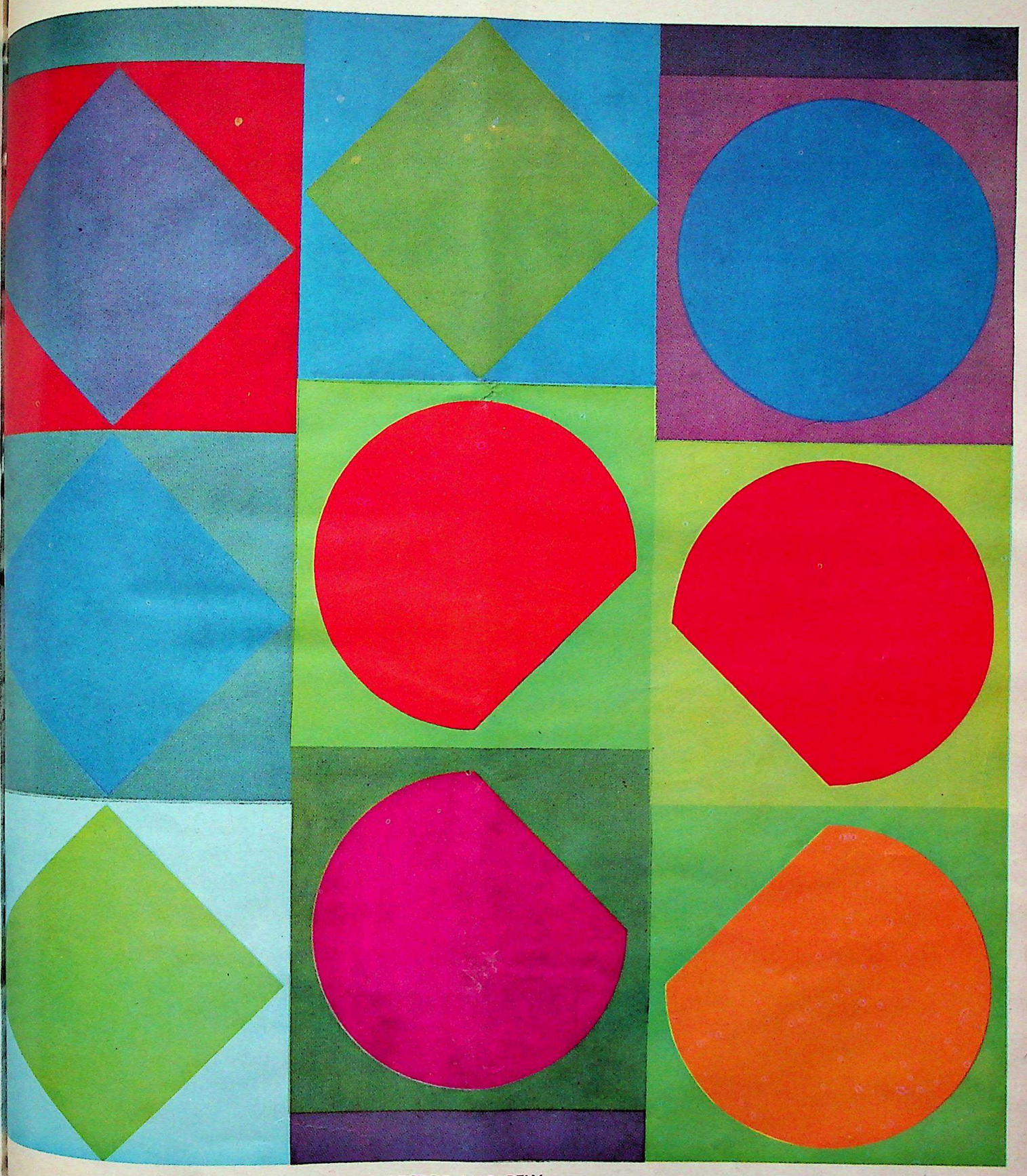

VICTOR VASARELY
Beryll

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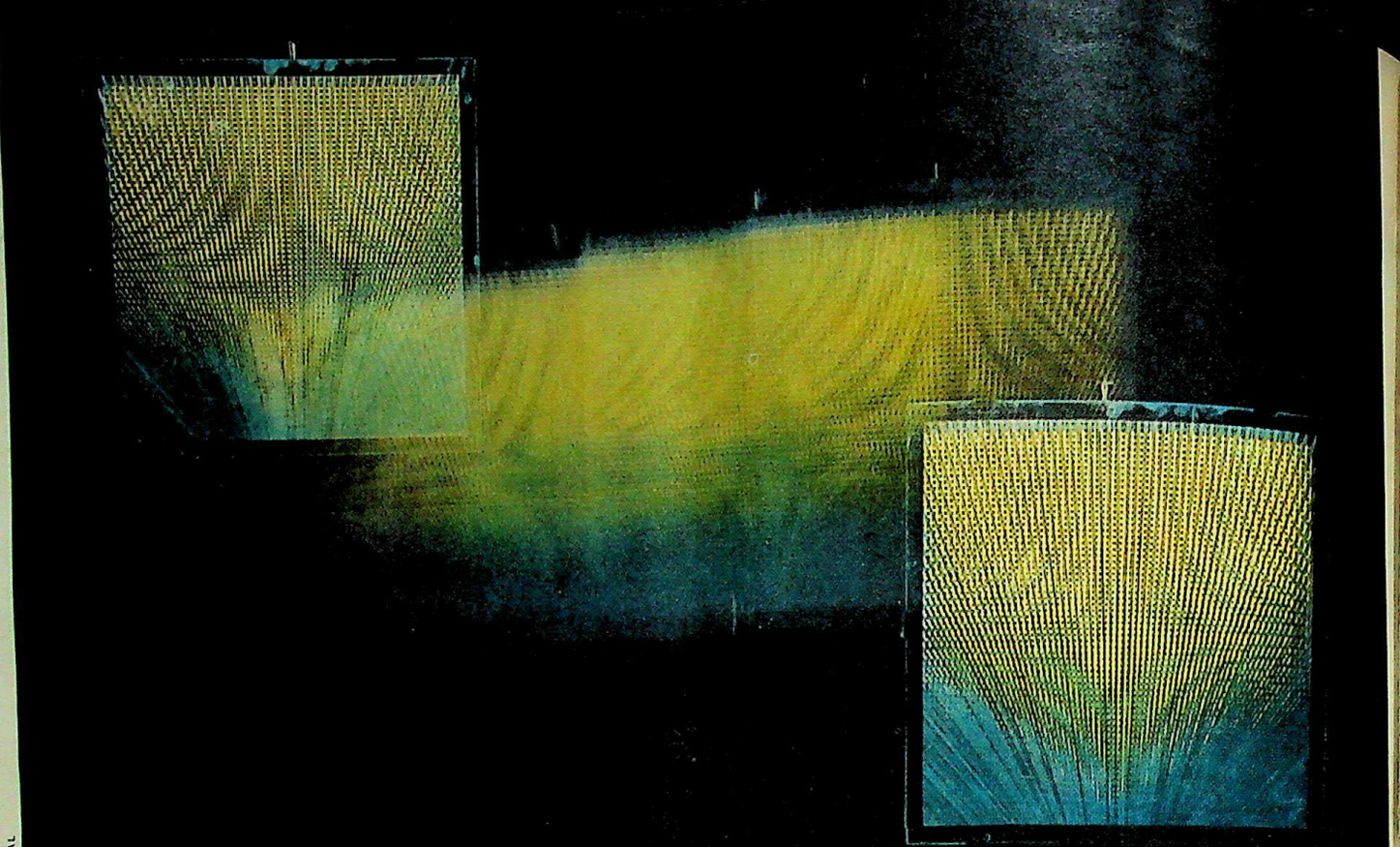
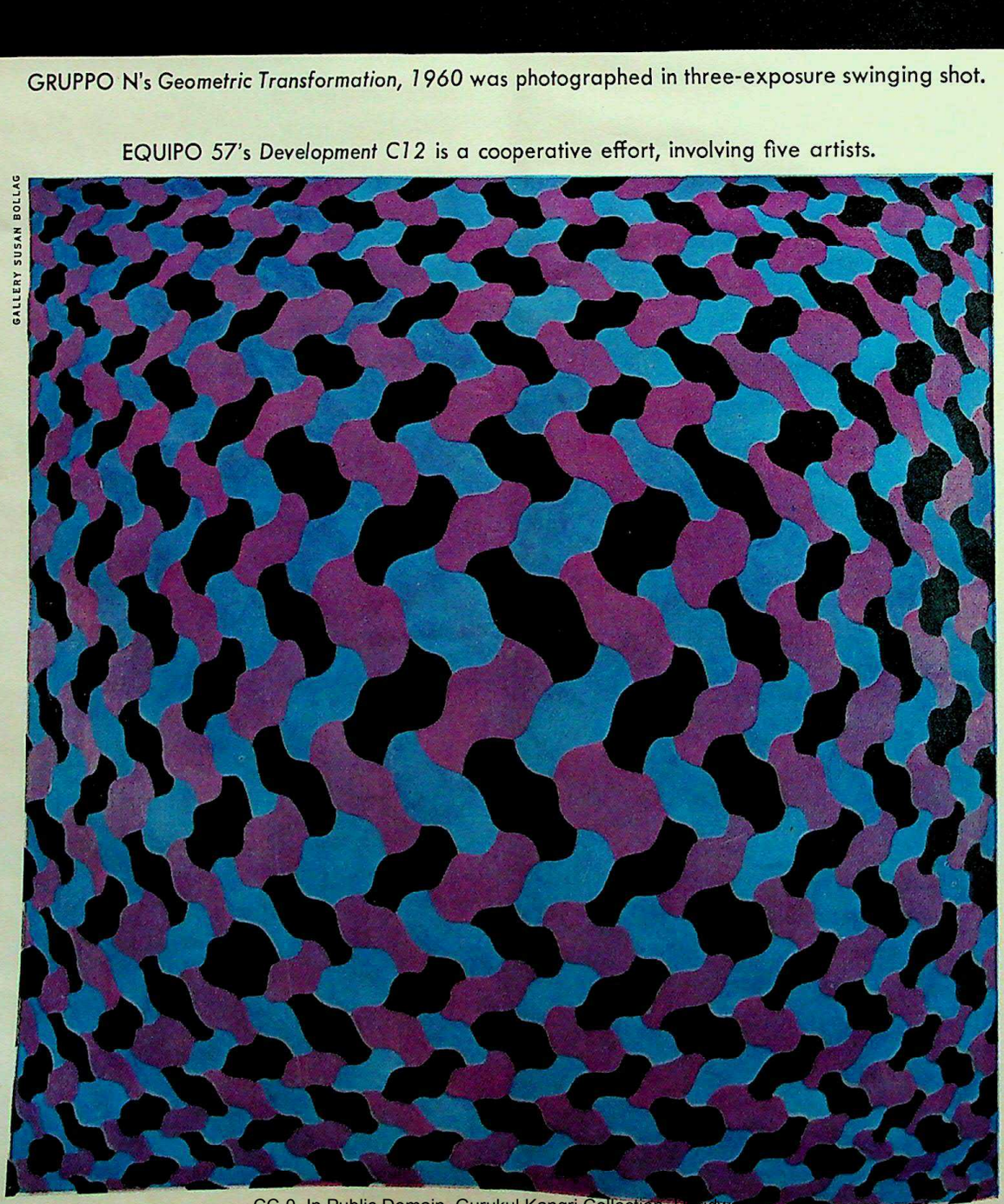


ERIC SCHAAL

GRUPPO N's *Geometric Transformation, 1960* was photographed in three-exposure swinging shot.

EQUIPO 57's *Development C12* is a cooperative effort, involving five artists.



GALLERY SUSAN BOLLAG

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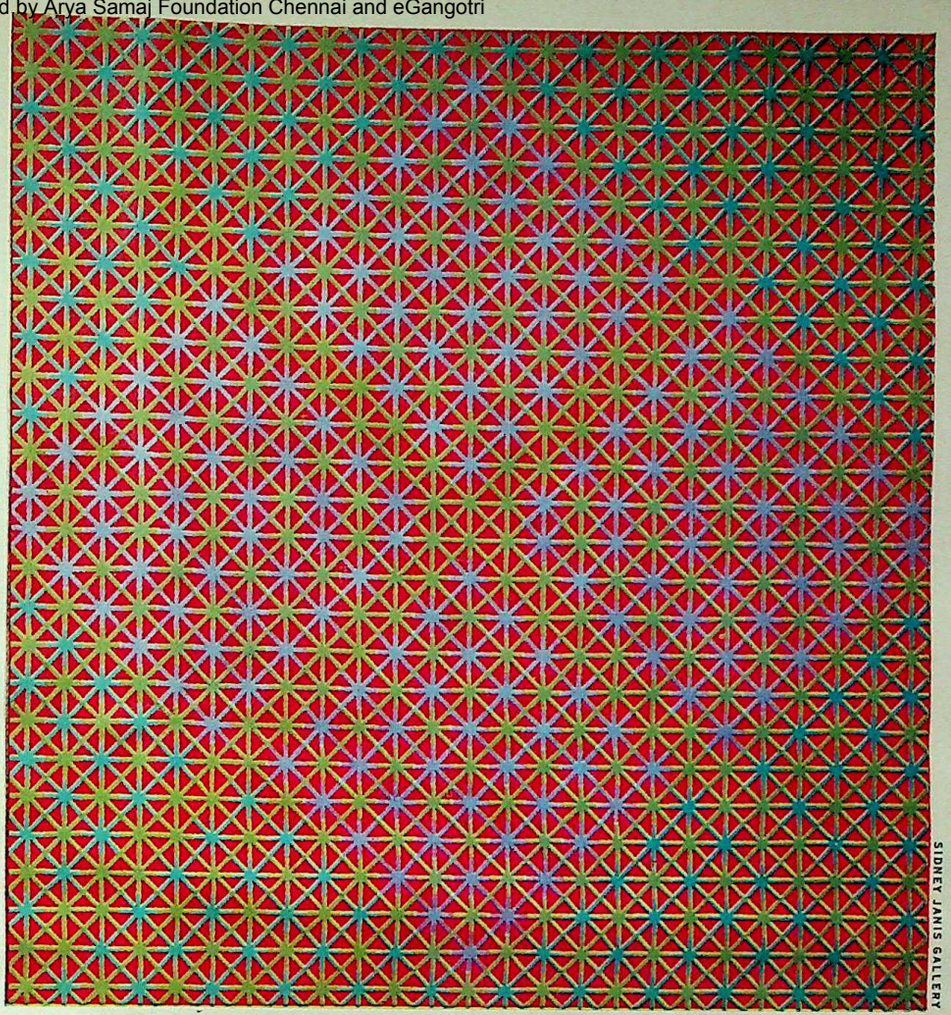
against a lighter background. Some, Steele, place contrasting shapes to- ether, which cause the eye to perceive em alternately as figure and ground; e theory is that such shifts move be- een stimulation and repose, possibly relieve eyestrain. Richard Anuszkie- icz, 34, plays with afterimages, or the y one color engenders the false sen- ation of its complement on the retina. his *Union of the Four* (*at right*), e red pigment throughout the paint- g is the same hue, despite what the e sees.

Another optical effect often exploited op is the moiré pattern, familiar in e shimmer of watered silk fabrics. undamentally, these flashes of apparent flection are created whenever two or ore grids of parallel or periodic rul- gs—window screens, for example— e overlapped. When misaligned slight- , they produce ripples and curves not tually inherent in the grids. The small- t angle of change yields the greatest, ost disturbed pattern displacements.

AEC & Ph.D. Op artists often work teams. Vasarely's son, yclept Yvaral, s helped him start the *Groupe de cherche d'Art Visuel* in Paris—six searchers who resemble the Atomic ergy Commission more than café- ing artists. Germany boasts a group led Zero, begun in 1959 by three ists who hold Ph.D. degrees; they l for "new idealism" as opposed to "new realism" of pop. The Italians ve two op groups, the *Gruppo N* in dua and the *Gruppo T* in Milan, which es to "codify visual phenomena, just music was codified into notes."

Dating from 1959, *Gruppo N* num- rs five young artists more adept with ers and power drills than brushes who et for seminars once a week. Says Man Manfredo Massironi, 27, "We sider ourselves technicians, in the dieval sense, rather than artists." ing to the Nth degree, they use ms and grids, often machine-driven, ose rippling moiré patterns look more rant through spotlighted darkness (*at , top*). A similar splinter group is in's *Equipo 57*, who like others sign r work collectively (*lower left*). eir theory starts with "interactivity," which any two planes in a painting separated by an S-curve, and end as mathematically interlocked—and mplicated—as a Bucky Fuller dome.

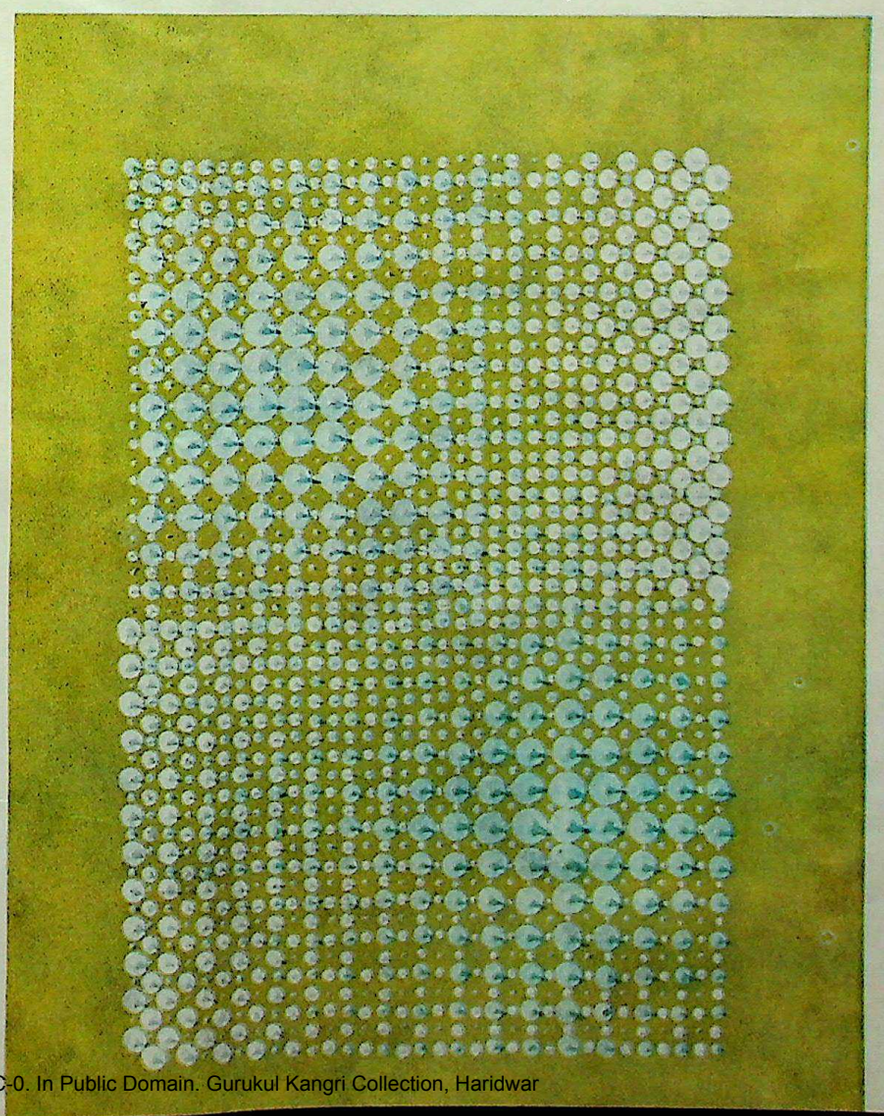
One loner living in Germany, a tall azilian, Almir de Silva Mavignier, 39, the prototype op artist (*lower right*). works slowly, sells for little, and does care for fame. "Think about the onymous craftsmen who built that," said recently, peering from behind r-rimmed spectacles at the Ulm ca- dral. "They have been depersonal- d, yet might have died with satisfac- n that they helped create something



SIDNEY JANIS GALLERY

RICHARD ANUSZKIEWICZ' *Union of the Four*

ALMIR MAVIGNIER'S untitled "permutation"



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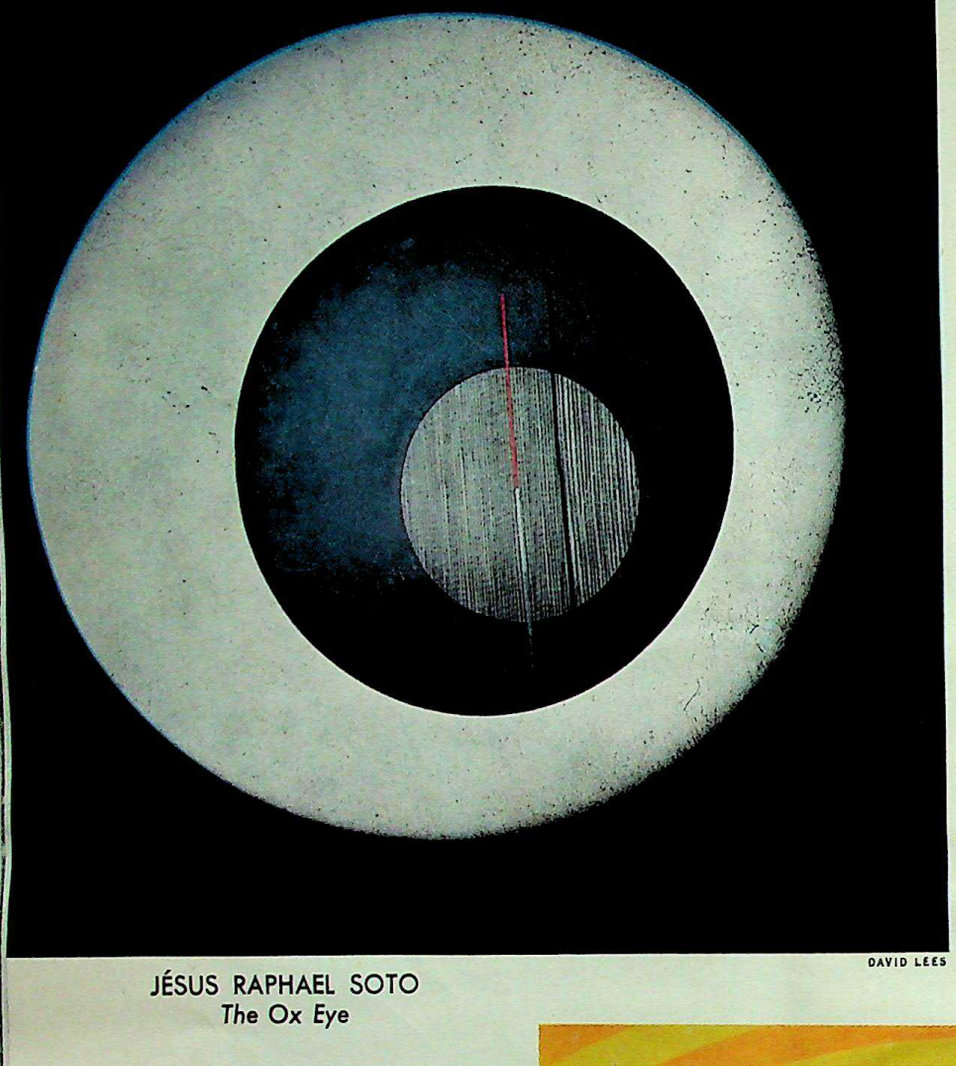

DAVID LEES

JÉSUS RAPHAEL SOTO
The Ox Eye

still pulsating 500 years later." His works, dotted with neat cones of oil, are uniformly produced in permutations of the spectrum: a painstaking topography that seems to prick the retina.

British Coolth. An unusual number of op artists come from Latin America. One is a Venezuelan named Jésus Raphael Soto, 41, now working in Paris, who calls his work "vibrations" (*left*), though he states that he has never read a physics book. His colored aluminum bars, suspended from fine nylon threads in shadow boxes, sway in front of lined backgrounds and dematerialize. "See how the stiff bars become fluid and luminous," says Soto. Like conductors' batons summoning music from strings, they do assume a sonorous life.

The British have already scored with Bridget Riley, 32 (TIME, May 1), whose stark black-and-white patterns have made viewers physically sick. She generally lets craftsmen execute her designs, has a standoffishness and coolth matched by her countryman, Steele. "These pictures are not necessarily meant to be looked at," says Steele. Another Englishman is Cambridge-educated Michael Kidner (*below*), at 46 one of the oldest of the flicker boys. Years ago he bashed away at abstract expressionism, but, says he, "never con-

GRABOWSKI GALLERY, LONDON

MICHAEL KIDNER
Yellow, Green and Pink

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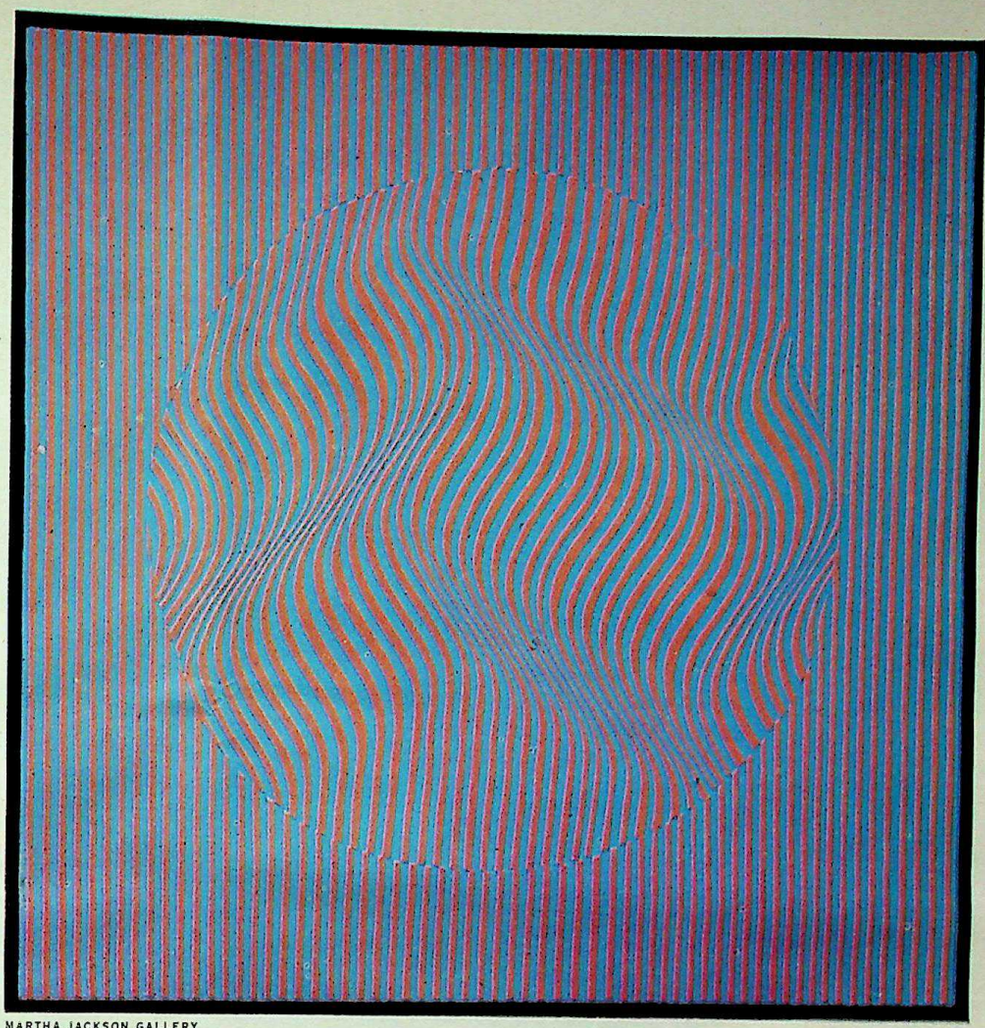
...nced myself that the gesture I was ...aking had much significance." Then ...e learned that he could make people ...e colors that, in fact, he did not paint. ...I use optics," says he, "as a means to ... end that is bigger—in short, a good ...ainting. Optics is a tool, as perspec... ...ve once was."

American Impersonality. The Ameri... ...ans, such as Julian Stanczak, 35, who ...oomed with Anuszkiewicz while study... ...g under Albers at Yale, try not to imi... ...te nature. "I use visual activities," ...ys Stanczak, "to run parallel to it" (*right*). There is even a U.S. group, im... ...ersonally called Anonima. Composed ...f three young men, Francis Hewitt (*be...w*), Edwin Mieczkowski (*next page*) ...d Ernst Benkert, who met at the Car... ...egie Institute of Technology and Ober... ...n College in 1958 and '59, they believe ...at the rule and the compass are proper ...rist's tools. Like other op artists, they ...slike artistic preciousness, the expres... ...on of the prima donna personality on ...nvas, and psychic plumbing into the ...eaning of art. They also hold, says ...ewitt, that "if people find our art ...ll, that doesn't really bother us that ...ch. The quality and depth of the ex... ...rience depend on the willingness to ...ceive and persistence to overcome ...rtain levels of frustration. We don't



MARTHA JACKSON GALLERY

JULIAN STANCZAK
Localized Sound

MARTHA JACKSON GALLERY

FRANCIS HEWITT
Four One-Eyed Sandwiches

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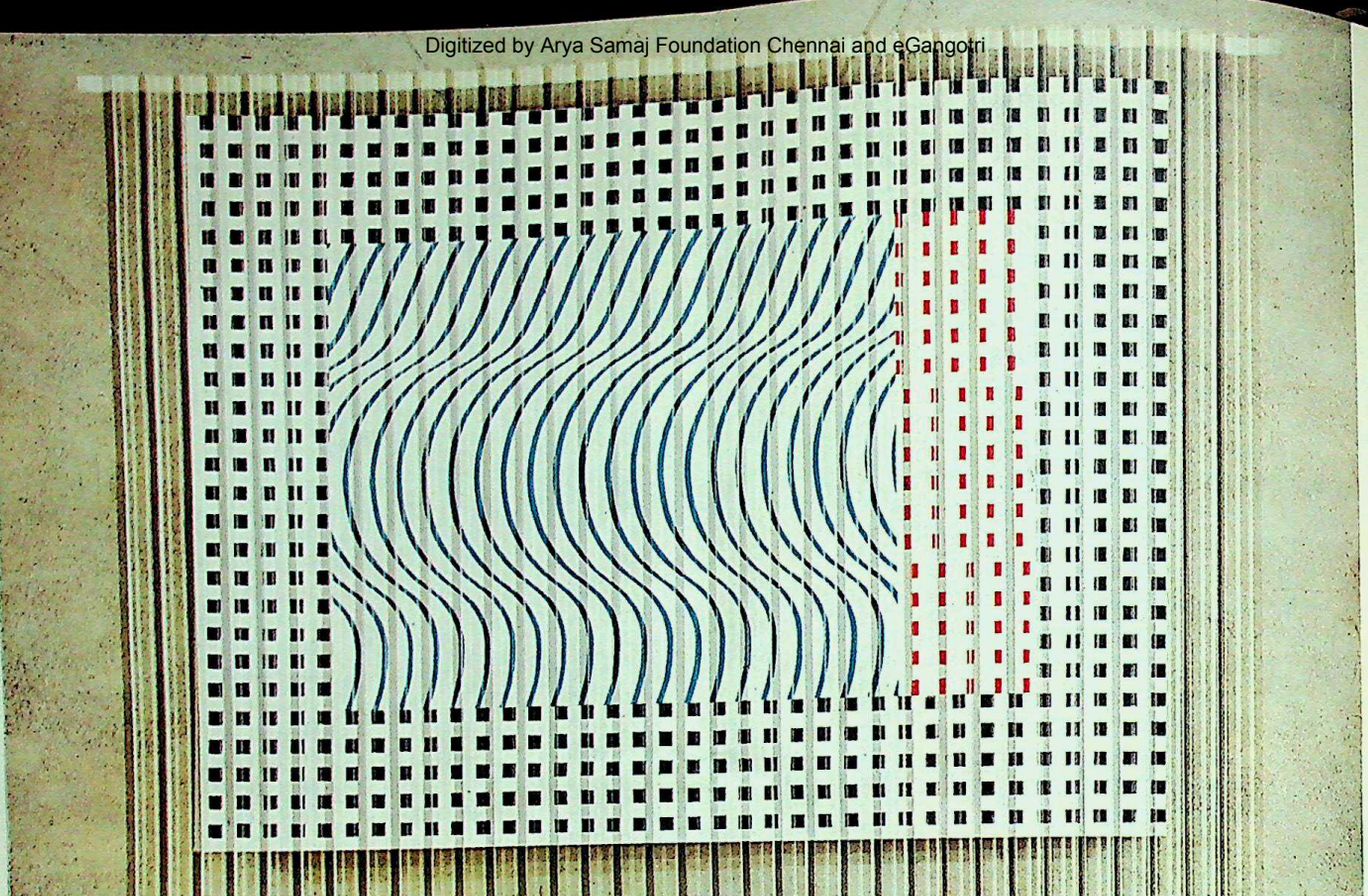

ERIC SCHAAL

JOHN GOODYEAR
Shifting Reds

MARTHA JACKSON GALLERY

want to make our paintings popular."

Much op art is removed from the artist's subjective discovery. It is the result of a mechanical muse, and the artist becomes a computer programmer churning out visual experiences. Some, like moiré patterns, suddenly reveal new sensations that man never knew were within his visible province. But is it therefore science and not art?

Perhaps. By analyzing wave lengths of visible light, scientists might well make the paintings on these pages. But they have not bothered, and if they had tried, the man-hours would have far outnumbered the time spent by artists using intuition. Still, what makes the end product not the same as waves on an oscilloscope? One artist has an answer. He is John Goodyear, 34, an associate professor of art at Rutgers University, whose work consists of gently moving colored lattices (*above*). Not as chilly an artist as most oppers, he lets his eight-year-old daughter pick his colors. Says Goodyear: "I want to include real space in my paintings, to squeeze it, negate it, play in it." From all that caprice, come surprises, and there is always the possibility of more. Says he, "These realities in some sense not conceived by man give us insight into a world which was certainly not conceived by man."

EDWIN MIECZKOWSKI
Adele's Class Ring

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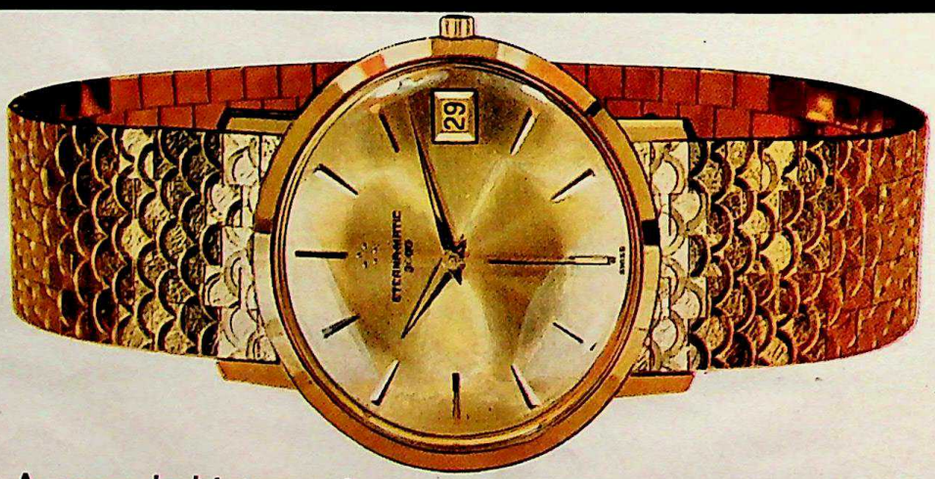

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MODERN - ACCURATE - RELIABLE

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Harry Truman, 80, fractured two and cut his forehead when he ed in the bathtub of his Independ-, Mo., home. He was rushed to Re- Hospital in Kansas City, where eceived a dozen red carnations from ing Speechmaker Barry Goldwa- with a get-well card that added, campaign is worth the name with- you." Old H.S.T., however, had al- welcomed Goldwater to Missouri a radio blast taped before the ac- and broadcast afterward. Caught his timing somewhat out of joint, could only mutter, "That's one the books."

• • •

looked dreamy enough caressing strings. But Harpo Marx, who died 28 at the age of 75, left his wid- Susan Fleming Marx, a down-to- estate, worth between $1,000,000 $2,000,000, in stocks, royalties, a ,000 home and a $200,000 ranch, near Palm Springs. Pending settle- of the estate, she and her four ren were granted a $4,000-a- allowance by the court.

• • •

ssar College formally inaugurated eventh president, Oxford-educated Simpson, 52, in Poughkeepsie, following the 18-year reign of Gibson Blanding. One of his first will be to take part in a reading eorge Bernard Shaw's *Don Juan ell* at a Vassar dormitory. He will the devil.

• • •

Geneva, Indonesia's peripatetic dent Sukarno, 63, took in *The Fall e Roman Empire*, and after a see at the nonaligned nations' con- ce in Cairo, he could hardly wait a line on Rome itself. There he a lovely Gina Lollobrigida, 35, ch, and she, in turn, dined and d with him to the *Volare* of Do-

KEYSTONE

LOLLOBRIGIDA & SUKARNO
Getting a line on Rome.

menico Modugno at a cool little do she threw for 70 friends and countrymen. She even took him to a private showing of her latest flick, *Woman of Straw*, and her company to Sukarno, as the legions of *paparazzi* recorded, was clearly a triumph of imperialism.

• • •

"My opuscula," Ian Fleming once said, "are written for warm-blooded heterosexuals in trains, airplanes and beds." But as bedtime tales for small boys, they were not quite right. So the late novelist created a magical car in stories he told his son Caspar, now 12, and some of them will be published under the title, *Chitty-Chitty-Bang-Bang*. The car's owner, Commander Caractacus Pott, fortyish, is rather like Commander James Bond, except that he has a family, and the car, a supercharged Paragon Panther, is a near cousin to 007's Bentley. "You see those knobs and levers and lights on the dashboard?" asks Pott. "We'll find out what they're for in time." But of course.

• • •

When she was a girl, Vijaya Lakshmi Pandit, 64, younger sister of Jawaharlal Nehru, awoke from a nap outdoors one day to find a cobra looming over her, its great hood spread. Soothsayers promptly foretold a remarkable career for her—and that she has had, as India's Ambassador to the U.S.S.R. (1947-49), the U.S. (1949-52), and first and only woman President of the U.N. General Assembly (1953-54). Now eight times a grandmother, and Governor of Maharashtra state, Mme. Pandit has been chosen by the Congress Party as their candidate in next month's by-election to fill the parliamentary seat of her late brother. When elected, she is expected to join her niece, Mrs. Indira Gandhi, in the Cabinet.

• • •

A real jigsaw-puzzle addict doesn't want to be helped. He doesn't care whether he's got a smidgen of ear, nose or throat, never happier than when assembling a blue pond mirroring blue barns and sky. Now he ought to be ecstatic, for someone has produced the ultimate: a puzzle made from a canvas by the late Abstractionist Jackson Pollock. *Convergence*, it's called, being squiggles of red, white, yellow, blue, black and—well, the critics admired the original's "burgeoning sensitivity." Says Pollock's widow, Artist Lee Krasner, "At first, I thought ooh-la-la, that's not for me. Then I realized it was a very good reproduction."

• • •

At the Alfred E. Smith Memorial Dinner in Manhattan, Happy Rockefeller, 38, looked serene. And she grew even cheerier before the week was out. She and her ex-husband, Dr. James Murphy, who won custody of their four children a month ago, had not agreed on visiting rights, but the judge assigned

BEN MARTIN

HAPPY ROCKEFELLER
Getting the children home.

to settle the question produced a generous arrangement. Happy gets James, 13, Margaretta, 11, Carol, 8, and Malinda, 4, every other weekend, two summer months, at Thanksgiving, and for half of Christmas and Easter vacations. On Christmas and Easter Sunday, both parents may spend some time with the children.

• • •

Every literatus helps. So thought Manhattan Hostess Jean vanden Heuvel, 30, daughter of the man who founded M.C.A., as she marshaled a playbill of talent in her West Side apartment to rally the "intellectual vote" to Bobby Kennedy. Speakers were Historian Arthur Schlesinger Jr. and Economist John K. Galbraith, while the audience included Insider John Gunther, Playwright Paddy Chayefsky, Conductor Leonard Bernstein, Actress Lauren Bacall, and Sculptress Gloria Vanderbilt. Upstart Playwright Arthur Kopit, 24, author of *Oh Dad, Poor Dad*, however, demonstrated still more vividly Bobby's kinship with the highbrows by getting bounced over a divan by a friendly tap from *Paris Review* Editor George Plimpton during a literary discussion. "You see, the swimming-pool syndrome is still with us," quipped Kopit, as he stuffed his cigar into Plimpton's drink.

• • •

The hoods crashed her Park Avenue triplex, tied her up, and tried to force her to open the safe. Scat! she said. "You can kill me, but I'm not going to let you rob me." Whereupon they vamoosed. The teaching sisters of Mallinckrodt Convent in Mendham, N.J., read about it, wrote her congratulating her on her courage, and asked her to "keep us in your prayers." Nonagenarian Beauty Queen Helena Rubinstein did more than that. She directed the Helena Rubinstein Foundation, an organization usually devoted to Israeli causes, to award the convent $10,000 for the "education of future teachers."

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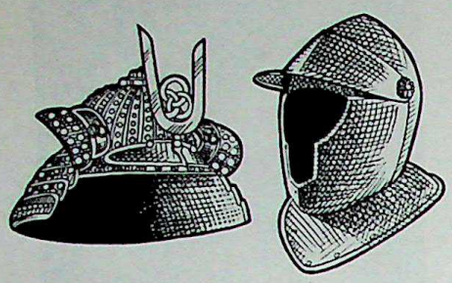

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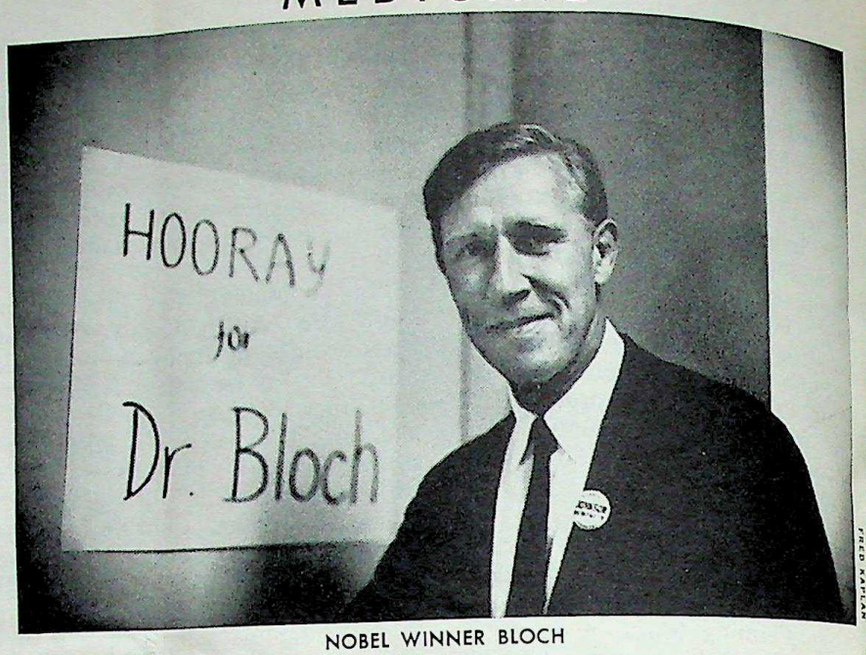


NOBEL WINNER BLOCH
The 36 steps . . .

BIOCHEMISTRY

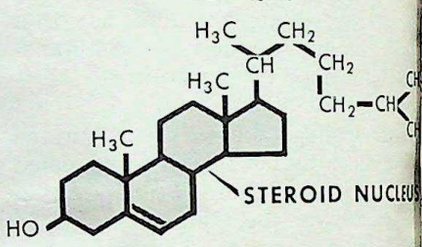
The Secrets of Cholesterol

First, incomplete medical research suggested that a mysterious substance called cholesterol was a root cause of much artery disease and many heart attacks. Then, after more complicated studies, the researchers said no, maybe cholesterol itself was not very important. The one conclusion that the public could safely draw was that medical science needed to learn a great deal more about what cholesterol does, where it comes from and how and where it goes. For taking innumerable small but important steps toward that vital goal, two biochemists, an American and a German, last week shared the 1964 Nobel Prize (worth $53,000) in physiology and medicine.

Four-Ring Cluster. The American is Harvard's Konrad Emil Bloch, 52, who came to biochemistry via chemical engineering. Early in his research Dr. Bloch learned that most of the cholesterol in the bodies of both animals and men comes not from cholesterol in food (though butterfat, egg yolks and meat fats contain much of it) but from built-in cholesterol factories. These factories are mainly in the liver, but many of the body's other cells can make some cholesterol. To discover how they do it, Dr. Bloch had to go back to the biochemical beginning.

Cholesterol is a steroid, one of a huge and diverse class of chemicals—including many fatty substances and most adrenal and sex hormones—having one thing in common: a four-ring cluster of carbon atoms, known as "the steroid nucleus." Other attached atoms give each steroid its distinctive character (*see diagram*). By growing rat-liver cells in the test tube, Dr. Bloch learned that they make cholesterol from the much simpler acetate ion (acetic acid minus a hydrogen ion). "My work since then," he says, "has been on the

CHOLESTEROL
($C_{27}H_{46}O$)



C = carbon H = hydrogen O = oxygen

processes that the cell uses to manufacture the cholesterol molecule. It is a fantastically complex sequence of approximately 36 biochemical reactions." Bloch adds with a grin: "It is a great temptation to call it 'The Steps,' and it may turn out that they are 39, but we were afraid this might be lost on the younger generation."

Born a German in Neisse (now Poland), Bloch graduated from Munich's Technische Hochschule in 1934. Because he was a Jew, he was not

NOBEL WINNER LYNEN
. . . may turn out to be 39.

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...ed to continue his studies. He spent ... years in Switzerland, came to the ... in 1936, got his Ph.D. at Columbia ... 1939, was naturalized in 1944. After ... eight-year stint at the University of ...cago, he became Harvard's Higgins ...fessor of biochemistry.

Firm Foundation. Feodor Lynen, 53, ...d of biochemistry at the University ... Munich and director of the Max-...ck-Institut für Zellchemie, is the ... of a chemistry professor and mar-... to the daughter of another, Hein... Wieland, who won a Nobel Prize ...chemistry in 1927. For years, until ... World War II, Lynen's cholesterol ...k paralleled Bloch's without either ...'s knowing what the other was do... When they began to publish results, ...ecame clear that the two labs were ...king toward the same goal, but their ...proaches were different, and Dr. Ly...'s Nobel citation singled out an as... of his work that definitely does ... overlap Bloch's: "His recent dis...ery of the biochemistry by which ...vitamin biotin acts, which is funda...tal in lipid [fat] metabolism, is in ... a discovery with the most far...hing implications."

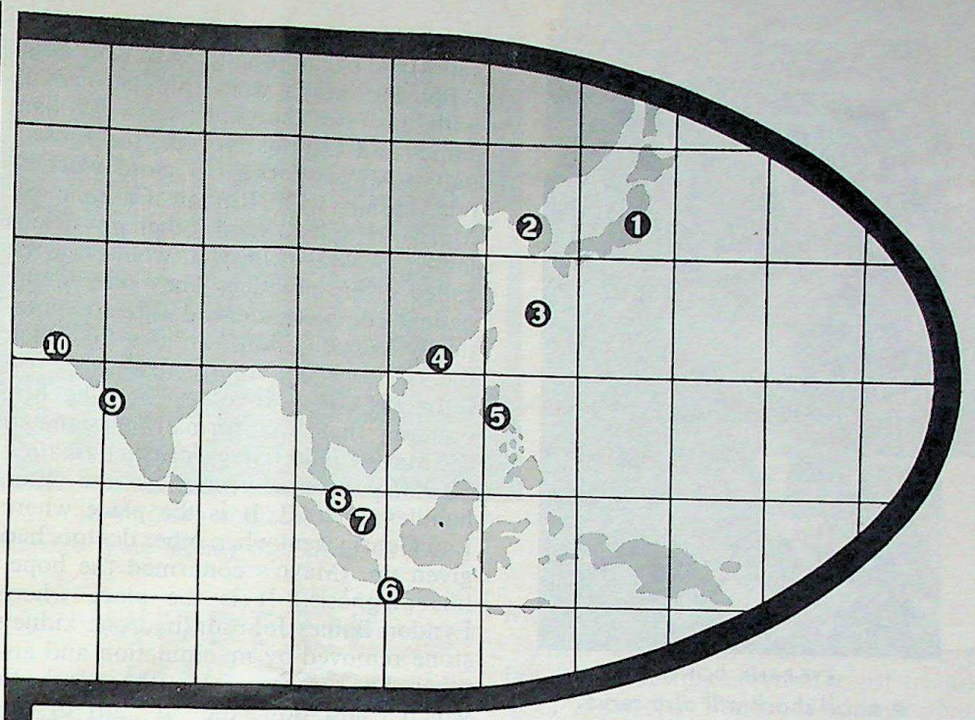
...weden's Royal Caroline Institute, ...medical school that is responsible ...electing Nobel winners in physiol... and medicine, was understandably ...ful not to go out on a limb because ...e raging controversies over cho...ol and cooking fats. But it de...: "Circulatory diseases are the ...most cause of death in many areas ...e world. The great majority of ... cases have a gravely disturbed ... metabolism. The prerequisite for ...ecting a faulty function is to know ...timate details of the mechanisms ...ved. The therapy against these cir...ory diseases and related disturb... in steroid hormone metabolism ...in the future rest upon the firm ...dation laid by Bloch and Lynen."

OPHTHALMOLOGY

...t from Dog and Dogfish

...e cornea of the eye is one part of ...ody that can be transplanted from ...human being to another without ...ing off the immune reaction or ...ion mechanism which dooms most ... and organ grafts. Because of this ...a capability, "eye banks" have ...d surgeons restore vision to tens ...ousands. But at best the banks ...difficulty matching supply with de... and in many parts of the world, ...religious scruples intervene, eye ... cannot even get started. Why ...e animal corneas?

...essor Paul Payrau of Paris has ...oing just that, he told a World ...ss on the Cornea in Washing...ton, of course, he tried grafting ...s from animal to animal. He got ... results, but enough encourage... to try the technique on human ... Pig corneas were no good be...after transplantation they became



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CHARLES OSLAND

EYE-BANK DONOR
A small shark will also serve.

opaque. But corneas from a large variety of dogs have remained transparent in 50% of Dr. Payrau's cases. Size is unimportant since only a segment of the human cornea is replaced. Dogs' eyes even have an advantage over humans': the dog never suffers from inflammation and scarring of the cornea due to infection with the herpes simplex (fever blister) virus. Human corneas are vulnerable to this virus.

Dr. Payrau has also had some success with calf corneas, though they usually do not retain so much transparency as those of dogs. But his most exotic source of supply is a species of small shark, the lesser spotted dogfish (*Scyliorhinus caniculus*). Its cornea has the advantage of not swelling in water, which made it attractive to Dr. Payrau for patients whose eyes leak fluid, though it is thin and fragile and retains only moderate transparency.

More work is needed before fish-eye transplants become routine, said Dr. Payrau, but he believes that dog corneas should now be used in emergencies when human corneas are not available.

CLINICS

The Court of Last Resort

Ever since the early years of the 20th century, the Mayo Clinic in Rochester, Minn., has enjoyed a reputation as "the court of last resort" for the sick from all parts of the world. When their own doctors despaired of them, or when they despaired of their doctors, patients traveled to the little prairie town and there awaited the word of Mayo's medical sages with the same faith and assurance that the ancients carried to the shrine of the oracle at Delphi. Even today, when the U.S. has at least a dozen similar medical centers capable of giving equally competent care, the mystique of "Mayo's" persists.

Ready for an Idea. This year, the clinic has a centennial to celebrate; its fame traces back to 1864, when English-born General Practitioner William Worrall Mayo began practicing in Rochester. After Dr. Mayo went into partnership with his two surgeon sons, William James and Charles Horace, the Episcopalian Mayos formed a close working relationship with Roman Catholic St. Mary's Hospital. Soon, other physicians joined the Mayos in what would now be called group practice. They offered the patient complete medical care for practically any condition—an idea for which the U.S. was apparently ready.

In 1914 the Mayos opened the first building that was formally designated the Mayo Clinic. They were then treating 30,000 patients a year. Now the clinic handles 220,000. It is the place where Lou Gehrig went when other doctors had given up. (Mayo's confirmed the hopeless diagnosis.) It is the place where Lyndon Baines Johnson had one kidney stone removed by manipulation and another by surgery. It is the place to which Clara Bow, the "It" girl of the '20s, went when she was failing in the '40s, and to which Prince Feisal, now Premier of Saudi Arabia, went for an ulcer checkup.

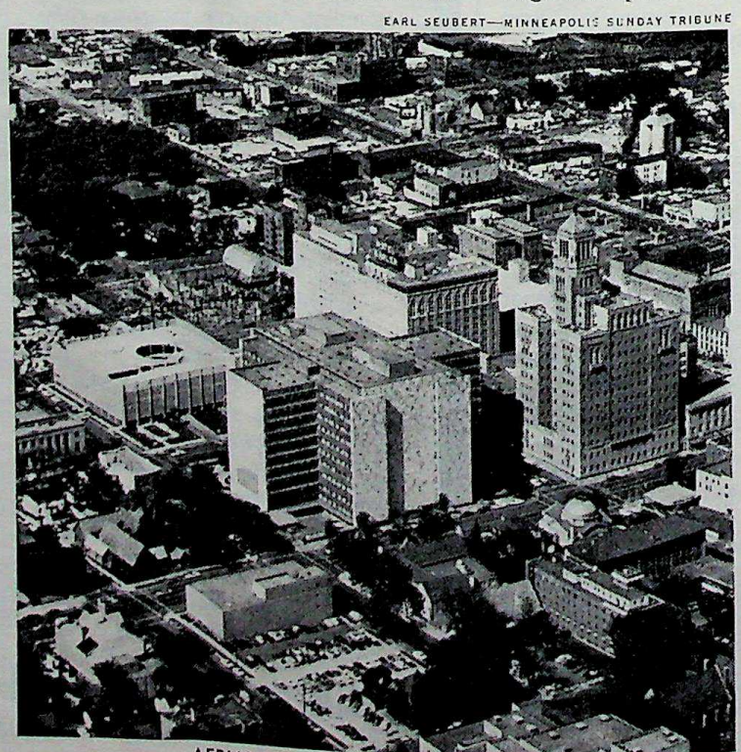
Willing to Listen. Whoever he is, wherever he comes from, the Mayo patient is made to feel that he is someone special. Long, impersonal lines may wind through the corridors as patients wait their turn for X ray or blood test, but once that turn comes, the individual is all-important. Each patient, no matter whether he arrived on his own or was sent by his doctor, is assigned a single "personal physician" out of the 120 internists at the clinic. The internist sees his patient briefly at first; then a medical history is taken by a "fellow"—a young M.D. who has finished his internship and is serving a residency at Mayo's.

Next, the internist does his own thorough physical examination, and adds more data to the history. He confers with the fellow and checks his findings before reporting to the patient. He is never hurried. Countless Mayo patients report gratefully: "This is the first time I've seen a doctor who was willing to listen, and then talk and explain things." Although Mayo's uses the most modern business-machine methods for handling data, it succeeds, far better than most big-city hospitals, better even than many private physicians, in maintaining a warm and intensely personal patient-doctor relationship.

A Bonus for Trust. The clinic is sometimes criticized on the grounds that it practices only what is already known in medicine and adds little to the sum of knowledge through research. This is partly true, because Mayo's former saw its primary function as the application of research to practice. Today it is making a concerted effort to step up research. There are complaints, too, that fees are high. But the truth is that they run about the same as in any good medical center for the same services. And the doctors are on salary, and they would not gain a penny by piling extras on the patient's bill.

With its 374 staff physicians and 6[illegible] resident fellows, Mayo's is the biggest medical plant of its kind in the world, though it still has no hospital of its own and wants none—its surgeons are satisfied to treat patients in the available nearby hospitals. It has not only survived the death of its founders (the brothers Mayo both died in 1939), but has grown far beyond their rosiest expectations. There is still an almost magical healing power in the Mayo name, but this is a bonus for the trusting patient. The treatment he gets is solidly grounded in the best of medical knowledge and practice.

EARL SEUBERT—MINNEAPOLIS SUNDAY TRIBUNE



AERIAL VIEW OF THE MAYO COMPLEX
Where to go after the doctor despairs.

THE LATE DR. WILL

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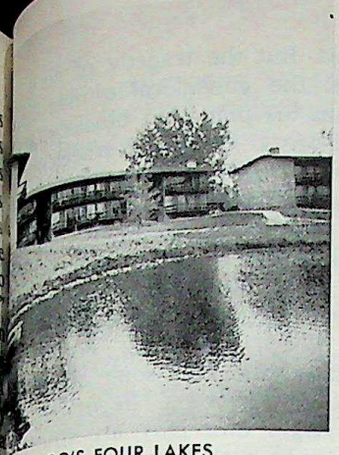
ART SHAY



CHICAGO'S FOUR LAKES

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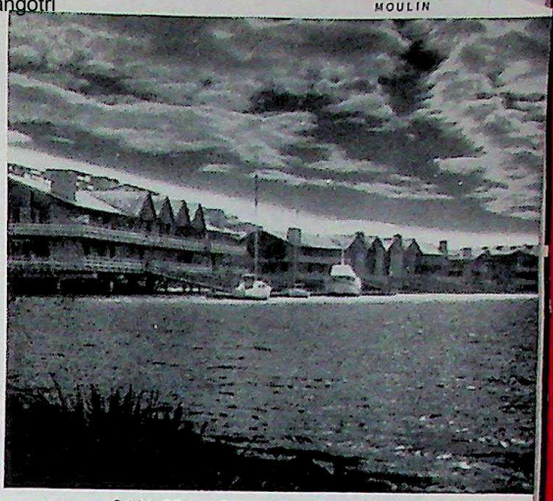

SAN FRANCISCO'S COVE

MODERN LIVING

THE APARTMENT

This & Country Too

ce an apartment was a place that le lived in because they could not d anything else. Its major advan- was that it was usually near the e of things. But the notion of an apartment is has gradually ed. The change began with the n apartments, which offered a e and garden for those who could ford a garden of their own—or at did not want to have one to care of. Garden apartments ringed across the land, from Dallas and on in the Southwest, and St. Louis Detroit in the Midwest, to Atlanta Washington in the East.

w the apartment has taken on a legance and a new appeal that is cry from the cramped, pavement- l image of its original version. The apartment offers not only an air of one's own, without the nui- of home keeping, but throws in of the facilities of country living: ming pools, sauna baths, tennis , golf courses, marinas, land- d acres for postprandial strolling, playgrounds for the young. And closer to town.

w from the Terrace. Just across dson River from Manhattan, for e, perched on the brink of the Palisades, are the four 15-story gs of Horizon House spaced over es of wooded grounds. Most liv- oms and terraces face out across dson, with views of the Manhat- yline and the George Washing- idge.

ndio apartment with terrace rents 95 a month; a three-bedroom, rel goes for $450; penthouses on 5th floor with three bedrooms, aths, a maid's room and bath, an open to the sky, and a sunken oom are $1,000 a month. In ad- to the view, other attractions are e at relatively modest extra cost tenants: access to the free-form g pool carved out of the cliff a year per family, garage park- 25 a month, limousine service Horizon House to Manhattan e suites is $15 a week and Hori-

zon House's own school bus takes kids to nearby schools for $2.50 a week.

Fish from Balcony. The Horizon House idea has its enthusiasts in other parts of the U.S. In Lisle, Ill., 25 miles outside Chicago, Four Lakes Village is made up of apartments clustered around an abandoned rock quarry that has been transformed into a trout- and bass-stocked lake; each apartment has a 24-ft. balcony jutting over the water, and at-home fishing is popular with tenants. During the winter there is ice skating. A one-bedroom apartment rents for $150 a month; two-bedrooms are $175.

Water-side living also appeals to the tenants of The Cove, located at Tiburon on San Francisco Bay, eight miles from the city. Here the Japanesy two-story buildings are bordered by deck and dock, with private craft tied up at the door. Most tenants work in San Francisco and commute by car and—in some instances—boat. Rents at The Cove range from $185 for a one-bedroom apartment, to $525 for three bedrooms. On the outskirts of Los Angeles, the Penthouse apartments hover over the Pacific shore line, offer tenants a beach, a Gay Nineties-style billiard room, and an acre of terraced gardens with olive, orange and lemon trees.

Beyond questions of convenience, the underlying idea was articulated 40 years ago by Le Corbusier as an answer to the ever increasing density of population around major cities. Corbusier proposed to stack people vertically in high-rise towers so that the surrounding land could be freed for parks and playgrounds. The idea lay dormant while the cheap land within easy commuting distance sprouted a crop of postwar homes sold on easy terms.

As the suburbs filled up, land prices soared, and the idea took on a new practicality as a real estate venture. It is based on a principle, even older than Corbusier's, that a community can afford what an individual cannot.

YOUTH

More in Sorrow

After ten days of hearings, including last-minute testimony from a girl friend of 17-year-old Nancy Hitchings that Nancy did not seem to be drunk when she saw her a couple of hours before she drove off into the night with Michael Smith to her death, Judge Rodney Eielson found Michael guilty of reckless driving and negligent homicide. The judge concluded that Michael, not Nancy, was driving, on such simple physical evidence as the discovery of Nancy's blood on the right side of the car roof. He sentenced him to six months in jail on the homicide charge, to be suspended after 60 days.

Then it was the parents' turn. The four couples who had given the two parties attended by Michael and Nancy turned up at Stamford circuit court to stand trial for serving liquor to minors. Francis Dutcher, a vice president of Johns-Manville Corp., and his wife Nancy pleaded *nolo contendere*; he explained that he and his wife had given a small dinner before the dance for his teen-age daughter, who had been away at school for two years. "We thought long and hard before we held the party because we had never served alcoholic beverages in our home to young people before. Had we known it was against the Connecticut law, we would never have done so." He ordered extra-large glasses, told the bartender to make sure that the drinks were very light. Soft drinks were available, and the highballs were served only before dinner. Concluded Dutcher: "I am particularly concerned about the bad publicity that has been given our town. I have lived in many parts of the country, and I can assure you that the residents of Darien are among the finest people that I have ever known."

Judge Alfred Toscano, seemingly more in sorrow than in anger, then imposed a fine of $250 each. Dr. George Hughes, on whose lawn the main party had been held, chose to fight, along with the two co-hosting couples. Their lawyers filed various demurrers and motion for dismissal, and the judge set hearings for next week.

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BROADWAY

Man of Two Worlds

One reason he was so inimitable is that few songwriters have ever traveled in the places and circles that Cole Porter made his natural world. He was born rich. He was educated to his manicured fingertips. He spent his best years lounging in wing collars against exotic backgrounds with the sleekest peacocks of two worlds.

Porter found his songs wherever he went. Once in Samoa, on a round-the-world cruise, he saw a native dance that had a rhythm too insistent to be forgotten. Back aboard ship, he turned it into *Begin the Beguine*. A few mornings later, Monty Woolley, who was traveling in Porter's party, stepped out on deck in his pajamas and greeted the day, saying: "It's delovely." Porter thought the line was delightful. Delicious, in fact. Delirious. Delimit.

GEORGE KARGER—PIX

COLE PORTER IN 1954
Splendid, terrific and delimit.

Bow-Wow-Wow. Material came from home too. When Ethel Merman sang the funny patter song *By the Mississinewah* in 1943's *Something for the Boys*, she was singing about the river that flowed through the 750-acre property in rural Indiana, where Cole Porter was raised. His father was an Indiana fruitgrower, and his grandfather was a coal and timber baron worth $50 million. As a boy, Porter was a prodigy who was writing songs before he was ten. When he got to Yale (class of 1913), he immortalized the college mascot; Yalemen will remember him forever as the chap who wrote "Bulldog, bulldog, bow, wow, wow, Eli Yale."

He went on to Harvard Law School, playing the piano for anyone who would listen. In World War I, he joined the French Foreign Legion, emerged in 1919 to marry a sparkling debutante, Linda Lee Thomas, whose wealth matched his own. In the next two decades, he skimmed along in the clear blue, living his international life often at a pace of seven parties per night, residing now at his retreat in the Berkshires, now in his Paris town house, now in his glass palacette in Los Angeles, now in his *palazzo* in Venice, now in Manhattan's Waldorf Towers, where he kept two suites, one for work and one for play.

You're the Top. Despite the distractions, smash musical after smash musical kept materializing on the quires of composition paper he kept in his luggage. By 1937, he had done 15 of them, including *Paris, Fifty Million Frenchmen, Red, Hot and Blue*, and *Anything Goes*, the show which contained a lyric whose rhymes and similes transfigured the art and cast the moon-June school into lasting shade:

You're the Nile, you're the Tower of Pisa,
You're the smile of the Mona Lisa
I'm a worthless check, a total wreck, a flop,
But if, baby, I'm the bottom, you're the top!

RALPH MORSE—LIFE

SCENE FROM "KISS ME, KATE"*

Then one day, in the fall of 1937, he was riding with a couple of titled Europeans on the bridle paths of Long Island's Piping Rock Club. His horse reared, threw him, fell on him, and smashed his legs so badly that bone protruded through the skin. For the rest of his life he was in pain. He lived much of the time in a wheelchair and on crutches.

Many people had thought he was made of the same gossamer he had written about in *Just One of Those Things*. But the tragedy of his legs revealed the considerable man he was. He put his piano on blocks so that he could work from his wheelchair, and went on writing. With music and language intermingling in his mind at the time of writing, he melded rather than matched his words to the rhythm and tone of his tunes. He innovated. While everyone else was writing 16-bar verses and 32-bar choruses, Porter became noted for the long song, sometimes going over 100 bars. *Begin the Beguine* and *Night and Day* are structured as artfully as a classical sonata, the theme elaborated and subtly expanded each time it returns, developed until it finally crests and crashes in soul-satisfying splendor.

Stuff for Stars. To supply his mercurial lyrics, he kept rhyming dictionaries beside him, but he was even more attentive to the individual equipment of his performing stars. It was his belief, for example, that Ethel Merman could sing the word *terrific* like no other creature. So he let her sing it:

Some get a kick from cocaine.
I'm sure that if
I had even one sniff
It would bore me terrific'lly, too,
Yet I get a kick out of you.

He knew a saucy siren when one came along; so for Mary Martin in 1938's *Leave It to Me*, he wrote:

While tearin' off a game of golf
I may make a play for the caddy,
But when I do, I don't follow through
'Cause my heart belongs to Daddy.

His masterpiece was 1948's *Kiss Me, Kate*. It was an intricately structured play within a play about an acting company doing *The Taming of the Shrew*. Its brilliant polish, erudite humor, unbuttoned bawdry and elevated style were sum and summary of Porter's professional posture. He was, when he wanted to be, Rabelais in a cutaway, rippling with educated crudities:

Better mention The Merchant of Venice
When her sweet pound o' flesh [illegible] *would menace.*
When your baby is pleading pleasure
Let her sample your Measure for Measure.

But *Kate* was not a one- or two-star show. Its score was memorable from beginning to end, and its lyrics never flagged, from *Why Can't You Behave* and *Always True to You in My Fashion* to *Wunderbar* and *Where Is the Life That Late I Led?*

Porter shelled out about $1,000 a night. It took 97 people to see his show on opening night. He returned more than a dozen times, always with big parties for friends. When he wrote something, he knew it was great, and no one enjoyed a Cole Porter show more than he did.

Last week, at 71, Cole Porter died in Santa Monica. There was no reasonable sadness in his death. For the last few years, since the death of his wife, he had lived alone and away from people

* With Patricia Morison & Alfred Drake.

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his life is permanent in melody. he man was a school in himself," said ssing Broadway lyricist when he d the news last week. "A school no students. Other songwriters can imitated, but not Cole Porter."

OPERA

ind the Nervous Curtain

o open its 80th season, the Metro- an Opera last week mounted a lav- new production of an old operatic horse, *Lucia di Lammermoor*. De- er Attilio Colonello created mas- settings of gnarled, Sequoia-size and great Scottish castles. Cos- es were dazzlingly extravagant. The leads, swathed in layer upon layer rocades, silks and laces, looked like eweight peacocks, but dashingly so. staging was stodgy, consisting main- pose striking.

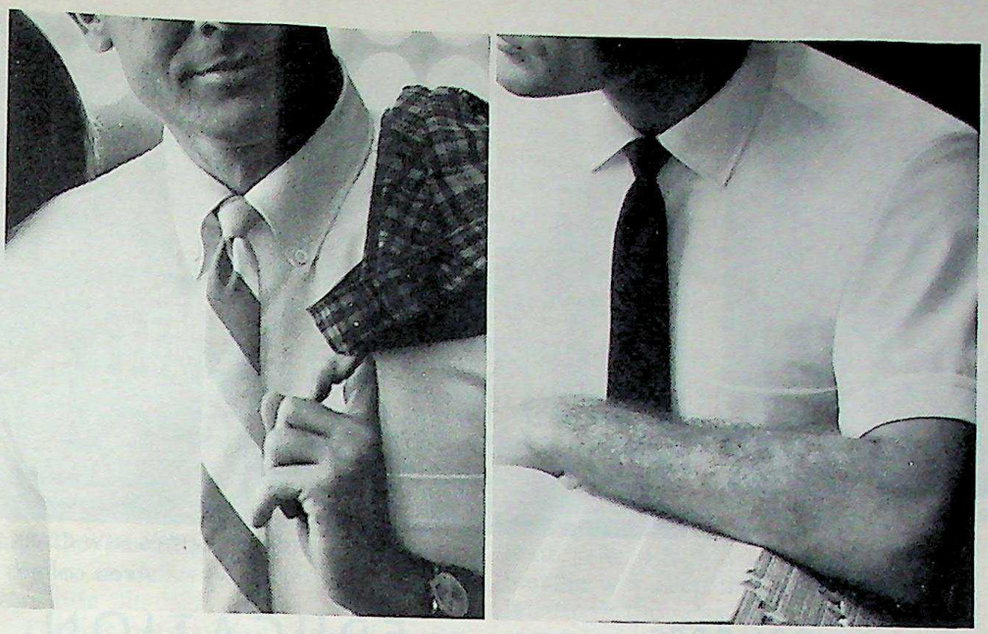
ut no matter. Opening-night audi- es at the Met are notorious for their chment from the proceedings on- e. Milling in the corridors, crowd- the bars, they wish everyone "Happy on, darling" and skip out early. But came Joan Sutherland singing the role, and the detachment turned nchantment.

ommuters at Rush Hour. With g backing from Baritone Robert ill, beginning his 20th season with Met in fine vocal fettle, and Tenor r Konya, the flame-haired colora- performance was a masterpiece el canto. In the climactic Mad e, in which she sings a duologue a fluttering solo flute, her glittering atura runs, leaps and trills won a ing ovation and 14 curtain calls. e all those demented old dames e old operas," she says. "They're , but the music's wonderful."

e following evening offered So- Elisabeth Schwarzkopf, 49, mak- er belated debut at the Met sing- he demanding role of the Mar- in in *Der Rosenkavalier*. Blondly t, and in sure control of her pure no, grown a shade harder over ears, Schwarzkopf proved that her challin is still the most memorable Lotte Lehmann's in the 1930s.

inous Cloud. In addition to *Lucia*, Met is mounting new productions *nson et Delila* and *Salome*. In y, Leontyne Price will sing *Così ute* for the first time, followed e conducting debut of William erg (TIME, Sept. 11) two months In March, after an absence of years, Maria Callas will make ng-awaited return to the Met to *osca*.

Lucia and *Rosenkavalier*, the olitan was off to a good start. ominous cloud remained. There eat that the musician's union a strike on Nov. 1 if contract s are not met. With no easy in sight, there is a very real y that the curtain may ring the Met before it is really up.



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"HERE COMES OUR FAILURE"

These words were once spoken of France's Jean Anouilh by a director of acknowledged ability—and doubtful foresight. TIME quoted him in a searching article on the playwright. Just such commentary gives TIME's features on famous people authenticity and bite. It's in evidence throughout the wide ranging Show Business section, which gleans theatrical news from every corner of the world. Small wonder millions of families around the world read TIME. It keeps them up-to-date on the very business there's no business like.

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Hibiya, Tokyo

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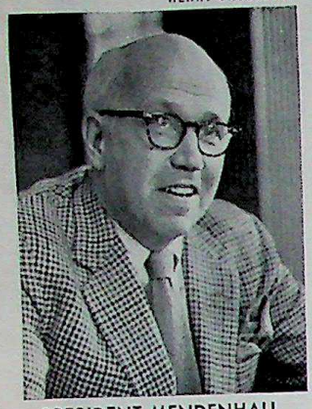
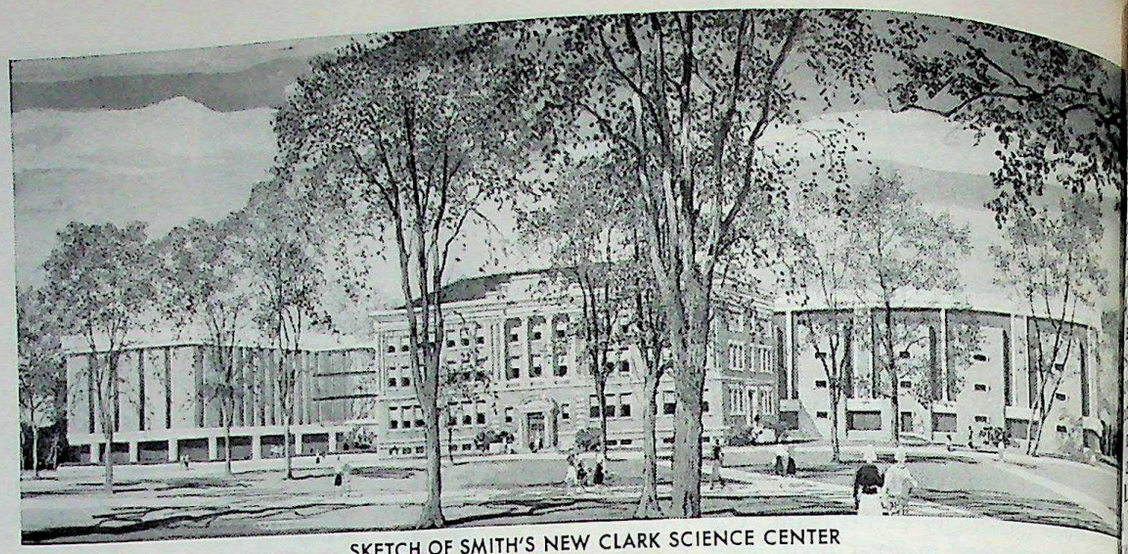
HENRY GROSSMAN



PRESIDENT MENDENHALL



SKETCH OF SMITH'S NEW CLARK SCIENCE CENTER
Avon called

EDUCATION

COLLEGES

Wealthier & Wiser

Though a college thrives on scholarship, it survives on charity. Happily announcing the biggest gifts in their history last week, two of the top schools in the U.S. looked confidently forward to converting the cash into academic achievement.

Smith College, largest of the elite Seven Sisters,* received $3,000,000 for a new science center from New Yorker W. Van Alan Clark, honorary board chairman of Avon Products, and his wife, Smith Alumna Edna McConnell Clark, whose father started the door-to-door-sales cosmetics company. Smith was founded in 1871 on the theory that women deserved—and needed—the same intensive education available to men. Though about half the students major in the humanities, the school has traditionally been strong in science; among those receiving honorary degrees from Smith in June were Marion Spencer Fay, president of the Woman's Medical College of Pennsylvania, and Anna Young Whiting (Smith, Class of 1916), a geneticist at the Oak Ridge, Tenn., atomic laboratory. Smith's early graduates in science included the first woman to be named a full professor of medicine at Johns Hopkins, Florence Rena Sabin, and Dorothy Reed Mendenhall, a noted child welfare specialist and the mother of Smith's current president, Thomas C. Mendenhall. The Clarks' gift, said Mendenhall, would not only expand the flow of women graduates into science but would also improve the "general literacy" of the student body. With the record windfall, Smith in only 15 months has fulfilled its three-year goal of raising $7,500,000, can now collect a Ford Foundation challenge grant worth $2,500,000.

Even more munificent was a pledge of $9,000,000 in stocks to Cornell University, which has embarked on a campaign to raise $73.2 million to celebrate its centennial this year. Donor: Maxwell M. Upson, 88, retired board chairman of Raymond International, a far-flung heavy-construction company. An 1899 Cornell graduate in mechanical engineering, Upson is a self-made man. He stipulated only that $500,000 of his gift be used to establish a "professorship in the free-enterprise system."

* The others: Barnard, Bryn Mawr, Mount Holyoke, Radcliffe, Vassar, Wellesley.

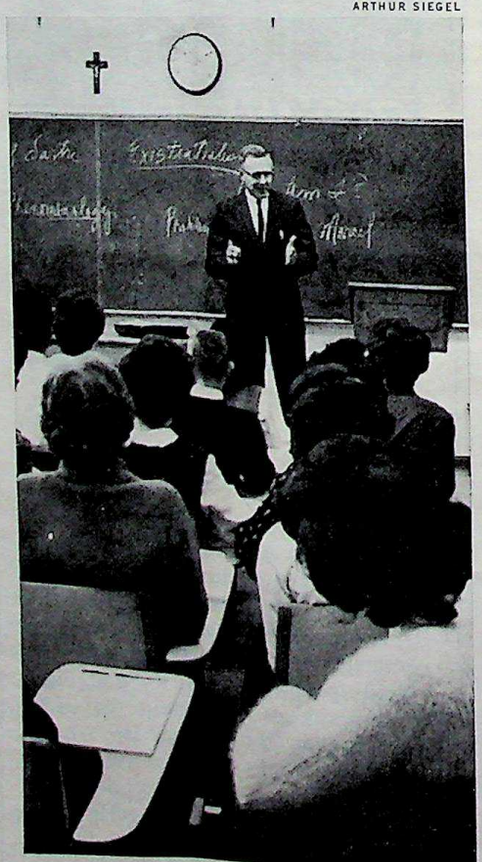
CURRICULUM

Departure at De Paul

"Serenity may be the fruit of wisdom," allows Gerald F. Kreyche, chairman of De Paul University's philosophy department. "But it can also be the symptom of sleep."

Since its founding 57 years ago, Roman Catholic De Paul taught philosophy with the serenity of somnambulism. Its curriculum rested comfortably on the teachings of St. Thomas Aquinas, the 13th century Italian theologian who established Aristotelian philosophy as a rational basis for Christian belief. At Chicago's De Paul, as at most U.S. Catholic colleges, modern thinkers were studied to be refuted rather than understood, as if philosophy were a kind of secular theology. Now the university has adopted a radically different approach. Firmly backed by the president, the Very Rev. John R. Cortelyou, a noted comparative endocrinologist and the first natural scientist to head the school, Kreyche's department has introduced four new philosophy courses that study Aquinas as a man to be boldly challenged, not a saint to be blindly followed.

ARTHUR SIEGEL



PHILOSOPHER KREYCHE
Aquinas was challenged.

Straw Men. De Paul's innovation is probably the most significant attempt to overhaul Catholic philosophy teaching in the U.S. since 1789, when Georgetown, the nation's first Catholic university, opened its doors. Kreyche, 37, bravely prepared the change this year. In three hard-hitting speeches to Catholic educators, he derided "closed-system Thomists who still shadowbox with the ghosts of the 13th century," insisting that new times demand a new approach to philosophical problems. Reason, says Kreyche: "St. Thomas himself, many of whose views were condemned after his death, would be appalled at the [illegible] way we shamble in his huge footsteps. The magnificent company of non-Catholic thinkers—Spinoza, Kant, Kierkegaard, Sartre—are too often presented in our texts as straw men to be knocked down with a pat phrase and a smirk at the stupidity of those who don't agree with us." Kreyche's goal was "a classroom in which professor and student can move easily from Socrates to Sartre, from Plato to Planck, from Aristotle to Ayer."

Such notions violently divided the university's 17-member philosophy faculty. "It is selling your philosophical birthright for a mess of existential pottage," protested the Rev. Joseph De

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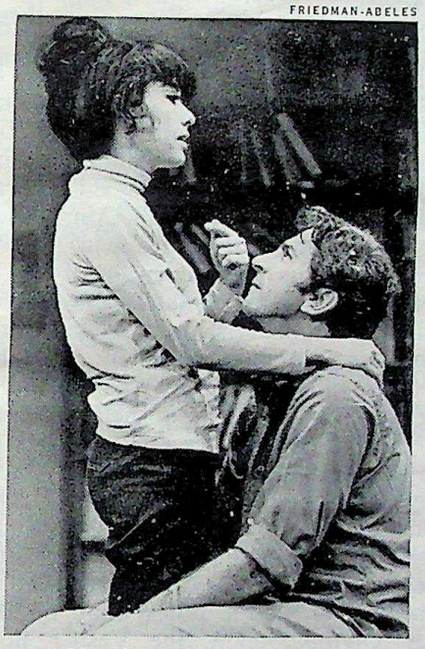
Guilt Collectors

The Sign in Sidney Brustein's Window, by Lorraine Hansberry, has too many minds of its own. It is overloaded, overwritten and overwrought. It is about guilt and guilt collectors, venting their oral-compulsive laments in a Greenwich Village setting. Through the play troop the Quixotes who venture into political quicksands, the soiled hipsters of success and the purist false priests of failure, self-deceiving bohemians, homosexuals, husbands, wives, artists and whores. Everything overlaps and the play has diversity without direction. It endlessly circles its own conversation pit.

Feeding out the play's entangling plot lines are Sidney Brustein (Gabriel Dell),

FRIEDMAN-ABELES



MORENO & DELL IN "WINDOW"
Flickers through a smudge fire.

a disabused idealist who still quivers at the drop of a line from Thoreau, and his wife Iris (Rita Moreno), a would-be Duse who is ready to stoop to TV commercials. They would rather bicker and brood than curse and make up. In the intervals between their somewhat tiresome spats, the best scenes and acting of the play occur. Top honors go to Alice Ghostley as Iris' proper older sister, an inflated marshmallow of a woman. In one bravura monologue, she tells of her years-long accommodation to her husband's mistress and his four sons, only three of whom are also hers. Another bitterly eloquent, if slightly self-pitying scene is provided by Ben Aliza as the Negro wooer of Iris' younger sister. Shattered to learn that his love has been a high-priced call girl, he recounts a childhood episode in which his porter father once swept the family table bare, vowing never again to live off "the white man's leavings."

While scenes like this flame up, the play as a whole has the hazy look of a smudge fire. Lorraine Hansberry's intelligence is sharp, her writing can be distinctive, and she has X-ray vision when it comes to spotting the steel or the sponge in a character. But she needs to recover the dramatic directness and drive of her prizewinning first play, *A Raisin in the Sun.*

Swiss Cheese

The Physicists opens with a corpse stretched out on the stage, and the play promptly follows suit. The setting is a sanitarium for the insane, but the chief delusion of the evening is harbored by Swiss Playwright Friedrich Duerrenmatt (*The Visit*), who plainly believes that he is a deep thinker. He dispenses fat, fuzzy thoughts on atomic scientists, moral responsibility, and the apocalyptic menace of the bomb as if he were imparting profound revelations rather than portentous bromides.

The initial idea for the play could have been mouthed by a New York cab driver: Those atomic scientists are crazy, man; they belong in a nut house. Mad Scientist No. 1 (Hume Cronyn) believes he is Sir Isaac Newton. Mad Scientist No. 2 (George Voskovec) thinks he is Albert Einstein. Mad Scientist No. 3 (Robert Shaw) hears the voice of King Solomon, and occasionally imagines that he is Solomon.

What seems to keep them unhinged in Act I is the sheer lack of anything to do. Newton fiddles with his curly 18th century wig, Einstein saws at his fiddle, while Solomon keeps listening for those voices in his head. The lady hunchback (Jessica Tandy) who manages this loony bin shuffles around like a witch off a broomstick. Her charges all murder their nurses.

In the second and concluding act, the audience finds out why. The physicists were merely feigning madness, and the nurses were getting wise to their game. In fact Newton and Einstein are secret agents—for the U.S. and the U.S.S.R., respectively—with orders to abduct King Solomon, a peerless physicist from an unnamed third country who has solved "the problem of gravitation." This invites some windy word slinging about how a scientist may best preserve his probity. Solomon convinces his colleagues that they should all stay in the madhouse, because "we physicists have to take back our knowledge." However, in an ironic finale that negates their decision, the scientists discover that "anything that is once thought cannot be unthought."

Duerrenmatt's *che sera sera* fatalism is colored by a little wit, less eloquence, and the kind of oracular vision that informs playgoers that the work of atomic scientists might doom the human race. Cronyn, Tandy, Voskovec and, most especially, Robert Shaw, perform with the unerring precision of fine Swiss watches, but they are sealed in an intellectual Swiss cheese.

, one of seven Dominicans who philosophy and who have a spe- interest in St. Thomas as a patron of their order. Warned another of Paul's Dominicans: "We are skirt- canon law." However, the five lay- in the department, joined by some priests, backed Kreyche's experi- curriculum.

aggiornamento. On a voluntary ba- with a minimum of formal lec- De Paul students can now enroll r courses that explore "man's en- er" with man, God, the world, morality. The readings are inten- and far-ranging, include Material- Ludwig Feuerbach, Existentialist Tillich, as well as the *doctor an-* St. Thomas.

eyche has received dozens of in- s and letters of congratulation Catholic educators across the praising De Paul's new philoso- program. The response, he hopes, es an *aggiornamento*, or updat- in U.S. Catholic philosophy, to the *aggiornamento* in theology. wise, Kreyche says, "we would get the nonprofessing professor, nintellectual intellectual, the non- ian Christian. Without academic m, neither the student, professor, e college could fulfill their respec- atures within the church."

FACULTY

ient Loyalty

an unusually candid annual re- John W. Nason, president of on College, discusses the long- side effects of the "teachers' mar- the shortage of topflight faculty has increasingly bedeviled his nt liberal arts school in North- Minn., as well as other colleges and sities throughout the U.S.

eton's president welcomes the rewards of cash and kudos that ccrued to the profession. "What me," he says, "is that with s, universities, government and all competing for the services ully, there has developed a pat- relatively rapid turnover." As t. Nason finds, "one's personal centers on one's profession, not college, which becomes a way on the road to professional suc- aculty members are less inclined rify themselves with their present on. After all, it is only human and common sense not to be- o involved in a community in one is only a transient rather ermanent member."

er Rhodes Scholar Nason, 59, self had only three employers finished college. In 1953 he ed away from Swarthmore after there (13 as president) to anhattan's Foreign Policy As- . Nine years later, in 1962, e Carleton's first alumnus to school. He calls it "my last ob."

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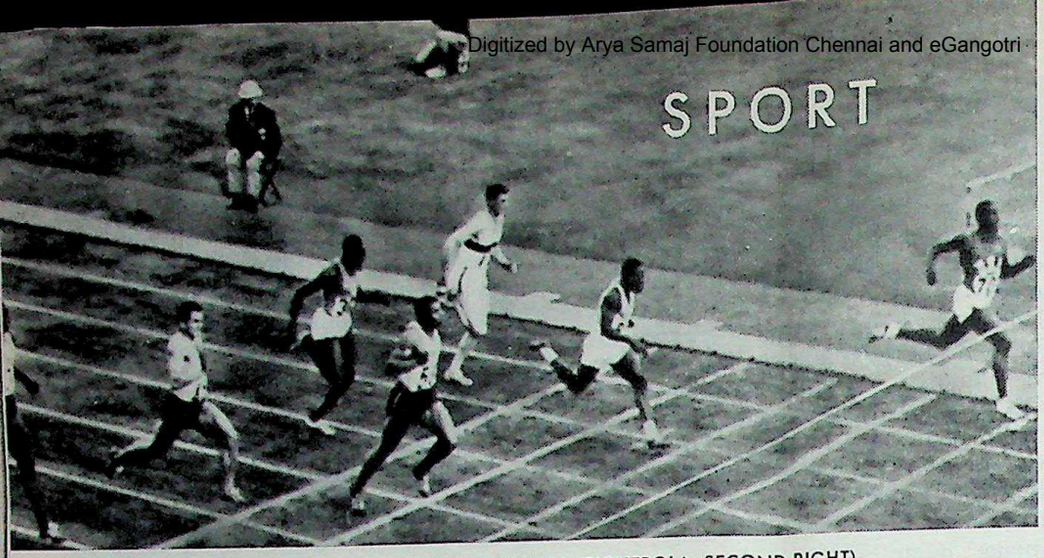


HAYES WINNING 100 METERS (FIGUEROLA, SECOND RIGHT)
Revival in 10 flat.

THE OLYMPICS

Lieut. Pinkerton's Week

It almost seemed unfair. Time after time last week, the Japanese Self Defense Forces Band blared *The Star-Spangled Banner* to signal yet another U.S. victory in the 1964 Olympic Games —so often that foreign spectators and athletes caught themselves whistling its familiar strains. "But it's not *The Star-Spangled Banner*," an Italian insisted defensively. "It's from the first act of *Madame Butterfly*." At that, it did seem a little reminiscent of Lieut. Pinkerton's visit to Japan. Over the first seven days of the XVIII Olympiad, smashing 10 world and 18 Olympic records in the process, the greatest group of athletes ever assembled under any flag achieved one of the most amazing conquests in the gaudy history of sport.

A Shot for Theology. Altogether, the U.S. won 52 medals—almost twice as many as the Russians, who carted away the lion's share at both the 1956 and 1960 Olympics. The Russians were not all that bad; the Americans were just that good. Track and swimming came close to being monopolies (*see following stories*).

Where the rest of the world thought it had caught up, the U.S. pulled ahead once again—as in the 100-meter dash, won by a German in 1960, this time back in U.S. hands when Florida A. & M.'s Bob Hayes ripped off a fantastic (but wind-aided) 9.9 sec. in the semifinal and tied the world record with a 10-sec.-flat clocking in the final. After one astonishing U.S. victory in track and field, a Japanese spectator turned to an American in the stands and said simply: "I congratulate you"—as if the entire U.S. were responsible.

And so it was. A U.S. team won the silver medal in the curiously militaristic modern pentathlon (riding, fencing, shooting, swimming, cross-country running), edging out Hungary's defending Olympic champions. Nebraska's Gary Anderson, a theology student, shot his way to the 300-meter three-position free rifle title, with a world-record score of 1,153 points; two other marksmen gave the U.S. second and third in small-bore-rifle prone-position competition. In 1960, the best Yankee yachtsmen could manage was one gold medal, one bronze. Last week, with four out of seven races completed, the U.S. was leading in one class, second in three others, third in the fifth.

The most startling surge came in rowing, a sport once dominated by Americans, since revolutionized by European advances in technique and equipment. Washington's Ed Ferry teamed up with California's Conn Findlay and Kent Mitchell to win a gold medal for pairs with coxswain; the U.S. picked up a silver medal in the double sculls, a bronze in the coxless fours. Darkness had already fallen over the Toda rowing course by the time the big race for eight-oared shells got under way, and flares burst overhead as crews from six nations stroked their way down the 2,000-meter course. The odds-on favorite: Germany's Ratzeburg eight, back to defend the Olympic title they won in 1960. Coxed by Robert Zimonyi, at 46 the oldest man on the U.S. Olympic team, the Vesper Boat Club crew was rated no better than third. They had lost a preliminary heat to Ratzeburg, had to survive a repechage to get into the finals at all. This time, the U.S. crew nailed the Germans at the 800-meter mark, drew away steadily to win by 1¼ boat lengths. Overjoyed, the Americans started to pitch Coxswain Zimonyi into the drink, changed their minds when he pleaded: "Tomorrow, please, fellas. Tonight I could get a heart attack."

A Medal for Kenya. There was still enough glory to go around. No fewer than 28 nations had something shiny to be proud of. "I couldn't go home without a medal," panted Cuba's Enrique Figuerola, who ran the race of his life to finish second behind Bob Hayes in the 100-meter dash. Japan swept three gold medals in Western-style wrestling. Rumania's leggy Iolanda Balas broke her own Olympic high-jumps record by 2½ in., soaring 6 ft. 2¾ in., and Kenya's Wilson Kiprugut won his new country's first Olympic medal when he placed third in the 800-meter run.

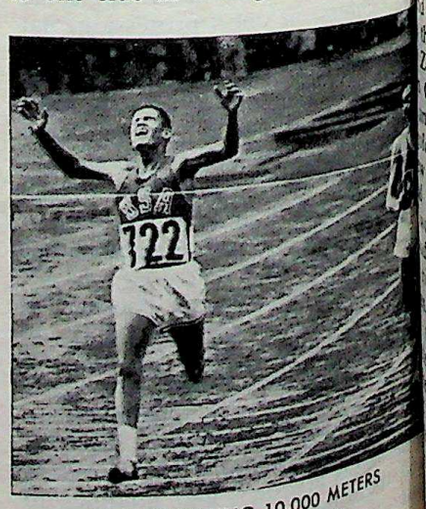
Other nations, too, would have their days this week, and the laggardly Russians were hoping for a bumper harvest in such events as canoeing and gymnastics. But so far, at least, in sport's biggest show, the spotlight shone brightest on the U.S.

Lieut. Mills's Day

Of all the U.S. trackmen at Tokyo, the one rated least likely to succeed was Billy Mills, 26, a Marine lieutenant entered in the 10,000-meter run. No American had ever won the Olympic 10,000 (or even placed better than sixth), and the experts wondered why Mills even bothered to show up. A half Sioux Indian from South Dakota, he was only a so-so runner at the University of Kansas, failed to make the U.S. team in the 5,000 meters, won a trip to Tokyo when he finished a distant second behind Gerry Lindgren in the 10,000. But he could do one thing: he could sprint pretty well in the final lap. "I'm going to win this thing if I have anything left at the end," he told his wife after clipping off a 23.8-sec. 200 meters in practice.

"I Never Heard of Him." Anybody else would have laughed. Mills's best time for 10,000 meters was 29 min. 10.4 sec., nearly a minute slower than Australian Ron Clarke's world record. And for half the race, there was Clarke striding rhythmically, effortlessly around the track, burning out his challengers. With a badly twisted ankle, Gerry Lindgren was struggling just to finish, and the crowd in National Stadium waited patiently for Clarke to shake the other also-rans: Tunisia's little Mohamed Gamoudi, Ethiopia's Mamo Wolde and Billy Mills. But on and on they went, matching stride for stride, lapping stragglers, jockeying for position. Clarke was in front going into the final lap. Incredibly, Mills was right behind, and so were the other two unknowns.

Suddenly, as an astonished roar erupted from 75,000 throats, Mills turned on his finishing kick, tried to pass—and got a dig in the ribs that knocked him off stride. Once more, he came on, and now Tunisia's Gamoudi blasted past, stiff-arming the American to one side in a tangle of flailing arms



MILLS WINNING 10,000 METERS
Shock by four yards.

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...s, Mills stumbled, recovered, and ...ed forward again. Arms pumping, ...churning, his face an agony of ef... he raced past Clarke, past Gamou... past the finish line—to win by four ..., set a new Olympic record of 28 ... 24.4 sec. and score the biggest ... of the 1964 games.

...ympic President Avery Brundage ...ears in his eyes when he draped the ... medal around Mills's neck. And ... someone asked Loser Clarke: "In ...prerace planning did you worry ...t Mills?" "Worry about him?" said ...ke. "I never heard of him."

UPI

DIVER BUSH
Somersaults from 10 meters.

...ou Die for Them." For a time last ..., it seemed that this was to be an ...pics of upsets—most of them hap... to the Russians. Britain's Ken... Matthews easily outdistanced Rus... Vladimir Golubnichy, the 1960 ...ic champ, in the herky-jerky ...0-kilometer walk; Tatyana Schel... saw her world record broken ...tain's Mary Rand in the women's ... jump; and Elena Gorchakova, ...et a new world mark in the quali... round of the women's javelin, ... came close again, finished third ...d Rumania's Mihaela Penes. But ...there were the unbeatables, like ...Zealand's Peter Snell, who loafed ... Olympic record in the 80-meter ...nd the Americans who were min... ...d as if it were coal:

... York's Al Oerter, 28, a gold ... winner in both 1956 and 1960, ...rking out with the discus when ...denly collapsed with a severely ... cartilage and internal hemor... For a week doctors gave him ...eatments, ultrasonic massage, ... relaxers and enzymes to clear ...dead internal blood. Then they ...n from chest to buttocks, shot ... of painkillers, and he went out ...ete. Unable to pivot his hips, ... the 4-lb. 7-oz. discus with his ...ne—and still uncorked a toss of 200 ft. 1½ in. to beat Czechoslovakia's Ludvik Danek. Any other time he would have been hospitalized. "But these are the Olympics," said Oerter. "You die for them."

▶ Tennessee State's Wyomia Tyus, just turned 19, picked up where Wilma Rudolph left off in 1960—beating Teammate Edith McGuire in the women's 100-meter dash, after tying Wilma's world record of 11.2 sec. in a heat.

▶ California's massive Dallas Long, 24, was having all sorts of trouble getting himself keyed up for the shotput—until precocious Texan Randy Matson, 19, unloaded the longest throw of his brief career: 66 ft. 3¼ in. "A thing like that can really juice you up," said Long, who promptly set an Olympic record with a toss of 66 ft. 8½ in. and announced that he was retiring to concentrate on dentistry: "It's time to stop putting and start pulling."

At week's end the U.S., which won only nine gold medals in men's track and field at the 1960 Olympics, already had seven in the bank—with perhaps half a dozen more to go. Head Coach Bob Giegengack, for the first time in his life, could be accused of understatement when he said: "This is a magnificent bunch of kids."

"Somebody's Gonna Break a Record"

The question in swimming was not how many medals the U.S. would win but how many it would lose. In Tokyo's Olympic pool, the dreams of other aquatic nations dissolved in the foam churned up by 49 crew-cut boys and pink-cheeked girls who averaged 18 years of age, fretted like all adolescents about acne and freckles—and swam as if sharks were snapping at their toes.

The very first American in the pool, California's Gary Ilman, shattered the Olympic record for 100 meters; before he could even write home about it, all sorts of people were beating the mark, too—and Gary found himself just the fourth-best 100-meter man in the world. "Somebody's gonna break the world record in the 200-meter backstroke," predicted Princeton's Jed Graef, 22. Who might that be? "Me," said Graef, and hit the electronic touchboard in 2 min. 10.3 sec., barely edging Teammate Gary Dilley.

Three days before he was due to swim in the 400-meter individual medley (butterfly, backstroke, breaststroke and freestyle), California's Dick Roth, 17, was stricken with an appendicitis attack. Rushed to a hospital, he was fed intravenously, packed in ice. Roth refused medication: "If it has to come out, O.K.," he said, "but if it doesn't, I don't want to be punchy for the race." Then he went out and chopped 3.1 sec. off his own world record.

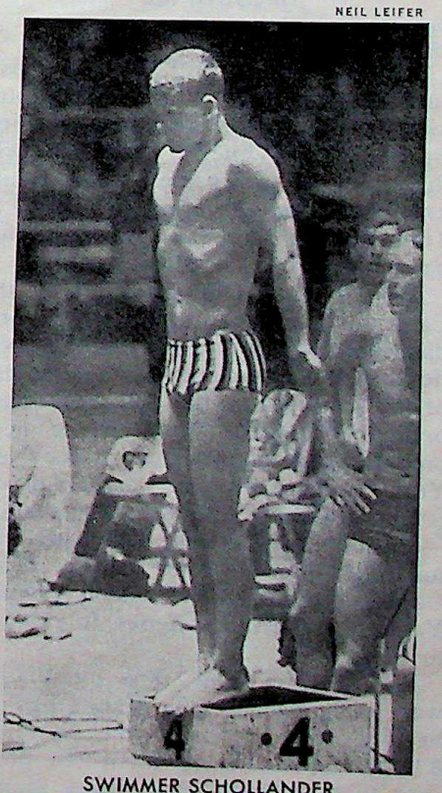
One-Two-Three. There was talk that the U.S. might take every gold medal in the men's events. Three Australians —Ian O'Brien in the 200-meter breaststroke, Bob Windle in the 1,500-meter freestyle and Kevin Berry in the 200-meter butterfly—ended that discussion. So the U.S. settled for eight of the first eleven.

And those U.S. girls? Nobody was more shocked than New Jersey's Lesley Bush, 17, when she somersaulted to a gold medal from the 10-meter platform —except maybe Germany's Ingrid Kramer, who won the high dive in 1960 and was supposed to repeat. California's Donna de Varona, 17, led a one-two-three sweep of the women's 400-meter individual medley, and Cathy Ferguson, 16, set a new world record in the 100-meter backstroke. Of course, there was nothing anyone could do to stop Australia's ageless Dawn Fraser, 27, from winning the 100-meter freestyle in a record 59.4 sec. But Sharon Stouder, only 15, came within .4 sec. (becoming the first U.S. girl ever to crack 1 min.), then won the 100-meter butterfly and helped her teammates beat the world's record for the 400-meter freestyle relay.

The Real Thrill. Nobody demonstrated U.S. superiority better than Oregon's Don Schollander, who has been training for the Olympics five hours a day every day for eight of his 18 years. "The greatest sensation in swimming," he says, "is the pain you have to swim through. But the real thrill is winning—and winning big." Last week Don was looking for all the thrills he could find. In the 100-meter freestyle he left France's World Record Holder Alain Gottvallès far behind to set a 53.4-sec. Olympic record. "I had nothing left at the finish," he confided afterward. "Not a drop, not a single breath."

That must have been gamesmanship —because Schollander had lots left. Three days later he won the 400-meter freestyle in world-record time: 4 min.

NEIL LEIFER



SWIMMER SCHOLLANDER
A cinch for four medals.

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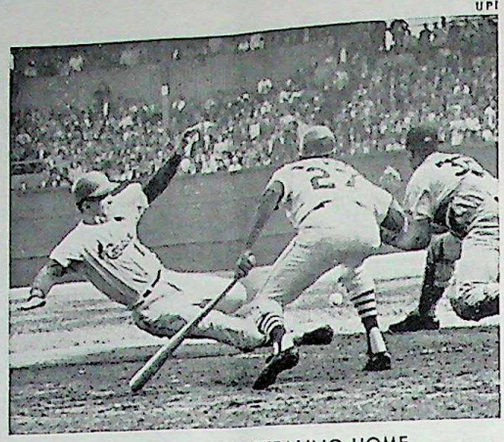
GIBSON LEAPING THROWN BAT



McCARVER STEALING HOME
Guts, guile and footwork.

12.2 sec. He anchored the U.S. 400-meter freestyle relay team to still another world record. And by week's end, only a tidal wave was going to keep him from winning his fourth gold medal of the Games, in the 800-meter relay. That ought to be enough to satisfy anybody. But when a newsman showed up for his appointment with the No. 1 star of the 1964 Olympics, Schollander refused to talk and closeted himself in a room. Why? He was so disappointed that he was practically in tears. He wanted to win five gold medals—something nobody had ever done in the 68-year history of the Games. He probably would have, too, if Teammate Steve Clark hadn't beaten him right out of a spot on the U.S. 400-meter medley relay team. Explained Schollander's coach, George Haines: "You have to understand. Don has been working eight years for this."

BASEBALL

The Sweet Taste of Revenge

"The Cards in seven!" read the postcard tacked to the wall of the St. Louis locker room. "Hell," said Cardinal First Baseman Bill White. "I wanted to win this thing in six games." But White knew better than to argue with Fifi La-Tour and her Oriental advisers. "Fifi," he said solemnly, "is always right."

Well, almost. Old Stripper Fifi, the Cardinals' favorite fortuneteller, did predict that St. Louis would win the National League pennant—on the last day of the 1964 season. Of course, she also predicted that the Cards would need only five games to demolish the New York Yankees. But no baseball player is going to knock a .500 batting average—let alone .750. And last week Fifi made it three-for-four, as the gritty Cardinals humbled the heavily favored Yankees in the World Series, four games to three.

The Dirtiest Trick. The humiliation was total—because the Yanks had no excuse. They outscored the Cardinals 33 to 32, outslugged them ten home runs to five. Outfielder Mickey Mantle clouted three homers to run his Series record to 18 (the old mark: 15, set by Babe Ruth); Bobby Richardson clicked out 13 hits to break a 39-year-old mark. Cardinal pitchers had an earned-run average of 4.29 (*v.* 3.77 for the Yanks), and Star Reliever Barney Schultz staggered through the Series with an ERA of 18. But St. Louis won—and with the most exciting display of guts, guile and footwork since the old Gashouse Gang of the 1930s.

"The way those guys round first," groaned Mantle, "you'd think they were all trying out for the Olympics." Bewildered by the Cards' blazing base running, the usually gilt-gloved Yankees committed nine official errors—plus a dozen more that sympathetic scorers overlooked. Second Baseman Richardson nervously bobbled two easy double-play grounders; Catcher Elston Howard let three passed balls sail by and wailed: "I never did anything like that before." And poor Mickey Mantle—four times he threw wildly to the infield. Twice in one game he was caught off base. "The dirtiest trick I've ever seen in baseball," Mickey groused, after Cardinal Shortstop Dick Groat lulled him off second with a joke, then zipped around, took a throw and tagged him out. Naughty, indeed, but it saved a run—and the Cardinals in the fourth game. Trailing 3-0 at the time, the Cards quickly added injury to insult on Ken Boyer's grand-slam homer, won 4-3, and evened the Series at two games apiece. "I feel terrible about the whole thing," grinned Groat.

Now! Sorry. It was like that down to the end—the Yanks grim and seething with pressure, the Cards loose, enjoying it all, and ever so apologetic for the liberties they took. In the fifth game, the Yankees got nothing from Cardinal Speedballer Bob Gibson but Ks (12) and goose eggs (8) until Tom Tresh tied the score with a two-run homer in the ninth inning. Now! cried Yankee fans. Sorry, said Cardinal Catcher Tim McCarver, powdering a three-run homer that put it away 5-2 in the tenth. "I was just trying to hit a sacrifice fly," he explained.

Back to St. Louis went the Cardinals, to a tumultuous welcome at the airport, a sellout crowd at Busch Stadium ("Spell that Bush," growled one Yankee)—and the biggest collection of noisemakers and freon horns ever assembled west of the Mississippi. But the Yankees still had to be shown, jumped on five Cardinal pitchers for ten hits and an 8-3 victory. Once again the Series was all even, and now everything—$8,400 for the winners, $5,200 for the losers—was riding on the seventh game.

Practically in the Pink. Cards Manager Johnny Keane had just the pitcher. Righthander Gibson, 28, a tall, hand some Negro who had 1) a bruised hi 2) a swollen ankle, 3) a sore arm, an 4) only two days of rest. In other word Gibson was practically in the pink. "H was born sick," recalls his mother, "an he got sicker. He had rickets, hay feve asthma, pneumonia and a rheuma heart. I hardly let him out of the hou until he was four years old."

Yogi Berra's pitcher, Rookie Sensation Mel Stottlemyre, had nothi wrong with him that a good defen could not have cured. In the fourth i ning, the roof fell in. A single, a wa a nifty double steal, bad throws Shortstop Phil Linz, Second Basem Richardson and Outfielder Mantle, a the score was 3-0, Cardinals. Out w Stottlemyre; in came Reliever Al Dow ing, who threw four pitches, one them a ball. The others: a homer single, a double. Out went Downing came Rollie Sheldon, etc., etc.

With a 6-0 lead, Gibson was unbea able. He fired practically nothing fastballs ("If they hit it, they hit If they don't, they don't") at the fr ziedly swinging Yanks who tried ever thing—even throwing bats his w Striking out nine, Gibson kept thi barely interesting by feeding gop balls to Mantle, Linz and Clete Boy Then with an eye for irony, he p suaded Bobby Richardson, the Yank leading hitter, to pop up for the out. By a score of 7-5, the St. Lo Cardinals had their first world ch pionship in 18 years. Pitcher Gibson a new series record of 31 strikeo his second complete-game victory four days, and the Corvette sports that goes to the Most Valuable Pla in the World Series.

There was only one postscript to added. Into Owner Gussie Busch's fice next day walked Johnny Kea the Redbirds' manager, a veteran of years in the Cardinal organization, the man who as much as anyone m it all possible. For Keane, victory ha special flavor—the taste of revenge. month before, the Cards were six ga back of first place, and he was me running out his time; Busch had alrea lined up Leo Durocher for the job. N Keane could write his own ticket. did. Handing Owner Busch an envelo he said: "Please don't offer me a c tract. I have decided to resign."

Keane might not have to look v far for work. Back in Manhattan, Yankees announced that Yogi Ber has been fired as manager. Who w the frontrunner for Yogi's job? John Keane.

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THE BIBLE

ook for All Creeds

making translations there is no at least where the Bible is con- ed. This week appeared the first two mes—*Genesis* and *The Epistles of Peter and Jude*—of a new version glish that is something of an ecu- cal milestone. It is Doubleday's or Bible, the first translation in to combine the labors of Roman olic, Protestant and Jewish schol- Edited by William Foxwell Al- t of Johns Hopkins, a Meth- and Presbyterian David Noel lman of San Francisco Theological mary, the Anchor Bible is intended e scholar as well as for the general r; each Anchor volume will in- an elaborate introduction and mentary.

assigning individual scholars to or two books apiece, the editors to avoid some of the pitfalls that other modern versions. Bibles by committee, such as the still ished New English Bible, often their textual accuracy in tin- corporate prose; one-man trans- s—Monsignor Ronald Knox's Ro- Catholic version, for example— ften pleasing to read, but their ec- cities and errors make scholars . The credentials of the Anchor ators, who include seven Catho- 15 Protestants and five Jews, are d dispute. Sweden's Bo Reicke, ho did *The Epistles*, was one of the New Testament scholars to use the Sea Scrolls in his research. The ator of *Genesis*, Ephraim Avigdor r, 62, of the University of Pennsyl- , is one of the world's ranking iologists and an editor of the re- Jewish Publication Society transla- f the Torah.

cred Texts. For many people, any n translation seems like an im- Orthodox Jews regard as sacred Masoretic text of the Old Testa- which was established by rabbini- cholars between the 6th and 9th ies after Christ. Many conserva- rotestants feel the same way about ajestic prose of the King James on—which also took many years n acceptance among tradition- d 17th century Christians.

defense of the Anchor Bible, Edi- Albright points out: "We have d more about the Bible in the past ears than in all the previous cen- since its composition." The King translators, for example, had 16th century copies of New Testa- manuscripts to work from; schol- day can consult papyrus fragments date from within 60 years of crucifixion.

Anchor scholars have had to n some of the King James Ver- most striking images, which often d from misreadings of a corrupt text. Gone from Speiser's *Genesis*, for example, is Joseph's coat of many colors. "It's a wonderful technicolored effect," says Speiser. "But we had to put it in mothballs. In those days everybody wore a coat of many colors. Besides, the Hebrew clearly states that he wore an ornamented tunic."

Ready for Astronauts. Editor Albright denies that it is intended to serve as a common Bible for Christians and Jews. Nonetheless, it does prove that there are no longer any denominational boundaries in Scriptural scholarship, and that at least a few of today's translators would not have been out of place on King James's team. Biblical experts of all faiths have particularly high praise for the crisp, idiomatic rendering of *Genesis* (*see box*) by Orientalist Speiser, a Polish-born Jew who knew not a word of English until he was 18.

The publishers plan to issue the Anchor Bible in 38 volumes (price: between $5 and $7 each) at the rate of six a year, until 1970. Says Editor Freedman: "We want to have a set ready for our astronauts to take with them to the moon."

EPISCOPALIANS

An Ecclesiastical Lightning Rod

After the celebration of Holy Communion, the 180 bishops of the Protestant Episcopal Church last week closed the doors of St. Louis' Christ Church Cathedral for a solemn secret ballot to elect one of their number as Presiding Bishop. They took less than an hour to make the choice: the Rt. Rev. John Elbridge Hines, 54, fourth bishop of the Diocese of Texas, with headquar-

Genesis

KING JAMES

In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth.

And the earth was without form, and void; and darkness was upon the face of the deep. And the Spirit of God moved upon the face of the waters.

And God said, Let there be light: and there was light.

Behold, thy dwelling shall be the fatness of the earth, and of the dew of heaven from above;

And by thy sword shalt thou live, and shalt serve thy brother; and it shall come to pass when thou shalt have the dominion, that thou shalt break his yoke from off thy neck.

Joseph is a fruitful bough, even a fruitful bough by a well; whose branches run over the wall:

The archers have sorely grieved him, and shot at him, and hated him.

The blessings of thy father have prevailed above the blessings of my progenitors unto the utmost bound of the everlasting hills: they shall be on the head of Joseph, and on the crown of the head of him that was separate from his brethren.

And Jacob said to Rebekah his mother, Behold, Esau my brother is a hairy man, and I am a smooth man:

My father peradventure will feel me, and I shall seem to him as a deceiver; and I shall bring a curse upon me, and not a blessing.

And I will make thy seed to multiply as the stars of heaven, and will give unto thy seed all these countries; and in thy seed shall all the nations of the earth be blessed;

Because that Abraham obeyed my voice, and kept my charge, my commandments, my statutes, and my laws.

ANCHOR

When God set about to create heaven and earth—the world being then a formless waste, with darkness over the seas and only an awesome wind sweeping over the water—God said, "Let there be light." And there was light.

(1: 1-3)

"Your home shall be far from the earth's riches
And the dew of heaven above.
By your sword you shall live,
And your brother you shall serve.
But as you grow restive,
You shall throw off his yoke from your neck."

(27: 39-40)

Joseph is a wild colt,
A wild colt by a spring,
Wild asses on a hillside.
Archers in their hostility
Harried and attacked him.

(49: 22-23)

Blessings of grain-stalk and blossom
Blessings of mountains eternal,
The delights of hills everlasting.
May they rest upon the head of Joseph,
The crown of one set apart from his brothers!

(49: 26)

"But my brother Esau," Jacob said to his mother, "is a hairy man, and I am smooth-skinned! Suppose my father feels me? He will think me frivolous, and I shall bring on myself a curse instead of a blessing."

(27: 11-12)

And I will make your descendants as numerous as the stars in the sky, and give all these lands to your offspring, so that all the nations of the earth shall bless themselves by your offspring—all because Abraham heeded my call and kept my mandate: my commandments, my laws and my teachings.

(26: 4-5)

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ters in Houston. Hines succeeds Bishop Arthur Lichtenberger, 64, now so wasted by Parkinson's disease that his farewell address, a stirring summons to renewal, had to be read for him.

Ecumenism & Civil Rights. Missouri's Bishop Lichtenberger was a forceful advocate of church engagement in ecumenism and civil rights. His views are shared by witty, athletic Bishop Hines, a native of South Carolina who was elevated to his see in 1955 after ten years as its coadjutor. The new chief spokesman for the nation's 3,500,000 Episcopalians is known to Texans as a "layman's bishop." Although his diocese is largely conservative in both politics and theology, Hines outspokenly supported racial integration in public schools; he has also angered many laymen by denouncing the John Birch Society and other groups on "the radical right." In 1961, after defending the right of California's maverick Bishop James A. Pike to describe the virgin birth as a myth, Hines withstood criticism with his usual equanimity. "A bishop," he shrugs, "is the lightning rod of the ecclesiastical heavens and sometimes must be prepared for shocks."

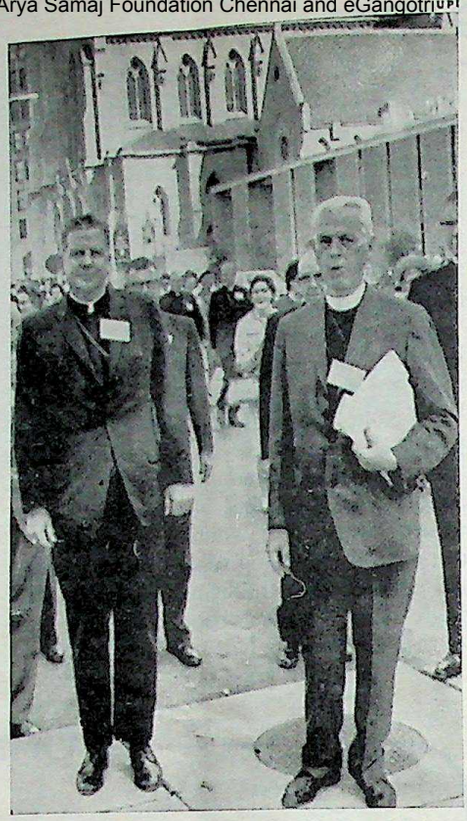
Until Hines's election, the major order of business at the Episcopalians' triennial general convention, most of the excitement in St. Louis had been generated by Bishop Pike. A onetime lawyer with a well-tested flair for infuriating conventional Episcopalians with his unconventional views, Pike declared in a sermon in St. Louis that to accept "historically conditioned" doctrines as eternal truths is nothing but "well-intentioned idolatry." One such doctrine is the Trinity, said Pike, since the meaning of the terms used to express it—three persons in one nature—has changed so much over the centuries that Christians now seem to be defending tritheism instead of the one God proclaimed by the Bible. The apostles had no doctrine of the Trinity, he reasoned, so why should it be necessary for the modern church? Urged Pike: "Let us attribute to God all that has heretofore been attributed to the three persons."

A Martyr's Trial? Put that way, Pike's proposal made a measure of sense—although the sermon probably confirmed the belief of his critics that Pike is a secret Unitarian. Snapped Bishop Edward Welles of West Missouri: "When Bishop Pike presumes unilaterally to declare the dogma of the Trinity to be nonessential, one wonders if he is not surrendering to a deep-rooted psychological compulsion to become a martyr. Perhaps he yearns to be tried for heresy?"

The chances of so formal a rebuke were small; the Episcopalians have not held a heresy trial since 1925. Nonetheless, some bishops felt that Pike should be urged to keep his controversial theological views to himself. Meanwhile, the convention delegates were occupied with the crowded agenda of their meeting. Among other first-week resolutions, they:

▶ Condemned anti-Semitism as "a direct contradiction of Christian doctrine."

▶ Rejected a conservative move to withdraw the church from membership in the National Council of Churches.



BISHOPS HINES & LICHTENBERGER
The ayes were for Texas.

ROMAN CATHOLICS

Cum Magno Dolore

Time and again throughout the Second Vatican Council, a few conservative officials of the Roman Curia have tried to block the bishops' ambitious efforts to reform and renew the Catholic Church. Time and again, the progressive-minded majority has suffered these tactics in silence and indecision. Last week, goaded by the most serious curial threat so far to the spirit of Vatican II, the bishops openly rebelled.

The latest curial maneuver came to light in a letter that Augustin Cardinal Bea gloomily read out to the bishops and theologians who serve on the Secretariat for Promoting Christian Unity. Signed by Archbishop Pericle Felici, the council's secretary, the letter proposed that the somewhat lackluster declaration on anti-Semitism (TIME, Oct. 9), which a majority of bishops wishes to strengthen, should be reduced to a short chapter in the schema, *De Ecclesia* (On the Church). Felici also urged that a declaration on religious liberty be rewritten by a special committee of four bishops—three of them conservatives who had already spoken out against the declaration at the council.

Ominous Title. Felici's ambiguously phrased letter implied that these directions had come directly from Pope Paul VI himself. Actually, as Bea and his secretariat soon discovered, the letter did not have papal approval. The suggestions had come from Amleto Cardinal Cicognani, who had no authority of his own to give the orders, despite his important roles as Vatican Secretary of State and president of the Council's Coordinating Commission.

When this became known, seven progressive cardinals, among them Albert Meyer of Chicago and Joseph Ritter of St. Louis, met at the Roman residence of Cologne's Joseph Cardinal Frings to draft a memo to the Pope ominously entitled *Cum Magno Dolore* (With Great Sorrow). It protested Felici's directive on the two declarations, as well as two other recent and repressive curial moves: a threat to end the council at the end of the current third session and an attempt to water down the passage in *De Ecclesia* defining the authority of the bishops over the church.

Cardinal Frings himself saw to it that the Pope got the memo, which was signed by 15 prelates. "You can be sure that it didn't go through the Secretary of State," said one priest. "There are other ways to get to the Pope—not many, but a few." One way that the cardinals had not counted on was a press leak. Acting on his own, Chilean Journalist Gaston Cruzat, head of the Latin American bishops' press panel, released the memo's contents to Rome reporters.

The bishops' letter apparently proved effective. In interviews with Bea and Frings, Paul VI agreed that the Christian Unity office would bear the major responsibility for revising the two declarations, said also that the bishops themselves could decide whether a fourth session was necessary. Nonetheless, some Roman observers feared that there might be further attempts to render the declarations ineffective.

Common Prayer. On the floor of St. Peters, meanwhile, the bishops continued to approve aspects of reform unforeseeable a decade ago—and to demand still more. Modifying the church's centuries-old stand against *communicatio in sacris*, they agreed that Catholics under certain circumstances could receive the sacraments from Orthodox priests and participate in some common prayer services with Protestants. A majority of speakers also demanded drastic revision of two schemata that council officials hoped would skate through with a minimum of debate. A timid document on the laity was denounced for emphasizing a narrowly churchy brand of Catholic action under episcopal control. Bishops also attacked the schema on the priesthood that would keenly emphasized obedience and duty rather than clerical rights.

As for the proposed fourth session, which may be called next spring—the will of the council was expressed when Brazil's Archbishop Fernando Gomes dos Santos argued that it was absolutely necessary. The response was a round of applause that the session's moderator had to gavel down.

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CRIMINAL JUSTICE

to Beat a Murder Rap

...e one August night in Miami, Mrs. ...es Worthington, 67, heard a call ... her stepson Richard. She hurried ... room and was slugged to the floor ... Richard's pal, Joel Gebhardt, 20. ...el smothered her screams, Richard ... Mrs. Worthington to death with ...on bar. For three hours the youths ...ound discussing how to split the ...hingtons' $40,000 estate. Then they ... into the bedroom of Richard's ..., Charles Worthington, where Joel ... the sleeping contractor by firing ... rifle bullet into his brain. Next ... the youths wrapped the bodies in ...weighted canvas, loaded them in ...mily station wagon, and dumped ...n a canal 18 miles away, where a ...an found them four days later. ...ied out in all its grim detail in ...ebhardt's confession to the Dade ... (Miami) grand jury, the Wor... ...n slaying seemed to promise that ...o young men would soon be fac... ...al on two counts of first-degree ...r. Not so: the grand jury has ...d only Richard Worthington—... ...s "Witness" Gebhardt to go com... ...free as soon as his friend's trial ...r.

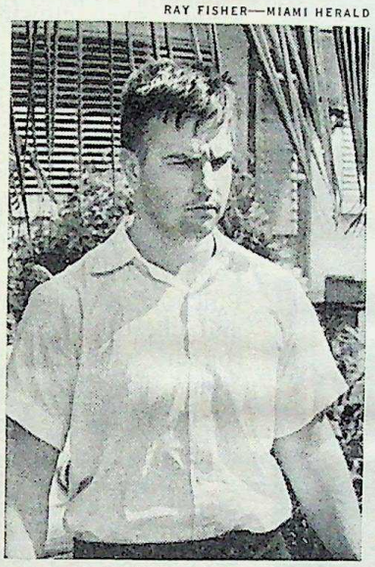
...ain Justice. Gebhardt's amazing ... from prosecution has shocked ... and roused a hot debate over the ... "copping a plea," that famil... ...aining system between accused ...l and District Attorney that gov... ...much of U.S. criminal justice. ...declared illegal or unconstitu... ...it is often the D.A.'s only means ...g crime or showing mercy, yet ...een abused by D.A.'s more in... ...convictions than justice. ...goal is to do away with the need ...ngthy trial by producing a fast ...plea—a "cop-out." And, after ...a county jail, many a criminal defendant is more than willing to plead guilty, to settle for a judge's quick sentence rather than insist upon his constitutional right to trial by jury. To spur the cop-out, prosecutors may offer a variety of guilty pleas to lesser charges.

In New York, for example, a stick-up artist may be charged with assault, robbery, grand larceny and possession of a weapon. If tried and convicted of robbery, he faces 20 years (40 for a second offender). But if he pleads guilty to grand larceny, he can cop out for only five to ten years. For first-degree murder, the choice is equally persuasive: jury trial and possible execution, or copping out for a mandatory life sentence that may be commuted to 40 years, and, with good behavior, be cut to about 26 years.

ALLAN GOULD

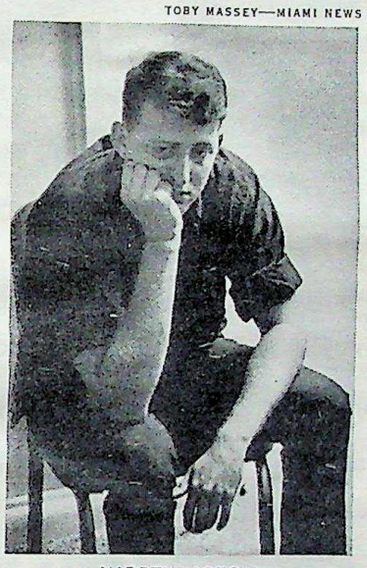
...R GERSTEIN

RAY FISHER—MIAMI HERALD



GEBHARDT

TOBY MASSEY—MIAMI NEWS



WORTHINGTON

Pay the squealer's price.

Unhappily for defendants, copping out is not binding on judges, who sometimes hit the prisoner with a tougher rap than the D.A. promised. In cases like Gebhardt's, however, the D.A. may be so strapped for evidence that his only chance of conviction is to get one criminal to testify against his accomplice. The squealer's price may be complete immunity from prosecution.

Half a Loaf or Nothing. Florida's most famous precedent for such deals in capital cases arose from the baffling disappearance of respected Palm Beach Judge Curtis E. Chillingworth and his wife in 1955. When Prosecutor Philip O'Connell finally cracked the case six years later, still with not even a body as evidence, he did so by granting immunity to a thug named Bobby Lincoln, who brazenly testified that he had bludgeoned the Chillingworths and drowned them in the Atlantic. He had been hired by Judge Joseph A. Peel, said Lincoln, because Peel feared that Chillingworth was about to expose the protection he was selling to moonshiners and numbers men. Peel went to prison for life.

Soon after the Worthingtons' bodies surfaced, Gebhardt and young Worthington were arrested as prime suspects, but the evidence was all circumstantial and neither man would confess anything. Then Gebhardt's lawyer, who under Florida law had no way of learning the strength, or weakness, of the case against his client, offered the deal that did the police's work for them. "It was half a loaf or nothing," insisted Prosecutor Richard Gerstein. "In addition, the one who initiated the murder was killing his own parents and would inherit their estate if not convicted of murder." Unless Worthington now cops out, Gerstein must, of course, still persuade a jury that he is guilty. As for Confessed Murderer Gebhardt, he says with all due solemnity: "I know that my conscience will never be clear, and I will dedicate the rest of my life to God and helping society."

CONSTITUTIONAL LAW

India Follows the U.S.

Unlike compact little England that once ruled them, India and the U.S. are each vast, multiracial, federal democracies that boast supreme courts and written constitutions. Until this month, however, India differed from the U.S. in one vital respect: its constitution was thought to give its legislatures the same freewheeling power as that of Britain's House of Commons—a power to jail critics for contempt with no judicial review whatever.

Now the Indian Supreme Court has changed all that with an historic decision, laying down clear guidelines of court power in a manner reminiscent of the pioneering U.S. Supreme Court under Chief Justice John Marshall in the early 1800s.

As usual, it all started with a prickly rebel. He is Keshav Singh, 40, socialist author of a pamphlet that flatly charged an Uttar Pradesh state legislator with being a crook. Haled before the indignant legislature, Singh proudly turned his back and refused even to give his name. Indignant at such irreverence, the legislature ordered Singh locked up in the Lucknow jail for seven days. He countered by getting two judges of Uttar Pradesh's highest court to spring him on bail pending his petition for a writ of habeas corpus. The legislature countered by rearresting Singh—and holding the two judges in contempt. When the full state court issued a stay on the contempt warrants for their colleagues, the legislature issued warrants for their arrest. By that time, things were getting so hot that India's President could only buck the case to India's Supreme Court. The basic issue: Are India's elected legislatures the sole judges of their own powers, privileges and immunities?

In a 6-1 majority opinion, the Supreme Court ruled that British-style legislative omnipotence cannot be per-

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mitted in a federal nation governed by a written constitution, where "it is the constitution which is supreme and sovereign." Not only does the Indian constitution provide "rigid separation of powers," ruled the court, but "there is no doubt that the constitution has entrusted the judicature in this country with the task of construing the provisions of the constitution and of safeguarding the fundamental rights of the citizens." To such rights, which include the right of free speech, the court found no exceptions "by reference to any powers or privileges vesting in the legislatures of this country." In short, an Indian has just as much right to criticize legislators as does an American, even if he has to fight up to the Supreme Court to exercise it.

COURTS

U.S. Marshals' 175th

The television image of the U.S. marshal is still the tall, lean figure of Wyatt Earp tossing hot lead in Dodge City:

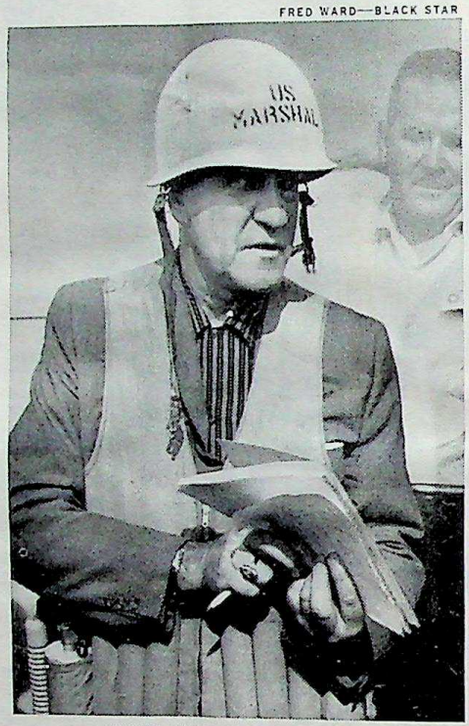
In the real world the civil rights revolution has changed everything. Though he cannot ride a horse, rarely packs his .38 pistol and admits to raising petunias, broken-nosed ("I got it in the amatoors") Chief U.S. Marshal James Joseph Patrick McShane, 55, has out-Earped Earp while leading his 821 men to war in Birmingham, Montgomery, Tuscaloosa and Oxford. Never before has the nation's senior law-enforcement agency—just 175 years old—looked less like a refuge for political grifters and more like the strong right arm of the nation's 393 federal courts.

Slaves & Skin Lotion. The origin of U.S. marshals goes back to medieval England, where the Old French word *mareschal* (groom) came to mean a sort of royal sheriff in charge of collaring witnesses for the King. In the U.S., when the 1789 Judiciary Act created the 13 original federal district courts, it also provided for 13 marshals to carry out court orders. Appointed by the President, those marshals were at first responsible for everything from census taking to courts-martial and taking custody of prize vessels. In the 1850s they chased fugitive slaves all over the North, much as they personally loathed that part of their job. Put under the Attorney General in 1861, they took such risks in taming the wild West that the Justice Department was soon fretting that "no other occupation is so dangerous as a faithful performance of duty by U.S. marshals."

The rise of other federal agencies, such as the FBI (founded in 1908), has lightened the load, but U.S. marshals are far from underemployed. They keep order in all federal courts, disburse U.S. judicial funds, including the pay of all federal judges and Government lawyers. They transport federal prisoners (79,000 last year), serve all federal court papers, from jury notices to Supreme Court orders—a chore that often takes wit and wile. To slap a desegregation injunction on Alabama's well-guarded George Wallace, for example, one deputy marshal stowed away in the men's room aboard the Governor's plane. Marshals have been called upon to seize entire businesses, not to mention stolen art works and such other oddments as a shipment of "Helene Curtis Magic Secret Wrinkle-Smoothing Skin Lotion."

Zest for Battle. Political patronage is still a problem. The country's 92 U.S. marshals (pay: up to $17,000 a year) serve only by favor of the party in power, go out when a new party comes in. Even so, they leave behind their own increasingly career-minded appointees: the 729 deputy and chief deputy marshals, nearly all seasoned ex-policemen, who stay on the job under civil service regulations. Training has sharply improved ever since the Little Rock crisis of 1957 moved the service to learn a great deal more about riot tactics and weapons. And in Chief Marshal McShane, a Kennedy appointee in 1961, the service got a much-decorated (Medal of Honor, 13 citations) New York City detective with all the raw courage and all the Irish zest that was needed to lead his deputies through bullets and tear gas at the University of Mississippi in 1962.

FRED WARD—BLACK STAR



CHIEF MARSHAL McSHANE
Petunias, pistols and extra Earp.

Nothing made McShane prouder of his men in that crisis than the fact that though many of them were pro-segregationist Southerners, not a single one failed to live up to his oath and 100 were injured. As for McShane himself, Acting Attorney General Nicholas Katzenbach calls him "typecast" for the job. "I have never seen him falter under any kind of fire," says Katzenbach. "I always have the feeling about Jim that he takes his oath of office all over every morning."

MILESTONES

Married. Harvey Gantt, 21, first Negro to crack South Carolina's white state colleges, after a federal court judge overruled his rejection by Clemson College in January 1963; and Lucinda Brawley, 18, first Negro girl at Clemson; in Hopkins, S.C.

Married. William G. Mennen Jr., Soapy's cousin, second in command (after Older Brother George) of the family's shaving cream-and-lotion company, who is largely credited with giving Mennen its sweet smell of success, and Audrey Holzwarth Wardell, 41, Morristown, N.J., secretary; both for the second time; in San Francisco.

Divorced. By Arlene Dahl, 39, Hollywood's ever glowing redhead (*Kiss for My President*): Christian Holmes, 41, wealthy real estate speculator; after four years of marriage, one child; on grounds of mental cruelty (he preferred golf); in Santa Monica, Calif.

Died. Mary Pinchot Meyer, 43, Washington abstract artist and niece of Pennsylvania's late Governor Gifford Pinchot; of bullet wounds in the head and chest inflicted by an unsuccessful robber, while she was taking a stroll along the Chesapeake & Ohio Canal towpath near her Georgetown studio.

Died. Harry Hart ("Pat") Frank, 57, first of the post-Hiroshima doom-day authors, whose 1946 *Mr. Adam* (describing the plight of the only man on earth to survive sterilization after an accidental nuclear blast (the ark has to shield him from hordes of would-be mothers), sold 2,000,000 copies, was soon followed by other atomic potboilers (*Alas, Babylon, How to Survive the H-Bomb and Why*); of acute inflammation of the pancreas; in Jacksonville.

Died. Games Slayter, 67, inventor of Fiberglas; of a heart attack; in Columbus. A recently retired vice president of Owens-Corning Fiberglas Corp., Slayter developed a straw-thick glass fiber for air filters in 1931, after several more years of research came up with the fine, flexible "glass wool" now used for everything from draperies to boat hulls, winning his company more than 130 lucrative patents.

Died. Cole Porter, 71, America's premier songwriter; of pneumonia; in Santa Monica (*see* MUSIC).

Died. Pascal Covici, 75, John Steinbeck's editor at Viking Press, who helped with such novels as *Of Mice and Men, Grapes of Wrath* and *East of Eden*, "demanding of me," Steinbeck said, "more than I had, causing me to be more than I should have been without him"; of complications following intestinal surgery; in Manhattan.

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SPACE

Sunrise with Troika

The spaceship *Sunrise* that circled the earth for 24 hours last week was the first manned Russian satellite to be orbited in 16 months. But the long, launchless period had been a busy one: the *Sunrise* flight was eloquent technical testimony to the accomplishments of Soviet space scientists. Items:

The capsule was first to carry more than one passenger. Its three-man crew was a sure promise of multiman space stations.

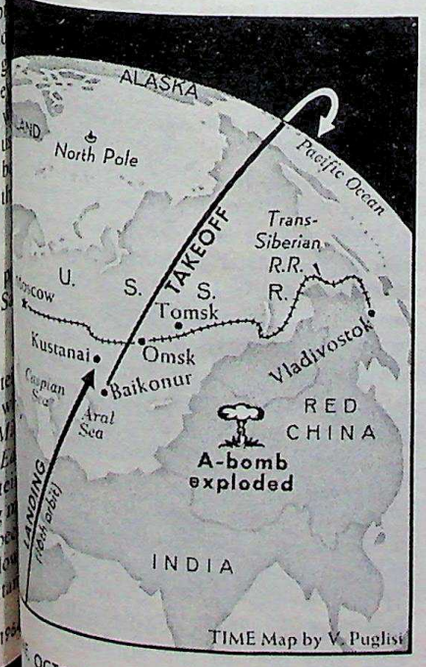
The crew contained the first trained scientists ever to venture into space.

The space suits of earlier astronauts were conspicuous by their absence. The *Sunrise* crew members were protected only by their pressurized cabin.

The capsule, with its passengers still inside, made a soft landing on solid ground with the help of retrorockets.

None of these feats have yet been accomplished by the lagging U.S. space program. Yet for all the novelty the flight involved, from the moment the tall, silver-sided rocket with its oversized new space capsule left the launching pad in Kazakhstan, all seemed to go well. The commander radioed that all three passengers were in good shape, that all equipment was working normally. Soon the smiling faces of two of the cosmonauts appeared on live TV. While orbiting over the U.S., where their craft was tracked by U.S. radars, they radioed good wishes "to the industrious American people."

It Pays to Believe. U.S. space scientists had nothing but congratulations for the Russian feat. But a definitive judgment cannot be made with confidence because the Russians have so far concealed most of the facts on which scientific assessment could be based. And as a result of that secrecy, a few sour notes were inevitable. From Switzerland, West Germany and Britain came reports that the Russians had intended a much longer flight: that communications difficulties, the illness of a passenger, or the malfunctioning of a second-stage rocket had forced the *Sunrise* down prematurely. Senator Clinton Anderson, chairman of the Senate Space and Aeronautics Committee, said he knew the shot was coming and had expected the orbiting to last a week.



SOVIET SPACEMEN ALOFT IN CAPSULE
A classroom for the moon.

Soviet reporters who got a look at the *Sunrise* were heavy on its interior decoration and light on its technology. The ship is lined, they said, with "a snow-white, soft, spongelike synthetic fabric." The three seats are close together in a row. The single instrument panel has a clock, a globe showing the spaceship's position, a radio, a telegraph key and many switches and buttons.

Improved Vostok. All of which is little help in deciding whether the *Sunrise* was entirely new or merely an improved version of the standard one-man Vostok-type spaceships. These are believed to weigh 10,000 lbs., which is more than three times as much as the Mercury capsule (3,000 lbs.) that orbited U.S. Astronaut Leroy Gordon Cooper for 34 hours and 20 minutes; they could surely be modified to hold three men for a 24-hour flight. Senator Anderson suspects that the *Sunrise* weighed 15,000 lbs., but even at that weight, it could be orbited by launching rockets little different from those that the Russians have been using for years.

If Russian commentators are to be believed—and U.S. space authorities have found that it pays to believe them—the *Sunrise* is almost certain to have collected valuable information by orbiting a crew made up of three men of different skills. All U.S. astronauts have been test pilots with quick reactions and proven ability to cope with mechanical emergencies; since there were few emergencies, they found little that was useful to do. They did not observe much, and neither did their Russian opposite numbers.

The crew of the *Sunrise* probably did better. Only the commander, Colonel Vladimir M. Komarov, 37, of the Red air force, is a pilot and trained astronaut. He was in control of the ship, and his contour seat was handiest to the instruments. Presumably he knew what to do in the unlikely event that the ship needed manual "flying" because of some malfunction of its automatic controls. Colonel Komarov has a slightly suspect heart condition, which is an indication that the Russians do not think that astronauting is a physically strenuous profession.

Beside Komarov sat Konstantin Petrovich Feoktistov, 38, who is an engineer-scientist with long experience in designing spacecraft. The Russians have not described his duties, but he was surely free to observe critically and with scientific insight the behavior of the capsule and its equipment. The third crew member was Dr. Boris B. Yegorov, 27, a research physician specializing in aviation and space medicine. He is an authority on the vestibular apparatus, the delicate mechanism in the inner ear that gives humans their sense of balance and is disturbed by weightlessness. Dr. Yegorov was obviously sent along to watch with a skilled eye his own and his companions' reactions to space.

To Turn the Trick. Dr. Edward C. Welsh of the National Aeronautics and Space Administration suspects that last week's *Sunrise* was not the first of its type to fly. About ten days earlier the Russians orbited a satellite, *Cosmos 47*, that they did not describe. But U.S. observers watched it by radar and concluded that "something big" was in the offing. Dr. Welsh thinks *Cosmos 47* was probably a *Sunrise* spaceship sent up without a crew to test its dependability.

Ships of the *Sunrise* class will presum-

NOVOSTI

COSMONAUTS KOMAROV, YEGOROV, FEOKTISTOV
Three skills in snow-white fabric.

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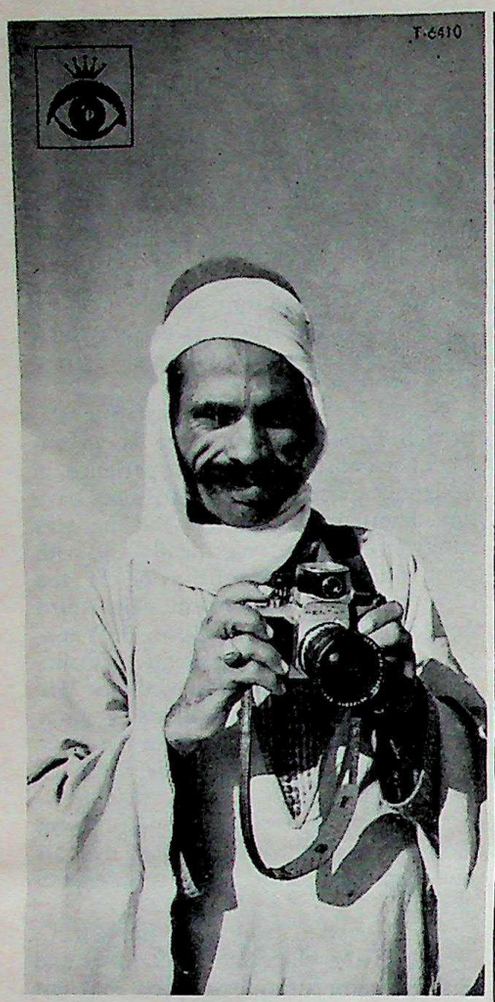

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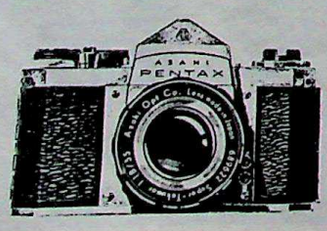

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ably make many more trips into space. They could be used as forerunners of long-lived satellite stations, or as orbital launching platforms for shots at the moon or the planets. If fitted with the necessary control and propulsive equipment, they can be used to practice the difficult orbital-rendezvous maneuver that the U.S. Gemini Project is not expected to be ready to attempt until sometime next year. No *Sunrise* could carry a man all the way to the moon, says NASA, but the big spaceships are probably the best classrooms yet built in which scientists can learn to turn the trick.

AERODYNAMICS

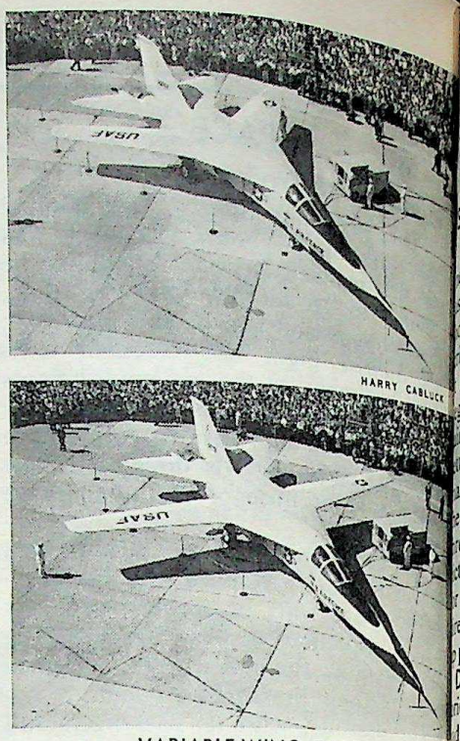
A Fighter for All Speeds

Part of the hoopla last week at the General Dynamics plant in Fort Worth may have been political, and the roll-out date of the TFX fighter may indeed have been advanced a bit to have an effect on the presidential campaign. But the TFX (or F-111, as it is now called) is nonetheless a phenomenal airplane. Said General Bernard Schriever, head of the Air Force Systems Command: "The F-111 represents a quantum step forward in the development of tactical air weapon systems."

Despite all the claims that Defense Secretary Robert McNamara made an expensive mistake when he insisted on a single basic plane for both Air Force and Navy, the General Dynamics-Grumman partnership that was chosen for the job has managed to match both versions of their fighter to an astonishing degree. The F-111 construction program is not only meeting a tight schedule that was set when the contract was signed two years ago, it is also running below its estimated cost.

Variable Sweep. The trouble with conventional supersonic jet fighters is that they must sacrifice too much to gain high speed. They cannot carry much load, cruise any great distance, or land slowly on small or rough runways. The F-111 avoids these failings by using variable sweep wings, a difficult design concept that has been tried experimentally but never used in an operational airplane. When the wings are fully extended, they have hardly any sweepback, and the airplane looks oddly old-fashioned. In this condition it will fly with old-fashioned slowness. Then, as speed increases, the wings are swept backward, reducing lift and drag, and permitting speed to increase still more. At top speed, the wings will angle backward at 72.5°, turning the airplane into a sharp, pointed arrowhead. The problem of moving the wings quickly and surely under the enormous air pressures of high speed was not easy, but it seems to have been licked.

The F-111's actual speed and range were not released, partly because they are legitimate military secrets, partly because the airplane has flown so far only in wind tunnels, and its true performance can only be estimated. But the Government claims it will be faster (about Mach 2.5, or 1,650 m.p.h.) than any operational plane. It will fly twice the distance and carry twice the payload of the best current U.S. fighter. By cruising at moderate speed with wings extended, it will have "transoceanic range without refueling"; if permitted to refuel, it can fly to any part of the earth in one day. It can land much more slowly than other jet fighters, which will permit it to operate from small, poorly surfaced fields. Its Navy version, the F-111B, which is being built by Grumman, should encounter no trouble in landing and taking-off from present-day carriers.



VARIABLE-WING F-111
Closed for speed, open for distance.

For power, the F-111 uses two radical TF-30 engines built by Pratt & Whitney Aircraft. At slow cruising speeds they are turbofans similar to the engines on up-to-date jetliners, very sparing of fuel. At Mach 1 and above, the fan action is cut down or eliminated. When full power is called for, the engine uses an afterburner. Aerodynamicists credit the versatile engines as well as the wings for the varied talents of the F-111.

Out with the Cockpit. Unlike most jet fighters, the F-111 will have a crew of two sitting side by side in a lifesaving cockpit that is something of an aircraft in itself. If anything goes wrong and a bail-out is called for at high speed, the crewmen will not risk getting clawed to shreds by racing air. Ejected by powerful rockets, the whole cockpit will separate from the ship. It has fins that will keep it from tumbling, and when its speed has slowed enough, a parachute will open to waft it down to a landing on water or solid ground. If it hits water, it will float indefinitely. If the whole plane should dive under the surface, the cockpit will detach itself and bob to the surface.

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U.S. BUSINESS

WALL STREET

Strength in the Clutch

The stock market usually plunges on news of ominous or unsettling events—as it did for the Korean War, the Eisenhower heart attack, the Cuban missile crisis, the Kennedy assassination—and it usually takes days or even weeks to regain its equilibrium. Last week certainly produced enough news to unnerve Wall Street, but this time the market's reaction was different. Despite the Jenkins scandal, the Kremlin overthrow, the Chinese bomb and Labor's victory in Britain, the market dipped for only a few hours, quickly reversed direction, and by week's end had made up practically all its losses.

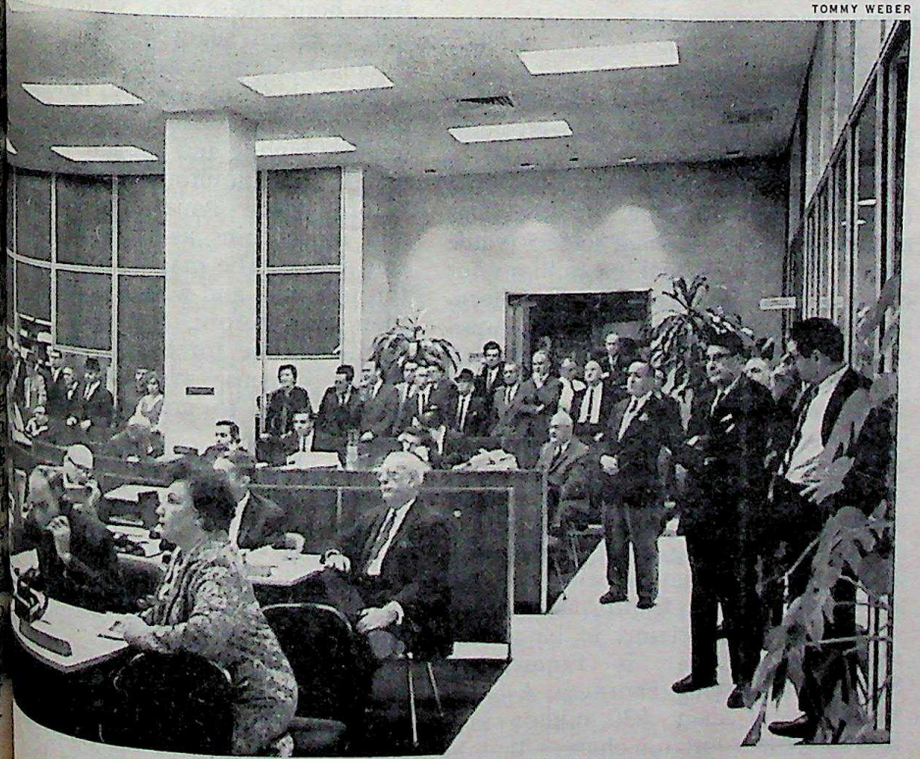
Dropped Napkins. The market historically drops on bad news because bad news means uncertainty about the future—and uncertainty raises the investor's fears and deprives him of a sound basis for making decisions. Usually it is the small investors who give in to instinct and drive the market down, though the normally calm professionals had a major part in the selling after Kennedy's assassination. Last week Wall Street blamed the public for selling again on bad news, but the public also deserved some credit for being a lot more sensible than usual in its appraisal of the situation.

Just as brokers were debating the effects of the Jenkins scandal, the news of the Kremlin upheaval came over the public-address system at the New York Stock Exchange's private luncheon club. Brokers dropped their napkins and scurried to telephone their offices, where orders to sell were already piling up. In the next two hours the Dow-Jones industrial average plunged more than 11 points, to 861, and the high-speed ticker ran up to 27 minutes late. Professionals and the big institutions quickly moved in to shop for bargains, helped the market recoup half its loss by day's end. Next day, despite the news from Peking and London, the small investors came back in and bought so heavily that the market gained 5 points. At week's end the Dow-Jones closed at 873, only 5 points short of the alltime record set the previous week.

Reinforcement. The U.S. investor's refusal to be shaken for long by unforeseen events reflected both his growing sophistication and his broad confidence in the future of the economy. Despite the continuance of local strikes at General Motors and a walkout by workers at American Motors, that optimism was reinforced last week by reports of rising profits, record dividend payments, and the Commerce Department's announcement that the gross national product rose by $8.9 billion in the third quarter to a record annual rate of $627.5 billion.

The increasing talk about inflation also tends to buoy the market, of course. Last week Robert V. Roosa, Under Secretary of the Treasury, told a meeting of the Business Council that he believed the labor settlements in the auto industry had "probably been too big." Most important, the Federal Reserve Board's announcement that industrial production in September rose to 133.9% of the 1957-59 average meant that the U.S. economy had expanded for the 43rd consecutive month.

TOMMY WEBER



MANHATTAN BROKERAGE HOUSE AFTER KREMLIN SHAKEUP
Getting more sophisticated.

SY FRIEDMAN

MOVING ORDERS AT WEEDEN
Selling at bargain rates.

That Third Market

When Keith Funston goes to Washington, he is usually seeking less regulation of the nation's securities markets, not more. Last week, testifying before the Securities and Exchange Commission, the president of the New York Stock Exchange urged tighter rules for a controversial sector of the business. He was aiming at the "third market" (the other two: the exchanges and the over-the-counter market, which deals in unlisted stocks), a sort of discount house that handles off-the-floor trading in stocks listed on the New York or American exchanges. Its more than $2 billion volume is still small compared with the regular exchanges (about 3% of the Big Board's), but the third market is growing steadily—and has so far escaped nearly all the regulations imposed on the exchanges. Funston wants the SEC, which has been holding hearings on the third market, to compel it to play by roughly the same rules as the others.

Moving Large Blocks. The third market got started some years ago when such institutional investors as pension funds, insurance companies, mutual funds and banks were permitted by law to expand their holdings into common stocks. The bond houses that had been serving them gradually broadened their services to meet their customers' new needs, thus forming the core of the new market. It is now dominated by seven firms, but the Big Three are Blyth & Co., First Boston Corp. and Weeden & Co., all in Manhattan. Actually, the exchanges and the third market are quite different. While they are public auction places for company shares, it operates through a series of private, negotiating transactions, publishes no price quotations and has no central authority.

The third market's steadiest customers are still institutions and stockbrokers

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who are not members of an exchange. Because institutions usually buy and sell large blocks of stock, they use the third market to bypass the exchanges and thus move the big blocks without upsetting the market price. They also like the bargain rates. Most third market firms keep on hand an inventory of widely traded stocks (Weeden's inventory of 210 listed stocks amounts to about $12 million), which they offer to customers at a flat price based on the exchanges' last quotation plus a small fraction of a point—which nearly always amounts to less than a regular commission.

Closer Scrutiny. The New York Stock Exchange complains that such backdoor operations are unduly secretive and siphon off stocks that otherwise would be available to the general public. Unlike floor specialists, third market dealers are also under no restrictions against dumping inventories when the market is falling. The exchange is even more upset over the commissions its member firms are losing to the third market. If the exchange wanted to, however, it could check the third's growth in one stroke: by offering commission discounts on large-volume transactions. Under the pressure of competition, the exchange has begun to review the possibility of doing just that.

Third market dealers insist that the competition they give the exchanges is healthy, and the SEC seems to agree. In its Special Stock Market Study Report last year, the SEC found that "the third market has been, on balance, beneficial to investors and the public interest." Nonetheless, the Government has plans to bring the market under closer scrutiny—though not as close as the exchange would like. By year's end, the SEC is expected to impose new rules requiring that third market firms identify the stocks in which they deal and make quarterly reports on all their off-board trading.

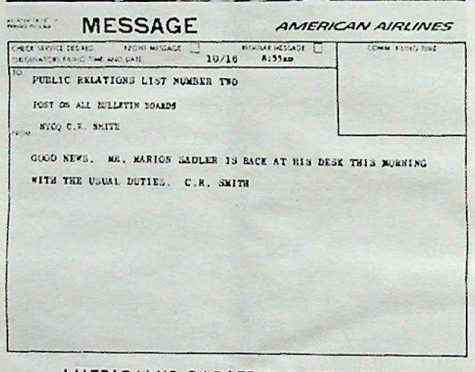
MANAGEMENT

Fasten Executive Belts

Chairman C. R. Smith had picked a man for the presidency of American Airlines, which became vacant fortnight ago when Marion Sadler quit in frustration and took off on a hunting trip in New England. And who was Sadler's successor? Why, it was Marion Sadler himself. No explanations were offered, no pronouncements delivered. Smith simply flashed one of his familiar, terse memos, known to insiders as "Smithgrams," to puzzled employees: "Good news! Mr. Marion Sadler is back at his desk this morning with the usual duties."

The return of the intense, volatile Sadler, 53, came after long talks with Smith, American's real boss, whose pride was hurt when Sadler walked out. Sadler became president of American last January as Smith's heir apparent, quit after repeated run-ins with rival executives. Before he would return, he apparently obtained from Smith reassurances of his authority as president, including clear command of flight operations, personnel, marketing and advertising; his $70,000 salary may also have been sweetened.

The third man in this triangle was off vacationing in Europe. He is William J. Hogan, executive vice president and, as financial chief, Sadler's main antagonist. Up till now, Hogan has been, in effect, co-president with Sadler. In the weeks ahead all seat belts at American will be fastened tight for more heavy executive weather.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AMERICAN'S SADLER & SMITHGRAM
How to succeed yourself.

The Lost Founder

California's Litton Industries has grown into an $860 million electronics-based business since it was started in 1953 by three refugees from the Howard Hughes empire. Its stock has zoomed from 10¢ a share to $75 (value after splits: $300), making millions for its founders: Charles ("Tex") Thornton, board chairman; Roy Ash, president; and Hugh W. Jamieson, who left in 1958 to found his own company. This year Litton has enjoyed its most substantial growth to date, ceaselessly acquiring new companies to add to its list. One thing Litton does not want to acquire is a fourth founder—and last week it was fighting off that possibility in a court case that is being watched with fascination by California industry.

The man who claims to be an unrecognized founder is Emmett T. Steele, who is suing Thornton, Ash and Jamieson for about $20 million in a Los Angeles court on charges that he was defrauded of his rightful share of Litton stock. Steele, 45, left his job at Hughes Aircraft about the time the others did in 1953, joined Litton as director of military relations. He charges that he helped the group buy the firm's small predecessor company from Charles Litton, and that an agreement was made to split the founders' stock into five parts—two for Thornton and one each for Jamieson, Ash and Steele. As it turned out, Thornton got at least 144,000 shares, Steele only 10,000. According to Litton's lawyers, Steele was fired in 1959 after telling Tex Thornton that he planned to sue for a bigger share.

Litton's defense claims that Steele was just a minor executive "who helped entertain visiting firemen," wryly concedes only that Steele, a onetime manager of the Beverly Hills Tennis Club, "was and perhaps is a very proficient tennis player." The jury will hear evidence over the next few months from 59 witnesses, including Charles Litton and contentious Noah Dietrich, Hughes's longtime right-hand man (they broke up); the onetime boss of the four men in the case, Dietrich will testify for Steele. The trial is sure to produce a lot of heat, and has already confirmed one standard of modern corporate life. In seeking to prove that Steele was really not an important executive, Litton's attorneys pointed out what they obviously thought was a clincher: Steele did not have a company car, while Thornton did, and Thornton's office was "much larger, better equipped, had private convenience facilities." Translation: Tex Thornton had an executive washroom.

RETAILING

The Ubiquitous Salesman

Few Americans can move very far from home these days without running into a squat, silent (except for a few rumbles) salesman who has become an unbelievable success by indulging its customers' penchant for convenience, impulse buying and gadgetry. The salesman is the ubiquitous vending machine, before which Americans stoop, bow and jingle coins as if it were a roadside shrine. The machines usually come through, too, and with less fist-pounding than ever before. Some 4,500,000 of them—or one for every 43 Americans—now dispense everything from gum to gardenias to greeting cards at the drop of a coin.

The vending machines also dispense a very nice profit, as the industry's owners testified in Chicago this week at a meeting of the National Automatic Merchandising Association. The association's prediction: the industry's 1964 sales will rise 9%, to $3.5 billion. Some 6,200 companies now blanket the field, but vending is dominated by eleven major manufacturing or operating companies—and each of the eleven expects higher profits this year. Says Universal Match Corp. President Thomas B. Don-

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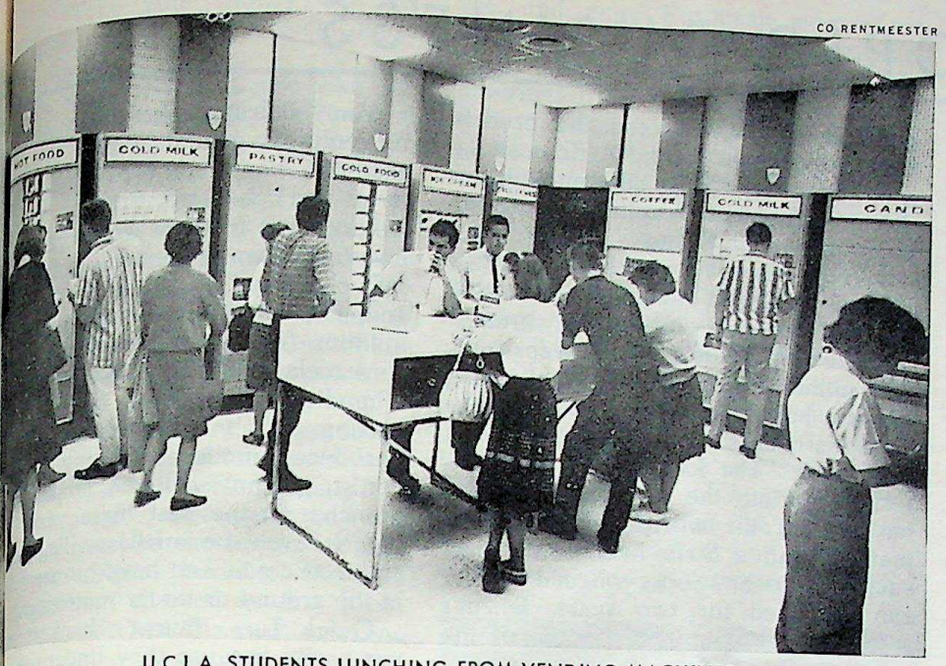
CO RENTMEESTER



U.C.L.A. STUDENTS LUNCHING FROM VENDING MACHINES
A symbol of mobility.

...ne, whose company is the leading ...garette- and candy-machine supplier: ...ending is more and more a key part ...f America's mobile image. The indus... has never been in better shape."

Hoodlums & Hopefuls. Gum Maker ...homas Adams introduced vending 76 ...ars ago with penny machines on New ...ork City's elevated platforms. The in...stry blossomed in World War II, with ...ry-built soft-drink and snack dispens...s in three-shift war plants. But post...r prospects attracted underworld ...odlums and undercapitalized hope...s. The industry was overbuilt, and ...t into such bad repute that long...ge credit was difficult to obtain.

Vending as an industry was saved by ...despread shakeouts, new directions ...d new types of machines. Many small ...erators dropped out, unable to com...e for locations or cough up $2,000 ...r a single, modern coffee dispenser. ...the last five years, 400 mergers have ...en place. Meanwhile new mechani... marvels have lured more nickels ...d dimes. Coffee, the most profitable ...duct (2.8 billion cups last year), ...culated higher sales and earnings ...h the introduction of single-cup, ...iable-strength mixers. Soft drinks in ...e an impulse purchase, boomed ...h the introduction of cracked ice ...ne machines. Cigarettes, the largest ...s item (4.2 billion packs last year ...m 863,000 machines), actually ...ed from the cancer scare: wishful ...kers stopped carton purchases, tried ...ut down with one-at-a-time packs ...m machines.

50,000 Cows. Universal Match this ...k unveiled a machine that deals ...22 brands of cigarettes at chest ...s, thus eliminating stooping. At ...ston, Md. last week, the U.S. Post ...e opened a vending-machine post ...e in a shopping center, complete ...bill changers and stamp, envelope ...postcard dispensers. Vending com...ies are working to crack the soft-goods market, which, apart from hosiery and handkerchief machines, has so far resisted broad mechanization.

The biggest trend in vending is toward more involvement with food other than the usual cookies and soft drinks. Convinced that customers will never go for automatic full-course meals, many vendors have recently acquired catering operations, tying in manually served main dishes with vended soup, salad and dessert. The vending industry is making huge strides in the $20 billion-a-year school-lunch field, where banks of vending machines have replaced hot meals in many high schools and colleges; this year, 107 Southern California schools converted from cafeterias to vending machines. The industry already has a machine that offers milk shakes, and another that serves hot pizza. Vendo Co. of Kansas City, the nation's biggest supplier of machines, figures that its machines take all the daily production in ice cream, dairy products and milk of 150,000 cows.

GOVERNMENT

Amended #137.5 (a) Gratuities

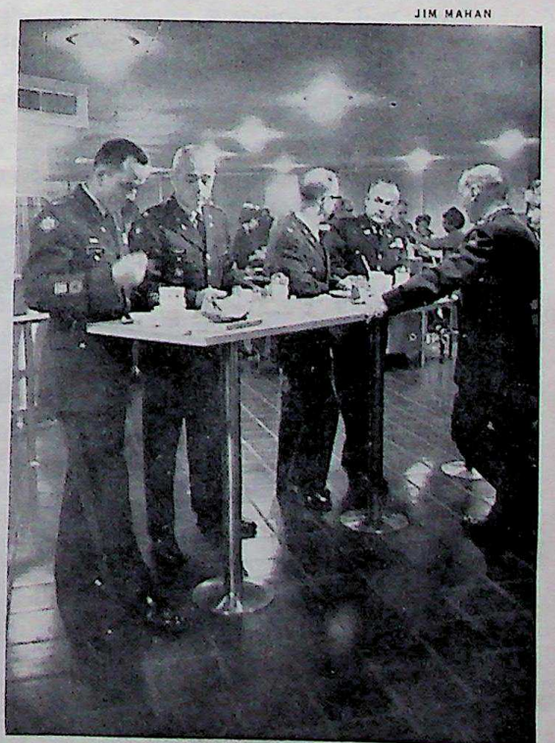
With its $47 billion annual budget, the Pentagon is the world's richest customer—but it is unavailable for lunch. That was the frustrating future faced last week by both military brass and defense-industry businessmen as a result of a new directive (Amended #137.5 (a) Gratuities) by Defense Secretary Robert McNamara's command post. The directive, which replaces the individual judgment by which officers have hitherto been allowed to operate, specifically forbids them to accept not only gifts and gratuities but that pillar of modern U.S. society, the expense-account lunch. "This thing is absurd," says Louisiana Congressman F. Edward Hébert. "It means officers can't accept a Coke or a ham sandwich. It says in effect that an admiral can be bribed by a lunch." Cried an anguished aircraft-company representative: "It's an infraction of my civil rights."

The Pentagon's men usually do somewhat better than sandwiches and Cokes. The capital's swankiest restaurants abound with credit-card-packing contractors wining and dining hungry procurement colonels. During conventions of military officers' associations, it has become standard practice for defense firms to pick up the tab for convention banquets. Companies also maintain "hospitality suites" in convention hotels where tired brass can booze or snooze.

The Pentagon felt that all this had got out of hand when left to individual discretion, but its proscription of expense-account lunches along with gifts made many Washingtonians wonder how defense business would be conducted at all. Few officers want to return permanently to taking lunch at the Pentagon's dreary, stand-up snack bars, and neither they nor the lobbyists are likely to revolutionize their lunching habits until there is a test case of the new rule.

In symbolic irony, the new rule takes effect the day before Thanksgiving. A free load will still be permitted in some cases, of course. An officer may lunch at a defense plant, where it would be impossible for him to pay, or he or a relative may accept a memento advertising a defense product. The penalty for the latter is considerable bother, since it involves a detailed report to the Pentagon within 48 hours, even if the report is only about that model airplane that a manufacturer gave to Junior. Reason: "Favors, gratuities, or entertainment bestowed upon members of the immediate families of DoD personnel are viewed in the same light . . . no matter how innocently tendered or received."

JIM MAHAN



OFFICERS AT PENTAGON SNACKBAR
A sense of absurdity.

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MIDDLE EAST

Beirut: The Suez of Money

Lying fat and silky beneath the Mediterranean sun, Beirut is an oasis of prosperity in the Arab Middle East. Tiny Lebanon's flamboyant capital sprouts new buildings like palm trees, boasts more Mercedeses than mullahs, lures thousands of tourists and happily shares its year-round sunshine with courtesans in bikinis as well as desert Arabs in burnooses. But Beirut's most beneficent climate is the climate of trade, the heritage of its Phoenician forebears. In the Levantine landscape nothing seems to grow faster or greener than the city's banks.

Beirut is the world's newest and fastest-rising financial center. In the last decade it has expanded its banking business by 1,000%—and it shows no signs of slowing. Climbing above its clangorous, double-parked streets are more than 100 banks, including 41 foreign branches and offices as diverse as Moscow's Narodny Bank and the Bank of America. Since July, Manhattan's Morgan Guaranty and Irving Trust have both leased offices in Beirut. The First National Banks of Boston and Chicago are negotiating to open outlets, and another 13 banks have recently been incorporated. Says Lebanese Banking Association President Pierre Edde, whose growing Beirut Riyadh Bank is moving into a new ten-story building: "Beirut handles capital like the Suez Canal handles ships."

Saud & Hussein. Because it is both the cosmopolitan gateway to the Middle East and an island of stability in a newly rich but eternally turbulent region, Beirut has become the prudent banker to nervous kings, African smugglers, such huge U.S. oil companies as Aramco, frightened capitalists from socialist Egypt and Iraq—and no fewer than 600 tycoons from booming little Kuwait. Well over half of Beirut's $800 million in deposits comes from abroad.

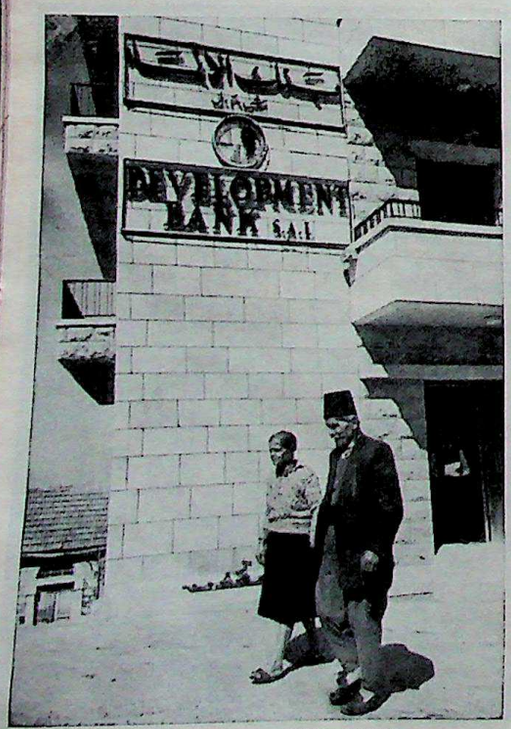
Saudi Arabia's King Saud keeps some $20 million there, and Jordan's King Hussein has several secret accounts (he signs his checks on one account with a pen name, "The Eagle"). Such depositors appreciate the fact that Lebanon has one of the world's freest capital markets and a Swiss-like secrecy law so rigid that any loose-tongued banker can be jailed for two years. Beirut's safety has also impressed some of the usually suspicious sheiks of the Persian Gulf. Sheik Shakhbut of Abu Dhabi, who earns $1,000,000 a week from his oil, insisted on burying his bank notes in his mud-brick palace—until silverfish began drilling through the bundles.

Under Mattresses. As remarkable and diverse as their depositors, Lebanon's wily bankers come from all levels of a highly mobile society in which poor men get rich quick but seldom vice versa. Though they primarily serve the Moslem world, most are Christians. The giant among them, Yusuf Bedas, 51, began as a money-changer operating out of two small rooms in 1948; now his Intra Bank has assets of more than $1 billion and branches from New York to Nigeria. He is building another branch on Paris' Champs Elysées, last week bought a four-story Rome palazzo that will become Italy's first Lebanese bank, and early next year will move into a 22-story headquarters now going up in Beirut. Another former money-changer, George Jabbour, 37, set up shop next to the telephone at the bar of the Hotel Saint-Georges during Lebanon's 1958 civil war, made so much from currency gyrations that he now heads his own Bank of Lebanon and the Middle East.

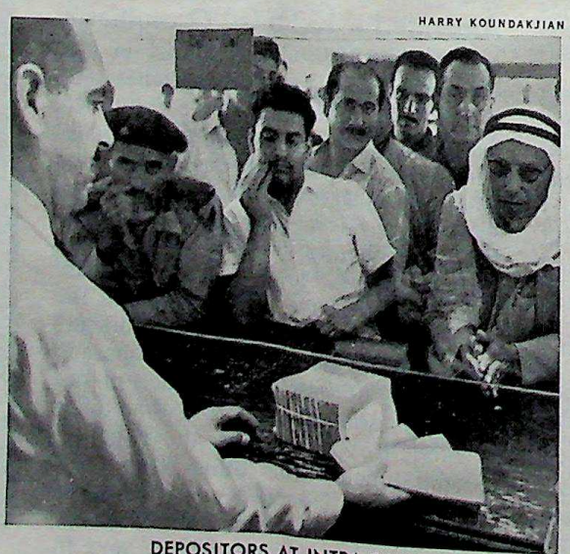
Many Beirut bankers start with useful political capital. Pierre Edde, for example, went into banking after four terms as Lebanon's Finance Minister. Others made fortunes overseas and then invested in banking—notably Toufic Assaf, chairman of the Bank of Beirut and The Arab Countries, who earned millions from a wholesale business in Venezuela, and Joseph Saab, who built a bundle in South Asian mining and exporting. Saab's Development Bank has introduced modern banking to Lebanon's peasant villages, opened 35 branches in the past three years. Says he: "In even the smallest village, farmers need credit and have money hidden in the ground or under mattresses."

Quick Turn. Beirut's bankers prosper partly because they understand the unique needs and foibles of people for whom banking is a fresh experience. Many lavish spenders tell hoteliers and shopkeepers to send their bills directly to their banks, consider it an insult to have to carry credit cards to prove that they are good risks. The beauteous wife of Kuwait Millionaire Bader Almulla scorns checks, prefers to scribble notes on her calling cards ("Give this person $5,000"), which her banker is pleased to honor.

A few customers make demands that try the most patient bankers. One sheik withdrew $6,000,000 overnight because his banker could not procure a belly dancer he had admired. And Kuwait's skeptical Sheik Abdullah al Mubarak, who stored $25 million in cash and suitcases full of stocks at Yusuf Bedas' bank, once ordered that his stocks be delivered instantly to his mountain mansion; he carefully counted them one by one, then airily waved them back to the bank. But when he tried to tell Bedas how to run his business, the banker ex-



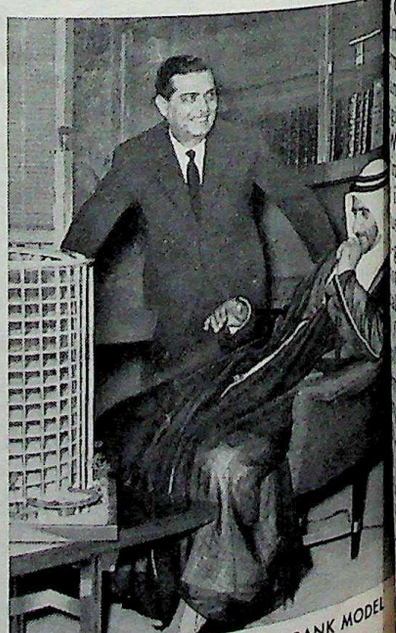
VILLAGE BANK & CUSTOMERS



HARRY KOUNDAKJIAN

DEPOSITORS AT INTRA BANK

Safe from silverfish, socialists and loose tongues.



BEDAS, CLIENT & NEW BANK MODEL

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...oded: "Take your money and get ...out." Few bankers anywhere can make ...ast statement.

While some sheiks haggle like ba... ...ear veterans for the extra half-percent ...erest that is paid for whopping de... ...osits (top: 7%), a few devout Mos... ...ms refuse to accept any interest at ... on their oil millions. In Beirut's ...mazingly liquid and fast-moving money ...arket, the bankers quickly pump their ...nds into short-term loans at up to ...%, finance everything from Pakis... ...n exports and Saudi imports to local ...i resorts and new cars. They seek to ...mbine security with the plump profits ...quick turnover, shun long-term cred... ...or collateral-free personal loans.

Neither political crises nor financial ...ains have slowed the hectic advance ...Lebanon's biggest business. Although ...e government enacted its first bank... ...-control code just this year, only one ...k has failed—the small Banque Fon... ...re Libanaise, which went down in ...bruary. The failure did not faze Bei... ...'s flexible, resilient money men. Since ...ccurred, total deposits have contin... ...d to rise, and the freely convertible ...anese pound is stronger than ever.

WESTERN EUROPE

...oking for Labor

...very Monday morning a Turkish ...lines plane lumbers to a stop at a ...gian military airfield near Charleroi, ...out step 50 tanned and slightly be... ...ered Turks. Clutching yellow en... ...pes containing their X-ray pictures, ...y are welcomed with sweet Turk... ...cigarettes, fruit juices, a round of ...eches—and the jobs they had been ...mised. Labor-short Belgium will roll ...the red carpet for some 5,000 air... ...d Turkish workers this year, and it ...elighted to get them. They sharply ...trate the fact that booming Europe's ...r shortage, which has been an en... ...e problem for some time, is be... ...ng acute. Last week a report by ...Common Market warned that the ...age is especially serious in West ...many, Luxembourg and The Neth... ...nds, and is easing only slightly in ...gium and France.

...omen to the Fore. While the pros... ...g U.S. still has difficulty in bring... ...its unemployment rate below 5%, ...sands of jobs go unmanned in such ...growing European industries as ...truction, chemicals, steel and elec... ...al equipment. West Germany has ...000 vacant jobs for its 103,000 un... ...loyed persons, many of whom are ...ployable. Britain has 334,000 jobs ...d begging, The Netherlands 150,... ...France at least 50,000, and Swe... ...48,000. In some countries, workers ...s critical spots are being shifted ...and-pressed industries; the Dutch ...ly discharged 6,000 soldiers from ...ry duty to work on construction

...enlighting has become common ...profitable as a result of the short... age, and more European women are leaving their homes for offices and factories. Many employers wink at minor pilfering; it is cheaper to lose a few thousand dollars than experienced employees. To fight the squeeze, some big German manufacturers have even bought up smaller firms just to get additional skilled workers. Most European nations go beyond national boundaries to find the laborers they need—to such labor-surplus areas as Spain, Portugal, North Africa, Yugoslavia, Greece, Turkey, and lately even the Far East.

Italy alone, despite its own industrial surge, has provided 1,500,000 workers for Germany, France and Switzerland. Some foreigners go job hunting on their own, but most of them are rounded up by teams of recruiters sent out by industrialists and governments. Belgian

DPA

GERMANY'S 1,000,000TH IMPORTED WORKER
Also offered: prayer rugs.

payrolls now count 300,000 foreign workers; Switzerland has 690,000 foreigners on the job, one for every three Swiss. France has an annual influx of 100,000, mostly Algerians. Last month Germany greeted its one-millionth guest worker since 1956: Armando Sá Rodrigues, a Portuguese carpenter who went to work for a Stuttgart builder after being presented with a motor bike to mark his arrival.

Bonus to Sign. Most of these prized migrants are unskilled and poorly educated, but they are courted and pampered like graduate engineers. As a rule they draw the same wages and fringe benefits as native employees, plus the travel expenses, low-cost housing and bonuses they were promised when they signed up. In Germany, which has the greatest need, factories and charitable organizations set up special canteens featuring workers' native dishes. Ford of Germany has spent $7,500,000 on housing for its 7,000 foreign workers, and Volkswagen built a small village with two community centers for its 4,500 Italians. The German national railroad has even bought prayer carpets for its many Moslem workers. It does not mind their turning to Mecca so long as they also turn out the work.

CANADA

Studebaker Hangs On

The headquarters of the Studebaker Corp. is still in South Bend, Ind., but its best-known operation and at least some of its hopes are in Hamilton, Ont., where Studebaker's auto division moved last year after losing $50 million since 1959. Studebaker is more of a mite among mammoths than ever, but its Canadian auto plant is a going concern. Last week, addressing a meeting of Studebaker dealers in Boston, Studebaker of Canada President Gordon Grundy announced that the plant's production is sold out through November, added that 1964 sales were near the break-even point.

The dealers also discussed the 1965 models, Studebaker's first produced entirely in Canada. Studebaker has dropped its radically styled Avantis and slow-selling Hawks, now is concentrating on the more conventional Commanders and Daytonas. Like many European auto firms, notably Volkswagen, it has made only "running changes," will not try to compete with Detroit's yearly model changeover. So far this year, Studebaker has sold 27,800 cars in the U.S., *v.* last year's 65,000, and 5,718 in Canada, a slight rise. Despite U.S. tariffs that average $62.50 a car, lower Canadian labor costs keep prices within bounds: the 1965s start at $2,125 in the U.S., a price that is $70 higher than last year's but includes more standard equipment.

Short of space in its Canadian facility, Studebaker has rented 50,000 sq. ft. in a nearby warehouse. For parts to replace those it no longer makes, the company orders 65% from Canadian suppliers (the 1965 Studebaker engine is made by a General Motors Canadian subsidiary), the rest from the U.S. Its dealers, most of whom also handle other cars, have remained remarkably loyal; though the company feared that it might lose half of its 1,900 U.S. dealers, only 200 have quit.

Next year the auto division hopes to increase sales enough to hit the break-even point. That would be a welcome relief to the corporation's ten other divisions, which make everything from floor sweepers to stoves but whose healthy profits (more than $11 million in 1963) have offset auto losses. No one expects any major Studebaker comeback (the company now has only one-half of 1% of the U.S. auto market), and Detroit would not be surprised if Studebaker eventually completed its exit from the auto business. But Studebaker is stubbornly hopeful. "We're living hand to mouth," says one executive, "but every day our hand gets to our mouth a little faster."

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NEWSPAPERS

The Week the Dam Broke

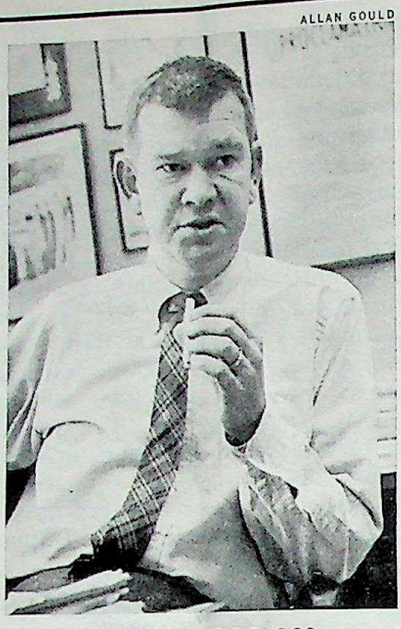
"Up to just lately," said Editor William Calhoun Baggs of the Miami News, "it's been lean times for our front page. Our lead story one day last week was something like FHA FORECLOSURES AT NEW HIGH. Well, that was the way it was. Then, all of a sudden, the dam broke." Into the Miami News, and into newsrooms all over the U.S., spilled one of the heaviest torrents of big stories ever to tax the resources of the press.

Three major events broke with an abruptness that gave editors little time for orderly planning: the Walter Jenkins scandal, the deposing of Soviet Premier Khrushchev, the detonation of Communist China's first A-bomb. Along with these came another flurry of fast-breaking news, including the new Nobel prizewinners and the unveiling of the U.S.'s controversial TFX fighter-bomber. And, as if that were not enough, newspapers had to cope with such predictable front-page stuff as the wind-up of the World Series, the 1964 Olympics in Tokyo, and the British elections.

News Deluge. "I wish to hell these things would happen one at a time," said Editor Baggs. "We had special problems down here. We had a local boy over at the Olympics, [U.S. Sprinter] Bob Hayes, and we also had Hurricane Isbell on our hands. All you can do when it comes at you from all sides is throw it at the reader. As for Khrushchev—we just put all the rumors together to see if they spelled mother." The News approached the spelling job with utmost care. Its first headline, KREMLIN RUMBLING WITH NIK RUMORS, gave way to NIKITA QUITS.

Here and there, the news deluge elevated a few newsroom temperatures to fever degree. "For a while," said Atlanta Constitution Managing Editor Bill Field, "it looked like the whole world was going to hell." And there were, of course, inevitable dislocations. The Denver Post, which had treated Recent Visitor Lyndon Johnson to a Page One portrait in color, decided to do the same for Barry Goldwater, and planned on having an appropriate banner headline. Only Barry's picture survived. The banner went to another sort of politician altogether: RUSS "RETIRE" KHRUSHCHEV.

Paddling Sedately. But daily crisis is, after all, a journalistic way of life, and most editors managed to hang onto their hats. "It was a hell of a dose of news," said Larry Fanning, executive editor of the Chicago Daily News, "so we printed it as it came along." The Boston Globe, which would feel naked without at least one Page One local story, managed to stay properly dressed all week. On a front page already jammed with developments in the Jenkins case and the latest word from Moscow, the Globe still found room to report that the wife of the new Massachusetts Registrar of Motor Vehicles did not have a driver's license.



ALLAN GOULD

MIAMI NEWS'S BAGGS
Altogether they spelled mother.

The New York Times, which sets great store on self-composure, paddled sedately through the flood of news. "We consciously try not to get excited," said Assistant Managing Editor Theodore M. Bernstein, whose sleeves are rolled above the elbows every minute he is on the job. Besides, the Times commands a news force of 850 hands, most of whom, said Bernstein, know what to do without being told.

To corner the Khrushchev story, the Times mustered all three of its house Kremlinologists—Harry Schwartz, who knows Soviet economics, Harrison E. Salisbury, who can read Pravda and Izvestia without a pony, and Max Frankel, who taps Russian experts in the State Department. Foreign News Editor Emanuel Freedman calmly placed a phone call to Moscow 955477, three hours later was talking to the Times's Moscow Bureau Chief Henry Tanner. In the meantime, other messages had been relayed to Tanner through the Times's London and Paris bureaus.

TOMMY WEBER

NEW YORK TIMES'S BERNSTEIN
Self-composure in a flood.

"Damned Near a Record." About the only real concession that the Times made to last week's events was to charter planes two nights in a row. Normally, 17,000 copies of the Times's first edition—on the presses at 9:30—go by night train to Washington. But last week, to take advantage of interest in last-minute developments, the Times decided to fly copies of its midnight edition to the capital.

"Nothing got tossed out to make room for the big stories," Bernstein said. "We just increased the news hole. On the night that the Khrushchev story broke, we carried 239 columns. That's well over our norm—195—and if it wasn't a record, it was damned near it."

MAGAZINES

Billion-Dollar Year?

Despite some troubled spots here and there, U.S. magazines have never enjoyed better collective health. All signs, reported the Magazine Publishers Association, point to the first billion-dollar advertising year in magazine history. Ad revenue for the first nine months of 1964, said the M.P.A., which represents some 300 magazines (combined circ 160 million), set a new high at $698 million—up 7.2% over the same period in 1963.

Time Inc. magazines alone produced 26% of the nine-month ad-revenue figure: $181 million, an increase of 11.8% over last year. Both LIFE and TIME logged sizable gains. LIFE's three-quarter advertising income was $110 million. With record ad revenues of $47 million, TIME is in third place, ahead of *Reader's Digest* and *Saturday Evening Post*, behind LIFE and *Look* ($52 million).

Advertising gains have been matched by a steady increase in magazine circulation, much of it attributable, say M.P.A. Executive Vice President Robert E. Kenyon Jr., to an impressive increase in the number of high school and college graduates—whose ranks supply most magazine readers. "Our surveys using 1940 as a base year," said Kenyon, "project a 174% increase in high school graduates by 1970—and a 163% increase in magazine circulation."

U.S. magazines have also weathered the period of adjustment after television became a new competitive communications medium. Today, said Kenyon, TV time comes so high that one-sponsor shows are rare; some programs bristle with such a host of sponsors—and sponsor commercials—that *Advertising Age* magazine recently took note of a growing consumer hostility toward the products. "The nation," said Kenyon, "is discovering that, by and large, TV is an entertainment medium. There's a definite trend back to print."

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OECHST HAS IT

Dinner is served and the gregarious little gourmet gulps down another meal. Bon appetit, indeed! For the more he consumes the more he helps Hoechst in the fight against pests. The Hoechst approach to this problem is as enthusiastic as his but infinitely more precise. Hoechst insecticides provide protection for humans, harvests and animals and they're made to measure up to specific needs in doing so.

Protection in another sphere is the job of Hoechst, too. In every part of the world where doctors are fighting diseases, and where men of medicine have replaced the medicine man, Hoechst pharmaceuticals are their active allies. If it is a preparation to kill pests, or one to kill pain, Hoechst has it.

Farbwerke Hoechst AG.
Frankfurt/M. Germany

Hoechst can help you – in over 100 countries.

HOECHST

A century of Chemistry

Hoechst products: dyestuffs, textile auxiliaries, intermediates, pharmaceuticals, sera and vaccines, chemicals, raw materials for the paint industry, solvents plastics, fibers, films, fertilizers, plant protection agents, design and construction of chemical plant.

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Country Matters

Nutty, Naughty Château is a house divided between Director Roger Vadim and Novelist Françoise Sagan. On the framework of Sagan's first play, *Château in Sweden*, which enjoyed a long run in Paris, Vadim and an associate script carpenter have slapped together a film comedy that deserves to be condemned, and probably will be. It is synthetic, flimsy and obvious. Yet through the cracks in the walls one can still glimpse the work of a wry, precocious playwright who knows how to make decadence amusing.

"I am tired of hiding my Jeep," bellows the lord of the manor, Curt Jurgens. To please his eccentric sister, he dresses in period costume and banishes all evidence of the 20th century from the family's isolated ancestral estate in the Swedish lake country. Jurgens' second wife is Monica Vitti, a sultry charmer who enjoys a casually incestuous relationship with her brother Sébastien (Jean-Claude Brialy) and soon begins cooing with Cousin Eric (Jean-Louis Trintignant).

BRIALY & VITTI IN "CHÂTEAU"
Boredom in the boudoir.

When Eric learns that Jurgens' officially deceased first wife Ophélie (Françoise Hardy) is still alive and sequestered in the castle, the family decides to dispose of him forthwith. During one eventful night, Eric survives attempts to poison him, gas him, drug him and freeze him to death.

Clearly, *Château* cannot stand on its plot alone. But Vadim brings it to sure ruin by translating high comedy into languid boudoir farce. Time and again he sacrifices wit, worldliness and style to make room for a blonde (Vitti) in a bed sheet—the Vadim trademark—then repeats the obligatory routine with a brunette (Hardy). What he conveys, at last, is a boyish conviction that these bored, civilized votaries of pleasure might be just the sort for a fun weekend. Sagan's sidelong glance at the enigma of women, in Vadim's view, is no enigma at all. It is merely a nutty, naughty peep show.

Death in Dallas

Four Days in November. The story of John F. Kennedy's assassination has been told with impressive amplitude in the words of the Warren Commission's report. But pictures can indeed speak louder than words. This film, the first in which the massive photographic record (more than 2,000,000 ft.) of the tragedy is assembled and analyzed, adduces no new evidence, proposes no exotic theories.

Produced by David Wolper, who in 1963 put together a prizewinning TV documentary (*The Making of the President, 1960*) about Kennedy's election, *Four Days* is essentially an extended newsreel, a rough anthology of television tapes, amateur movies and reconstructed scenes. Much of the footage has never been shown before; some of it is striking.

The first 24 hours of the Texas tour are roses all the way, a gay and triumphal procession. There they stand on top of the world as though it were their wedding cake: Jack and Jackie, the glass of feminine fashion and the mold of masculine form, the prince and princess of a political fairy tale that surely was not meant to have an unhappy ending. "Stop!" the spectator cries silently. "Stop before it's too late!" Impossible. They are in the car, and already it is turning into Elm Street and into Oswald's telescopic sight.

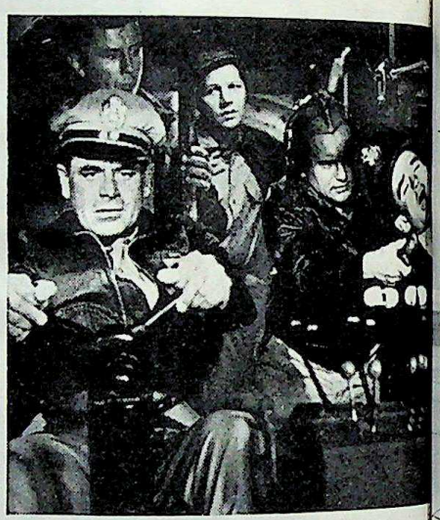
The climax, so magnificently prepared, is inexplicably permitted to become an anticlimax. The death of the President was recorded in several still photographs and on three film strips—though only one of the strips, owned by LIFE, shows the episode in full detail. Nevertheless, the moment of tragedy is represented here in a single frozen frame that shows Kennedy as an overblown blur. The assassination of Lee Harvey Oswald is also depicted ineptly. The deed is done so swiftly that the eye can scarcely follow it. Yet, though it is one of the most exciting and significant stretches of live action ever shown on a screen, the moviemakers do not even bother to repeat the scene in compelling slow motion.

Among the failures, happily, there are fascinations: Oswald's frowsy but amiable landlady, the enormously corpulent cabby who picked him up after the crime, the curly-haired, fine-featured shoe salesman who tracked him to the Texas Theater, the clean, sunny, comfortable ranch house where the killer lived with his wife and children. At one point the film reports without comment that only five hours before he killed the President, Oswald was telling a friend how much he enjoyed playing with his baby daughter.

Into the Soup

Fate Is the Hunter. Consolidated Airlines' Flight 22 lifts off the runway on a routine hop to Seattle. Pilot Rod Taylor takes a cup of coffee from Stewardess Suzanne Pleshette, trades a quip or two. Suddenly a bell clangs in the cockpit, a light blinks a warning on the control panel. "Engine blew," snaps Taylor. In two-engine-aircraft dramas, troubles never come singly. The tower reports three other planes blocking the path back to the strip. The radio goes dead. And of course Engine No. 2 conks out. Flight 22 crash-lands on a deserted beach, bellies safely down and plows through the sand—only to hit an abandoned pier and incinerate.

If such melodrama does little to promote air travel, it does even less for



FORD & TAYLOR IN "HUNTER"
Kismet in the wiring.

Ernest K. Gann's best-selling memoir of his years as a pioneer commercial pilot. After a vivid, horrific opening, *Hunter* flies straight into the soup of formula Hollywood fiction. To absolve buddy Taylor, Airline Executive Glenn Ford undertakes an investigation of his own. Needless to say, Flyboy Taylor turns out to have been gay, dashing and brave, a model pilot who survived such hazards as a wartime encounter with Jane Russell and an irreproachable idyl with a Eurasian ichthyologist (Nancy Kwan).

Next to fish, Kwan thinks mostly about the inexorability of Fate. In the movie's least credible scene, Ford solemnly reports Nancy's verdict to a panel of CAB experts: the crash victims died because "for some reason or other their time had come." Luckily, even in Hollywood the CAB shows little inclination to ponder the inscrutable. So Ford plods ahead to prove that Kismet was probably just a little short circuit. *Hunter* seems an unlikely choice for inflight screenings. Passengers on the ground may view it at their own risk.

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THOUSANDS OF EXPERTS AT YOUR SERVICE

ANY WEATHER AT THE RIGHT TIME. With the Caelles of ALITALIA, all fears of arriving late due to bad weather are over, all risks of having to change ur plans or to miss an appointment are non-existent.

The new LEAR-SIEGLER system connected to the automatic landing devices, makes it possible to land on time even when visibility is almost nil. ALITALIA was the first Air Company to adopt this new system.

ALITALIA AIRLINES

TALIA IS IN ALL OF ITALY AND GOES EVERYWHERE IN THE WORLD

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The Invisible Man

MARKINGS *by Dag Hammarskjöld.* 221 pages. *Knopf.* $4.95.

The man seemed detached and imperturbable as he sat at the Security Council's high table, mediating between East and West. He often exasperated the committed men of both sides. But he became a kind of special saint for the uncommitted, the uncertain, the uneasy, who only hoped for the best without knowing just what the best was, who believed that sheer good will could somehow resolve all the world's conflicts. His very immobility was reassuring; at times he seemed the still point of the turning world. Not even Dag Hammarskjöld's close friends knew that this dispassionate diplomat was a tormented man who poured out his emotions in highly impassioned poems, aphorisms, haiku and prayers, dealing, as he put it, with "birth and death, love and pain—the reality behind the dance under the daylight lamps of social responsibility."

The manuscript of *Markings* was discovered in Hammarskjöld's Manhattan home shortly after his death. With it was an undated letter in which Hammarskjöld called the writings "a sort of white book concerning my negotiations with myself—and with God." Skillfully translated by W. H. Auden, with the help of a Swedish linguist, *Markings* is in turn earnest, pedestrian, paradoxical and noble. The first entry was written when Hammarskjöld was a college student of 20; the last, a few days before his plane crashed in Northern Rhodesia in 1961.

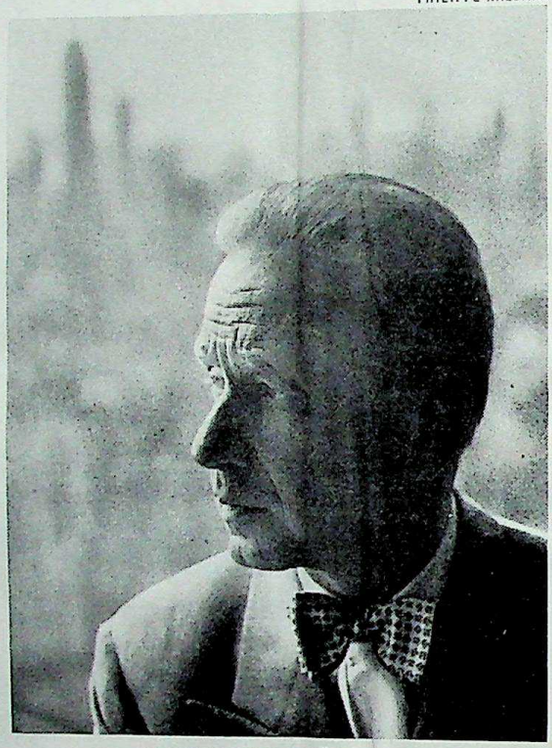
Imitation of Christ. The son of a former Swedish Prime Minister and a brilliant economist in his own right, Hammarskjöld was a meteoric success as a banker even before he entered international politics. Yet *Markings* shows that every step of the way he was dogged by agonizing self-doubts and despair. "Time goes by," he noted, "reputation increases, ability declines." "The little urchin makes a couple of feeble hops on one leg without falling down," he wrote, "and is filled with admiration at his dexterity, doubly so, because there are onlookers. Do we ever grow up?" He was unsparingly self-critical: "If you don't speak ill of others more often than you do, this certainly isn't from any lack of desire. But you know that malice only gives you elbowroom when dispensed in carefully measured doses."

He dwelt on death and suicide: "There is only one path out of the steamy dense jungle where the battle is fought over glory and power and advantage. And that is—to accept death." And he luridly describes several suicides he witnessed (or imagined?), such as the beautiful girl who drowned herself and was washed ashore on a river bank, "beyond all human nakedness in the inaccessible solitude of death—her white firm breasts are lifted to the sunlight—a heroic torso of marble-blond stone in the soft grass."

Speck of Dirt. But in the early 1950s, it appears that Hammarskjöld found faith in God. "Didst Thou give me this inescapable loneliness," he wrote, "so that it would be easier for me to give Thee all?" Inspired by the medieval mystics, he strove to pattern his life after Christ's, an ambition that some Swedish critics of *Markings* chose to interpret as blasphemy or egomania; yet if *Markings* makes anything clear, it is that Hammarskjöld was a truly humble man: "How far from both muscular heroism and from the soulfully tragic spirit of unselfishness, which unctuously adds its little offering to the spongecake at a kaffeeklatsch, is the plain and simple fact that a man has given himself completely to something he finds worth living for."

In his years that he served as Secretary-General, Hammarskjöld drove himself mercilessly to become "pure of heart" in the service of others: "On a really clean tablecloth, the smallest speck of dirt annoys the eye. At high altitudes, a moment's self-indulgence may mean death." Yet he remained ever and exquisitely aware of the ambiguities of even the best-intentioned human behavior and never became self-righteous about his own projects: "The 'great' commitment all too easily obscures the 'little' one. But without the humility and warmth which you have to develop in your relations to the few with whom you are personally involved, you will never be able to do anything for the many." One entry explains his approach to international conflicts: "Jesus sat at meat with publicans and sinners; he consorted with harlots. Did he do this to obtain their votes? Or did he think that, perhaps, he could convert them by such 'appeasements'? Or was his humanity rich and deep enough to make contact, even in them, with that in human nature which is common to all men, indestructible, and upon which the future has to be built?"

PHILIPPE HALSMAN



DAG HAMMARSKJÖLD (1956)
The road to holiness was action.

The Call. There is one wry poem surely written, at least in his head, during one of the U.N.'s interminable debates, which suggests Hammarskjöld was sometimes less than happy about his job as man in the middle.

Words without import
Are lobbed to and fro
Between us.

Forgotten intrigues
With their spider's web
Snare our hands.

Choked by its clown's mask
And quite dry, my mind
Is crumbling.

But if he was humble, he was occasionally so with the passion of a man who felt himself called by destiny. He wrote: "Your responsibility is indeed terrifying. If you fail, it is God, thanks to your having betrayed Him, who will fail mankind. You fancy you can be responsible *to* God: can you carry the responsibility *for* God?"

Elected Calling. Hammarskjöld was clearly a poet who might have achieved eminence in that calling as he had in others he chose to follow.

Too tired for company,
You seek a solitude
You are too tired to fill

is a haiku that the Japanese masters might be proud of. But he believed that "in our era, the road to holiness necessarily passes through the world of action."

The total impression is of a complex, sensitive and enormously literate mind, all the more fascinating since it belonged to a man in the highest political offices, where he made his inner humility a palpable power in the balance of nations. "I am the vessel," he wrote. "The draught is God's. And God is a thirsty one."

Illusions Worth Living For

SPANISH LEAVES *by Honor Tracy.* 1[illegible] pages. *Random House.* $3.95.

In Paris, Irish Novelist Honor Tracy's favorite smell is the musty odor of the Métro on rainy days; in Spain, she prefers the fragrance of open sewers. "In vision comes," she writes, "an enchanting still life of broken glass and pomegranate rinds with a dead rat floating in

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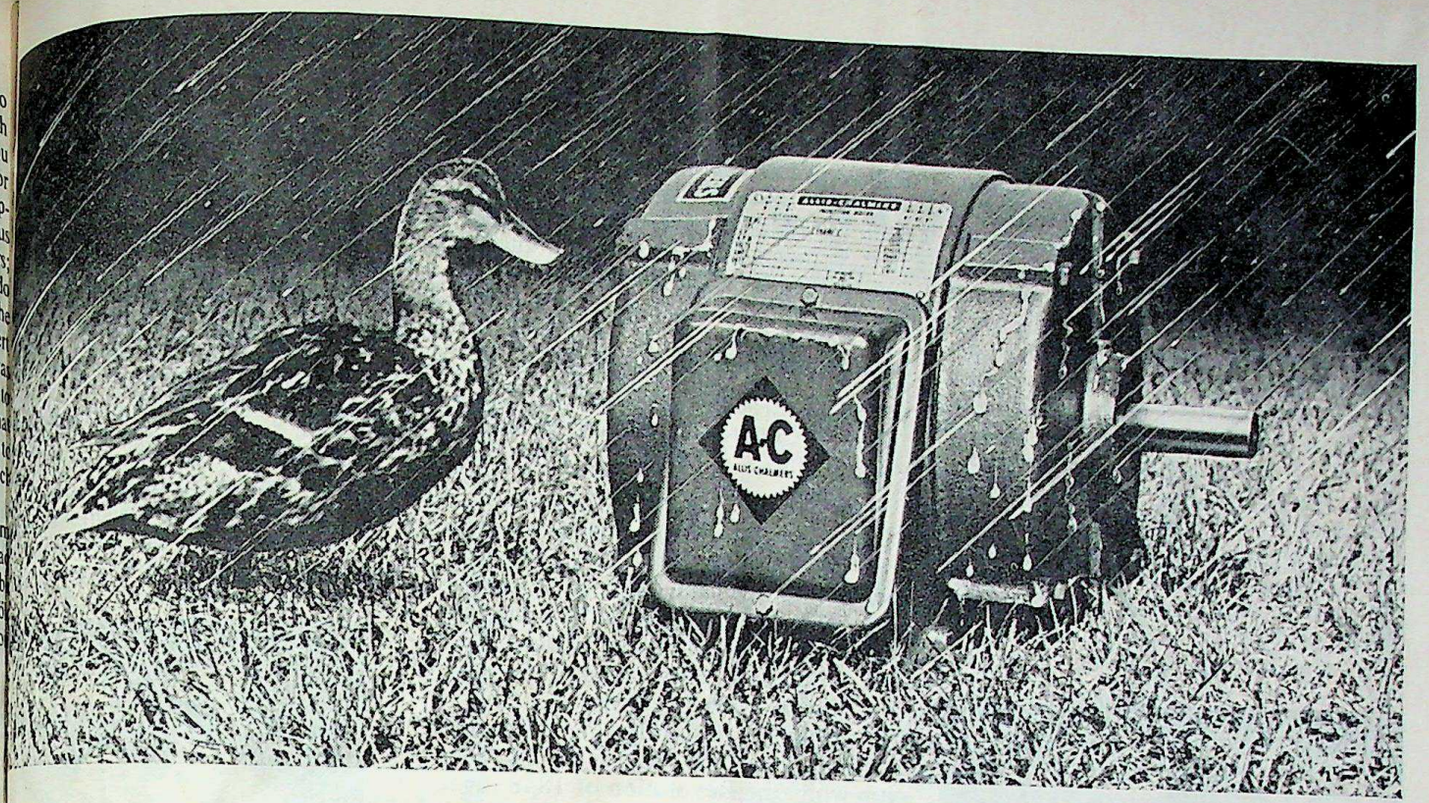

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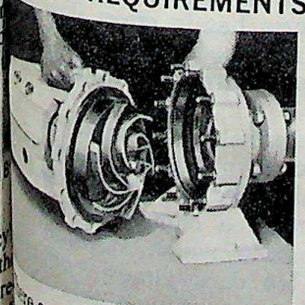

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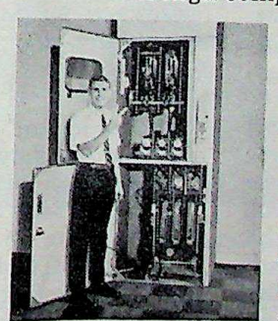

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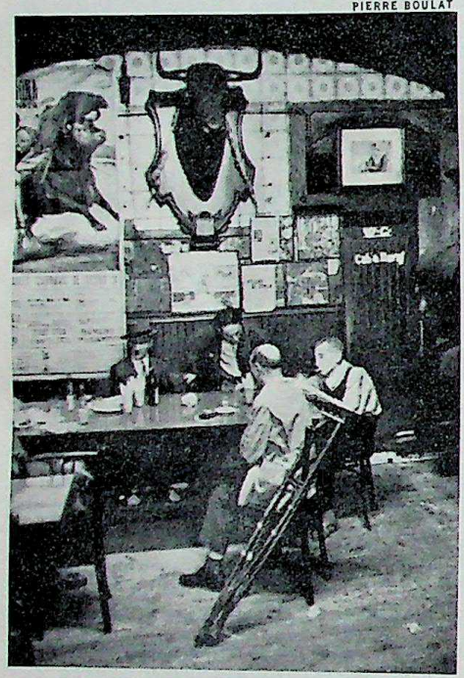
iridescent water, and beckons to me sweetly."

Not sewers alone, but all the things that offend the typical tourist in Spain —stalled trains, unpredictable electricity, fire engines screaming like "Amazon howling monkeys"—delight Honor Tracy in this brief and lively travel book. She is entertained by what most tourists never even notice: "The men maintained their usual impassive demeanor" and, dressed in corduroy suits and broad black hats, looked "out from the dusty taverns hour after hour, silent, neither drinking nor playing cards, as if merely waiting for the end of the world."

Does the postman deliver the mail a month late and not even look remorseful about it? Never mind, he kills snakes in Honor Tracy's backyard, and once, when she was giving a party, he bi-

PIERRE BOULAT



TAVERN IN MADRID
Still life with sewer and dead rat.

cycled three miles to bring her ice. Are Spanish nightclub acts and *zarzuelas* sometimes performed by stuttering septuagenarians, Goyaesque dwarfs, and faded, toothless beauties? It doesn't matter. It's more fun to watch the audience, such as one old man who was ogling the girls and groaning "with delight as an old dog does when his ears are fondled." Are Spain's majestic cathedrals filled with "gabbling priests, rowdy acolytes, grubby vestments, candles drunkenly reeling and raining grease on all around, flowers faded or dead, statues thick with dust, sacristans spitting on the floor?" Neatness and decorum are snares and frills for those of feeble faith.

In one Andalusian town, a baker produces bread that is more like stone. But everybody eats it without complaint because the baker grandly signs his initials on each loaf. In Spain, illusions of grandeur are respected. "To us, illusion is a weakness to recognize and overcome," writes Honor Tracy. "To a Spaniard, his *ilusión* gives the world its glow and life its fragrance."

Actually, Author Tracy concludes, the tourist should not worry too much about understanding Spain. Spaniards ask very little of him: "Foreigners in Spain should humbly recognize that their principal charm is their money, and their only virtue a readiness to part with it."

Matched Wit

THE REMINISCENCES AND RECOLLECTIONS OF CAPTAIN GRONOW. 384 pages. *Viking*. $7.95.

Captain Rees Howell Gronow was a dapper, wicked little Welshman. He fought with distinction beside Wellington in the Peninsula and at Waterloo; he gossiped and gamed at the best clubs of Regency London. He matched wit and waistcoats with Beau Brummell, shot pistols with Lord Byron. And in his later years, he sat sucking the handle of his cane in the window of his Paris club while the Revolution of 1848 raged in the streets below. Then he wrote his reminiscences.

Byron in Curlers. His book is a kind of protracted gossip column of the romantic period. Byron, he reveals, slept with his hair in curlers; Sir Walter Scott was as stout a trencherman as any character in his historical novels. Gronow was a friend of Shelley's at Eton, and recalls how the fledgling poet, inspired by Homer's account of heroic single combats before Troy, took on a young baronet named Sir Thomas Styles in a fist fight. "Shelley stalked round the ring and spouted one of the defiant addresses usual with Homer's heroes: the young poet, being a first-rate classical scholar, actually delivered the speech in the original Greek." But stubby young Sir Thomas delivered "a heavy slogger" to Shelley's middle, and the poet turned tail and ran. Not many years later, Gronow reports with disinterest, young Styles was driven mad by fleas and heat during the Peninsular War and cut his throat from ear to ear with a razor.

Wasps in Amber. With casual vividness, the old dandy sketches Hoby the Bootmaker, an insolent St. James Street shopkeeper who sneered at every customer up to and including the Iron Duke himself; Colonel Kelly of the First Foot Guards, a grand dandy so proud of his precious, gleaming boots that he burned to death trying to save them from a fire; and muscular Dan Mackinnon, who "used to amuse his friends by creeping over the furniture like a monkey." In Lisbon with Lord Byron, Mackinnon spied two nude Portuguese beauties at their morning ablutions across from his hotel, but he was horrified to see that they used no toothbrushes. He sent them some, and was even more horrified when the girls used them to brush their hair.

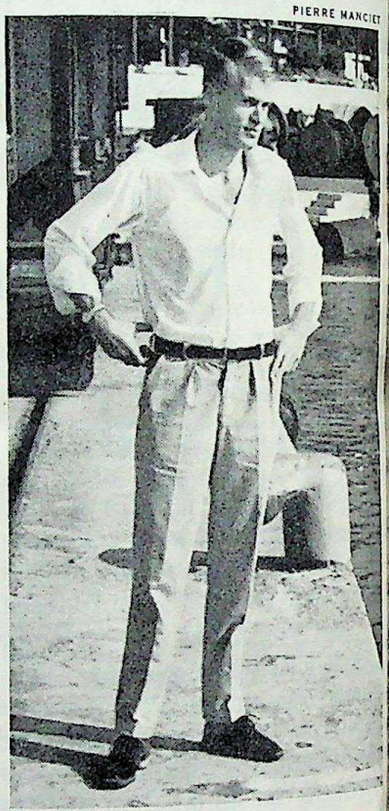
Not much of a literary stylist, Gronow employs a direct but flat prose that captures his subjects like wasps in amber. Yet between the lines, his frigid, faultlessly attired figure dominates the book. He emerges haughty, violently prejudiced, yet worldly-wise. As one contemporary wrote: "He committed the greatest of follies without in the slightest disturbing the point of his shirt collar." Can any modern memoirist make the same claim?

Petrified Nature

THE INTERROGATION by J.M.G. Le Clezio. 243 pages. *Atheneum*. $4.50.

A character in Albert Camus' *The Plague* devised a strategy for cheating death by making life seem to drag on as long as possible: he did tedious things on purpose, like listening to lectures

PIERRE MANCIET



LE CLEZIO
Lectures in an unknown language.

in an unfamiliar language or lining up at the box office for theater tickets and then not buying a seat. Since French literature's inbreeding is both chronic and severe, it was inevitable that sooner or later someone would devote a whole book to Camus' throwaway idea. J.M.G. Le Clezio has in effect done just that in a first novel that has unaccountably enraptured the French critics and public.

Adam Pollo is camping out for the summer in a deserted house at the top of a hill "like one of those sick animals that make a canny retreat into some refuge and watch stealthily for danger." He does almost nothing at all, and does it so well that his perceptions suffer strange and vivid changes, as in the first symptoms of paranoia or LSD poisoning.

Adam sunbathes, smokes, writes to his girl friend, sees the sun transformed into a monstrous spider or a thousand-

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...ed octopus. His girl visits him. They ... to the beach, where Adam feels him... turning to a statue, "his flesh freez... into a mineral." He runs, and sud... knows that the earth is hostile, ...ten under a thick crust; he has ...sons of "the flames of petrified na... He goes to the zoo, and feels ...e one with the lizards, mice, beetles ... pelicans. He has discovered that the ...st way to mix with a species is to ...ke oneself desire a female member ... it." He follows a dog through town, ...most becomes a dog, is "in any case ... longer human." He kills a rat. He ...es a long walk in the rain, sees a ...owned man, tries to call his girl, gets ...unk. Finally he goes the rest of the ... mad.

Author Jean Marie Gustave Le Cle..., 24, is half French, half English, ... and gaunt, has been lionized by Par... literary hostesses, who find his book required topic of conversation and ... author "frightfully good-looking." ...ce its publication a year ago, it has ... the exceptional total of 110,000 ...pies, and has won the highbrow Re...dot Prize. It has intense visual ...ength and might easily be transcribed ... a New Wave movie by some cur... master of the jolting, hand-held ...era. Yet it lacks human warmth, ... ends as another pale variation of ...modish French anti-novel—truly a ... of tedium.

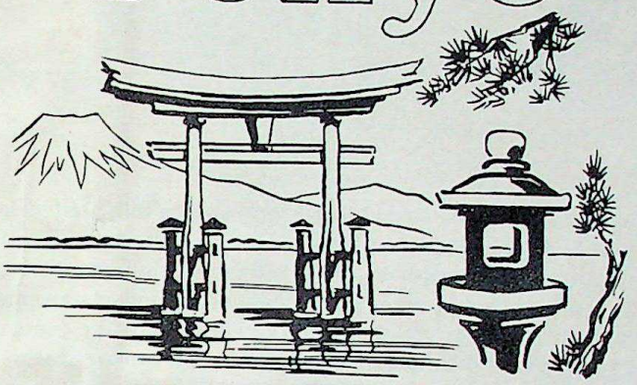
...so Current

...PEAK NOT EVIL *by Edwin Lanham.* ... pages. *Farrar, Straus & Giroux.* $5.95. ...rubbing into the lives of small-town ...ual delinquents of all ages has been ...empting novelistic idea ever since ...ton Place*. Lanham adds an over... of Big Ideas (religion, tradition, his...) but is careful to provide the full ...miliar stock company: the nympho...iac who gives strip parties and re...s the livelier moments on Polaroid ... the budding teen-age sexpot, the ... Don Juan, the middle-aged moth... who has never responded to a man, ... impotent bridegroom, the spinster ... had an abortion in her youth. At ... point the high-school-graduate hero ...ches himself into a discussion of ...ac's *Droll Stories:* "Why they call ... dirty book I don't know, because ...u're writing about people and how ... live you can't leave sex out of ... It might start a pleasant new fad ...try.

...AD CHARACTERS *by Jean Stafford.* ... pages. *Farrar, Straus & Giroux.* ...5.

... a paragraph Jean Stafford can ...e the ecology of a whole chunk of, ... Colorado, or provide a tour of the ... horizons—often painfully pinched ... her central figures. In her latest ...blage of short stories, this facility ... profitably have given way to ... deliberate speed, particularly in ...most compelling of them, *A Win... Tale*. The teller is a matron, with

"We're "Terrific" in Tokyo



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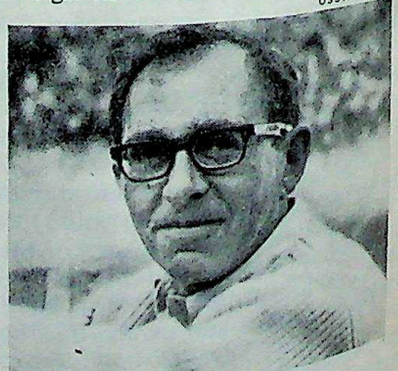
STAFFORD
Tour of an inner horizon.

a matron's malaise. Her tale recalls he first affair, which occurred during a academic year spent in Heidelberg u der the chaperonage of a pious Catho convert from Brahmin Boston. The lo er is a Nazi pilot who turns out to 1) a Jew, 2) the secret lover of t girl's devout guardian. To probe such twisting plot requires more words th Author Stafford here provides. Oth stories concern the casualties of ch *v.* parent warfare, of which there few keener combat correspondents th the author.

ERIC MATTSON *by Norman Katk* 445 pages. *Doubleday.* $5.95.

It is just possible that a negative ki of publishing history will be made this book: 21st century scholars ma know it as the last, because unbeatab the trashiest, of the Big Medical No els. This novel has absolutely everythi and is so appalling it's hilarious. It Eric, "a gifted young surgeon at crossroads." It has interns, reside nurses, and of course plenty of sex, the kind that turns out the lights at point where, all buttons still button "she brought his face down to breasts." It has eight major operatio including impromptu open-heart s gery in the library of a posh hous all described in bloody color and such extreme professional detail the reader feels he could pull the gl onto his scrubbed and cornstarch hands and do the next one hims And the first operation is an emerge caesarean section—on a dog. came forward until he could feel table against his thighs. It was just and the bitch now. The scalpel did weigh in his hand . . ."



KATKOV
Last of the Big Medicals.

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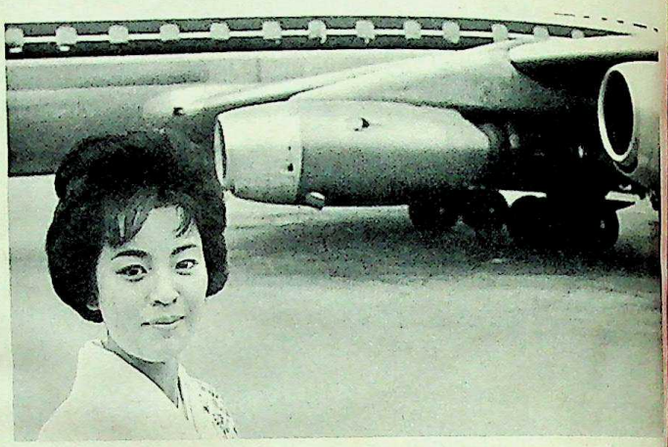

From first sight, every Jet Courier of Japan Air Lines is a promise of swift, dependable, modern-world travel. But step aboard, and discover the magic "extra" of flying JAL. Suddenly you are in the timeless, gracious world of classic Japan.

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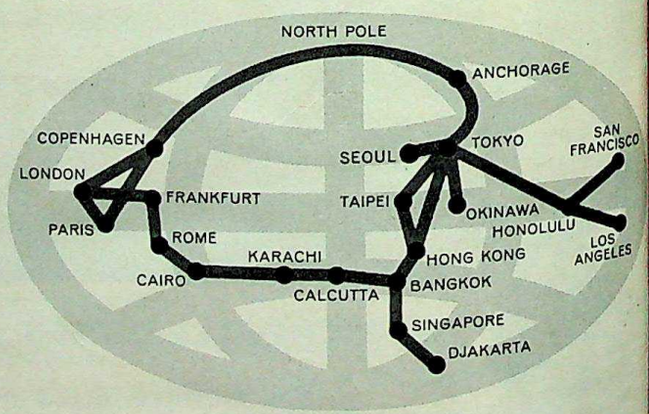
The pleasures of JAL go far beyond the Orient. Now 17 JAL flights leave Tokyo every week for the U.S.A. —all via sunny Hawaii where you can stop over, if you wish, at no extra fare. Morning and evening Tokyo departures give you added flexibility in planning for convenient stopovers and fast connections.

If you're bound for Europe, you can choose from two JAL routes. Follow the course of ancient caravans on JAL's "Silk Road" through the Middle East via Calcutta and Karachi. Or, from Tokyo, fly to Europe direct, over the fast Polar route. Fly one way, return the other, with stopovers at any of the fascinating cities along the way.

Wherever you fly, enjoy the unique pleasures of flying JAL, "amid the calm beauty of Japan at almost the speed of sound." Your travel agent or your nearest JAL office can give you complete details.

The global services of JAL



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JAL

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OCTOBER 30, 1964

ASIA EDITION

TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

The Year of the Split Ticket

CANDIDATE KEATING

HENRY KOERNER

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गुरुकुल काँगड़ी

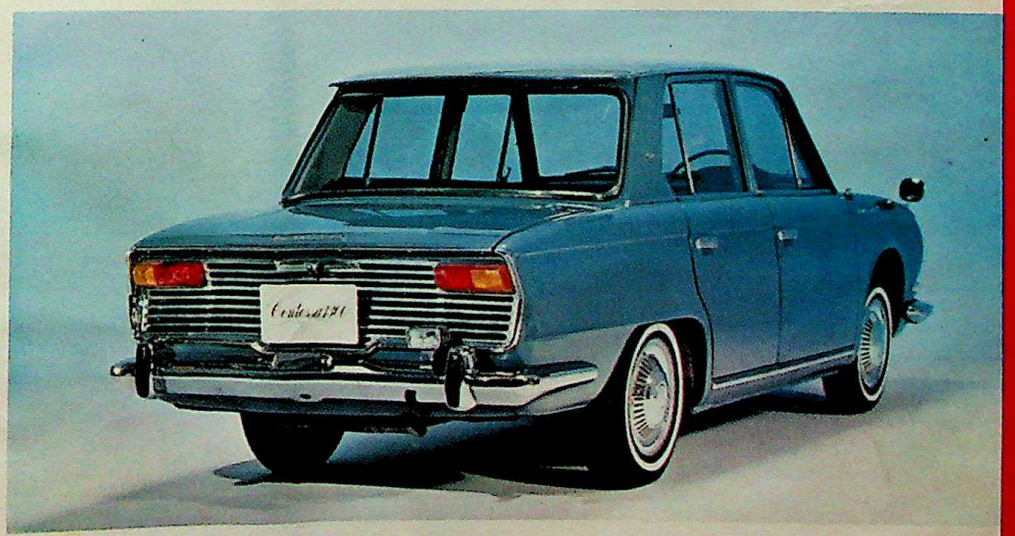
SPECIFICATIONS

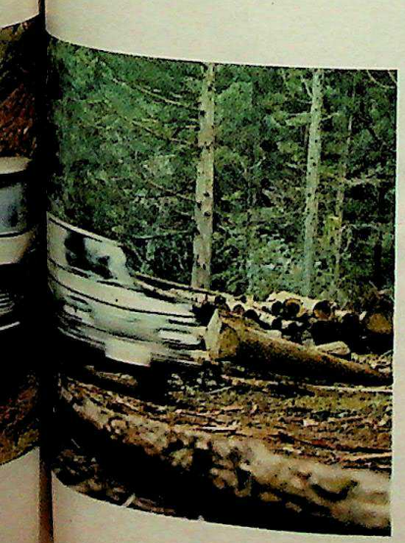
ENGINE

Water-cooled, 4-cylinder in-line, cast iron block, 5 main bearings
Bore x stroke .....71 mm (2.80 in) x 79 mm (3.11 in)
Displacement .....1251 cc (76.34 cu in)
Compression ratio .....8.5 : 1
Max. Output.....55 HP at 5,000 rpm
Max. Torque.....9.7 kg-m (70.14 lb-ft) at 3,200 rpm

CHASSIS

Wheelbase .....2,280 mm (89.76 in)
Tread .....Front 1,235 mm (48.62 in)
Rear 1,220 mm (48.03 in)
Length .....4,150 mm (163.39 in)
Width.....1,530 mm (60.24 in)
Height .....1,390 mm (54.72 in)
Ground clearance .....175 mm (6.89 in)
Suspension:
Front.....Ind., wishbones, torsion bar springs
Rear .....Ind., vert. coil springs, single radius arms
Steering.....Helical rack and pinion
Turning radius.....4.6 m (15.09 ft)





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TIME LISTINGS

TELEVISION

Thursday, October 29

BEWITCHED (ABC, 9-9:30 p.m.).* Guest Shelley Berman plays a candy king whose plans to incorporate broomstick uglies into his Halloween advertising campaign arouse the ire of housewifely Witch Samantha (Elizabeth Montgomery).

REPUBLICAN NATIONAL COMMITTEE (CBS, 9:30-10 p.m.). Speech by Barry Goldwater. (Also election eve, same time.)

PERRY COMO'S KRAFT MUSIC HALL (NBC, 10-11 p.m.). In the first of this season's seven Como specials, Perry offers Anne Bancroft, Stanley Holloway and Victor Borge.

Friday, October 30

INTERNATIONAL SHOWTIME (NBC, 7:30-8:30 p.m.). The Berlin Ice Revue glistens with European skating champions, skating comedians, acrobats and lavish production numbers.

THE ADDAMS FAMILY (ABC, 8:30-9 p.m.). Halloween with the Addamses is suitably ghoulish when Morticia and Gomez welcome bank robbers to their cobweb-hung manse as trick-or-treaters.

THE JACK PAAR PROGRAM (NBC, 10-11 p.m.). Excerpts from Julius Monk's rollicking and timely Plaza 9 revue, *Bits and Pieces*. Color.

Sunday, November 1

SUNDAY (NBC, 4-5 p.m.). Voter-in-the-street interviews and a review of precampaign and campaign statements by the presidential candidates.

THE CAMPAIGN AND THE CANDIDATES (NBC, 6:30-7:30 p.m.). A last-minute glance at the various political races.

ELECTION PREVIEW (CBS, 6:30-7:30 p.m.). An evaluation of the 1964 campaign, the issues involved, and the outlook for Election Day.

Monday, November 2

THE DEMOCRATIC NATIONAL COMMITTEE (NBC, 10-11 p.m.). Paid political broadcast, whose format is not yet settled.

Tuesday, November 3

ELECTION COVERAGE (ABC, CBS, NBC, 7 p.m. to conclusion). All three networks tune in where the campaign tunes out to compute, analyze and dissect the returns. Anchormen for ABC are Edward P. Morgan and Howard K. Smith, and for NBC, Chet Huntley and David Brinkley. CBS, having officially abandoned the title Anchorman, heads its team with "National Editor Assigned to Integrate and Summarize the Overall Election Story" Walter Cronkite.

THEATER

CAMBRIDGE CIRCUS. A band of incredibly funny young Cambridge graduates, with a revue that thinks small and carries a big slapstick. Laughter is all but incessant, and the most hilarious sketch of the evening is a bewigged theater-of-the-absurd British courtroom trial involving a dwarf.

OH WHAT A LOVELY WAR is an animated documentary that grins like a skull at the follies of World War I. Adding humor and song to pity and terror, *Lovely War* achieves a catharsis hardly to be believed of a musical. The hand that guides it is Joan Littlewood's; the guiding spirit is Bertolt Brecht's.

FIDDLER ON THE ROOF. Incredibly, this musical discovers high theater and infectious gaiety in the funny-sad story of Tevye and his five daughters in a Russian village prior to the 1905 revolution. Zero Mostel is a million rubles worth of joy.

ABSENCE OF A CELLO. This amusing farce breezes along on the proposition that the corporate image is a fright mask.

RECORDS

Virtuosos

BEETHOVEN: THE COMPLETE PIANO SONATAS (10 LPs; Deutsche Grammophon). A beautifully re-engineered reissue of the 32 sonatas by Wilhelm Kempff, who at 68 made his long-awaited U.S. debut at Carnegie Hall last fortnight. The German master's interpretation of the sonatas is justly famed. Perhaps a sense of mystery is missing from the late works, perhaps there are occasional pauses to savor details rather than a constant forward drive, but Kempff's Beethoven is worthy of comparison with Schnabel's—less sweeping but often more spontaneous, lyrical and witty.

CHOPIN: WALTZES (RCA Victor). Artur Rubinstein's new recording of the 14 waltzes treats them as poems rather than dances, fountains rather than fireworks. There are flashes of brilliance, but the prevailing impression is of candlelit intimacy. The romantic, polished septuagenarian seems to have taken his cue from his compatriot, Chopin himself, whose playing of soft passages was described by a listener as "a mere breath."

BOCCHERINI: CONCERTO FOR CELLO AND ORCHESTRA (Deutsche Grammophon). Boccherini was a cellist himself but probably never knew how lush and lustrous his music could sound. Pierre Fournier transports the B-flat concerto out of the 18th century and plays it 19th century style, richly and romantically, but with taste. Along with Boccherini comes the first recording of a cello concerto by C.P.E. Bach, including a melodious Largo that Fournier makes luminous. The accompanying Lucerne Festival Strings is conducted by Rudolf Baumgartner.

ANDREW IMBRIE: CONCERTO FOR VIOLIN AND ORCHESTRA (Columbia). Zoltan Rozsnyai is the conductor and Carroll Glenn the violinist for the belated first recording of one of the most forceful works written in the U.S. in recent years (1950-54). Miss Glenn's protean violin achieves a dozen moods and a dozen rhythms as the big piece swirls forward, and an occasional bell-like sound tolls the dissolution of the themes like the stroke of midnight.

BACH: HARPSICHORD CONCERTO IN D MINOR (London). A stunning performance of one of Bach's great works, the three movements, all in the minor key, creating a somber but noble vision. George Malcolm's harpsichord never clangs, never tinkles, but has subtle varieties of timbre that sometimes melt into and sometimes richly encrust the music of the string orchestra. Karl Münchinger is the conductor.

MOZART: FLUTE CONCERTO IN D MAJOR (London). The orchestra is the London Symphony, the conductor the late great Pierre Monteux, and the soloist his son Claude, himself a conductor and composer as well as virtuoso flautist. The recording, made last spring a few months before the Maestro's death, was the first the two made together. It was more than a sentimental occasion: the 89-year-old conductor gave spacious backing to the younger Monteux, who plays Mozart, embellished with his own cadenzas, with lighthearted ease and steely delicacy. Father and son also collaborated in Bach's Suite No. 2 and in the "Dance of the Blessed Spirits" from Gluck's *Orpheus and Eurydice*.

CINEMA

THE SOFT SKIN. With elegant style and economy, French Director François Truffaut (*The 400 Blows*) analyzes the love game as played by an aging, suety intellectual (Jean Desailly) who shuttles between his wife and a shapely airline stewardess (Françoise Dorléac).

TOPKAPI. A jewel theft in Istanbul is played mostly for laughs by Melina Mercouri, Maximilian Schell and Peter Ustinov in Director Jules Dassin's niftiest caper since *Rififi*.

THE LUCK OF GINGER COFFEY. Robert Shaw and Mary Ure are superb in a sensitive, deeply affecting drama based on Brian Moore's novel about a genial Irish nobody who feels his life and his wife slipping away from him.

I'D RATHER BE RICH. Another romantic mix-up, another wayward heiress—but the familiar ingredients are whipped into a nice froth by Sandra Dee, Robert Goulet, Andy Williams, Hermione Gingold.

THE APE WOMAN. Man's inhumanity is the theme of this squalid but often hilarious Italian comedy about a punk promoter and his wife, a girl covered from head to toe with brown silky hair.

MARY POPPINS. Walt Disney's drollest film in decades has wit, sentiment, lilting tunes, and an irresistible performance by Julie Andrews as the proper London governess with a flair for magic.

SEDUCED AND ABANDONED. Italian Director Pietro Germi (*Divorce—Italian Style*) again turns Sicilian social codes inside out in this tragicomedy about the violent aftermath of a provincial maiden's misstep.

THAT MAN FROM RIO. A stylish French spoof of Hollywood action epics assigns most of the derring-do to Hero Jean-Paul Belmondo, who does it to a turn.

A HARD DAY'S NIGHT. The Beatles play the Beatles in a comedy deftly calculated to whip up hysteria among pre-teens without spoiling the fun for their elders.

GIRL WITH GREEN EYES. As a bubbly colleen who chances a fling with a middle-aged author, Britain's Rita Tushingham makes a trite tale seem fresh, poignant and deliciously funny.

THE NIGHT OF THE IGUANA. Burdened with some of the fascinating ills that Tennessee Williams' characters are heir to, Ava Gardner, Deborah Kerr and Richard Burton repair to a shabby Mexican resort for group therapy.

BOOKS

Best Reading

MARKINGS, by Dag Hammarskjöld. The late Secretary-General of the United Nations called this journal a record of "my negotiations with myself—and with God." Sometimes exalted, sometimes in despair, Hammarskjöld wrote only of his mind and emotions in a series of pensées, poems

* All times E.S.T.

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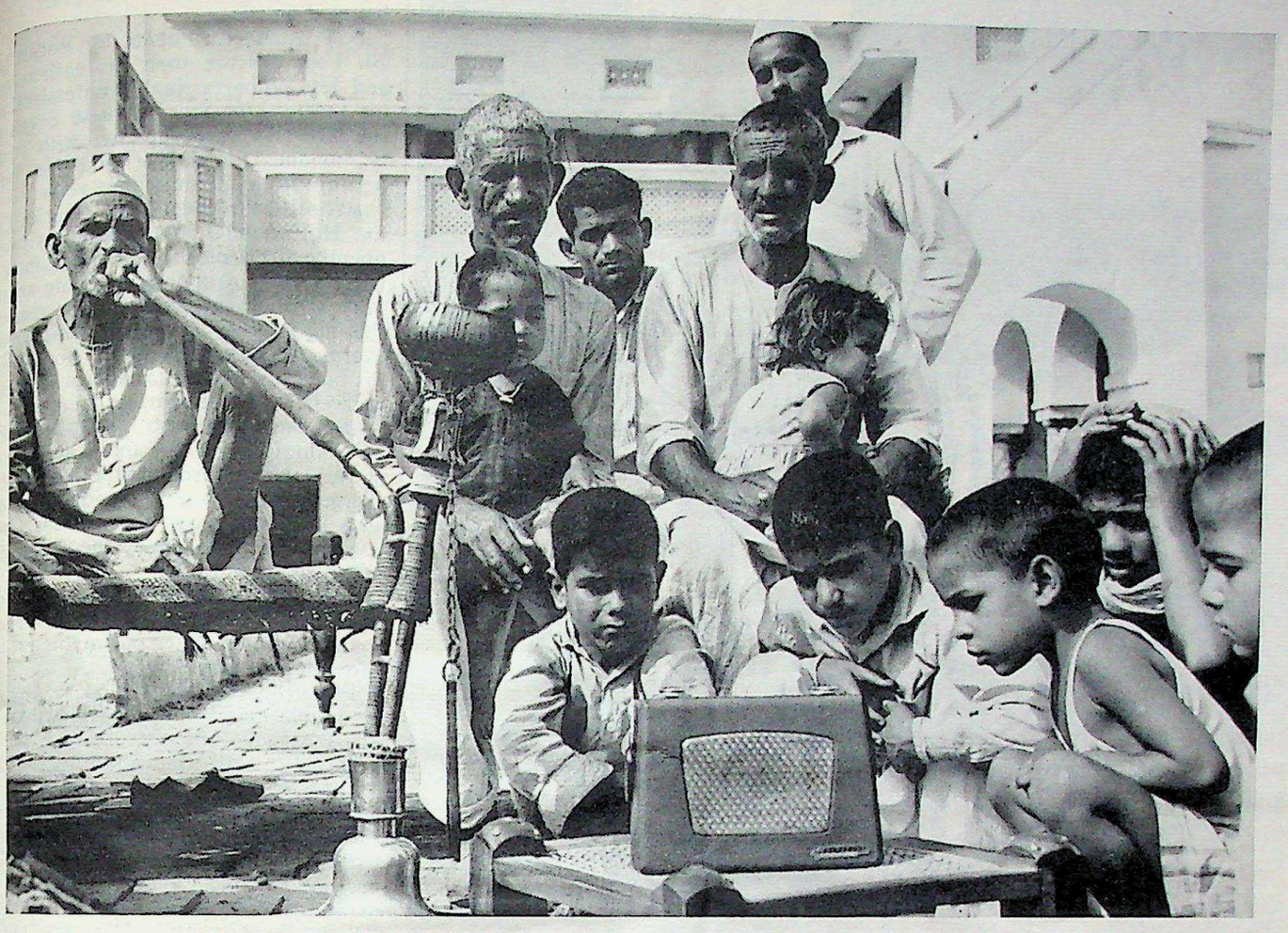

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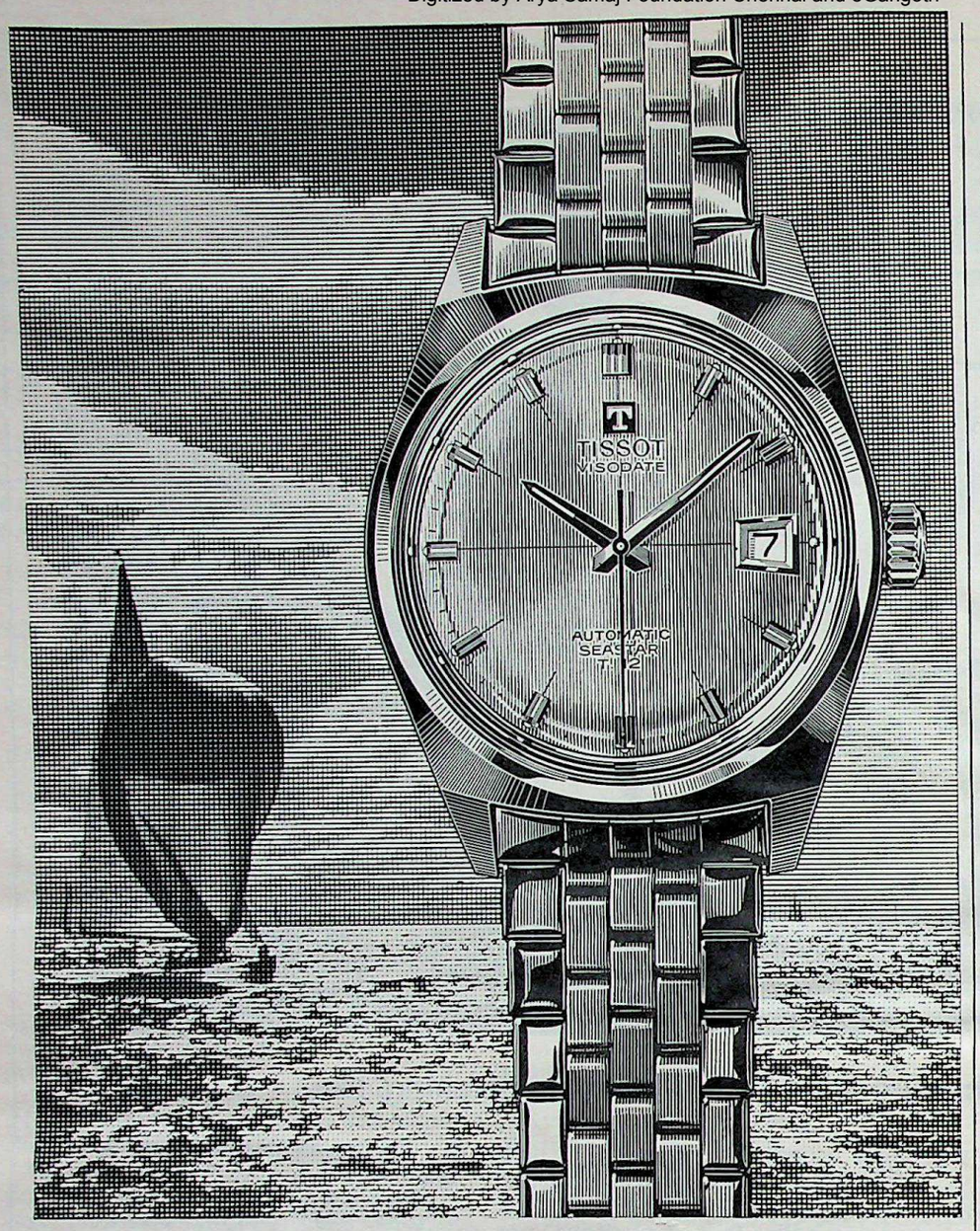

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and meditations that reveal the iciest diplomat of them all was at heart a God-haunted mystic.

FOR THE UNION DEAD, by Robert Lowell. Less obscure than his earliest works and less embarrassingly confessional than his recent *Life Studies*, these poems pursue Lowell's preoccupation with creativity, madness, marriage and his Puritan heritage in tough, masculine verse.

MY AUTOBIOGRAPHY, by Charles Chaplin. Hollywood's comic genius writes eloquently of his pitifully poor childhood but prefers name dropping to telling about his later artistic achievements. The reason for this autobiographical lapse is apparent on every page and saves the book: despite his fame, the penniless child in Charlie still marvels at the attention of the great.

THE BRIGADIER AND THE GOLF WIDOW, by John Cheever. In these chilling short stories, the fall from corporate grace, the merger, the personal scandal that might stop the money, are the demons Cheever uses to speculate about the fears of salaried suburbanites.

LITTLE BIG MAN, by Thomas Berger. An exuberant novel of the wild West that lights new fires under old myths yet at the same time satirizes them.

REMINISCENCES, by Douglas MacArthur. In a style that is more restrained than his usual baroque eloquence, MacArthur vividly recounts his trials and his triumphs.

HERZOG, by Saul Bellow. In this long-awaited novel, Bellow's hero is a man in search of a new life amid the rubble of a wrecked marriage. His conclusion is disappointingly flat ("I am what I am"), but in the process of reaching it, Herzog-Bellow ranges wittily, learnedly and perceptively over nearly all the dilemmas—major, minor and plain absurd—of 20th century man in a virtuoso display that is a constant delight.

THE WORDS, by Jean-Paul Sartre. After a series of increasingly labored, metaphysically morose works, Sartre has written a clear-eyed, warm, but very sad account of his early years. The despair of modern existentialism, it turns out, is partly rooted in the struggle for sanity of a bookish, lonely child.

Best Sellers

FICTION

1. Candy, Southern and Hoffenberg (1 last week)
2. Herzog, Bellow (2)
3. The Spy Who Came In from the Cold, Le Carré (3)
4. This Rough Magic, Stewart (4)
5. The Rector of Justin, Auchincloss (6)
6. Julian, Vidal (7)
7. Armageddon, Uris (5)
8. A Mother's Kisses, Friedman (9)
9. The Man, Wallace (10)
10. You Only Live Twice, Fleming (8)

NONFICTION

1. Reminiscences, MacArthur (1)
2. My Autobiography, Chaplin (2)
3. Harlow, Shulman (5)
4. A Tribute to John F. Kennedy, Salinger and Vanocur (3)
5. The Kennedy Wit, Adler
6. The Italians, Barzini (6)
7. A Moveable Feast, Hemingway (4)
8. The Invisible Government, Wise and Ross (7)
9. Diplomat Among Warriors, Murphy (9)
10. Four Days, U.P.I. and American Heritage (10)

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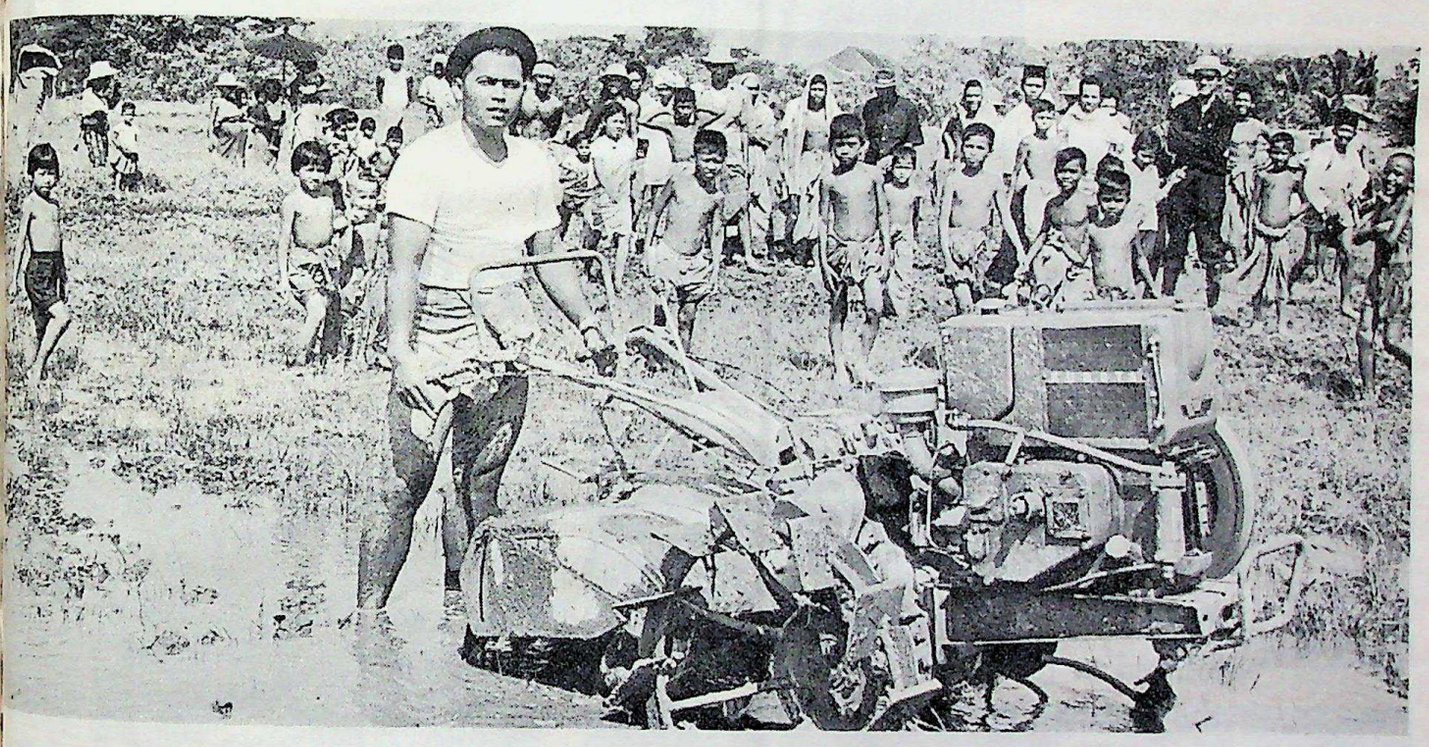
Why are the "Happy Thais" so happy?



Thailand is one of Southeast Asia's luckiest countries. They produce a surplus of food! Furthermore, the Thais are fortunate to have an alert, far-sighted government. A few years ago, Thai government officials forecasted that the population growth would soon outstrip food production. Not only would there be no surplus, there would probably be a shortage. This is where Kubota entered the picture. For the prosperity of Thailand and the happiness and welfare of the people, Kubota would be pleased to cooperate with local governments in showing farmers how to *insure* a continuing surplus.

Although the final agreement is still being negotiated, Kubota has already sent a full team of technicians to Thailand where they are working with the full support and cooperation of the people and the government.

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Thanks to a far-sighted government and to Kubota, the Thailand of today is ready for tomorrow. Indeed, if farm mechanization continues at its present rate, Thailand may someday be the "rice bowl" of Southeast Asia.

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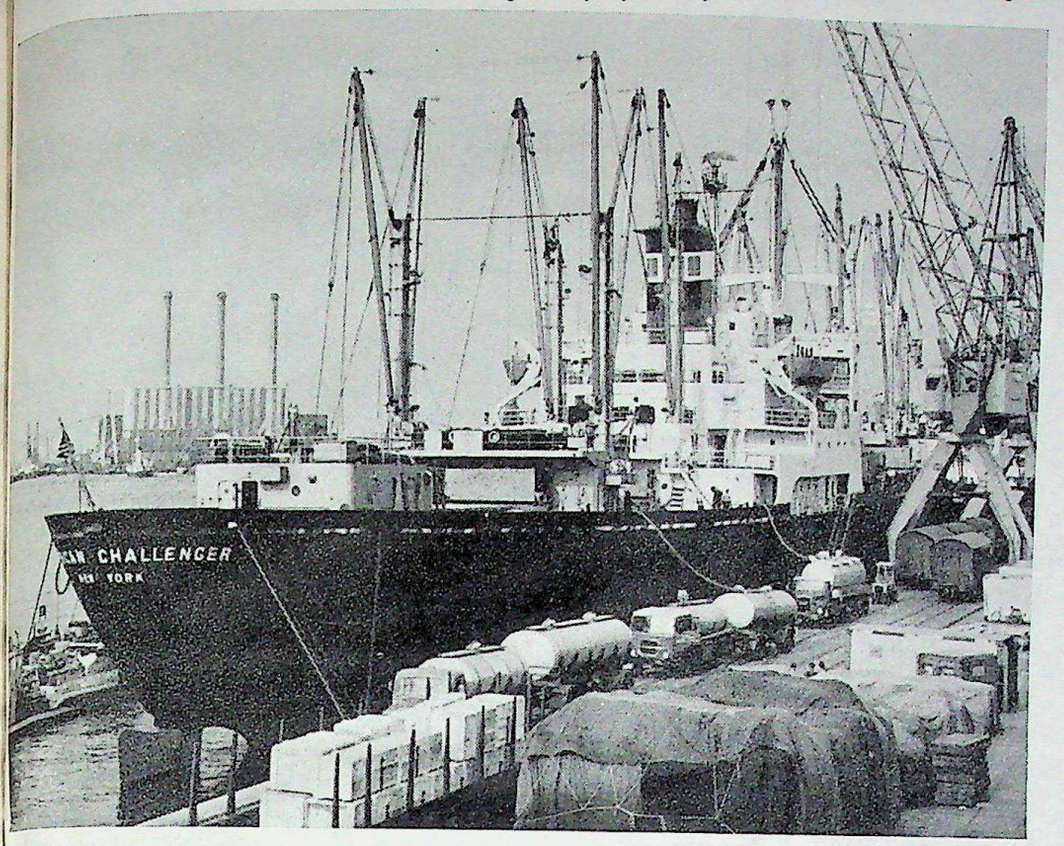

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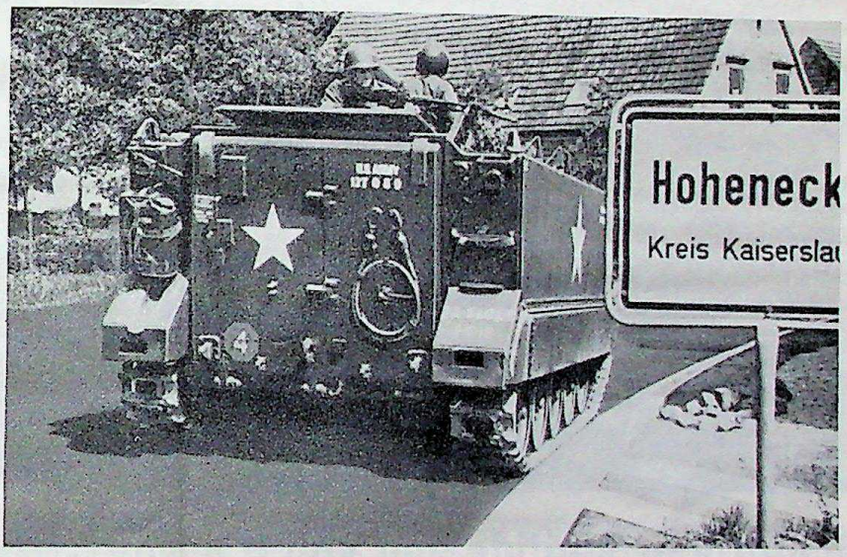

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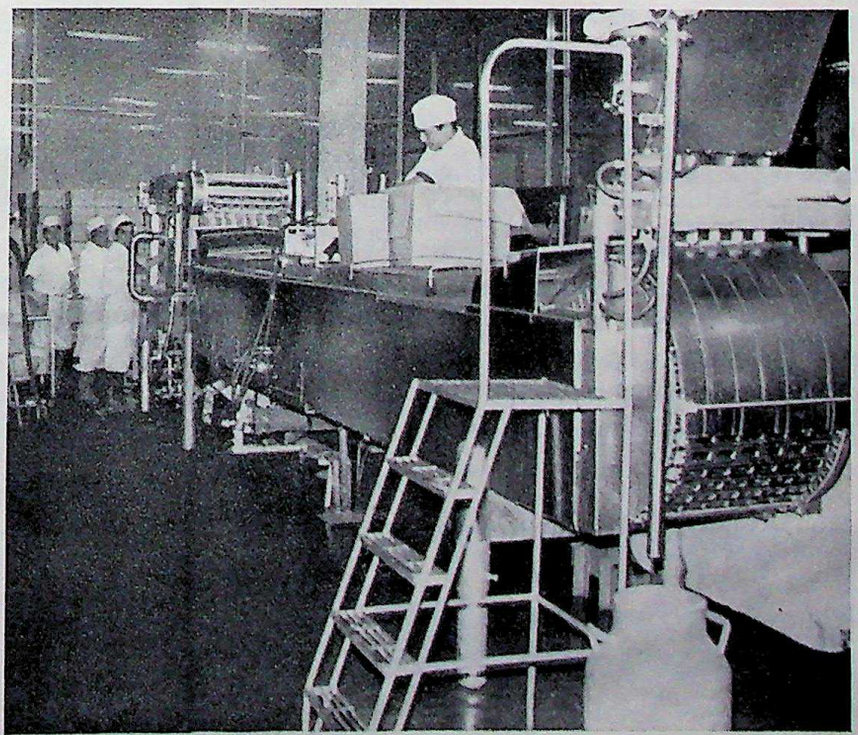

HILE *VitaLine*® machines operated by one of South America's st modern milk processing plants produce a variety of frozen ck-type confections at a cost well within the price reach Santiago's younger generation. VitaLine is typical of the di- rsified automatic food processing equipment made by FMC.

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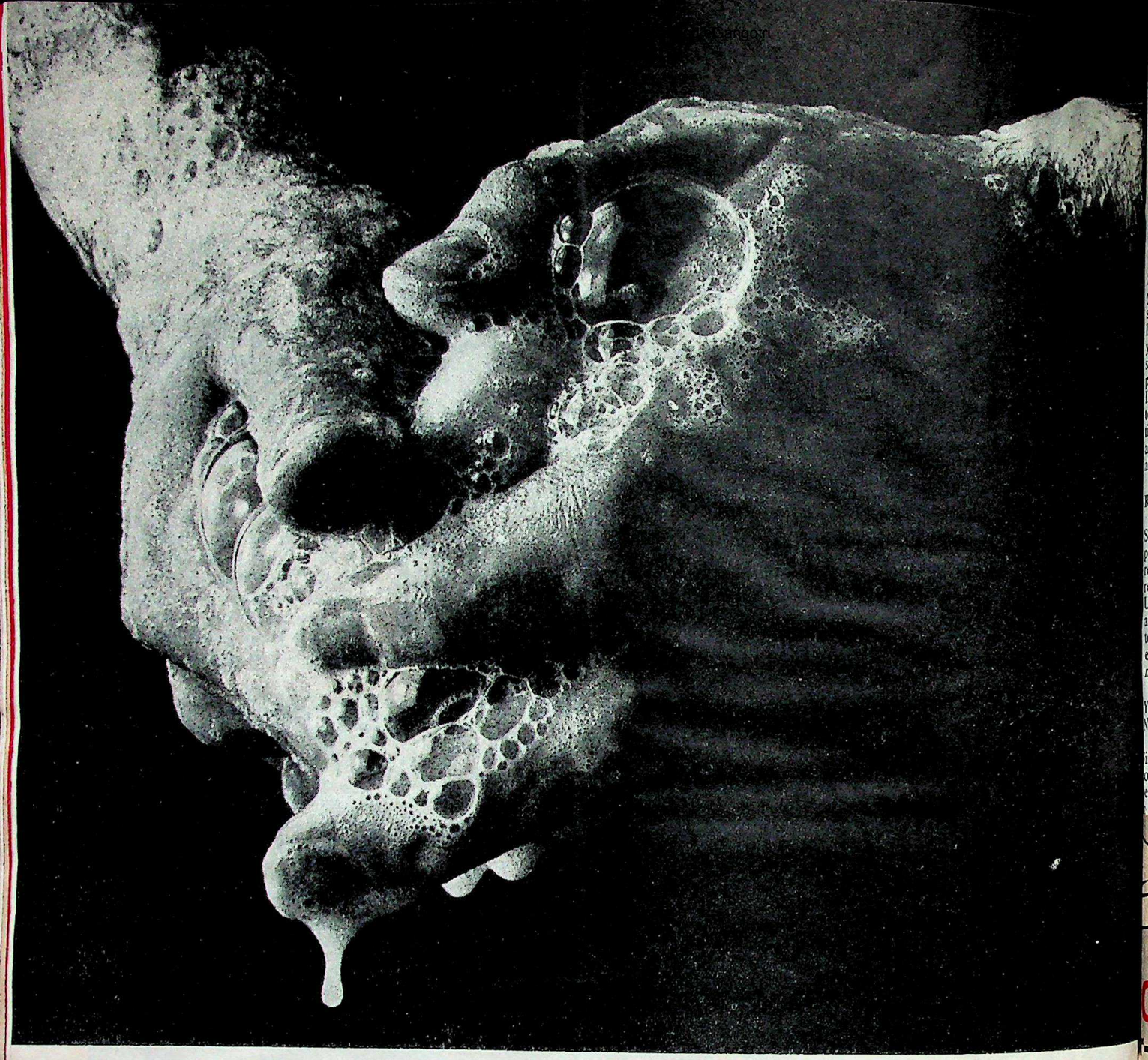

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Just a pinch of TCC in your product will inhibit Staphylococcus-type organisms.

In daily use, TCC products deposit their protective, anti-bacterial layer with such mildness that no one could guess a bacteriostat was present.

("Bacteriostat" is a big word for germ stopper.)

Ask for a sample and test it in your laboratory. When you put it in your products, people may start calling you "Doctor".

Monsanto, St. Louis, Missouri, U.S.A.

Monsanto

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Sir: If, as Mr. Johnson says, he knew nothing of the activities of Bobby Baker, Billie Sol Estes or Mr. Jenkins, he must be extremely naive. If people whom he has known well over many years can hoodwink him this easily, think how our enemies may deceive him. If, on the other hand, he was aware of these things but did nothing about them, it can only be concluded that he condoned the actions of these men.

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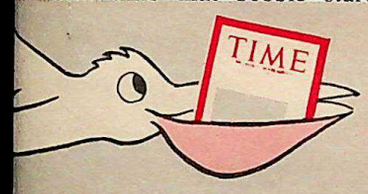

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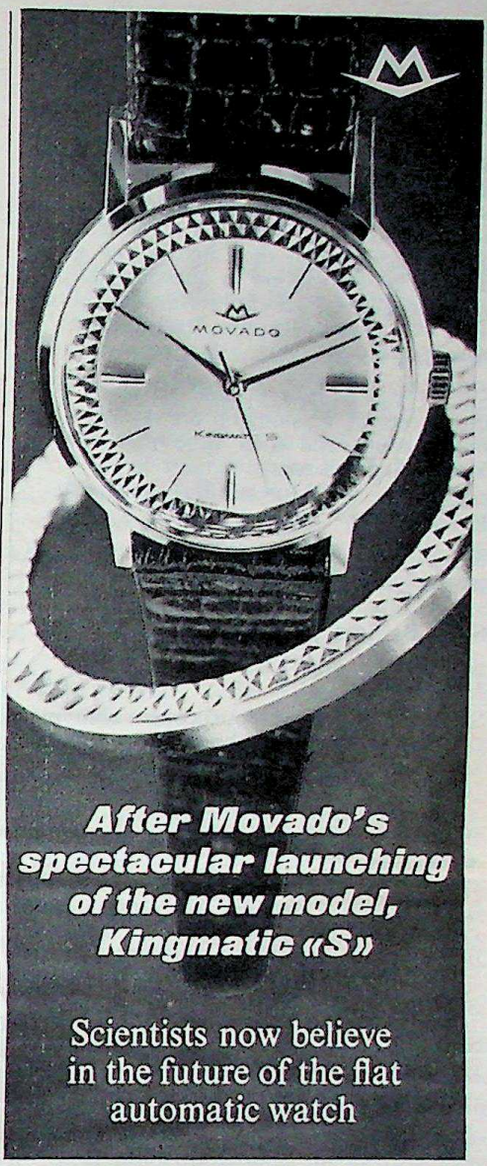

After Movado's spectacular launching of the new model, Kingmatic «S»

Scientists now believe in the future of the flat automatic watch

Only yesterday they believed that, to make an automatic model slimmer, the mechanism had to be miniaturized thus becoming more delicate and complicated. Today the new Movado Kingmatic «S» has convinced them of the contrary: it is flatter, slimmer yet sturdier, simpler and more accurate than its predecessors.

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KINGMATIC «S»
with ball-bearing
"Fire Disk" Model (see illustr.)
A superbly styled Kingmatic «S», with super-waterproof "Sub-Sea" case.
Gold 18 K, goldcap, steel or rolled gold 40 microns steel back.
Other automatic models in the "Kingmatic" series, with or without date.

See the Movado exhibit at the New York World's Fair!

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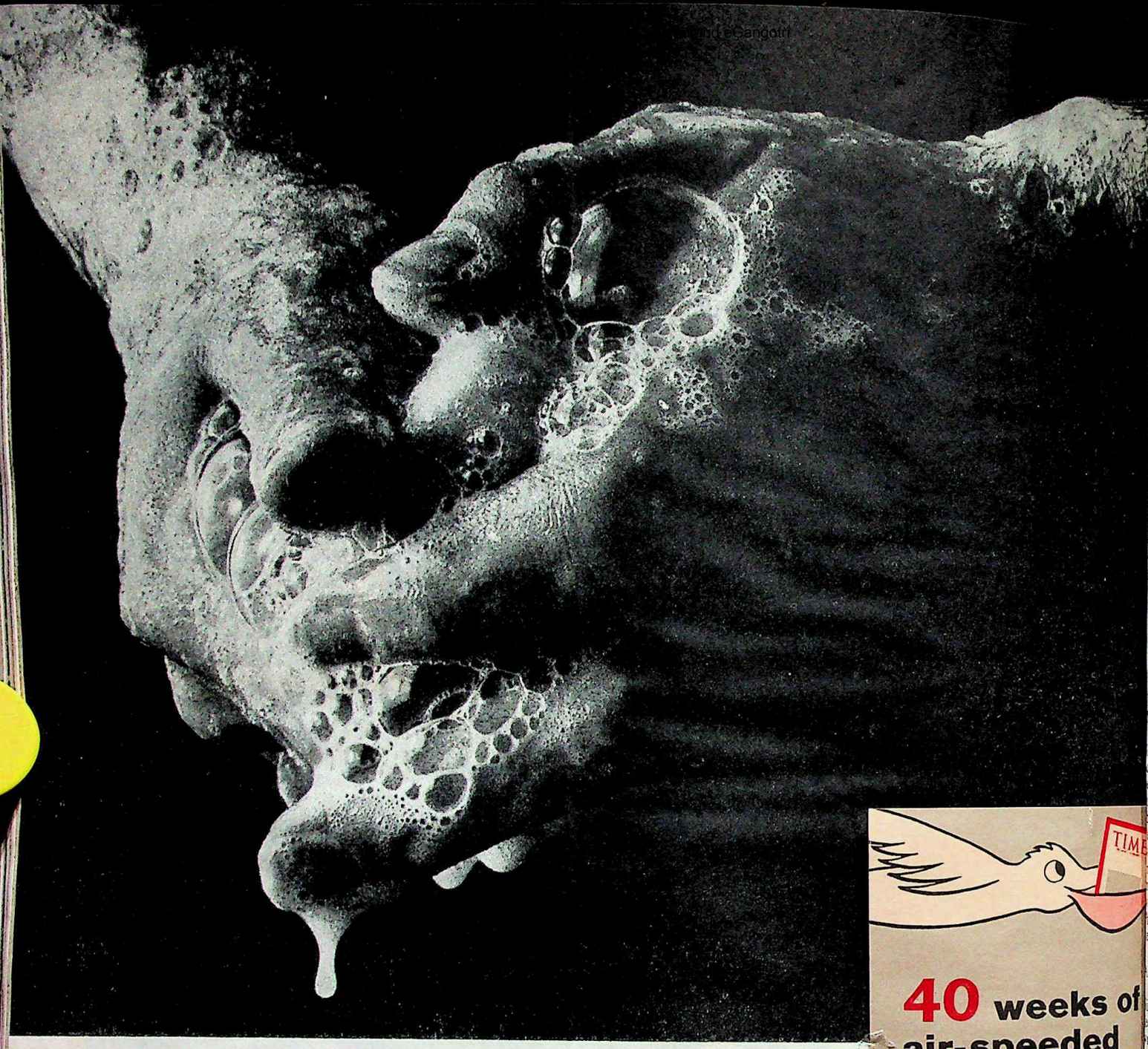

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LETTERS

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Sir: It seems to me that instead of the continual stress on whether the American people want a "trigger-happy" President, it is high time that people start asking themselves whether they want a "wheeler-dealer" President, who wants to get his way by any nefarious or unscrupulous means and build up his personal fortune to the bargain. Other countries of the world would have far more respect for a President of high moral principles, firmness and unquestionable character.

D. WEST

Alexandria, Va.

Sir: You stated that Johnson wants to feel himself beloved by everybody. I have written letters to his office twice and his staff did not even bother to answer. Apparently he does not care whether I love him or not.

JAMES GABBARD

Mound Hill, Ky.

Sir: Protestants, Jews, Catholics, rich, poor, old, young, businessmen, laborers, Northerners, Westerners, Southerners, Negroes, whites, Democrats, Republicans, minority groups, majority groups, allies, neutralists, Communists, and just about everyone else seem to be against Senator Barry Goldwater. If for nothing else, Senator Goldwater should be commended for his ability to firmly bring the world to an agreement on something.

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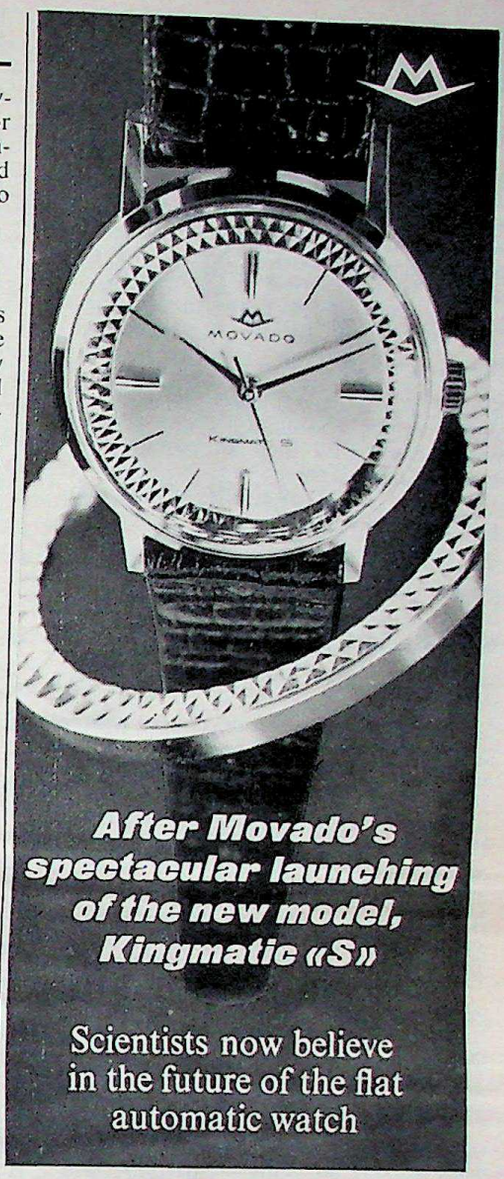

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on earth by wishing a happy Christmas to Mr. Goldwater in Arizona instead of in the White House.

N.J.A. SMITH

San Rafael, Calif.

Sir: I have never quite learned to accept the American attitude that will condemn and publicly degrade a man who has devoted himself to years of conscientious public service, and then invoke the myth of guilt by association to question the private morality of an entire Administration.

BRENDA RICHARDSON

Berkeley, Calif.

Sir: I was indeed pleased to learn that the streets of Washington are so safe that police can spend their time patrolling a Y.M.C.A. men's room.

DONALD F. DREISBACH

Evanston, Ill.

Sir: It's irrelevant, but who watches the guys who watch the peepholes?

ROLAND MCCANDLISH

Santa Barbara, Calif.

That Week

Sir: Judging from your cover, with pictures of Kosygin, Brezhnev, Wilson, Johnson, and the bomb in the background, [Oct. 23], I would guess that you had a few problems in trying to decide which the most significant news story of the week was. At any rate, you have my sympathy for the long hours and white hairs this past frantic week must have caused you. My congratulations for your fine up-to-the-last-minute reporting.

MALCOLM BLACK JR.

Stamford, Conn.

Sir: The week of Oct. 11 was like *Advise and Consent, From Russia with Love,* and *1984* in a single chapter.

T. ANTHONY QUINN

Austin, Texas

Chinese Firecracker

Sir: Neither of the presidential candidates has offered any solution to the increasing danger posed by Red China's belligerence. Now that Red China has exploded an atomic device and will soon be capable of delivering it, hadn't we better start a program of preventive medicine? Or do we just wait for the bomb to drop on us, smug in the knowledge that it will probably be smaller than ours?

RICHARD E. EDDY

Atlanta

Sir: The timing of the Red Dragon's nuclear detonation seemed like a gruesome version of Chinese firecrackers to celebrate Khrushchev's removal from leadership of the Red Bear.

HAROLD ROLAND SHAPIRO

New York City

Brezhnev & Kosygin

Sir: Khrushchev's resignation brought to my mind your April 24, 1964, cover story, "The Battle over the Tomb," re Lenin. The story, as you recall, said that the Order of Lenin was pinned on Khrushchev by President Leonid Brezhnev, and that Khrushchev's colleagues saluted him as a "militant leader, a fiery tribune, giving his burning energy in the service of the cause of Communism." *Sic transit gloria!*

GUSTAVE L. GOLDSTEIN

Beverly Hills, Calif.

Sir: Is there any truth to the rumor that Khrushchev resigned so that he would be free to run for the U.S. Senate from New York?

GUY F. MILLER

Charlottesville, Va.

Understanding the Court

Sir: I agree with your high estimate of Mr. Justice Black [Oct. 9]. When people understand the background and meaning of the Court's decisions, much of the broadside criticism of the Court which is based on ignorance of these facts disappears. The decisions of the last decade will go down in history as among the greatest in the history of the Court.

CHARLES S. RHYNE

Washington, D.C.

Arkansans for Integration

Sir: You quoted Governor Faubus' cruel and ill-advised statement: "The first time Negro demonstrators lie down in the street . . . if no one else would do it, I would be willing to run over them." As a lifetime Arkansan I resent your comment that "such talk still goes over well in Arkansas." The many educated people of Arkansas accept the rightness of integration. The majority of us are willing to help it along, lawfully if slowly. Not only the class who listens to the music of Darius Milhaud and reads the stories of John Cheever is working to elect Win Rockefeller. Plain, everyday Arkansans are working to destroy the stigma that Faubus has given our state.

MARGARET VAN DYKE

Newport, Ark.

Forewarned

Sir: I must disagree with your statement that "chances are, no one will hear much about Jack Crichton after the election" [Oct. 23]. As long as Connally is fronting for L.B.J., you will hear from Jack Crichton.

JACK CRICHTON

Dallas

Sex & Marriage

Sir: Dean Fitch's "five arguments" *in re* sex [Oct. 16] certainly stand on the side of good mental health in our culture. However, his conclusion that "sexual compatibility is not essential in a happy marriage" could be misleading. Believe me, sexual incompatibility is a symptom not to be taken lightly, but rather deserving of intense scrutiny both as an individual and a cultural problem.

JOHN J. GORDON

Family Service Society
Marion, Ohio

Sir: Dean Fitch's reference to idyllic South Sea islanders is inappropriate. Sex to Fijians is not the be-all or end-all of life, let alone of the complex code of their social behavior.

NOA NAWALOWALO

Suva, Fiji Islands

Op Portuniste

SIR: VOTRE ARTICLE, "OP ART" [Oct. 23], N'EST PAS SEULEMENT OPPORTUNISTE, MAIS DÉCEVANT.

JÉSUS RAPHAEL SOTO

SIR: REMPLACER LE MOT DÉCEVANT PAR MALHONNÊTE.*

JÉSUS RAPHAEL SOTO

PARIS

* Your article on op art is not only opportunistic but misleading. For misleading read "dishonorable."

Sir: After reading your treatment of Op Art, I decided that your magazine is the only one that reports the graphic arts according to at least one of their merits: that of being truly newsworthy, a vital area of activity where weekly developments are indeed the spirit and reality. This is a distinct service and one that pays art more than a mite of its due.

ARTHUR VERGARA

Great Barrington, Mass.

The Cardinals

Sir: Sports Editor? *Say something,* Sports Editor! Or maybe, as you have so often done when an overpublicized, overrated New York team takes a beautiful beating [Oct. 23], you will say nothing, nothing at all. On your next vacation, you should have your Manhattan myopia mended. We Western bush people do not really "hate" the New York Yankees but we do resent unsportsmanlike distortion by New York-oriented national news media.

RICHARD STEELE

Cleveland

Editing Adams

Sir: Needless to say, I was greatly pleased by the review devoted to *The Diary of Charles Francis Adams* [Oct. 9]. Your reviewer did a beautiful job in pointing out how this Adams differed from the two Adams Presidents. Much of the value the reader will find in the *Diary* is due to the extraordinarily fine work of the two editors, Professor David Donald and Mrs. Aida DiPace Donald.

THOMAS J. WILSON
Director

Harvard University Press
Cambridge, Mass.

Slogans That Hurt

Sir: Even S.I. Hayakawa would agree that slogans [Oct. 16] best fulfill their functions when accurately stated. "Every litter bit hurts," not "helps." Thank heaven you didn't misquote Goldwater's slogan!

S. LEIGH RAYMOND

New York City

If It's a Speckled Molly It Isn't Esther Williams

Sir: You refer to "a tank filled with swimming goldfish [Oct. 16]." Any ichthyologist will immediately notice that very few are goldfish. Your tank consists of: *Pterophyllum scalare* (angelfish), genus tetra (black tetra), Corydoras (Amazon catfish), speckled Mollies, and what seem to be Australian rainbow fish. Please note that merely because it swims, something need not necessarily be a goldfish (*e.g.,* Esther Williams).

KARL DAVIS

New York City

Nobel Winner

Sir: You failed to complete the list of Americans who have been awarded the Nobel Peace Prize. Linus Pauling was awarded the 1962 prize.

MAY B. SHOCKLEY

Menlo Park, Calif.

De Sigh fur Dis, If Fee Sybil

Sir: I enjoined your puny commend about *90 Bristol Court* (Awk. 16). Your write that "it fuzz not fairy hill airy us." Limitation is the highest form of imple- ment—even in re-Joyce-ing. As the "dead king" once sad: "Nobirday aviar soar anywing to eagle it."

WILLIAM J. WISEMAN JR.

Davidson, N.C.

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PUBLISHER
Bernhard M. Auer

ASSISTANT PUBLISHERS ..... Lawrence E. Laybourne
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A letter from the PUBLISHER

Bernhard M. Auer

This week THE U.S. *will do a state-by-state rundown on the presidential election. We will definitely assign each state either to Johnson or Goldwater.*

SO began the query that went out from our Manhattan editorial offices to all TIME bureaus in the U.S. in preparation for this issue's closely viewed reading of the political temperature in each of the 50 states. At this point, forecasting the general outcome of this year's presidential election seems relatively easy. But political predictions always have their perils—particularly when they take precise rather than general aim.

In an effort to give the TIME reader the best possible advance reading on the election, correspondents in every state considered all the political indicators they could put eye, ear and mind to. We studied polls, the estimates of knowing politicians adjusted for bias, the analyses of local newsmen, the balance of factors for and against each side—and then added to all that the judgments of the TIME correspondent, researcher, writer and editor. The result is what could best be described as a knowing estimate. We will be surprised if our conclusions turn out to be exactly right for every state. But we are confident that not many of them will be wrong.

To round out our coverage of presidential election year 1964, we will print the second extra edition in TIME's history. (The first was the Election Extra of 1960.) Our next regular issue will go to press as usual on the Saturday night before election, and will be distributed on its normal schedule. Then, on election night, an augmented staff of THE U.S. section will produce the 1964 Election Extra with a complete analysis of the key results in state and congressional elections, as well as an interpretation of the vote for President.

This edition will go to press early in the day after election, and will bear that day's date, Nov. 4. It will be mailed to U.S. and Canadian subscribers as a bonus, and with expedited delivery we hope that it will reach most of them the day after it goes to press. It will be sold on all regular newsstands for 25¢. Readers of TIME's 500,000 copies distributed in 150 countries overseas will get the Election Extra as a supplement bound into the following regular issue, dated Nov. 13. The problems of international mail delivery schedules being what they are, it is not practical to attempt to send the Extra abroad ahead of the next edition.

GUIDANCE from the editors has already gone out to our correspondents on what and how they are to report on election night. One bit of counsel to them that may seem strange: in most cases don't bother to tell us who's winning where. We expect to get that information on all major races from the press-service copy and other general sources. TIME correspondents will concentrate on adding depth and breadth to the general reporting—why the results took the various turns they did, how they were taken by politicians and people, what they mean, the reasons in retrospect for the surprises that are sure to occur, the human reactions of winners and losers.

The correspondents' reports will flow throughout the night on our leased-wire network to New York, where the staff of researchers, writers and editors—armed with a store of background knowledge—will analyze what the voters have wrought. At the same time, of course, work will be going forward for our next regular issue. It will be an interesting and exciting week for us—and we trust that we can make it so for our readers.

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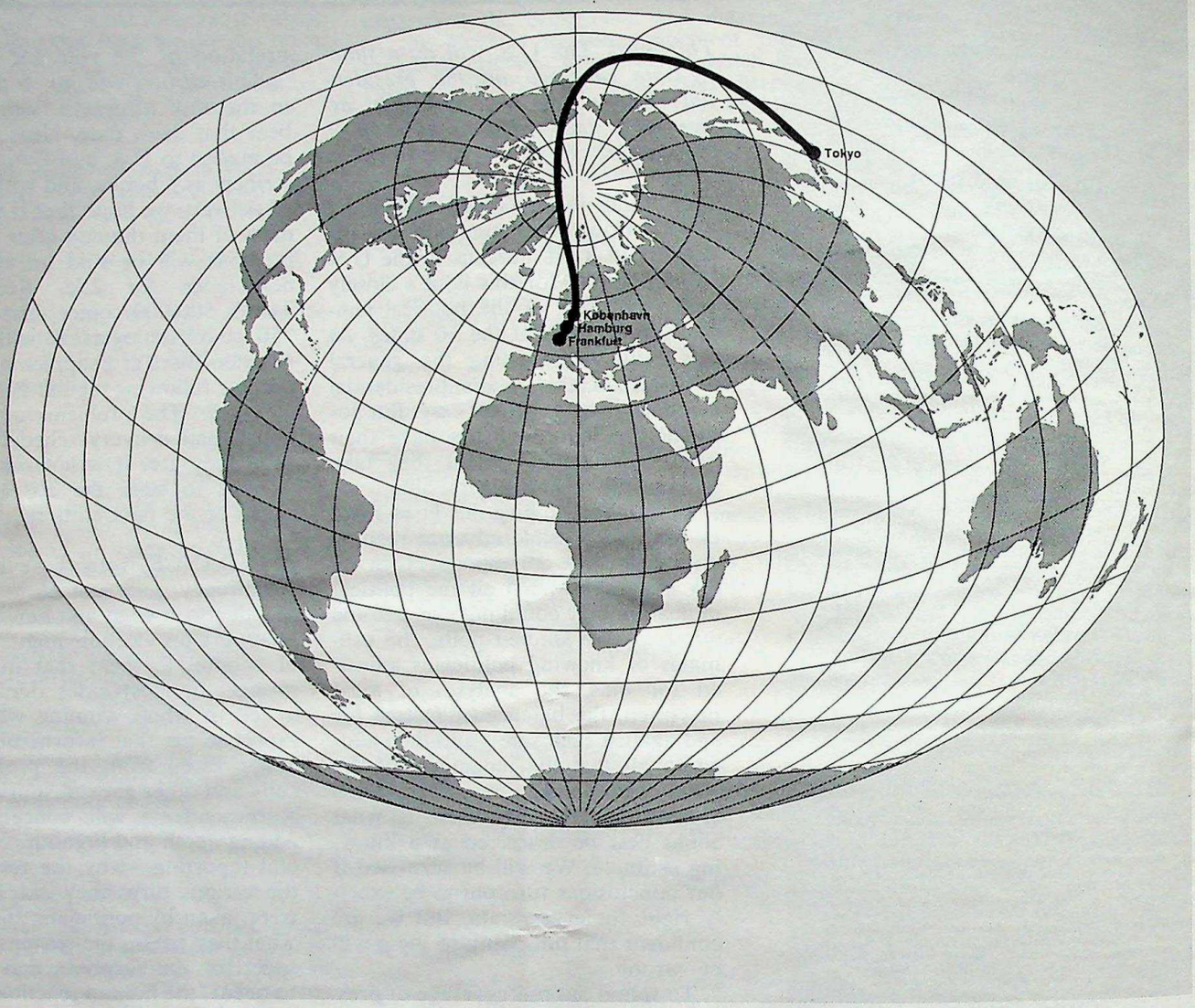

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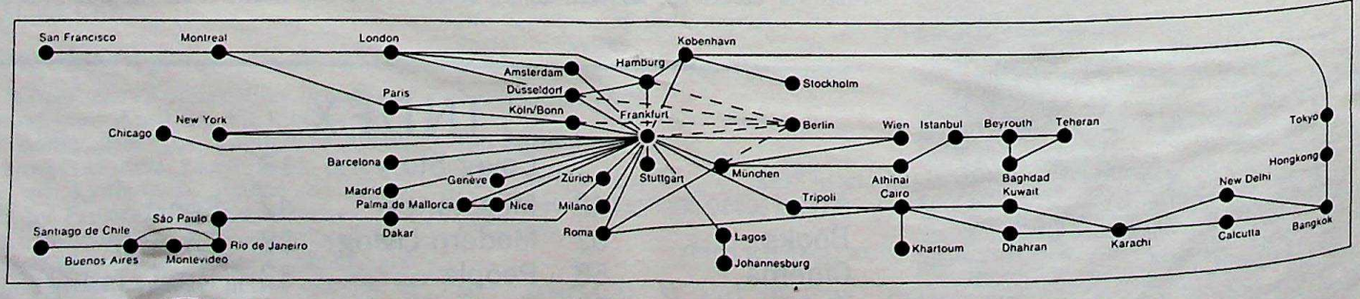

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TIME
THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE
October 30, 1964 Vol. 84, No. 18

THE U.S.

POLITICS

Most Disappointing

The 1964 presidential campaign has been one of the most disappointing ever. It was going to be a confrontation between opposing philosophies; it turned out to be a wrestling match between volatile personalities. It was going to prove the vital difference between two strong political parties; it has merely shown that one, the G.O.P., is in need of great repair. It was going to pit liberal against conservative; but Lyndon Johnson has stated very few liberal tenets, and many an American conservative now doubts that Barry Goldwater really speaks his language. It was not going to be a "me too" campaign; it has turned out to be one in which the principals largely shout "You're another."

Bombshells. To be sure, Goldwater began with a disadvantage. He had to run against peace, prosperity and an incumbent President who, many thought, probably deserved a full term of his own. Thus, from the very start, Goldwater was told by the pollsters that he had little chance of winning. He obviously felt that he would have to drop bombshells if he were to make a decent showing. Bombshells he dropped—and some exploded in his face.

His imprecise use of the language often made it difficult to know just where he stood, as did his offhand treatment of serious subjects. It also laid him open to misinterpretation. Is Goldwater really anxious to plunge the world into nuclear war? Of course not. But millions of voters wondered. Time after time—on nuclear policy, farm subsidies, civil rights, TVA and social security—he seemed to take a firm stand, backed away, then complained bitterly about having been misquoted. More important, he made almost no major speech calculated to win him any new votes beyond those of the diehard, pre-San Francisco Goldwaterites.

But if Goldwater fogged up the campaign, Johnson filled it with pettifoggery. Confident of victory, he had a readymade opportunity to set forth national policies and win a mandate for them. But he put off any action that might possibly prove embarrassing until after Nov. 3, and talked about urgent matters only in generalities. He failed to deliver on his own pre-campaign pledge to furnish a blueprint for "the Great Society." He preferred to point his finger at church steeples and cry of his critics: "God forgive them, for they really know not what they do."

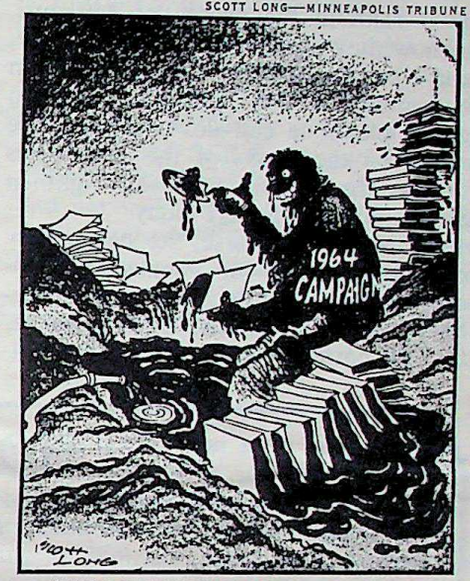
Bestsellers. Thus, what the campaign has really come down to is a back-alley fight featuring such pejorative words and phrases as "liar," "demagogue," "socialist," "irresponsible," "reckless," "soft on Communism," and "fascist." Scurrilous paperback books about both candidates have become bestsellers. Vicious television commercials have depicted Goldwater as a man willing to sprinkle a little girl's ice cream with cancer-causing strontium 90.

Last week Republicans were ready to put on national TV a 30-minute film dramatizing the "immorality issue." It was replete with stripteasing babes, wild Twisters, Negro riots, long shots and closeups of Bobby Baker and Billie Sol Estes—interlaced with shots of a black Lincoln Continental limousine careening madly along country roads, with beer cans being tossed out of the driver's window. The supposed identity of the driver? His initials might rhyme with "all the way."

The film was not shown because, when Goldwater saw it for the first time, he strongly objected to its emphasis on Negro demonstrators. "This," he snapped, "is a racist film."

The campaign began sterile and never changed for the better. There now seems little doubt that Johnson will win easily. But it has already been firmly established as an anti-Goldwater rather than a pro-Johnson campaign. Some voters likely will stay home or will cast their ballots only for state and local candidates. That fact was already indicated in Maine, which has begun opening its absentee ballots and has discovered that many voters declined to vote for either Johnson or Goldwater.

SCOTT LONG—MINNEAPOLIS TRIBUNE



"WE DON'T SLING MUD ANY MORE. WE PUT IT IN PAPERBACKS!"

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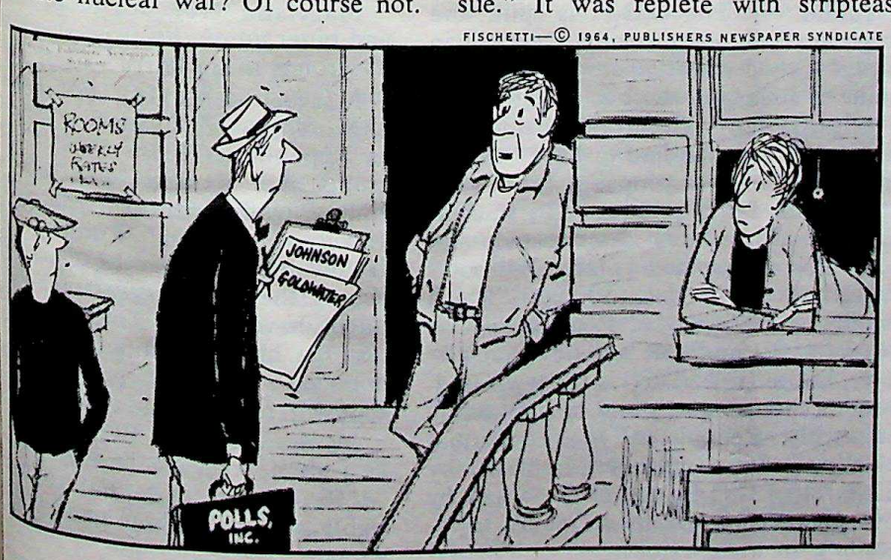

"WHO ELSE YOU GOT?"

THE CANDIDATES

Top Man's Tones

President Johnson has above all been his own best cheerleader. "Get in your cars and come to the speakin'," he implores the streetside crowds that flock to see him. "You don't have to dress. Just bring your children and dogs, anything you have with you. It won't take long. You'll be back in time to put

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the kids to bed." He invites everybody to the Inauguration. He tells them to "put this in your noggin." When hecklers jeered him last week, Lyndon said, "Now you folks come on and be happy, come on and be happy!"

Buster Browns & the Pedernales. He is the master of the homily. In St. Louis he drawled: "I do want you to know, since I was a little boy that went to the post office in a general store the first time and put on my first pair of Buster Brown shoes that were made here in St. Louis, I have always had great faith in the people of Missouri. I know they are going to do their duty, and I know when they do their duty on November the third that I am going to get a telephone call down at my little ranch on the banks of the Pedernales saying, 'Everything went all right in St. Louis and Missouri today.' "

There are, of course, the statesmanly moments. Eschewing eyeglasses, Lyndon put on contact lenses and, in a toneless, reflective television appearance, told the country that the events in Communist China and Moscow were "large and full of meaning," but "they do not change our basic policy." Later in the week, he told newsmen that "divisions and suspicions among our people will only open the doors for those adversaries who seek to divide us and to weaken our leadership. There must be no misunderstanding of America's purpose and there must be no miscalculation of America's will."

Economy-Size Aspirin. Johnson also talks about "these people"—meaning Goldwater & Co. Said he in Akron: "We must constantly be deliberate, prudent and restrained. Before we shoot from the hip, as Mr. Rayburn, the great political leader, used to say, the three most important words in the English language for everyone are 'Just a minute.' " From the way "these people" talk, the President declared in southern Illinois, "all that we need to do is to snap our fingers and ancient disputes that have gone on for centuries will be instantly settled. Well, I wish there was some giant economy-size aspirin tablet that would work on international headaches. But there just isn't."

It was precisely because of "these people," said Johnson, that many Republicans are going to vote Democratic. "It is not backlash," he said. "That is gone. It is not frontlash. It is the smear-lash. Because when people get desperate they get dangerous, and when they get dangerous they are not cautious. And when they get to fearing and doubting and smearing—why, even some of their own people don't want to go along with them."

Communism & Corruption

According to close associates, Barry Goldwater had become almost fatalistic about the outcome of the election. "If they don't want us," he said, "they don't have to take us."

But, as the campaign neared its close, he still thought he might have two issues that were worth plugging away on: Communism and corruption.

Although the overthrow of Nikita Khrushchev and explosion of a nuclear

HOW THE STATES WILL GO

A state-by-state presidential countdown, as reported by TIME *correspondents ten days before election.*

Alabama (10 electoral votes): Lyndon Johnson's name is not even on the ballot. A cinch for Goldwater.

Alaska (3): The state's economy is based on federal spending, and Alaskans are banking on help from Washington to rebuild after last March's earthquake. Given Goldwater's dim view of big federal spending, a Johnson victory.

Arizona (5): Registered Democrats outnumber Republicans 325,000 to 180,000, and Goldwater will need help from a strong state ticket to carry his own state.

Arkansas (6): The state G.O.P. organization is run by Gubernatorial Candidate Winthrop Rockefeller, who scrupulously avoids mentioning Barry's name in public. There is strong segregationist sentiment, but Johnson is narrowly favored.

California (40): Despite saturation TV exposure and hordes of tireless volunteer workers, polls show that Goldwater is way behind. Democrats have signed up seven new voters for every three newly-registered Republicans, now hold a 3-to-2 lead in total registration. For Lyndon.

Colorado (6): This was solid Goldwater country until the campaign began in earnest. Then a split in the state G.O.P. and Barry's speeches on social security and nuclear control softened it up for Johnson, who now leads.

Connecticut (8): A landslide for Johnson.

Delaware (3): Easily Lyndon's.

District of Columbia (3): With a 50% Negro vote, Johnson is an overwhelming favorite to win when Washington residents cast their first presidential ballot.

Florida (14): Goldwater looked like an easy winner. Then he criticized social security in a state full of retired people, derided the moon race despite heavy U.S. space-spending in Florida Democratic Senator Spessard Holland, up for re-election, is working hard for Johnson. That, plus a 283,000 Negro registration, up 115,000 from 1960, should give L.B.J. a slim lead.

Georgia (12): The Jenkins case cut hard in Georgia. Still, the state Democratic organization has performed well for Johnson, and Georgia has never failed to go Democratic. Unless too many apathetic voters stay home, Johnson should eke out a win.

Hawaii (4): A tidal wave for L.B.J.

Idaho (4): The G.O.P. is split, and a great deal of normally Republican business and newspaper support has come to Johnson, who has a slight edge.

Illinois (26): Goldwater named Illinois as a state he had to have "to win this thing," but his campaign, hurt by his stances on farm supports and nuclear control, has steadily deteriorated, and some observers now place Johnson's margin at more than 500,000, which could spell disaster for Republican Gubernatorial Candidate Charles Percy.

Indiana (13): This is Peggy Goldwater's home state, and it is usually staunchly Republican in presidential elections. But Goldwater, hindered by a sparkless G.O.P. organization and by his own campaign, now seems to be trailing in a tight race.

Iowa (9): Farmers fear Goldwater farm policy; old folks don't like h views on social security. Johnson is we ahead.

Kansas (7): Another Republica stronghold now leaning to Lyndon.

Kentucky (9): Civil rights is the b issue, and a heavy backlash vote cou throw it to Barry. But Goldwater's TV stand hurts him in western Kentuck and Johnson's anti-poverty program popular, giving Lyndon a minuscule lea

Louisiana (10): Barry has been slip ping, but the big segregationist vo north of New Orleans should put hi over.

Maine (4): The Jenkins case cou still hurt Johnson. But Lyndon holds meager lead, thanks to popular Dem ocratic Senator Edmund Muskie's re election campaign and Republican Se ator Margaret Chase Smith's tep backing of Barry.

Maryland (10): An inept campaig and bitter animosity from strong mino ity groups make Barry's cause hopele

Massachusetts (14): For Lyndon.

Michigan (21): Such diverse typ as Republican Henry Ford II, Dem crat Walter Reuther, and Independe Jimmy Hoffa are for Lyndon. G.O. Governor George Romney ignor Goldwater whenever he can. Backla among the state's powerful Polish bl might have helped Goldwater, but lost the bloc this month when he d nounced "minority pressure groups Easy win for Johnson.

Minnesota (10): Even without H bert Humphrey, all the way with L.B.

Mississippi (7): Barry's anti-civ rights vote makes him an all but certa winner.

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device by the Communist Chinese were undoubtedly the sort of events that would work toward the election of Lyndon Johnson, if only because he is an incumbent President and therefore more experienced, Barry took to the attack anyway.

Simplistic Sense. His televised appearance sometimes seemed like A Child's Garden of Communism: as he talked about the new Russian B. & K. team—Brezhnev and Kosygin—the screen flashed pictures of the pair that must have been at least 20 years old and looked like something out of a police line-up.

But on paper, Goldwater's speech made some sort of simplistic sense. "The foreign policy of the present Administration—based on a belief that there are 'good' and 'bad' Communists —has been an utter failure," he said. "It has failed to halt the march of Communism and the testing of nuclear weapons and the spread of nuclear power through the Communist world. This policy, if I may call it that, has instead helped the Communist world through a time of trouble and allowed it to emerge as a greater threat than ever to the freedom of the West."

The new Russian leaders, charged Barry, are doubly dangerous to the U.S. in their apparent determination to patch up differences with Red China. Said he: "This Administration once faced an enemy plagued with disunity and trouble, and it followed a policy that brought back unity and greater strength." In Pikesville, Md., Goldwater cried: "We bailed our Communist enemy out of a serious economic crisis with that wheat deal and with our aid. Instead of letting the Soviet Union and the Communist world stew in their own trouble, we actually bailed them out."

"And? And? And?" But Goldwater still believes that national "immorality" under a Democratic administration is his hottest issue. At the University of Pennsylvania in Philadelphia, he lambasted Democrats as the "party of the fast buck and the slow investigation." In Pikesville, he told a thousand $100-a-plate diners: "To the temporary President, running a country means twisting arms and banging heads together. It means buying and bludgeoning voters. It means getting a TV monopoly in his home state and building a private fortune. It means surrounding himself with companions like Bobby Baker, Billie Sol Estes, Matt McCloskey . . ." At that point, Barry paused; the audience, fully expecting to hear the name of Walter Jenkins, shouted, "And? And? And?" But Barry finished his sentence, ". . . and other interesting men."

Finally, in Southern California, Goldwater mentioned Jenkins by name, tearing into the Administration for "careless disregard of security procedures which is so obviously indicated by the Jenkins case." Said the Republican candidate: "The issue of national security and national integrity now has become firmly embedded in this election campaign. The man who now occupies the White House raised this issue all by himself by lowering the standards of the highest office in the land."

---

issouri (12): Kennedy carried the by just under 10,000 votes in 1960. son will do much better.

ontana (4): Labor is big for Lyn- and Barry's federal budget-cutting ises have soured many in Mon- where U.S. cash for military pay- and developing natural resources economic cornerstone. L.B.J.

braska (5): Republican Nebraska Nixon his biggest margin (62.1%) 960, but registration figures indi- Johnson will win Douglas County ha) by 20,000, hold on in the rest state. A Nixon speaking trip last helped Goldwater, but probably nough.

evada (3): Lyndon is odds-on with mart money.

ew Hampshire (4): Republicans umber Democrats 5 to 3, but be- of his statements on social secu- Barry canceled out much of that tage. Johnson, riding the coattails pular Democratic Governor John rates a fragile favorite.

ew Jersey (17): A big win for on.

ew Mexico (4): Texas Neighbor on over Arizona Neighbor Gold-

ew York (43): State Republican dates are running away from Gold- , not with him. Lyndon by a mil- and perhaps much more.

rth Carolina (13): Goldwater's views helped kill his early lead. on is a slight favorite.

rth Dakota (4): The G.O.P. is y split over Goldwater. Johnson, ose one.

io (26): Republican Chairman liss has a strong machine working oldwater, while the Democratic zation is woefully weak. But not even the presence of young Bob Taft on the Republican ticket will prevent Johnson from carrying Ohio comfortably.

Oklahoma (8): Democrats are united and working hard for Johnson. Oklahomans are skittish about Barry and the bomb and—shades of 1960—about Bill Miller's Catholicism. Goldwater would have to win big in Tulsa to have a chance; indications are he is merely leading there. For Johnson.

Oregon (6): With only cool campaign support from Republican Governor Mark Hatfield, keynote speaker at the G.O.P. convention, Goldwater lags behind Lyndon.

Pennsylvania (29): Republican Governor Bill Scranton is loyally working for Goldwater, but concentrates most of his energy on retaining G.O.P. control of the legislature. Voter apathy could diminish Johnson's total, but Goldwater isn't even close.

Rhode Island (4): A sweeping A.F.L.-C.I.O. get-out-the-vote drive will help Johnson carry Rhode Island easily.

South Carolina (8): Barry's farm views hurt him almost as much as his civil rights view helps. But hard-working Republicans are likely to get out a higher percentage of voters than the Democrats. Goldwater by an inch.

South Dakota (4): This is a strongly Republican state, the Jenkins case has hurt Johnson, and Republican Senator Karl Mundt is going all out for Goldwater. But polls show Johnson with 56% of the votes, and he will probably win.

Tennessee (11): TVA is not for sale. Johnson comfortably.

Texas (25): The L.B.J. brand won't rub off. Indelibly Johnson.

Utah (4): The morality issue could move some Mormons back to Barry, but Johnson is in front.

Vermont (3): The state has always voted Republican in presidential elections, and the habit may be unbreakable. But habit is about all Goldwater has going for him, and Johnson is narrowly favored.

Virginia (12): As usual, Democratic Senator Harry Byrd is sitting this one out. Abolition of the poll tax has resulted in nearly 100,000 new names being added to the registration rolls, most of them Negroes. Nearly all of them will cast their votes for Lyndon Johnson, making him a precarious favorite.

Washington (9): Buoyed a bit by the coattails of attractive G.O.P. Gubernatorial Candidate Daniel Evans and favored by normally Democratic wheat farmers who dislike federal farm controls, Goldwater has a chance. But most city voters, including many Republicans, like Lyndon, and he is ahead.

West Virginia (7): The New Deal was ideal 30 years ago, and Lyndon's deal sounds just as good. Big for L.B.J.

Wisconsin (12): In heavily Democratic Milwaukee, registration is down, and the unpredictable backlash vote could give Goldwater a boost. Democratic Governor John Reynolds is in trouble too. But Johnson is strong in usually Republican rural areas because of Barry's farm policy and Hubert Humphrey's popularity. A close one, but Lyndon leads.

Wyoming (3): Barry had it sewed up when he started, but it is rapidly becoming unstitched. Still Goldwater, by the thinnest margin.

There are 538 electoral votes, and it takes 270 to win. If these findings hold firm through Nov. 3, Lyndon Johnson will beat Barry Goldwater by 495 electoral votes to 43.

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PAUL SCHUTZER—LIFE

KEATING & JAVITS ON PARADE

Who else wants to make Columbus Day a national holiday?

NEW YORK

How Long Are the Coattails?

(See Cover)

The candidate forlornly scanned the quiet streets of Watertown, spotted a few homebound workers strolling out of the New York Air Brake Co., and practically broke into a gallop as he headed their way. His smile crinkled, his blue eyes twinkled, and his right hand shot out. One worker nearly got by, and the candidate went after him like a middle linebacker. "Pretty near missed you," he cried. Another worker poked his head out the door and asked, "Is Kennedy here?" Somehow, Kenneth Barnard Keating, 64, Republican Senator from New York, managed not to wince.

Keating has had plenty of practice at restraining winces during the past few weeks. A veteran of twelve years in the House and six in the Senate, he is a respected public servant with a record anybody but a reactionary can admire. Under ordinary circumstances he would be considered a near certainty for re-election. But this year's circumstances are far from ordinary.

For one thing, Keating's opponent is a Kennedy—Robert Francis, 38, recently resigned as U.S. Attorney General. Bobby plays heavily on the family name, constantly evokes the memory of his older brother, has even taken John F. Kennedy Jr. ("John-John"), 3, campaigning. Such is the Kennedy charisma that Bobby has been mobbed wherever he has gone, while Keating has had to beat the bushes for audiences.

Adding to Keating's difficulty is the fact that New York Democrats enjoy a huge registration edge—normally upwards of half a million—over Republicans. And likely to siphon 150,000 or more votes away from Keating is Henry Paolucci, 43, a history and political science teacher at New Rochelle's Iona College, who will appear on the ballot as the candidate of the Conservative Party, which is angry at Keating for his refusal to endorse Barry Goldwater.

Confirmed Splitters. Goldwater, in fact, is Keating's heaviest burden. With a record 8,500,000 voters on the rolls this year, Johnson is expected to win the state by somewhere between 750,000 and 2,000,000. It is taken for granted that Bobby will run far, far behind Johnson on the Democratic ticket, but for Keating to have a chance it will require ticket splitting of heroic and historic proportions. In this, Ken Keating finds himself in the same dilemma as Republican candidates in a score of other states. For as Election Year 1964 nears its end, the big political question is less whether Barry will win or lose than how many Republicans he will drag to defeat.

Fortunately for Keating, New Yorkers are confirmed ticket splitters, as Republican Senator Jacob Javits, the state's best vote getter and a staunch Keating ally, proved in 1962 when he was re-elected by 983,000 votes while Democrat Arthur Levitt, running for comptroller, was re-elected by 791,000—a split of 1,774,000. New York, in fact, makes it impossible to vote a straight ticket by pulling a single lever in a voting booth or marking a single *X* on a paper ballot to choose all candidates, instead requires that voters indicate each choice separately. So do 22 other states.* That makes coattail riding difficult, could mean the difference, for example, to Republican Senatorial Candidates Robert A. Taft in Ohio and George Murphy in California.

Even among the 20 states where a voter can pick everyone from President to dogcatcher with a single *X* or one tug on a lever,* several boast long ticket-splitting traditions. In Michigan, Democratic Governor "Soapy" Williams was re-elected by 290,000 votes in 1956 while Ike carried the state by more than 350,000; this year that tradition bodes well for Republican Governor George Romney. Pennsylvania's voters elected Republican Bill Scranton Governor by 486,291 votes in 1962 but also re-elected liberal Democratic Senator Joe Clark by 103,734; hard-pressed Republican Senator Hugh Scott hopes that there will be as much ticket splitting this election.

Born Politician. In New York, the man faced with the formidable task of persuading hordes of voters to split their ticket is one of the friendliest men in U.S. political life. An inveterate joiner, Ken Keating is a Moose, Eagle, Elk, Shriner, 33rd-Degree Mason, Kiwanian, Legionnaire, Veteran of Foreign Wars and, through his mother's side of the family, a Son of the American Revolution. At 5 ft. 9½ in. and 165 lbs., Keating looks every inch a Senator. His magnificent mane of white hair is the most convincing symbol of senatorial dignity since Borah's stately mien. That, together with his ruddy complexion, cultivated under a sun lamp, gives him a kindly, grandfatherly air. He is, in fact, the doting grandfather of the children of his daughter, Mrs. Judith Howe, who lives in Manhattan. Keating's wife, an invalid since 1949 with multiple sclerosis, lives in Rochester.

Just barely a man of this century, Keating was born May 18, 1900, in the upstate hamlet of Lima, near Rochester. His family followed politics closely. "Grandmother Barnard was 99¾ when she died in her rocking chair," he says. "She was reading about politics in the paper."

Give the Boy a Chance. His mother, an intense, scholarly high school language teacher, taught Ken to read at three. At 15, he graduated from Geneseo Wesleyan Seminary, won $15 on commencement day for an oration titled, "Give the Boy a Chance." He made Phi Beta Kappa at the University of Rochester, taught high school Latin for a year after graduating at 19, then got a law degree at Harvard and

* Arkansas, California, Colorado, Florida, Hawaii, Idaho, Kansas, Maryland, Massachusetts, Minnesota, Mississippi, Montana, Nebraska, Nevada, New Jersey, North Dakota, Ohio, Oregon, Tennessee, Virginia, Washington and Wyoming.

* Alabama, Alaska, Arizona, Connecticut, Delaware, Illinois, Iowa, Kentucky, Louisiana, Maine, Michigan, Missouri, New Hampshire, New Mexico, Pennsylvania, Rhode Island, South Dakota, Texas, Utah and West Virginia. There are also seven states where ballots have a separate section for the presidential election but permit the voter to choose a straight ticket for all other offices. They are Georgia, Indiana, North Carolina, Oklahoma, South Carolina, Vermont and Wisconsin.

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launched a successful career in Rochester. He was in both World Wars, wound up a sergeant in the first and a colonel in the second, after serving as an administrative officer in the China-Burma-India theater. He is now a reserve brigadier general.

Elected to Congress in 1946, Keating lost no time establishing himself as a loquacious legislator of wide-ranging interests. With what seemed like impertinent haste to older House members, he delivered his maiden speech less than a month after his swearing-in, has rarely stopped talking since. He voted conservatively on most economic questions, but his growing interest in issues such as civil rights, immigration and Israel marked him as a man who seemed to be aiming for higher office.

A New Equation. But when his chance to run for the Senate came in 1958, he was reluctant to take it. The U.S. was in the midst of a mild recession, and it looked like a big Democratic year. He entered the race a distinct underdog against Manhattan District Attorney Frank Hogan. He was helped by the usual factional row between New York's Democratic bosses and reformers, and he made devastating use of Jim Farley's scornful remark that Hogan's experience in national and international affairs "extends from the Battery to the Polo Grounds." In an upset victory, Keating squeaked in by 12,992 votes.

Before he got to the Senate, Keating used to say: "I don't like to be tagged conservative or liberal. I haven't made up my mind yet whether I'm a liberal or a conserveral." Once in the Senate, he quickly made up his mind: conseral. Over the next six years Keating established a Senate roll-call record not only to that of Maine Republican Margaret Chase Smith, but still managed to hop the shuttle to New York two, three and four times a week to attend a bar mitzvah, a Negro Elks meeting, a Roman Catholic communion breakfast. He kept his face before his constituents with a regular radio-television show, *Senate Report,* carried on 36 New York stations. And he kept his name in print with his disclosures of Russian missile bases in Cuba.

All this should have made Keating a shoo-in for re-election. Then came Jack Kennedy's assassination and a whole new equation.

First All the Time. In the aftermath of the Dallas slaying, Bobby Kennedy was a shaken man, and for months afterward he moved about mechanically. But slowly the old combativeness began to return—and Bobby, seventh of the nine Kennedy children, is the most combative of the clan.

"Bobby Kennedy," said Dave Powers, a White House courtier in Jack's administration, "has to be first all the time. That goes for everything, from a pickup game of touch football to managing his brother's presidential

KENNEDY & JOHN-JOHN IN THE BRONX
With care, the frosting could just become the cake.

race. When he played touch football, his daughter Kathleen, now 13, would occasionally show up with her friends to cheer:

Clap your hands and stamp your feet
'Cause Daddy's team, Daddy's team,
can't be beat.

Last spring, when the first feelers were put out to him about the New York Senate race, Bobby seemed uninterested. "All things being equal," he said, "it would be better for a citizen of New York to run." In fact, Bobby had set his sights on the vice-presidency. But he was kidding himself. For one thing, he and Lyndon have always been able to restrain their enthusiasm for one another, and anyhow, Johnson, who understandably wants to be known for his own achievements, had pointedly advised longtime Kennedy Aide Kenny O'Donnell only one month after Dallas: "I'll never have a Kennedy on the ticket."

U.S. of Kennedy. Still, Bobby pursued the mirage, until Lyndon finally scratched Kennedy from the sweepstakes in late July in that strange and impulsive performance in which he simultaneously ruled out all Cabinet members and officials who met regularly with the Cabinet. Crestfallen, Bobby declared: "I don't think there is much future for me in this city now." Three weeks later, he thought he glimpsed a bearable future in New York, and he jumped into the Senate race. "If the Democratic Party could have agreed on any other candidate," said he, "I wouldn't have come in. But there wasn't any agreement."

Bobby's move provoked inevitable cries of "carpetbagger." Despite his protests that he had spent more time in New York than anywhere else, Bobby was Massachusetts-born and -oriented, and a resident of Virginia besides. But he knew where the power was, quickly lined up New York's Democratic bosses behind him, notably Buffalo's Peter Crotty, Brooklyn's Stanley Steingut, and Charlie Buckley of The Bronx. New York's Mayor Robert Wagner, reluctantly, also fell into line.

Many Democrats recoiled. "The political arm twisting has been the worst I've ever seen," said Utica's Richard H. Balch, onetime Democratic state chairman. Noting that Bobby's allies were running in three other states—Pierre Salinger in California, Teddy Kennedy in Massachusetts, and Joseph Tydings, who was a U.S. Attorney under Kennedy, in Maryland—with a total of 64 electoral votes among them on top of New York's 43, one Democrat cried: "It will be a United States of Kennedy." In a meeting with Mayor Wagner, a group of reformers protested: "Bobby Kennedy is a ruthless, unprincipled, frighteningly ambitious young man who intends to use the New York State Democratic Party to launch his presidential ambitions." Later, 120 reformers, including Playwright Gore (*The Best Man*) Vidal, Niagara Falls Mayor E. Dent Lackey and Actor Paul Newman, established a noisy Democrats for Keating Committee. Bobby viewed the reformers with the professional's habitual scorn for the idealistic amateur. "These people hate everything and everybody, even each other," he snapped.

Screamers & Jumpers. In early September, at a sweaty, tumultuous Democratic convention in the musty 71st Regiment Armory on Manhattan's lower Park Avenue, Kennedy steamrollered Upstate Congressman Sam Stratton, his only rival, 968 to 153. He won the Liberal Party's endorsement the same day. Aware that the Liberals delivered 406,000 votes to Jack Kennedy in 1960

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ROLF M. KNELLER

KEATING FOREST IN ISRAEL
Like bagels and lox.

—more than J.F.K.'s 380,000-vote statewide margin of victory—Bobby welcomed their support.

The first days of his campaign were a wild triumphal march. He was swamped on Long Island's beaches by hundreds of thousands of Labor Day weekend bathers. In a three-day swing around "the Southern Tier," he made 51 stops in 21 cities, got such an overwhelming reception that people began to talk about "poor old Ken." In Watertown, he outdrew Keating 45 to 1. In Ogdensburg, where Keating spoke to a lonely knot of 24 listeners, Bobby drew 2,000. In Jamestown, where G.O.P. Vice-Presidential Candidate Bill Miller had a crowd of 250, Bobby lured 4,000. In Glens Falls, Bobby arrived just before 1 a.m., still found 4,000 people, more than one-fifth of the populace, waiting for him, many in nightclothes. "I still have problems in this state," said Bobby, "but at least I'm getting a hearing."

"Outrageous." But was he? People were seeing him, but the crowds did more hollering than listening, and they were young crowds to boot. "If I had my way," Bobby told the teen-agers, who thronged him at every stop, "I'd lower the voting age to six—before the election."

While Bobby was making what Keating called a "blatant emotional appeal to the teen-age screamers and jumpers," the G.O.P. was mounting a well-financed campaign with headquarters on the fifth floor of 521 Fifth Avenue—one flight above the Goldwater-Miller operation but totally divorced from it.

Former Attorney General Herbert Brownell, who steered Tom Dewey to prominence and helped catapult Ike into the presidency, emerged from seven years of political retirement to run Keating's campaign. "This thing got me sore," he said. "If Kennedy is elected, it will establish that a rich man can come in, make a deal with bosses, and change our whole constitutional system. H. L. Hunt could go in and run in some Rocky Mountain state. Governor Wallace could run where he pleased. This is outrageous."

Patiently, Keating and his crew worked on the racial and religious minority groups that make a majority of New York's votes. No state has quite the complicated ethnic mix that New York has, and Ken Keating, with 18 years of experience, knows almost instinctively what each of the groups wants. A more adventurous gastronome than Bobby, he sampled kosher hot dogs, pickles, and cheese blintzes during a walking tour of the predominantly Jewish Lower East Side. Keating is a familiar figure there, and one sign that greeted him read: KEATING AND ISRAEL GO TOGETHER LIKE BAGELS AND LOX. In that same district, Bobby spurned the ethnic diet, chose melon, split-pea soup and chocolate milk. In lower Manhattan's "Little Italy," he asked for a fork when someone offered him a slice of pizza. "You don't need a fork," he was gently advised.

Winning Formula. To his dismay, Kennedy found himself running poorly among New York's 2,500,000 Jews, who gave nearly 90% of their votes to his brother in 1960, and its 1,500,000 Italians. Keating's managers talk of getting half of the Jewish vote, two-fifths of the Italian vote—and that, combined with normal G.O.P. majorities upstate and in the suburbs, would be a winning formula.

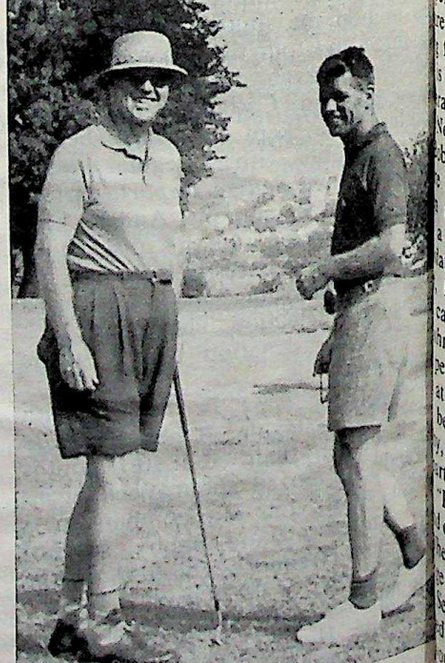
Kennedy's troubles with the Jews stemmed from the days when his father, Joseph Kennedy, while Ambassador to Britain, delivered too-vigorous warnings against going to war with Nazi Germany and a too-gentle appraisal of Hitler. Jack overcame their distrust, but Bobby seemed more like his father's son. And Bobby's onetime association with Senator Joseph McCarthy's investigating committee and his seeming indifference to the fine points of civil liberties roused further suspicions.

Playing on these suspicions, Keating charged that Kennedy, while Attorney General, had made a "deal" to sell off part of the Government-held General Aniline & Film Corp.'s assets to a Swiss holding company that was once run by Germany's I. G. Farben, a notorious exploiter of Jewish slave labor. Keating had proposed selling the assets—some $200 million worth—exclusively to private U.S. interests, but made no protest when the deal was announced in 1963.

Lurid Tales. Jewish liberals began channeling their contributions to the Johnson-Humphrey campaign and the Keating campaign, shutting Bobby out. To finance his $1,500,000 campaign, Bobby is probably dipping deep into his personal $10 million fortune.

Among the Italian-Americans, Keating made inroads by playing on their resentment of the Justice Department's Valachi hearings, in which lurid tales of hoodlums with Italian names were told to the American public. Keating also nailed down the Greek vote by condemning Turkey's actions in Cyprus. There are only 31,000 Turks in New York, but there are 77,000 Greeks.

Still, Bobby stands high with other ethnic groups: the Germans (675,000 strong in New York), the Irish (492,000) and the Poles (685,000). He has paid particular attention to the state's 2,000,000 Negroes and Puerto Ricans, traditionally Democratic and overwhelmingly anti-Goldwater. At the urging of Kennedy headquarters, New York City Democrats mailed out nearly 4,000,000 pieces of mail, made thou-



BOBBY & JOE IN FRANCE (1959)
Like Dad, only more so.

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...ds of phone calls to encourage new ...ers to register. The result: a city ...gistration record of 3,636,634. For a ...emocrat, who normally needs a cush... of up to 700,000 votes in the city ...e is to have a prayer of winning the ..., that was good news. Said one ...ennedy aide: "These new Negro and ...erto Rican votes were expected to be ... frosting. But now they're turning ... the whole cake."

Each candidate righteously deplored ...e other's exploitation of the ethnic ..., then went right on cultivating it ...mself. "I do not campaign in search ...a Jewish vote or a Catholic vote or a ...gro vote," said Bobby. But there he ..., wearing a yamilke (skullcap) for a ...t with a rabbi. And there he was at ...ossinger's, assuring an audience that ... father, in his Hollywood days, was ... impressed at how Jewish moviemak... like the Warner brothers and Sam ...ldwyn raised their children that "he ...cided to bring his own up that way."

...turn, Keating complained about Bob...'s "constant talk about the Jewish ..., the Italian vote, the this-that-or...ther vote. I don't believe there is ...a thing as bloc voting in this state." ...much. Keating has a 50-acre for... in Israel named after him, and he is ... darling of the Italian-Americans for ...posing to make Columbus Day a ...onal holiday.

Tarrytown Cigarettes? Ethnics aside, ...e are few issues between Keating ... Kennedy. Each claims to be more ...al than the other; yet both are mod...s with similar positions on most ...s. The chief difference is that Kea... might be more hesitant than Bobby ...t committing federal funds for a ... array of projects. And when Bobby ...s talking grandly about huge trans...ation and air-pollution-control proj... for the whole Eastern seaboard, ...onent Keating chuckles: "I can't ...e out whether he thinks he's run... for President of the United States ...s looking for some kind of new ...al job like High Commissioner of ...Northeast."

...bby's big pitch is that he can do ... for New York, that Keating has ... an uncreative legislator. "Name ... a Keating bill," he cries. "What ...lation has he introduced?" For his ... Keating hammers ceaselessly at ...carpetbagger theme. In mock as...ament, he declares: "Why, there ...people who have been standing in ...at the World's Fair longer than he ...been living in New York." Or: ..., Bobby thinks the Gowanus Canal ...rt of the lower intestinal tract." ..."He thinks Tarrytown is a new ...d of cigarette."

...en Bobby tries to refute the ...e by noting that one of New York's ...Senators was a Massachusetts man ...d Rufus King, Keating beams mis...ously. "It was a girl, not politics, ...brought Rufus King to New York," ...s. "He came here to live with his bride, a resident of New York." And while Bobby has leased a 25-room Dutch colonial house in Glen Cove, L.I., Ethel, who is expecting her ninth child in December, still spends most of her time in Virginia with the eight Kennedy kids.

There is also the lingering suspicion that Bobby hopes to use the New York Senate seat only as a springboard to the White House someday. He denies this, but he certainly doesn't slam the door. "Truthfully, now," he says, "I can't go any place in 1968. We've got President Johnson, and I think he's going to be re-elected in 1968. Now we get to 1972. I'm going to have to be re-elected in six years. I'm going to have to do a tremendous job for the State of New York. If I have done such an outstanding job that people just demand all over the country that I be a presidential candidate, I don't see how New York suffers."

If Ken Keating has anything to say about it, New York will not have to take that chance. And Keating just might have something to say about it—for he is running nip and tuck in a race that will be decided not so much by Bobby's popularity as by the length of Lyndon's coattails.

ISSUES

Backdown on the Farm

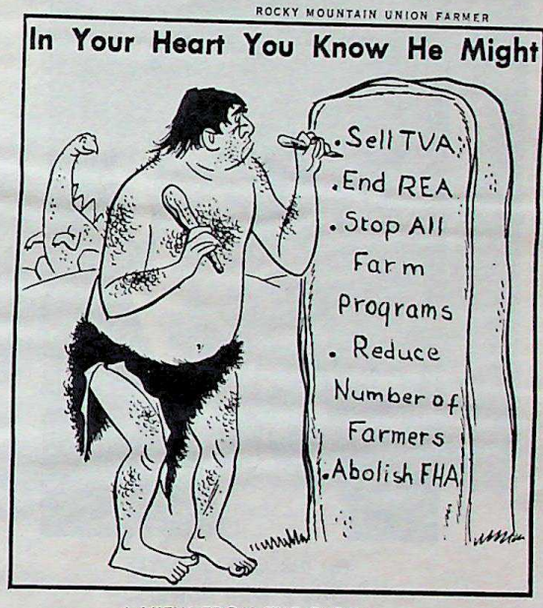
At the outset of his presidential campaign, Barry Goldwater figured that the best way to handle the farm issue would be to ignore it. After all, he had already set down his views in *Conscience of a Conservative*, where he advocated "prompt and final termination of the farm subsidy program." Barry thought he would just stand or fall with that. As it turned out, he is falling.

The U.S. farm program has, of course, long been a national scandal, but no one yet has come up with a workable, politically viable solution. Farmers themselves are fond of talking about free enterprise—but they are even fonder of collecting subsidy checks, and they show their proclivities at the polls.

One who realized the danger signals early was Nebraska's Republican Senator Carl Curtis, himself a farmer's son. Soon after the campaign began, Curtis implored Goldwater to spell out his farm views. Barry simply issued a rehashed version of the G.O.P. platform's farm plank. Getting frantic, North Dakota's Senator Milton Young and South Dakota's Senator Karl Mundt insisted that Goldwater draft at least one major farm-policy statement, for delivery Sept. 19, at the National Plowing Contest near Casselton, N. Dak. Goldwater showed up and spoke, but said little of substantial value; Young, who had seen an advance text, refused to sit on the platform with Goldwater, has since declined to campaign for him.

Finally, sensing that he could no longer afford to let *Conscience* be his guide, Barry began backing away. On a whistle-stop trip through Illinois, Indiana and Ohio, Goldwater told audiences that while he was sticking by his guns on ending price supports, he knew that it had to be done gradually.

Such assurances were hardly enough to allay farmers' fears, so Goldwater summoned G.O.P. leaders from eleven farm states to a secret strategy meeting at Des Moines' Municipal Airport. He listened to their views for nearly an hour. A few days later, at the National Corn-Picking Contest at Sioux Falls, S. Dak., Barry told some 20,000 farm folk: "You and I and all good Americans, we all want a free and prosperous American agriculture, with a minimum of federal controls and intervention. That is the direction in which we must move—forward, toward freedom and progress." To accomplish this, he said, price supports must go, but only after



A VIEW FROM THE FARM
Formula for fall.

"something better has been developed that can gradually be substituted for it." Just what that something better might be, Goldwater did not specify, but he did promise: "I will never jerk the rug from under the American farmer."

Farmers remained far from assured—and that fact is likely to cost Goldwater dearly on Election Day.

THE ADMINISTRATION

The Jenkins Report

From the FBI last week came a report of its findings in the Walter Jenkins case. The bureau said it had interviewed more than 500 persons in its crash investigation, undertaken on orders from President Johnson, and had examined the life of the former White House aide from his Texas boyhood right up to the moment he was last arrested in a Washington Y.M.C.A. washroom. But beyond a flat statement that Jenkins had not been "framed" or "entrapped" (as some of Jenkins' most powerful friends continue to insist), the FBI report said little that was not

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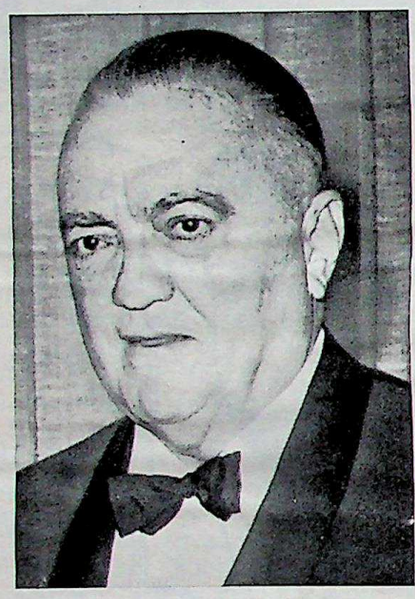
already known (TIME, Oct. 23) or purely conjectural.

Items from the report:

▶ In an interview with the FBI on Oct. 18, Jenkins "admitted having engaged in the indecent acts for which he was arrested in 1959 and 1964. He claimed that he had been 'enticed' by the arresting officer on the former occasion and that his mind was befuddled by fatigue, alcohol, physical illness and lack of food the latter time."

▶ "Mr. Jenkins further advised that he did not recall any further indecent acts, and if he had been involved in any such acts, he would have been under the influence of alcohol and in a state of fatigue and would not remember them."

▶ Neither Jenkins nor Andy Choka, the U.S. Army veteran arrested with Jenkins at the Y.M.C.A. "knew the identity of the other, nor had either gone to the basement men's room of the Y.M.C.A. by prearrangement."



FBI DIRECTOR HOOVER
Say it with flowers.

▶ "Mr. Jenkins stated that no attempt had ever been made to compromise or blackmail him. He also told the FBI he would lay down his life before he would disclose any information that would damage the best interests of the United States."

▶ "Neither President Kennedy, the White House staff nor Mr. Johnson had any knowledge of the 1959 incident or any reason to suspect its existence. When he assumed office as President in November, Mr. Johnson still did not know of the January 1959 arrest."

That was far from the end of the Jenkins case and its repercussions. At week's end came two new pieces of information. A story in the Chicago Tribune, belatedly confirmed by the FBI, reported that in 1961 Jenkins had "fought like the devil" to reinstate an Air Force officer who had been forced to resign his commission after being accused of making obscene phone calls to the wife of an Air Force enlisted man. The Tribune reported that after tapping the woman's phone and hearing a sampling of the conversations, Government investigators accused the officer of "unnatural sex acts."

And, under reporters' questioning, the Pentagon admitted that Walter Jenkins' security clearance to top-secret Air Force and Defense Department information and his Atomic Energy Commission top-secret "Q" clearance have been suspended.

The FBI report was by any accounting a curious one. It seemed all the more curious in the light of an episode that took place the very day President Johnson ordered the investigation. To the George Washington University Hospital, where Walter Jenkins is confined in a room guarded by private attendants and with a "Do Not Disturb" sign on the door, came a bouquet of mixed fall flowers. With it came a card signed "J. Edgar Hoover and Associates." There was some doubt about just who those "associates" might be. But there was no doubt about Hoover, who with a waiver from Johnson will continue as FBI chief after reaching the mandatory retirement age of 70 next Jan. 1.

HEROES

The Humanitarian

Of all the moments of Herbert Clark Hoover's long and illustrious life, the one best remembered was the worst.

There he was, a stolid figure in the rear of an open car, his eyes downcast, a study in dejection. He rode in dour silence to the Capitol while President-elect Franklin Roosevelt, sitting beside him, smiled that famous smile and waved to the cheering throngs.

This was Saturday, March 4, 1933, F.D.R.'s Inauguration Day—and the day after Hoover had stubbornly rejected urgent demands that he close all of the nation's banks. Only four years before, Hoover had been elected as the 31st President of the U.S., with 58.1% of the popular vote (still the third highest in history), over Democrat Al Smith. When he took office, he had well earned his position as the most respected man in America. Now, after having been overwhelmed for re-election, he was perhaps the most reviled; the phrase "Hoover's Depression" was current, and the nation's landscape was defaced by those tarpaper-shack communities known as "Hoovervilles."

Yet even while enduring such violent swings in public esteem, Hoover himself remained constant in character and principles. And by the time he died last week at 90 in his Waldorf Towers apartment in Manhattan, he ranked once again as a U.S. citizen who could truly be called revered.

"The Orgy of Speculation." History's hindsight has absolved Hoover of much of the blame for the Great Depression. Indeed, he saw it coming long before he made, as one admiring biographer put it, the "most serious error of his amazing career"—that of running successfully for President.

In eight productive years as Secretary of Commerce under Presidents Harding and Coolidge (he promoted arbitration rather than litigation in trade disputes, achieved standardization of some 3,000 industrial products, championed modernization of railroads and such huge river-control projects as Hoover Dam), Hoover repeatedly warned against "the rising boom and orgy of speculation." He complained that loose monetary policies of the Federal Reserve Board would lead to an "inevitable collapse which will bring the greatest calamities upon our farmers, our workers and legitimate business." But amid Coolidge prosperity, Hoover was denounced as "a crapehanger."

As President, Hoover utilized federal power as an instrument to support the private economy far more than any President before him. At his urging, Congress created a Federal Farm Board, backed by $500 million in federal funds, which came to the aid of farm marketing cooperatives after the market crash. He sought $663 million to push public works—a figure that critics decried as excessive. He proposed the Reconstruction Finance Corporation and the National Credit Corporation. He secured an early agreement in which labor promised to forgo strikes and new wage demands, Big Business agreed to maintain wages and spread work to avoid layoffs. He negotiated an international moratorium on the payment of intergovernmental debts.

The Bitter Years. Yet Hoover resisted what he termed "the lure of the rosy path to every panacea." He continually preached "the part of self-reliance, independence, and steadfastness in time of trial and stress." His philosophy of limited government prevented the bold innovations that the multiple crises demanded—and in his last two years in office a Democratic House and a splintered Senate hamstrung him on even milder measures.

Hoover also had a naive and unpolitical sense of public relations. He dreaded each speech he had to make—and each speech showed it. He had the notion that everything would be all right if everyone would just grin and bear it. "What the country needs," he said, "is a good big laugh."

Yet the most ironic failure of Hoover's presidency was that the man whom General Pershing once praised as "the food regulator of the world" proved unable to prevent hunger at home. To his critics, it almost seemed that he did not care. He did, of course, and deeply. But his own fabulous success in voluntary relief work had led him to the lifelong conviction that private and local agencies could handle the job. "I am opposed to any direct or indirect Government dole," Hoover said in 1931. "The moment responsibilities of any community are shifted from a part of the nation to Washington, that community has subjected itself to a remote bureaucracy."

Many economists saw signs of an economic upturn in Hoover's last year, but such optimism dissolved in the bl

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erness of the 1932 election campaign. After F.D.R.'s victory—won partly on the claim that Hoover had spent too much—Hoover remained resentful of Roosevelt's failure to speak out in the four months before his inauguration. If he had just assured desperate businessmen what his policies would be, Hoover argued, the banks could have stayed open.

Whatever the final judgment of history on Hoover's presidency may be, it is certain that he will also be remembered for his accomplishments before and after what he later called the years of "compound hell" in the White House.

The Mandarin. Hoover's early career seemed living proof of his belief that self-discipline, 18-hour workdays and cold logic could accomplish any sort of wonder. Born in a three-room cottage in West Branch, Iowa (pop. 300), within 40 years he was a world-renowned mining engineer worth some $4,000,000.

Orphaned at eight, Hoover was reared in Iowa and Oregon by Quaker uncles, who stressed Bible reading and, recalled Hoover, "those great novels where the hero overcomes the demon alone." Hoover graduated with the first class at newly founded Stanford University, wound up working ten-hour days in a Nevada City mine at $2 a shift. Laid off, he experienced, in his words, "the ceaseless tramping and ceaseless refusal" of job hunting.

Hoover landed a menial job as a clerk for San Francisco Mining Engineer Louis Janin, quickly won engineering assignments, impressed Janin with his ability to absorb detail and select the essentials for action. At the age of 23 he grew a beard in a vain effort to look like his youth, went to Australia to manage ten gold mines for a British firm. He advised his employers to sink $500,000 into the Gwalia gold diggings—and these mines were to turn out $55 million worth of ore.

Hoover traveled the world as a doctor of sick mines. At 24, he was chief engineer of China's Bureau of Mines, already a living legend; he was known as the "foreign mandarin" with "green eyes" that could pierce the earth. He advised the Russian Czar on the development of his huge mine holdings, made a fortune of his own, mainly on fabulous lead, silver and zinc mines in the hills of Burma.

When at the outbreak of World War I, Hoover declared, "Let fortune go to hell," abandoned business interests that were about to skyrocket in value, and plunged into a selfless life of public service. Working in London, he helped some 120,000 Americans who were stranded in Europe without convertible currency, accepted their IOUs, and found enough cash for the Americans to return home.

Hunted Bodies. When Belgium was overrun by German troops, Hoover rushed to Berlin and to secret German headquarters, let top officers believe that the U.S. might enter the war unless they permitted him to bring in food for starving Belgians. In London and Paris, he warned the French and English of likely U.S. indignation unless they eased their blockade to facilitate such shipments. After such tactics succeeded, Hoover supervised the shipment of a billion dollars worth of food and clothing to Belgium, directed a fleet of 60 cargo ships and 400 barges, crossed the mine-filled North Sea 40 times himself.

When the U.S. did enter the war, Hoover came home to head the U.S. Food Administration. Without resorting to either price controls or rationing, he met the domestic and military food demands of the U.S., increased the export of foodstuffs to hungry allies by 35%. At the height of wartime passions, he urged that German and Austrian women and children be fed by the U.S. too. "I did not believe that stunted bodies and deformed minds in the next generation were the foundation upon which to rebuild civilization," he later explained. At war's end, Hoover headed a massive American relief effort in Europe, directed the delivery of 20 million tons of food and supplies to 300 million people in 22 countries.

Hoover's humanitarian work lasted a lifetime. As Secretary of Commerce, he directed the evacuation of 1,500,000 people from the floodlands of the lower Mississippi in 1927, saw that they were housed and fed. Years later, in 1946, Democratic President Harry Truman asked Hoover to examine the relief needs of Asia and Europe in the post-World War II famine. Then 71, Hoover tirelessly trekked 35,000 miles through 25 countries to make his report.

With his remarkable grasp of detail and his organizational genius, Hoover also completed two monumental studies of the federal bureaucracy for Presidents Truman and Eisenhower. His commissions recommended some 645 specific changes in governmental organization and procedure, designed to save some $10 billion annually. About 70% of them were put into effect.

"Final Farewells." Each four years, Hoover appeared at Republican National Conventions as his party's beloved elder statesman to declare his undying enmity toward Big Government and unbalanced budgets—and at the last three conventions through 1960 in Chicago, to deliver his "final farewell." Once he was out of office, the warmth and wit that had long delighted his personal friends finally broke through his public reserve. "When I comb over these accounts of the New Deal," he ad-libbed in one speech, "my sympathy arises for the humble decimal point. His is a pathetic and heroic life, wandering around among regimented ciphers, trying to find some of the old places he used to know."

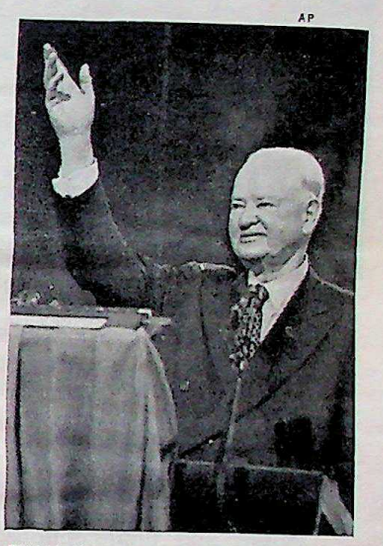
At 62, Hoover assumed the chairmanship of the Boys' Clubs of America. At 84, he published his sympathetic account of *The Ordeal of Woodrow Wilson*. Throughout his own last ordeal, a 26-month struggle against a variety of major illnesses, he worked on a history of modern Communism.

Hoover survived surgery for abdominal cancer in 1962. After a massive gastrointestinal hemorrhage in June of 1963, his doctors considered death imminent. Yet Hoover sat up in bed one morning, ordered scrambled eggs and his pipe, told his startled nurse: "Now I am back in business again." Stricken again last February, this time by a kidney ailment and pneumonia, he recovered, remained alert and productive right up until still another gastrointestinal hemorrhage sent him last week into a painless and final coma.

The passions of the 1964 presidential campaign were temporarily stilled as all four national candidates joined in mourning at a simple funeral service at St. Bartholomew's Episcopal Church in Manhattan. There thousands filed past Hoover's bier, and even more paid last respects as his body lay in state in the Capitol Rotunda in Washington. He was buried on Sunday on a peaceful knoll overlooking the West Branch cottage of his birth.

HOOVER & F.D.R. IN INAUGURAL PARADE, 1933

AP



FINAL "FINAL FAREWELL," 1960

From respect to revilement to reverence, the path was self-set and selfless.

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TASS

PALLBEARERS POLYANSKY, KOSYGIN, BREZHNEV & MIKOYAN
Ready to do what was done, done, done before?

RUSSIA

The Morning After

In a somewhat left-handed compliment, U.N. Secretary-General U Thant described Russia's new bosses as "competent and unpretentious." So far, at least, they have plenty to be unpretentious about. The start of their rule was not auspicious. Nikita Khrushchev was deposed and out of sight, but his invisible presence still badly cramped the style of the new Moscow team. When Premier Aleksei Kosygin and his teammate Leonid Brezhnev, new head of the Communist Party, made their first joint public appearance in Red Square to hail Russia's three most recent cosmonauts, applause from the onlookers was markedly listless. Visibly ruffled, Brezhnev stared down on them and muttered: *"K chortu."* That meant "Go to the devil," and because someone had forgotten to turn off the mike, the words went out loud and clear.

There was plenty of feedback, particularly from Communist leaders outside Russia. They should be accustomed to the Communist way of changing rulers, but they reacted with puzzlement, anger, even outrage. The fact was ironic, for in large measure Khrushchev had been felled because his policies had lately splintered the Communist movement, and his removal was obviously designed to help reunite the comrades. But for the present, at least, international Communism seemed even more badly split than before, and just as cockily independent of Moscow. The relative national autonomy won by the various parties during the Khrushchev era could probably never again be wholly destroyed.

Taken Aback. To date, Moscow has given no account of exactly what happened to Khrushchev and why—forcing not only the West but also other Communist parties to work out the puzzle as best they could (*see following story*). The Soviet press kept stating the new regime's case against Khrushchev in the usual half-veiled style; its gist was that he had been highhanded and had refused to take advice. But the criticism sounded a little more restrained, with the new regime presumably taken aback by the protests.

Reaction was strongest among West European Communists. First to speak out were the French, who only a week before Khrushchev's fall had declared their formal independence from Moscow control; they were obviously determined to keep that independence. The French demanded "fuller information and necessary explanations," and Party Boss Waldeck Rochet announced that he would send a delegation to Moscow to get the answers.

Italy's Reds, who comprise the largest Communist Party in Western Europe, were openly worried by the dumping of the man they had both criticized and supported. Party Leader Luigi Longo said: "The manner in which these changes at the top of the Soviet Party occurred leaves us concerned and critical." Fearful that the new Russian leaders might get overly tough with the West, and thus spoil his party's chances in Italy's nationwide local elections next month, Longo harped on Khrushchev's "peaceful coexistence" line and desperately reminded Italians that his predecessor, Palmiro Togliatti, had demanded "greater freedom of expression" for Communists. To take the edge off the French initiative, Longo decided to send two fact-finding missions to Moscow.

Foreign News. The Eastern European Red bloc was also dismayed. Even East Germany's Walter Ulbricht, who had not had the best of treatment at Khrushchev's hands and might have been expected to toady to the new men in the Kremlin, eulogized Nikita and expressed "profound emotion" over his sudden eclipse. The East Germans found it hard to believe that Khrushchev had "shown himself to be no longer equal to his tasks."

Czechoslovakia's reconstructed Stalinist Antonin Novotny praised Khrushchev, as did Hungary's Janos Kadar and Poland's Wladyslaw Gomulka. But there was only determined coolness from the recalcitrant Rumanians, who had successfully bucked Khrushchev on economic matters and thus probably helped provoke his ouster. Rumania's party newspaper Scînteia played the story of his fall under the heading "Foreign News" on page 4.

The New Face. There were, of course, those who crowed over Khrushchev's removal. Pro-Chinese Reds in Rome produced a poster of Stalin that read: "Khrushchev has fallen! Stalin is vindicated! Hurray for glorious Comrade Stalin!" The new face of Russian Communism, as it began to emerge, was far from Stalinist; it was definitely Khrushchevian in its lineaments, though more serious and nowhere near as lively. But there were hints of change ahead, and the most significant concerned China. While B. & K. kept Mao Tse-tung's name out of their pronouncements, Brezhnev hinted that Moscow would take the initiative in trying to "overcome difficulties" within the Communist movement. Unlikely as it sounded, Ideologist Mikhail Suslov was reported preparing to make a trip to Peking aimed at easing the Sino-Soviet rift. There were even rumors that Mao might be coming to Moscow.

In other matters, the new team almost frantically reassured everyone that the old policies would continue. In his Red Square speech, Brezhnev implied that Khrushchev's basic foreign and domestic policies were still "the only immutable line of the Soviet government." Playing it both ways for the moment, Kosygin continued emphasis on production of consumer goods, while Brezhnev also promised greater investment in heavy industry. There were other promises, reassuring to the army, that cutbacks in defense spending would be halted. B. & K. also showed their

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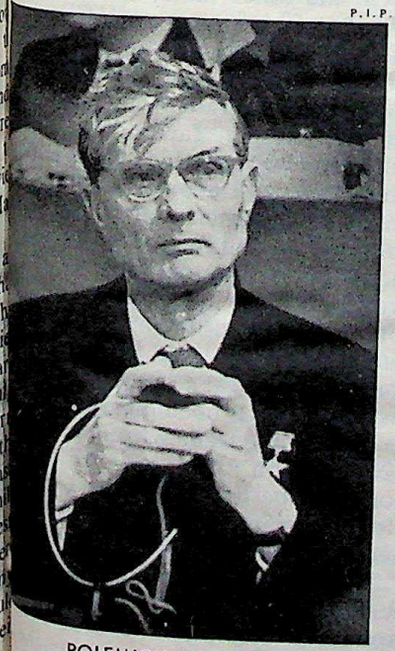
mpathy for the army by turning up
t the Moscow funeral of Marshal Ser-
ei Biryuzov, Red Army Chief of Staff
illed last week in a Belgrade plane
rash as he flew in to attend Yugo-
lavia's 20th anniversary of liberation
rom the German occupation.

Ultimately Willing. "You get the im-
ression that during this period a gen-
ine committee is at work," says a high
.S. Official. "The speeches look like
tate Department drafts. In other
ords, there's not an interesting word
them." The professional Kremlin
atchers now speak of the new pair
Moscow as a "diarchy within an oli-
rchy," clearly a precarious situation.
Neither Brezhnev nor Kosygin can
yet be certain of his job, and behind
ch, among the other oligarchs, stand
y number of potential replacements.
he major contender is gone—ailing
ol Kozlov, 56, whose name suddenly
sappeared along with Khrushchev's
om official pronouncements. President
nastas Mikoyan, 68, though shunted
to the role of greeter last week, is
ill the man with the best balance in
e Soviet Union, having survived every
ange of leadership since the fall of
Czar.

Right behind him is Mikhail Suslov,
whose icy, opportunistic command
ideology had seen him through Sta-
and Khrushchev and firmly into the
era. But Mikoyan may be too old
Suslov too frail (he suffers from
hronic kidney ailment) to rate much
a chance among the hustlers in the
iet Union today. Not so Nikolai
gorny, 61, a hog-healthy Ukrainian
égé of Khrushchev's who managed
y of his most delicate foreign and
cultural projects, and Dmitry Poly-
ky, at 46 the "baby" of the Presidi-
but one of its canniest opportunists.
ny of these men would ultimately
willing to do to Brezhnev or Kosygin
at they had done only a week be-
to Khrushchev.



P.I.P.

POLEMICIST SUSLOV
Ready to talk to Peking?

A Hard Day's Night

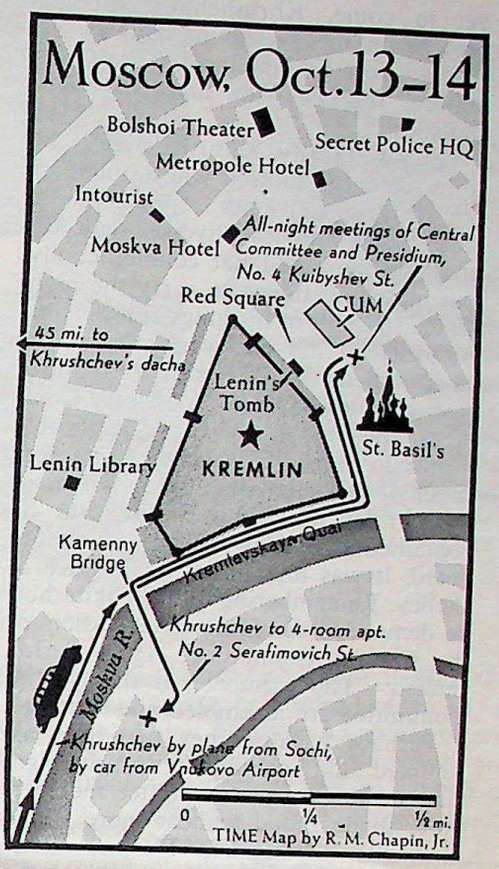
How did it really happen?

Pieced together from reports in the non-Russian Communist press and triangulated by a few facts gleaned by Westerners in Moscow, the story of Nikita Khrushchev's fall is still far from complete. Contradictions abound, and the motivation of persons leaking details is obviously suspect. But the account, as it stands so far, of that hard day's night in which Nikita met his undoing rings true in terms of his familiar personality. He evidently went down as he came up—swinging.

Bare Majority. Two weeks ago, as Khrushchev relaxed in the fall sun at his Black Sea villa, a call went out from Moscow for a secret meeting of the Communist Party Central Committee.* The roundup call no doubt originated in the party Presidium, which Nikita unwittingly believed was heavily in his favor (he had hand-picked seven of its eleven other members). In from semi-exile flew such opponents of Khrushchev as New Delhi-based Ambassador Ivan Benekditov. Central Committee members known to be strong for Nikita were not called, among them Ambassador Anatoly Dobrynin in Washington. Khrushchev was confidently preparing a speech, which would point to Khrushchevian successes: a good harvest in the "virgin lands" and the successful orbiting of the three-man *Voshkod* spaceship, even then whirling overhead.

As *Voshkod* orbited, the party Presidium was in nonstop session—though Nikita knew nothing about it. Ideologist Mikhail Suslov was the major participant, arguing that Khrushchev had outlived his usefulness. A vote was taken, and all were against Nikita. The question was then carried to the full Central Committee, where a majority—but a bare one, some reports indicating as little as one vote—decided against him. Thus the coup makers had precluded the fate of the 1957 "antiparty group," which had mustered a party Presidium majority against Khrushchev only to lose when the vote came in the Central Committee. Dmitry Ustinov, 56, fast-rising chairman of the Supreme National Economic Council, was detailed to fly down to the Black Sea and bring Khrushchev back.

Across the River. Ustinov arrived on the morning of Tuesday, Oct. 13, as Khrushchev was talking with French Atomic Science Minister Gaston Palewski. The emissary demanded that Khrushchev return immediately to Moscow for the special meeting of the Presidium. Deeply upset, Khrushchev left Palewski with the words: "I have to go to the cosmonauts immediately." That explanation was at least partly true. After only 16 orbits, the *Voshkod* had returned to earth, possibly because of a mechanical failure but perhaps on order from the Presidium, which presumably did not want the spacecraft, with all its publicity potential, circling overhead while Khrushchev was being dealt with.



At sunset, Khrushchev and Ustinov landed at Moscow's Vnukovo Airport, where a ZIL limousine waited. The long black car whipped across the Lenin Hills, along Kremlevskaya Quai, where lights glittered on the Moskva River.

The Unkindest Cut. The car halted a few blocks from the Kremlin at Kuibyshev Street No. 4, a grey, six-story building with red marble columns and a sign in gold lettering that reads: "The Central Committee of the Communist Party of the Soviet Union." A thermometer mounted above the massive door registered a temperature of 40° F., but it was even chillier inside.

There Khrushchev found ten members of the Presidium awaiting him. Immediately Suslov got up and launched a sharp, biting attack against him. He accused Khrushchev of trying to start a new "cult of personality." He cited Khrushchev's inability to control himself, his lengthy, "boring" speeches, his "naive provincial behavior," and his "provocative attitude" toward the Red Chinese. He described Nikita's shoe banging at the United Nations in 1960 as "harmful to the reputation of the Soviet Union throughout the world." And he raised the matter of nepotism. Khrushchev had proposed that his son-in-law, Izvestia Editor Aleksei Adzhubei, be appointed to the Secretariat and placed in charge of agriculture.

Suslov's knifework lasted some four hours, but the unkindest cut of all was

* The 175 voting members of the Central Committee elect the party Presidium—known as the Politburo until 1952, when that name became too odious. The party Presidium is not to be confused with the Presidium of the Supreme Soviet, Russia's ineffectual parliament, now headed by President Anastas Mikoyan.

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yet to come. Khrushchev's youngest protégé on the Presidium, Dmitry Polyansky, rose to denounce Nikita's agricultural fiascoes with sharply pointed statistics.

Long Authority. Khrushchev was furious, defended himself with a fulminating three-to-four-hour speech laden with curses and invective. Caught unprepared, he could not counter coolly, and may have hoped to carry the night on the strength of his lungs and his long authority. It did not work. Suslov listened quietly until Nikita ran down, then rose to his feet. "You see, Comrades," he said slowly. "It is impossible to talk to him." Khrushchev's face reddened to the point that some witnesses thought he would hit Suslov. But he contained himself while the Presidium voted. It was unanimous against Khrushchev. Remembering 1957, Nikita hotly demanded an immediate session of the Central Committee. Again Suslov replied: "The members of the Central Committee are assembled and waiting."

Perhaps because they had been assembled and waiting for nearly eight hours, the Central Committee members were in no mood to hear more Khrushchevian haranguing. He was interrupted again and again with catcalls from the floor. When one minister accused him of a closed-door policy (he had tried to see Khrushchev for two years and failed), Nikita snapped: "My ministers are a bunch of blockheads." The Central Committee rejected him, but by a close margin. It was nearly dawn. Exhausted, Nikita Khrushchev offered his resignation in a soft, subdued voice and walked out of the hall.

Room with a View. The conflict had been long in the making, at least according to the Kremlin leaks appearing last week. Khrushchev had been voted down by the Presidium last February over his polemical blast at Peking (also composed by Suslov), had to delay a month before making it public while peace feelers went out to Mao and were rejected. He had further irritated the Central Committee by taking a three-week tour of the farm lands on the lower Volga and in Kazakhstan and not reporting back to them; by erupting in anger at Indonesian President Sukarno when he expressed sympathy for Peking; by announcing late in September a new plan for heavy emphasis on the consumer-goods industry that had not been cleared with the Presidium.

Khrushchev last week was apparently still in Moscow, by best report living in a four-room apartment above the Udarnik Cinema, on Serafimovich Street No. 2, within view of the Kremlin. Some Westerners reported seeing him riding in a limousine; others claimed they saw him walking, sober-faced and sullen, in the environs of Moscow University. All traces of his rule were being removed. When U.S. Ambassador Foy D. Kohler called on new Soviet Premier Aleksei Kosygin, he noted that Nikita Khrushchev's plastic toy cars were gone, along with his familiar paperweight, a lump of ore as crude and solid as its owner.

RED CHINA

Start of the Chain

As the fallout from Peking's nuclear firecracker wafted toward the West, the political chain reaction had only begun. Taking full propaganda advantage of its feat, Red China unctuously dispatched messages to heads of state, among them President Johnson, urging a summit conference to discuss nuclear disarmament. U.N. Secretary-General U Thant took up the call, suggested a meeting perhaps next year. The U.S. State Department had already rejected Red China's ploy, calling it "a sucker proposal" since it made no mention of inspection. If the Chinese are really concerned about all this, said the U.S., they can always sign the partial test ban treaty.

But the unavoidable dilemma remained: what to do about a Communist China that, in the foreseeable future, will be a nuclear power.

Revised Version. Latest intelligence on the device exploded in the Sinkiang Desert indicates that it was slightly stronger and more sophisticated than the U.S. first thought (*see* SCIENCE). And though it might take 15 or 20 years for the Chinese to develop an intercontinental missile capable of hitting the U.S., Peking may be able to deliver a nuclear bomb along its periphery in as little as five years.

Any type of delivery system, no matter how crude, could vastly change the strategic balance in Asia. In fact, it has subtly changed already, confirming many Asians in their growing belief in an eventual Communist takeover of all Asia, shaking hitherto staunch anti-Communists in their resolve—and giving other nations nuclear ideas. Thanks mostly to technology supplied by the U.S., a dozen or more countries—among them Egypt, Israel, India, Japan, West Germany and Mexico—possess reactors capable of producing uranium or plutonium. The U.S. Atomic Energy Commission estimates that nowadays for an investment of $50 million, a country can establish enough plutonium production to manufacture one crude weapon a year. Communist China's example, as President Johnson puts it, "tempts other states to equal folly."

The Alternatives. Except on Chiang Kai-shek's Formosa, there is remarkably little talk of curbing Peking's folly by hitting the Chinese before they are really strong enough to hit back. In Washington, a U.S. Congressman asked Secretary of State Dean Rusk why the U.S. had not "detonated that bomb for them"—in other words, blown up Peking's embryo nuclear establishment. Rusk replied: "We considered this but decided against it." In effect, such a decision, in all probability, would not be merely to take out a bomb or a plant but to go to war with China—and perhaps ultimately with Russia.

On the other hand, there is growing talk that China must somehow be softened up and brought to some form of responsibility. Some feel this can be done through trade, which might tame the Chinese into "fat Communists," presumably less aggressive than lean ones. The British Labor government announced last week that a trade mission will visit Peking next month to open an industrial exhibition (the exhibit was prepared under the Tory government). For in Britain desire for trade with China is bipartisan). And for all its avowed concern about the Chinese fallout, Japan last week gave no indication of halting its burgeoning trade with Peking—worth $200 million this year. All of this is bound to be helpful to the Chinese in a clear program, whether or not the trade items are technically nonstrategic.

Then there is the U.N. argument. Weathervane Cambodia hurried to introduce a resolution to seat Peking in the United Nations, proposing the question for the docket of the forthcoming

JOKR, TOKYO-CBS

PEKING CHILDREN READING ALL ABOUT IT
A bigger, neighborly bomb by 1970.

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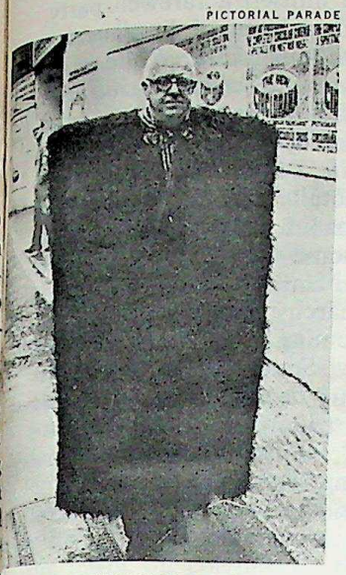
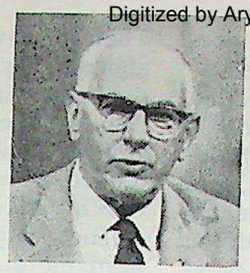
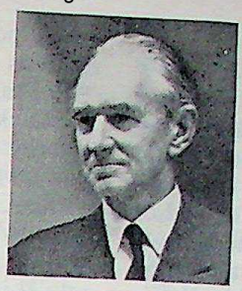

PICTORIAL PARADE

SECRETARY SNOW*


TECHNOLOGY'S COUSINS

LABOR'S GUNTER

COLONIAL'S GREENWOOD


TRADE'S JAY

HOUSING'S CROSSMAN

KEYSTONE

OVERSEAS' CASTLE

The biggest crush in Whitehall since 1700.

General Assembly session. The proposal drew support from former Republican Presidential Candidate Alf Landon, and Paris' Gaullist newspaper La Nation called Peking's entry inevitable—all on the argument that membership in the community of nations might change Peking's belligerent policies. No one was predicting whether Mao Tse-tung would get in during 1965, but he had almost certainly narrowed his 41-to-57 margin of last year.

Said a high State Department official last week: "If the U.S. had made an atomic test in the air, there would have been cries to expel us from the U.N. The Chinese explode one and people want to bring them in. These are the dividends of being a bastard."

GREAT BRITAIN

Looking Left

Never in Britain's history—not even under German guns in 1940—had a new government moved so quickly and decisively to reshape the molds of power as Labor did last week. Prime Minister Harold Wilson machine-gunned appointments out of No. 10 Downing Street, by week's end had named 101 ministers, the highest total since the early 1700s. Whitehall was a shambles of furniture movers and displaced teamakers as Wilson shifted departments and created four new ministries: Economic Affairs, Technology, Overseas Development, and Land and Natural Resources.

Though Wilson had been expected to scatter his appointments across the party's political spectrum and had a certain number of personal debts to repay, he went out of his way to give Labor's troublesome, hard-core left-wingers seats in the new government—including six in the Cabinet itself.

Archers at Agincourt. Wilson may intend to isolate and contain them by bringing them into the government, but with Labor's narrow majority, some of Wilson's own advisers were clearly troubled by his look to the left. Among the leftists named:

▶ Frank Cousins, 60, Minister of Technology. A hulking six-footer who began working the coal pits at 14, Cousins by 1938 was a full-time labor organizer. As boss of the 1,300,000-man Transport Union, Cousins clashed with Labor's late solidly NATO-minded Hugh Gaitskell and stubbornly called for Britain's unilateral disarmament. Cousins argued that Britain had defended itself in World War II without A-bombs. Gaitskell's withering reply: "And the British archers won at Agincourt without machine guns." Among Cousins' new responsibilities: overseeing Britain's atomic-energy establishment.

▶ Barbara Castle, 53, Minister of Overseas Development. A pert redhead with a flair for fashion, she came from a Yorkshire Laborite family, was an ardent member of the old, deep-pink Popular Front Socialist League. Her idea of a Sunday in the park is addressing a crowd from a Trafalgar Square plinth. She has made all the Aldermaston ban-the-bomb marches, has long had a passion for emergent Africa, the purview of her new job.

▶ Richard Crossman, 56, Minister of Housing. Probably the most prolific pamphleteer alive in Britain today, Crossman, a former Oxford don, has long been the brilliant, erratic idea man of the Labor Party, was a member of the Keep Left group of party rebels that sniped at the last Labor government while it was in power. His main task: to carry through the state takeover of urban land, which Labor hopes will solve Britain's soaring land inflation.

The Cabinet also leans left with Colonial Secretary Anthony Greenwood, 53, an elegant charm boy and professional rebel who quit Gaitskell's "Shadow Cabinet" in 1960 to signal his support of unilateral disarmament. Outside Cabinet rank, Wilson has given ministerial posts to another 25 hard-core leftists. The majority of Wilson's Cabinet remains right of center. In addition to early rightist appointments (George Brown, James Callaghan, Patrick Gordon Walker), he has named others, notably Labor Minister Raymond Gunter, 55, a tough, adroit trade unionist with strong views about how to reform unions. Right as well, and roaming the corridors of power as Parliamentary Secretary of the Ministry of Technology, will be, fittingly enough, Scientist-Author C. P. Snow, 59, who has exhaustively and vicariously explored Whitehall in a clutch of bestselling novels.

Up to Five. In the best British tradition, Loyal Opposition Leader Sir Alec Douglas-Home promised that the Tories would hold their fire for the first few months to give the new government a chance, even increased Wilson's majority by agreeing to keep a Tory M.P. in the speakership of the House of Commons. Since the speaker cannot vote, Wilson's effective majority thus went up from four to five. The Tories also agreed to pair off ministers in parliamentary votes, thereby enabling Laborites to leave the country on official business without endangering the government's margin.

And travel they intend to do. Foreign Secretary Patrick Gordon Walker, who lost his constituency in the elections and thus for the moment has no Commons seat, is due in Washington this week. President of the Board of Trade Douglas Jay will soon be off to Peking to open a British industrial exhibit. Commonwealth Relations Minister Arthur Bottomley barely had time to find his office before flying off to Zambia's independence celebrations, may have to go on to deal with obstreperous Southern Rhodesia.

Faced with an impending balance of payments crisis and plenty of other troubles, the Prime Minister himself was not going anywhere for a while. But as he prepared the Queen's Speech to Parliament, outlining the legislative ambitions of his new government, Wilson was clearly out to make the most of the first weeks of grace any new government enjoys. He may never have it so good again.

* Wearing special Russian academic garb.

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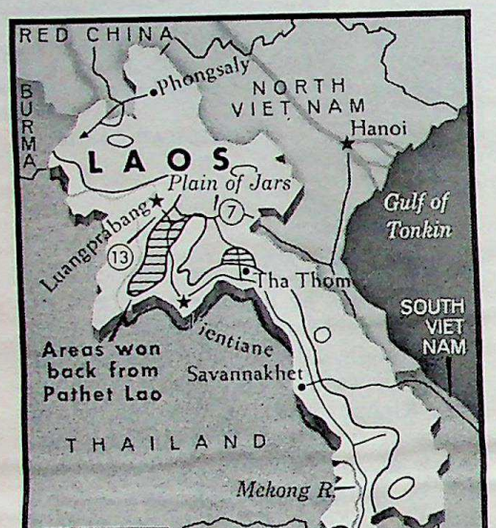
LAOS

Improvement, If Not Joy

Untroubled by the Chinese bomb, the permanent crisis in neighboring South Viet Nam, or by anything else, Laos was having a festival. Celebrating the end of Buddhist Lent, clowns cavorted down Vientiane's dusty streets, brandishing great red-painted phallic symbols. While phonographs blared a Laotian favorite, *Jingle Bells*, fireworks exploded and countless candles were lighted to exorcise demons from homes and bawdy-



houses. One of the few worries concerned the supply of *lao lao*, a form of rice firewater whose production the government has restricted so as not to diminish the rice supply. Said a Cabinet minister: "We Laotians live in joy."

Western diplomats hardly shared the ecstasy, but they agreed that Laos has just a little more reason to be happy than usual. In recent months, since the Communist Pathet Lao overran the Plain of Jars last May, neutralist and rightist forces have regained 2,000 sq. mi. of territory. Route 13 north of Vientiane is now cleared of a Red blockade, as is intersecting Route 7 almost to the Plain of Jars. South of the Plain, right-wing troops captured 350 sq. mi. around Tha Thom. The Pathet Lao have often fallen back without a fight, and some 500 Communist troops have defected.

The Reds' setbacks are the result of a stiffer U.S. and Laotian government policy. U.S.-supplied T-28s are crippling Pathet Lao supply lines. The Reds could counterattack massively on the ground, but they apparently fear U.S. retaliation. Neutralist Premier Souvanna Phouma has survived with the help of the rightists, who have not tried a coup to take over the government for fully six months—although there has been an occasional, embarrassing mutiny among neutralist soldiers. During a recent Paris conference of the Laotian factions, Souvanna stood firm against unilateral concessions to the Reds. King Savang Vatthana got so vexed with the French for trying to pressure Souvanna into concessions that the monarch commissioned a new portrait in which his French decorations were conspicuously omitted.

Souvanna thinks the Reds are bound to attack again, but the neutralist-rightist brass are downright cocky and probably overconfident. Tough little Neutralist General Kong Le, newly decorated with his country's Order of the Million Elephants and the White Parasol, Third Class, even talks of sweeping the Reds from the Plain of Jars, most of which they still hold.

SOUTH VIET NAM

With a Little Bit of Luck

After weeks of wrangling with Premier General Nguyen Khanh, the High National Council formed to reorganize South Viet Nam's government produced a provisional constitution last week. In view of the recent past, its title was reassuring: "Charter Establishing a Governmental Framework to End Legal Anomalies and Uncertainties Remaining from Saigon's Political Crisis of Late August."

The charter is hardly apt to end South Viet Nam's myriad uncertainties. Ostensibly it provides for replacing Khanh, who was overthrown by riots two months ago but has stayed on, supposedly as caretaker. The document, however, reflects another power struggle between Khanh and his old rival, General Duong Van ("Big") Minh. Evidently planning on retaining military say-so by making himself commander in chief, Khanh tried to persuade the 17-member council, made up entirely of civilians, to grant the army a "position of honor," exempting it from government jurisdiction. The council turned down the idea, but did provide a definite voice for the military.

Sometime Porter. Big Minh had been the High National Council's choice for chief of state, but because the post was to be occupied by a civilian, Minh would have had to resign from the army. This Minh refused to do at the last moment, so the High Council appointed in his place its own chairman, a fragile elder statesman, Phan Khac Suu, 63, who spent eight years in prison for his opposition first to the French and later to Diem. At least theoretically, Suu was empowered to pick a civilian Premier to replace Khanh, reportedly asked Saigon Mayor Tran Van Huong, 61, a sometime porter, clerk-typist and school official, who says: "I was born under an unlucky star."

Khanh was obviously most interested in how solidly the army was behind him. He promoted some officers who had saved him from September's "coupette," while the trials of 13 others, charged with leading the insurrection, were dropped. To be on the safe side, Khanh put 13 under house arrest and retired eight of them from the army.

Farewell Party. At week's end, as his term as interim Premier supposedly was about to expire, Khanh announced his "imminent return to the army." Then he gave himself a farewell party, attended by hundreds of bureaucrats, diplomats and journalists. While mortars throbbed in the distance during a government-Viet Cong clash, the band tootled out an appropriate swan song —*With a Little Bit of Luck*.

The jerry-built new regime would need more than a little bit of luck to survive. But some observers believe that South Viet Nam's warring factions, shaken by anarchy and Viet Cong inroads, are coming to realize the need for stability. Startlingly, a Buddhist weekly in Hué declared last week: "If Communism triumphs, Buddhism cannot survive." Published over the name of left-leaning Thich Tri Quang, the editorial was the Buddhists' strongest anti-Communist statement yet.

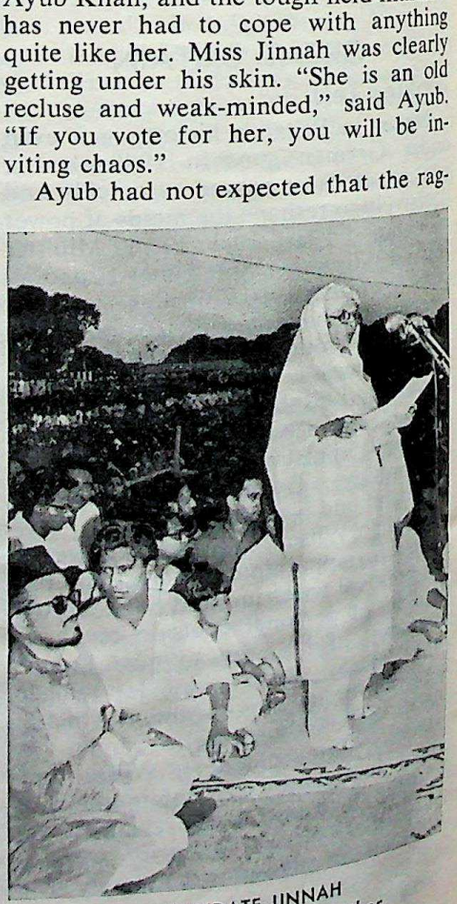
PAKISTAN

The Lady & the Field Marshal

East Pakistan last week went wild over Fatima Jinnah. Nearly 250,000 people turned out to see her in Dacca, and a million lined the 293-mile route from there to Chittagong. Her train, called the *Freedom Special*, was 22 hours late because men at each station pulled the emergency cord, and begged her to speak. The crowds hailed her as "Mother of the Nation," and when she asked, "Are you with me?", hands waved wildly in the air.

The ovations were for a silvery-haired woman of 71 who has the fresh face of a young girl and the sharp tongue of an impatient schoolmistress. In next month's national election, she is challenging Pakistan's President Mohammed Ayub Khan, and the tough field marshal has never had to cope with anything quite like her. Miss Jinnah was clearly getting under his skin. "She is an old recluse and weak-minded," said Ayub. "If you vote for her, you will be inviting chaos."

Ayub had not expected that the rag-



CANDIDATE JINNAH
A million cheers for Mother.

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tag collection of opposition parties, ranging from crypto-Communists to right-wing orthodox Moslems, would unite behind a single candidate. But unite they did behind the revered sister of the late Mohammed Ali Jinnah, the *Quaid-i-Azam* (Great Leader) and founding father of Pakistan. Trained as a dental surgeon (she practiced only a year), Fatima Jinnah's experience in politics was limited to campaigning with and for her brother.

Bigwig Captain. But she has shown a gift for playing on all kinds of grievances, legitimate and otherwise. She decries Pakistan's poverty, particularly in the remote eastern half of the country, which has long felt bitterly that it is being neglected by the government. She harps on corruption, and especially on the swift advancement of Ayub Khan's eldest son, Gauhar, who resigned his army captaincy to become a bigwig in Ghandara Industries, which took over a General Motors assembly plant after the U.S. owners sold out for a million dollars. Above all, she keeps accusing Ayub of being a dictator.

By Western standards, he is. He controls the press, has jailed many opponents. But Ayub is really no more dictatorial than most Asian or African rulers, and more effective than many. After he seized power six years ago from a democratic but corrupt government, Ayub paternalistically promulgated the very constitution under which the general elections are being held. Among other things, Ayub's constitution allows women to run for office—something he may now regret. He developed a system of indirect elections called "Basic Democracy," under which voters are to choose 80,000 "basic democrats," or electors, who will cast their ballots next spring to elect a President. The men behind Fatima Jinnah, Ayub insists, want to make Pakistan "a paradise for politicians and a hell for the people."

Food for Souls. Ayub has greatly improved Pakistan's still wretched economy. Despite protests from religious conservatives, he promotes birth control to curb overpopulation. Without control, says Ayub, "in ten years human beings will be eating human beings in Pakistan." As for his son's career, Ayub says rather lamely that he likes to see all young men get ahead.

Miss Jinnah concedes there has been economic progress, but argues: "Even those who are well off miss their freedom. You know, you also need food for the soul." Bending down to stroke her black poodle, she adds: "What is the difference between this dog and myself? I feed him and look after him. Yet he wants to go out and have his own freedom—whether I like it or not." She has no illusions about winning the election, even if she captures a majority of the 80,000 "basic democrats," since the government will have five months to win them over to Ayub Khan.

ZAMBIA

Tomorrow the Moon

As celebration fever mounted last week, thousands of plumed warriors with spears and blunderbusses hunted elephants, hippos and buffaloes in the bush to provide a fitting repast for the independence day feasting. Along Northern Rhodesia's Congo border, Bemba tribesmen blasted home-made, muzzle-loading guns into the night. In Lusaka, the capital, representatives from more than 60 nations gathered to watch the lighting of a 6-ft. freedom flame marking the rechristening of Northern Rhodesia as Zambia* and its proclamation as an independent republic within the British Commonwealth. President Kenneth Kaunda tooled around about town in his $11,000 Chrysler Imperial convertible, happily waving to the cheering citizenry. Said he: "At the moment, all is gay—but soon the problems will have to be faced."

INDEPENDENCE DAY DANCERS

PETER GOODMAN

PRESIDENT KAUNDA & WIFE

Actually, the 30th African country to achieve independence in the past decade is beset by fewer problems than most. Despite sporadic fighting between government troops and the fanatical Lumpa cultists (TIME, Aug. 7), in which 650 people thus far have been shot or chopped to death and 150 villages burned to the ground, Zambia's future looks comparatively bright. One reason is that Zambia contains nearly a fourth of the world's known copper reserves, and her mines are heading for a $400 million production year, providing 68% of the gross domestic product. The chief economic problem is the desperate shortage of skilled African manpower. With 3,600,000 people scattered over an area larger than Texas, Zambia has barely 1,500 African high school graduates, fewer than 100 university graduates, four doctors, ten lawyers and no engineers. To keep the mines and mills running, Zambia is dependent on skilled white manpower.

Prison Graduate. The biggest cause for optimism is Zambia's President Kenneth Kaunda himself. A teetotaling, guitar-strumming, nonsmoking Presbyterian preacher's son and ex-schoolteacher, Kaunda spent eleven months in British jails—long enough to qualify him for leadership of the ruling United National Independence Party, but not long enough to make him a bitter enemy of the British, who ruled Northern Rhodesia for 73 years. A moderate, Kaunda opposes black racism as practiced by some of the newly independent African states, instead advocates a "multiracial society" providing equal rights for Zambia's 74,000 whites.

He has served notice that he wants a bigger slice of the profits fattening the British and U.S.-owned copper companies, but has no intention of nationalizing them. In foreign affairs, he subscribes to "positive neutrality," which means he wants to be friends equally with the West, the Soviet Union and Communist China. At the same time, he is helping an assortment of black revolutionaries, including some from Mozambique, where rebel bands have been fighting Portuguese troops since September.

Startling Vision. Yet Kaunda is painfully aware that Zambia's economy is almost wholly dependent on neighboring white-ruled countries. Zambia's exports flow through the railroads and ports of South Africa, Rhodesia and the Por-

* Southern Rhodesia will now be called just plain Rhodesia.

Play now, fly later.

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tuguese colonies, and two-thirds of Zambia's imports come from the Republic of South Africa and Rhodesia.

To diminish Zambia's dependence on the white-ruled neighbors, Kaunda wants to form an East African federation with Kenya, Uganda and Tanganyika. He has obtained agreement in principle for a 1,268-mile railroad linking Lusaka with Dar es Salaam—but the line may not be completed until 1970 or later. After being proclaimed the new nation's President-elect, Kaunda told the crowd of his vision of a free and peaceful Zambia "where people of all tribes, races, beliefs and opinions, political and otherwise, will be able to live happily and in harmony."

During the independence festivities only one noted Zambian failed to share in all the harmony. He is Edward Mukuka Nkoloso, a grade-school science teacher and the director of Zambia's National Academy of Science, Space Research and Philosophy, who claimed the goings-on interfered with his space program to beat the U.S. and the Soviet Union to the moon. Already Nkoloso is training twelve Zambian astronauts, including a curvaceous 16-year-old girl, by spinning them around a tree in an oil drum and teaching them to walk on their hands, "the only way humans can walk on the moon."

FRANCE

The Prophet of Nevertheless

"My present notoriety annoys me," wrote Jean-Paul Sartre puckishly last year. "I've lost the chance of dying unknown." That became even more of a certainty last week when the Swedish Academy bestowed on him the 1964 Nobel Prize for Literature—an honor he didn't want. Unless he changes his mind, which is unlikely, he will be the first winner to turn down the world's loftiest literary honor.* Since, as the Swedish Academy pointed out, the award stands whether the recipient formally accepts it or not, Sartre is in the most enviable position for a rebellious intellectual: he can have his prize and sneer at it too.

"I have always declined official distinctions," said Sartre, explaining that a writer who accepts an honor risks institutionalization and puts his reader under unfair pressures: "It's not the same thing if I sign 'Jean-Paul Sartre' or if I sign 'Jean-Paul Sartre, Nobel Prizewinner.'" Displaying his long on-and-off Communist sympathies, he went on to complain that the Nobel seemed to be reserved only for Westerners or dissident Eastern-bloc writers.

Faith Without Belief. As with most Nobel awards, it came to a man whose career is past its peak. Sartre at 59 remains an authentic hero for French intellectuals, including those who most despise him, and he is one of the few 20th century philosophers whose names are at least vaguely known to the public. His drama and fiction (*No Exit, Nausea, The Roads to Freedom*) are deservedly remembered, his formal philosophical works are read only by specialists and masochists.

He was perhaps at his most turgid and absurd in the long, confused eulogy of Jean Genet's scabrous *Our Lady of the Flowers*; Sartre described the book as an epic of masturbation, and Genet described Sartre in some of his favorite four-letter words. But Sartre has lately found a fresher vein; in his autobiographical *The Words* (TIME, Oct. 9) he reminisces simply and compellingly about his unhappy childhood, from which he eventually escaped into literature as others escape into religion, business, or the Foreign Legion.

Above all, it is his version of existentialism, a philosophical air-raid shelter that he erected for Europe's disillusioned intellectuals after World War II, that seems rather outdated today. It is essentially a conjuring trick—a preachment of faith without belief, of free will to no purpose. "Atheism is a cruel and long-range affair," Sartre has said. Always faithful in this affair, never publicly flirting with hope or grace (as did his fellow existentialist and fellow Nobel winner Albert Camus), Sartre takes atheism to its grim limits. Man as he sees him is alone in an absurd and meaningless universe.

Why Write? Nevertheless (if there is a single word that sums up existentialism, it is "nevertheless"), man must commit himself to causes, must bear responsibility for his acts. Only half accepting Marx and Freud, Sartre rejected both psychology and history as predetermining man's fate; man is completely free to choose between good and evil, which is an awesome burden—particularly since Sartre is never helpful enough to define the terms. But most of his characters were usually obsessed by evil.

Logicians or theologians can demolish this position, but that does not change the fact that there is a certain grandeur in it. What is less grand is Sartre's endless posturing. After having been an almost demonic writer all his life, Sartre recently seemed to reject literature itself when he said, "I have seen children dying of hunger. Over against the dying child, [a novel] cannot act as a counterweight." To which Critic Claude Simon answered impatiently, "When have corpses and books ever been weighed on the same scale? Why write at all, why publish?"

Nevertheless, Sartre will continue writing and publishing. Nevertheless, he will complain about the uselessness of it. Nevertheless, the French would not have it any other way, for he has become a kind of national institution. During the bitter war with the Algerian rebels, he joined other French intellectuals in publicly urging Frenchmen not to take up arms. Many others were jailed for it but not Sartre. When a French Cabinet minister asked him why not, President Charles de Gaulle simply shook his head and said, "Sartre is also France."

DOMINIQUE BERRETTY

NOVEL LAUREATE SARTRE
No! from a philosophical air-raid shelter.

A Beautiful Affair

Marseille is the halfway house on the world's main route of illicit drug traffic. Crude morphine from the Middle East is smuggled into the tough, jaded Mediterranean port and converted to heroin. It is then sent to New York by clandestine carriers as diverse as diplomatic pouches and the Air France stewardess caught three years ago with the stuff in her bra. Balding little Louis Lavalette, chief of the *police judiciare* for Southern France, has long had a good hunch who was behind the operation: "Monsieur Jean" Césari, a quick-witted courtly Corsican who, in 20 years of flitting through the Marseille *milieu* with few visible sources of income, has nonetheless

* Russian Novelist Boris Pasternak first accepted, then was pressured by the Soviet government into refusing the 1958 award.

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managed to acquire both a 1,000-acre Riviera estate and a handsome $50,000 villa near Aubagne guarded by five fierce police dogs.

When Lavalette's agents seized 242 lbs. of morphine base concealed in a cargo of goatskins from Turkey eleven months ago, the chief decided enough was enough, set out to nail Césari once and for all. He disguised a score of Marseille cops as everything from priests and *pétanque* players to taxi drivers and dockers, often had them make quick changes at midday while they shadowed Césari and his henchmen. Several times they discovered raw morphine on incoming freighters ticketed to Césari's hirelings (one shipment was packed in a carton of snails). But the police were unable to catch Césari manufacturing heroin—until a laborer named Albert Véran laid out $15,000 for an old stone farmhouse last May.

A Veritable Factory. Véran told his neighbors he planned to raise chickens and vegetables, but in fact he soon began receiving regular visits from Césari and curious deliveries from a variety of vehicles. Police agents furtively photographed all the visitors to the farmhouse until Lavalette had what he happily called "an international family album of drug smugglers." Then he moved in for the kill.

Two agents with shotguns, dressed as hunters, stumbled toward the farmhouse at dusk, one carrying the other on his shoulders. Reaching the door, one shouted: "Open, quick! My friend has just been badly wounded!" Véran's wife opened up; the agents grabbed her before she could push an alarm button, let Lavalette and 14 more policemen in. Upstairs they surprised Monsieur Jean stuffing heroin into cellophane bags destined for the U.S., and also uncovered not the usual kitchen-sink and gas-stove rig for boiling down morphine but an ultra-modern four-room assembly line—"a veritable factory," cried Lavalette.

C'Etait Formidable. Confident that he would be dealing "not with imbecilic bandits but with sensible men who would reflect before acting," Lavalette and his raiders carried no weapons except their prop shotguns. Living up to these expectations, Césari offered no resistance and, as Lavalette remembered the dialogue, declared solemnly: "Monsieur, permit me to offer you my hand so that I may congratulate you and your men on your job. *C'était formidable.*" Replied Lavalette: "*Mon cher,* I accept your congratulations, and I extend you my own. Thanks to you, I have accomplished the most beautiful affair that one could imagine."

Indeed Lavalette had, for seized in the farmhouse were 220 lbs. of morphine base and 220 lbs. of pure heroin, worth on the drug black market at least $5,000,000, and the largest single confiscation of illegal drugs ever brought off—almost three times as much in one haul as is typically seized all over the world in an average year. American narcotics agents were elated, praised Lavalette's coup as "sensational," since it will considerably shorten dope supplies in the New York underworld for some time.

ITALY

A Course in Geography

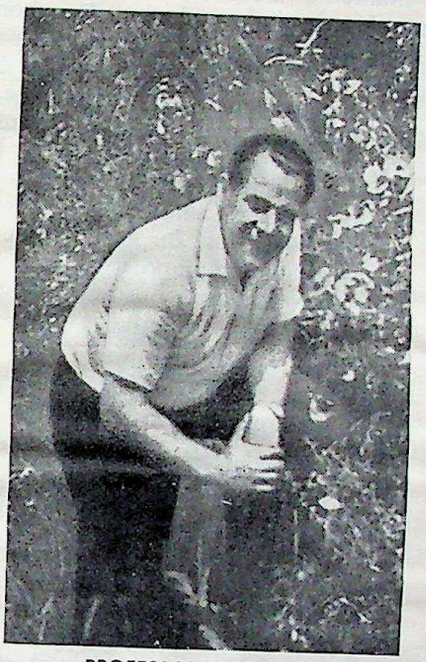
An outraged father tells a cousin that his young daughter has a problem. "Tumore [*tumor*]?" *asks the cousin solicitously. The father growls back,* "Onore [*honor*]!"

The scene is from *Seduced and Abandoned,* the uproarious and poignant film satire on Sicily's exalted, exasperating code of honor. Pretty Maria Furnari, 19, might have been the heroine of that movie. She lived a secluded life in Piazza Armerina, a town of 28,000 set in the bleak, sun-baked hills of central Sicily. At home, Maria was so strictly supervised that she could not even go to church alone. But each weekday, Maria traveled 40 miles to and from the University of Catania, where she was working toward a teaching degree. Last spring Maria entered a geography course taught by handsome Professor Francesco Speranza, 44.

In June, Speranza asked Maria to visit him to discuss her grades, which were only average. They met not at his house but at a small hotel on the city's outskirts. After the hotel meeting, Maria's grades improved enormously—she got the equivalent of 100.

Corner Cowerer. All seemed to go well for a while, scholastically and romantically. But, gradually, Maria grew depressed because Speranza refused to leave his wife and live with her. Moreover, Mamma Furnari was becoming suspicious of the high grades in geography and troubled by a warning from a gossipy neighbor. Mamma and Maria had it out, and when the girl confessed her affair, she had to repeat it all to her father, Gaetano Furnari, 40, who jumped up from the dining-room table and ordered Maria to follow him. Hiring a car and muttering imprecations, Furnari drove to Catania. Dragging Maria behind him, he burst into a classroom where Speranza and two other professors were holding oral examinations of 15 students.

When he discovered which professor was Speranza, Furnari whipped out a pistol, shouted, "See this?" and fired five shots. As Speranza fell dead, screaming students bolted for the exits; one teacher tripped and fell trying to escape, the other cowered in a corner. Ignoring them, Furnari calmly pocketed the gun and gave himself up to the police. To his weeping daughter, Furnari said sternly, "Why are you crying? For me? You should have thought of me before. I have vindicated your honor, *bambina.*"



PROFESSOR SPERANZA

ITALIA

PUPIL FURNARI

Everyone scored 100.

Unwatered Veins. Maria told the police she thought her father only intended to convince Speranza that he should live with her. Exactly, said her father, but "when I saw him before me, this man who had ruined my daughter and my entire existence, my intention gave way to instinct. My hand went automatically to my pistol and I fired away!" He added, "Unfortunately, I am a Sicilian, and in my veins I have blood, not dirty water."

In their hearts, everyone knew he was right. The neighbors in Piazza Armerina are raising a defense fund; the Roman Catholic authorities in Catania have refused a church funeral to the murdered philanderer; and the police recorded Furnari's crime as *un delitto d'onore* (a crime of honor), punishable —if he is found guilty—by a mere three to seven years in jail.

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JAMAICA

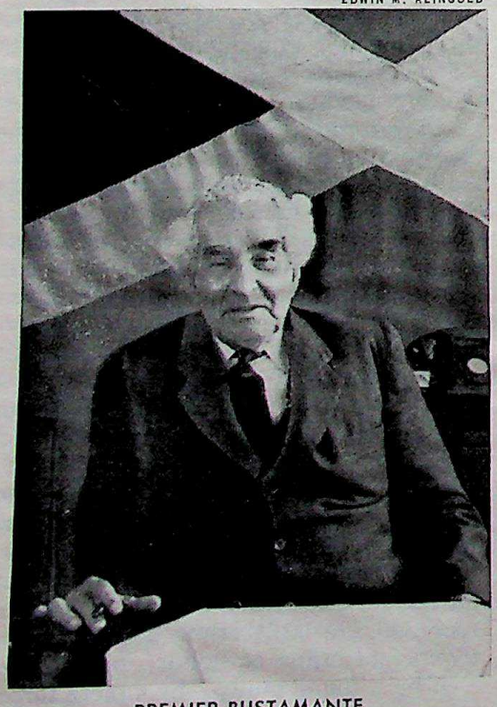
Race with Unrest

"The government say we got to creep before we walk," said a Kingston shoeshine boy, snapping his cloth. Then he looked up. "Hell, mon, we been creeping forever." Just finished celebrating its second anniversary of nationhood after 307 years of British rule, Jamaica is an impatient country, increasingly dissatisfied with merely creeping toward the accouterments of modern life that newly independent peoples feel they have coming to them. Jamaicans want TV sets, washing machines, new autos—and they want them soon.

Short of the Goal. Under Sir Alexander Bustamante, 80, a white-maned half-Irishman who organized the island's labor unions in the turbulent 1930s, the government has an ambitious, five-year plan for new schools, hospitals, roads and housing. Shrewd tax benefits have attracted foreign companies to Jamaica —Esso has opened an $18 million refinery, Sterling Drug and International Telephone & Telegraph are building plants. Tourism is thriving, will probably hit about 230,000 people this year. But last year's overall economic growth rate fell short of the plan's intended 5% annual gain, and there are other worries.

Jamaica's galloping birth rate (40 per 1,000 *v.* 22 per 1,000 in the U.S.) will boost the Connecticut-sized island's population 18% to nearly 2,000,000 by 1970. Emigration to Britain, formerly Jamaica's main outlet, has been cut off, which means more food, more jobs must be found. As matters stand, Jamaica cannot feed even its present population, has spent some $30 million to import food in the first six months this year. Most Jamaicans regard farming as too servile; by the thousands they drift into the Kingston capital seeking clerk and factory jobs, but these are so scarce that an estimated 22% of Jamaica's 650,000-man work force is unemployed.

EDWIN M. REINGOLD



PREMIER BUSTAMANTE
Five years for success.

Quiet Wishes. No one expects violent explosions in Jamaica in the near future. Jamaicans are a smiling, gentle people with an abiding respect for British-style law and order. Yet Bustamante's cousin and arch political rival, Norman Washington Manley, 71, has a point when he charges that the government has failed to get the country moving as fast as it should. In private, some of Bustamante's own ministers tend to agree.

They quietly wish that their honored but aging chief would step aside. After a cataract operation in April, Bustamante can work only part time. Yet he insists on making all decisions and continues to run the Jamaica Labor Party as absolute—and sometimes capricious—boss. Recently two of his senators failed to vote for a government bill making flogging mandatory in rape sentences. An enraged Bustamante ordered them to resign. They did.

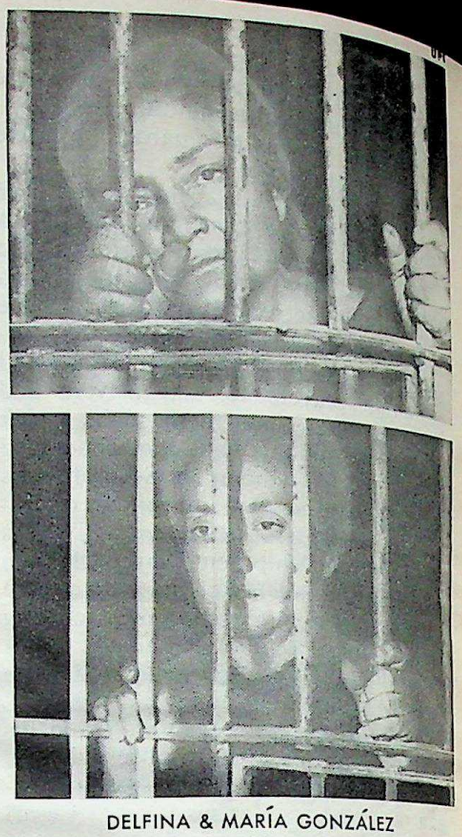
MEXICO

Sisters of Shame

One Sunday morning last January, three weeping mothers rushed into the police station in the sun-baked city of León in central Mexico. Breathlessly, they told the police chief of a tip on the whereabouts of their long-missing teen-aged daughters. A young girl who had escaped from a brothel had informed them that their children were being held captive on a ranch somewhere near León. Nosing around a ranch in the area two days later, the police chief accidentally stepped into some soft earth. To his horror, out popped a woman's arm—the first clue in one of the ugliest chains of crime in Mexican history.

From 14 to 25. Storming into the ranch house, police found 19 teen-aged girls, including the three for whom the search was started. They were prisoners in what Mexican newspapers called "a concentration camp for white slaves," complete with tiny cells and grisly torture devices. In the house, police arrested two notorious white slavers, Delfina González Valenzuela, 55, her sister María de Jesús, 40, and a handful of their helpers. A few weeks later police picked up a third sister, Eva. Further search at the ranch and at two brothels owned by the sisters uncovered the remains of 17 young women and five babies.

Over the next few months, the police pieced together evidence of at least 35 murders (some said that the total exceeded 100), and a picture of a ruthless white-slave ring that had been trafficking in young girls for at least ten years. The girls, ranging in age from 14 to 25 and all from poor families, were lured by promises of jobs as maids in upper-class families. Then they were raped by a ring employee and hustled off to a training brothel in the farming town of San Francisco del Rincón. At least 2,000 girls had passed through the ring since 1954. Most of them were sold to brothel owners throughout Mexico at $80 per girl; the rest went into the sisters' own establishments. Said one 14-year-old: "When a girl would get sick from not being given enough to eat and being beaten so badly, she would be taken from the room where we were locked up, and we would never see her again. We were told that she was taken to the hospital."



DELFINA & MARÍA GONZÁLEZ
Forty years for massacre.

The Royal Bed. The "hospital" was, in fact, the ranch near León where the sick were sent to die and rebellious girls were sent for discipline. "Some died of hunger, some of sickness, and others couldn't take the punishment with the stick," admitted one helper. The sisters' undertaker described how she "sprinkled the bodies with kerosene and set them on fire. Then we would call our gravedigger." A girl told how she was left alone without medical care while giving birth to her child, which then died and was buried in the ranch yard. The most feared torture was what the sisters called the *cama real* (royal bed), a narrow board onto which girls were placed and wrapped in barbed wire so that even the slightest movement caused a cut. Sessions on the *cama real* lasted for days at a time.

Last week, in a San Francisco del Rincón courtroom cleared of spectators to guard against attack, the three sisters were found guilty of first-degree murder, white slavery and assorted other crimes and sentenced to the maximum penalty under Mexican law: 40 years in prison.

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Turnabout is fair play, decided bearded New Orleans Jazzman **Al Hirt**, 41. He had cut a disk with the Boston Pops in Symphony Hall, so this time it was Conductor **Arthur Fiedler**, 69, guesting it high on the revolving stage of Hirt's Bourbon Street hangout. "Where are the other 90 musicians?" Fiedler began, raising his baton, whereupon the six-man combo beat him to the beat by hurtling into *Trumpeter's Lullaby*. "We only have one rule," Al explained kindly. "The one who finishes first gets to play the ending." Since Fiedler had never really started in the first place, he made the grand finale by cracking his baton across his knee.

. . .

At the age of 42, "to please my father, tease the Pope, and spite the devil," **Martin Luther**, a former Augustinian monk, married Catherine von Bora, a 26-year-old former Cistercian nun. The event horrified Catholic Christendom, set the precedent for all future Protestant divines, and led the humanist Erasmus to remark that the Reformation "had started out like a tragedy, but ended as all comedies do—in a wedding." Now from East Germany comes word that Luther's wedding ring, missing since World War I, has apparently been rediscovered in the keeping of a Schönberg family. Engraved on it are the names of the bride and groom and the date: June 13, 1525.

. . .

From Anka to Zeckendorf, some 1,500 of Manhattan's nabobs and thingamabobs brought their fairest ladies to the $150-a-seat benefit première of The Movie Version (*see* CINEMA). The traffic jam packed 14 blocks of Broadway so solidly that Star Audrey Hepburn had to desert her limousine to trek the last block to the theater. Still, the snafu gave the locust swarm of lensmen a heyday, feasting their flashbulbs on the likes of Jean Kennedy Smith and Mrs. Winston ("CeeZee") Guest, as well as a handful of Hollywood's last duchesses. Joan Fontaine simply glowed, Jennifer Jones fluttered a huge black boa, but Pepsi-Cola's sociable **Joan Crawford**, 56, in her diamond tiara, outqueened them all. "Darling, you must be proud of you!" she said to Audrey at intermission.

ALAN GROSSMAN

FIRST-NIGHTER CRAWFORD
Pride-purveyor for Pepsi.

AP

HIRT & TRUMPET TYRO FIEDLER
Baton-bagger on Bourbon Street.

. . .

On Feb. 15, 1944, the 14th century Benedictine abbey of Monte Cassino, in central Italy 80 miles south of Rome, was razed by Allied bombers because it was being used as a German stronghold. Today the monastery has been rebuilt in all its Renaissance splendor. Nonetheless, said **Pope Paul VI**, 67, consecrating its new church, "Just as it seems incredible that war should have been made against this abbey, so it does not seem real to us to see it restored. It is as if it wished to delude us into thinking nothing had happened. We do not wish to pass judgment on those who were the cause. But we cannot but deplore that civilized man dared make the tomb of St. Benedict the target of pitiless violence."

. . .

Largely recovered from the ear injury that sidelined him in last spring's U.S. Senate primary race in Ohio, Astronaut **John Glenn**, 43, was named a director of Georgia's Royal Crown Cola Co.

. . .

On board a horse called Slapstick, Jockey **Willie Shoemaker** won his 5,000th race, and Long Island's Aqueduct race-track officials clustered around to give him a combination clock-thermometer-barometer. The great Eddie Arcaro, who hung up his silks in 1961, booted home only 4,779 winners, and the $32,237,289 won by Shoemaker's mounts surpasses Arcaro's previous record winnings. In the numbers game, the Shoe still has to pass veteran John Longden, who at 57 has 5,900 wins to his string. But with Willie only a sprout of 33, that record should be a shoo-in.

. . .

The Long Island Gold Coast that F. Scott Fitzgerald talked about is a trifle tarnished, with all those marinas and split-level commuter crates along the North Shore. Still, there are a few old-order enclaves, such as 47-acre West Island in Glen Cove, owned by **Louise Converse Morgan**, widow of Junius S., daughter-in-law of J. P., artist, philanthropist, and a lady who so loves to cultivate her gardens that most of the remaining Social Registerites in the region have never met her. On her estate, **Jacqueline Kennedy**, 35, has leased a "small" (ten-room) weekend cottage, with stables for Sardar and Macaroni.

. . .

Ill lay: **Dwight Eisenhower**, 74, at Washington's Walter Reed Hospital with a "moderately severe" inflammation of the respiratory tract; former Supreme Court Justice **Harold Burton**, 76, in Washington's George Washington University Hospital with an advanced case of Parkinson's disease; Playwright **Lorraine Hansberry**, 34, in a coma with cancer at Manhattan's University Hospital; Comedienne **Carol Burnett**, 29, in traction ("I'll probably be 7 feet 8 inches when I get out") at Manhattan's Hospital for Joint Diseases, for correction of a spinal injury incurred during a pratfall in her 1959 hit, *Once Upon a Mattress*.

. . .

Down Under wasn't exactly where **Arnold Palmer**, 35, was golfing last week. It was Up Yonder. True, Arnie was playing in a tournament near Melbourne, but on the ninth hole, his second shot came to rest 20 ft. up a gum tree. Officials said he could drop it, for a two-stroke penalty, or replay the shot, for one, but Arnie's Aussie army was hollering: " 'Ave a go!" So up he clambered, then took a swipe-whish-splonk-wobble-thonk, and the ball, at least, bounced to the ground. Arnie bogeyed the hole—but only because he goofed the putt.

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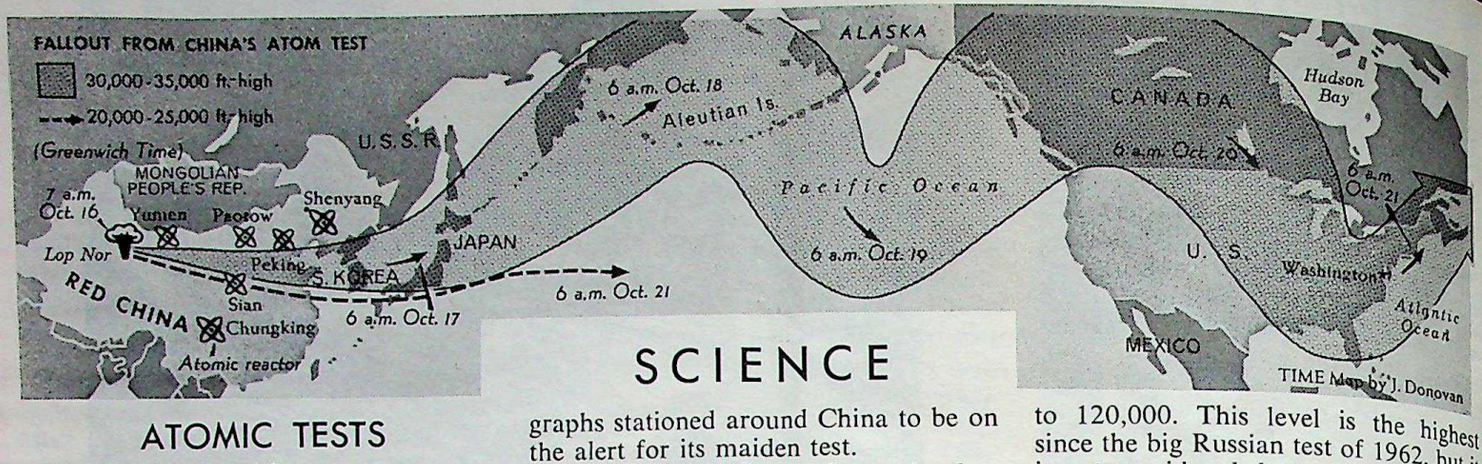

SCIENCE

ATOMIC TESTS

The Blast at Lop Nor

The bleak land around Lop Nor, a salt lake in the Takla Makan Desert of Red China's Sinkiang province, is one of the most remote and unpleasant places on earth. But last week Lop Nor was suddenly familiar to all the world when President Johnson pinpointed it as the place where the Chinese had conducted their first atomic test.

U.S. authorities have not yet told all they know about the Chinese test, presumably because disclosure would divulge too much about their detection methods, which are extremely efficient. They predicted the blast weeks in advance, reported it almost as soon as it happened, named its fissionable material, estimated its energy and followed the spreading cloud of radioactivity as it circled the Northern Hemisphere on the fast westerly winds that prevail at high altitudes.

Slim Tower. The Chinese test was in the atmosphere; the nuclear device was probably perched on a slim tower several hundred feet high to keep the fireball out of contact with the ground. This type of test, outlawed by the U.S., Russia and Britain by the 1963 test ban treaty, has much to recommend it to the novice nuclear power. The explosion's position is known precisely, and it can be watched by hundreds of instruments, some of them so close that they are vaporized a few microseconds after they send their data.

Underground tests, such as the one that the U.S. conducted last week in a salt dome near Baxterville, Miss., are much more expensive and not as convenient to observe. They are also harder to detect and might well be carried out in secret.

Near-surface explosions can never be secret. They proclaim themselves loudly in many different ways. The shock wave smacks the ground hard, starting characteristic earth waves that may be detected by seismographs thousands of miles away. In the air the shock wave turns into a sound wave that weakens as it travels until it dwindles into a brief rise of barometric pressure. In its last weak form, the wave can cover thousands of miles before it becomes too faint for microbarographs to distinguish it from natural variations of atmospheric pressure. The U.S. undoubtedly had many seismographs and microbarographs stationed around China to be on the alert for its maiden test.

Prattling Particles. Radios and radars were also alert. Any nuclear explosion sets off a great variety of electromagnetic waves, some of which are in the radio segment of the spectrum. They travel great distances, guided around the curve of the earth by ionized layers in the upper atmosphere, and they are not difficult to detect. The explosion-born pulse of radio waves disappears quickly, but another radio effect lingers on. As the mushroom cloud climbs into the stratosphere, its radioactivity releases a vast number of electrons that ionize a mass of air and turn it into a radio wave reflector. This air mass shows up on long-distance radars, and it may distort radio waves coming from beyond it. A combination of all these long-distance methods of measurement can pinpoint the explosion accurately and give a good idea of its strength.

The AEC classed the Chinese explosion as "weak," meaning its energy was equal to about 20 kilotons of chemical explosive. But only the testers themselves can now be sure whether the low power was intentional, to save precious fissionable material, or a result of poor design and construction. Radioactive particles collected by high-flying airplanes may soon provide an answer, however, for the particles prattle all sorts of secrets: whether the fissionable material used was plutonium or U-235; how much of it was wasted; whether an attempt was made to get fusion (hydrogen bomb) action.

Clicking Counters. Except for describing the bomb as weak, U.S. authorities at first released no figures, and the Weather Bureau, which traced the radioactive cloud, reported its directional progress only, making no comment on its intensity except to say that it was not strong enough to be at all dangerous. But in bomb-bitten Japan, where radiation watching is something of a national hobby, rooftop Geiger counters started clicking ominously. Scientists caught rain water to measure its activity, and jets brought samples down from the sky. About 30 hours after the explosion the radiation count at Niigata, 180 miles north of Tokyo, rose from zero to 30,000 micromicrocuries per square meter of ground. The level at Tokyo's Institute of Meteorological Research rose from the normal 100 micromicrocuries per square meter to 120,000. This level is the highest since the big Russian test of 1962, but it is not considered dangerous to humans.

At first, U.S. authorities seemed to agree that the Chinese must have used plutonium as their fissionable material. The process of separating U-235 from natural uranium requires enormous amounts of electric power, and China is power poor. Plutonium, on the other hand, is made in nuclear reactors, which require little external power. China is known to have reactors, and both air surveyance and ground spying have reported a large reactor complex near Paotow in Inner Mongolia. Japanese students of Chinese activities also agreed that China must have used plutonium because it lacked the electricity needed for the production of U-235.

But the neat theory was destroyed when the AEC announced a preliminary analysis. That report indicated that the Chinese test used "a fission device employing U-235." Unless the Russians in friendlier years got the Lop Nor bomb work started with a goodly amount of U-235, the Chinese must somehow have scraped up the electricity to make the stuff, or less likely, invented a new and better process.

Implosion. Another nugget of information in the AEC report was word that the Chinese depended on an implosion (inward-striking detonation) of chemicals to compress their U-235 and make it fission. Such a device is more effective than shooting two chunks of fissionable material toward each other in an apparatus like a gun barrel, as was done in the U.S. bomb exploded over Hiroshima. The U.S. also used the implosion method in its earliest nuclear weapons. Although a surprising number of commentators assumed that use of implosion showed advanced skill by the Chinese, the AEC did not agree. "The low yield of the test," it said, "coupled with other information obtained from the radioactive debris indicates that the technology of the device is that which we would associate with an early nuclear test."

Spotting the actual test site should not have been hard. Since the Russians stopped supplying them with the latest Soviet missiles and interceptors, the Chinese have been almost helpless against photographic flights by U-2s and other high-flying airplanes. Deep in the desert, the site in Sinkiang requires conspicuous roads, transport vehicles,

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housing, supply dumps. Its burst of activity before the test must have been plainly visible to U-2s and perhaps to reconnaissance satellites orbiting overhead. If such activity still continues in the hostile Takla Makan, the Chinese are likely as Secretary Rusk announced last week, to shoot a second test soon.

Can Life Survive The Bomb?

When Red China crashed the nuclear club, its A-bomb test blast echoed through all the world's capitals. And it roused once again the specter of a dead and devastated world. Scientists and laymen alike have long feared that the aftermath of a nuclear attack would be a desolation of blasted, baked and radioactive wasteland. What life survived the initial holocaust, it was agreed, would surely succumb to the longer-lasting hazards of atomic radiation. So far, the best proving grounds for such theories are Bikini and Eniwetok, the two Pacific atolls that were clobbered by some 60 atomic explosions, from the low-yield nuclear blasts that hit Bikini back in 1946 to the mighty hydrogen bombs let loose on Bikini and Eniwetok between 1954 and 1958.

To find out what happened to the plant and animal life that once inhabited these coral islands, a team of University of Washington radiologists, sponsored by the Atomic Energy Commission, have made an extensive, five-week survey. They report findings that seem to suggest that if ever men are foolish enough to pull the nuclear trigger—and fortunate enough to limit the area of conflict—the earth may not become a wasteland after all.

Magnolia & Morning-Glory. Wading ashore on Namu in the Bikini atoll, an island so hard hit by atomic fireballs that its entire top was blown off, the scientists found it covered with sedge, beach magnolia, and the small white-flowered tree messerschmidia, which was named for the 18th century German botanist, Daniel Messerschmid. So thick were the morning-glory vines on some of the islets that the scientists had to hack their way through with machetes. Birds are back in the atolls, replacing those that were killed or so crippled that they starved to death.

When the scientists swam under water to collect fish samples, they found shoals of parrot fish, surgeonfish and triggerfish, and school after school of brightly striped convict fish; significantly, none of them appeared altered by radioactivity. A few species, however, did not come through so well. The coconut crab, once a delicacy of the atolls, is now inedible because it has retained such a high level of strontium 90. The reason is that when the crab molts, it eats its old shell for the mineral content and so reabsorbs its radioactivity.

Clams & Tenacity. Now back in Seattle, Chief University of Washington radiologist Lauren R. Donaldson and his team are trying to solve the problem raised by the high survival rate on the atolls. Part of the answer surely lies with the tropical atolls themselves, where soothing trade winds and warm ocean currents forever bring birds, fish and seeds from far, unbombed shores. But another part of the puzzle may be the manner in which animals absorb and then throw off radiation. Donaldson and company have brought back hundreds of fish and wildlife samples from the atolls, are now analyzing them for radiation clues. Their most promising specimens are giant clams that were dredged up alive four miles from the center of the blasts that seared the atolls. The great mollusks have pumped thousands of gallons of irradiated water through their systems, and as a result, Donaldson points out, "will have biologically monitored all of the events that transpired."

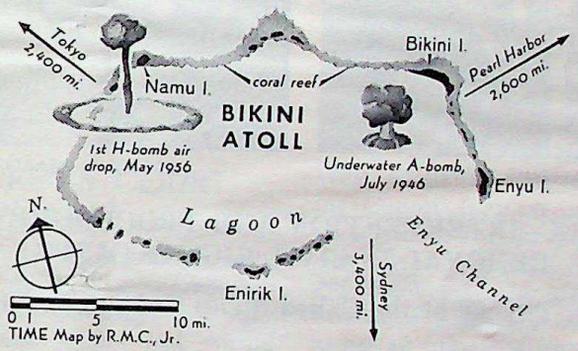
But Donaldson is still worried that his tests may prove inconclusive, if only because many species of atoll animals and plants may have perished from radiation damage before he got there. He is also convinced that no man could have survived the tests without suffering radiation damage; it is the lowest organisms that survive best. Even so, there is obviously much to learn. "Life," says Donaldson, "has a tenaciousness not often appreciated."

TECHNOLOGY

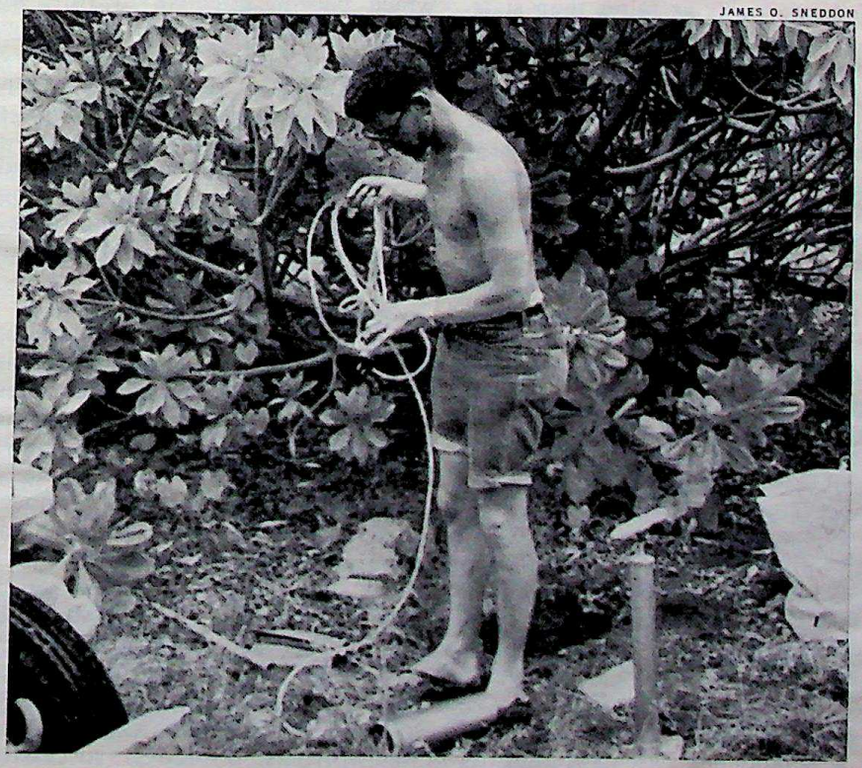
Getting the Word by Skin

The modern airplane pilot is assaulted by vital information. His cabin is lined with instruments competing for his eyes' attention; into his ears stream insistent voices and electronic signals. As if all this were not enough, the pilot may soon be expected to react to communications coming through his skin. Far from being an added distraction, says Psychology Professor Frank A. Geldard of Princeton's Cutaneous Communications Laboratory, skin signals sent out by small electrical vibrators buzzing at the rate of 60 cycles per second, will take some of the burden off the pilot's saturated eyes and ears. A ring of vibrators worn around his waist and buzzing in rapid sequence will feel like a spinning Hula Hoop. The message would be an effective means of alerting a pilot to a particular danger.

The vibrators can work on almost any convenient part of the body. All who have used them agree that there is no difficulty in separating their skin-received messages from sight and hearing. Says Dr. Geldard: "It's like listening to your wife talk while reading the newspaper and while a child is pulling your foot."



JAMES O. SNEDDON



SCIENTIST RETURNING TO BIKINI-ATOLL JUNGLE
Bird song, greenery and radioactive crab.

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CONSTITUTIONAL LAW

The Rage to Remove

What do a Brooklyn gambler, a Manhattan cop, a Harlem politician, the mother of Massachusetts' Governor and hundreds of civil rights workers from Florida to Mississippi have in common? Answer: all are trying to remove the various criminal charges against them from state to federal courts. They are caught up in a headlong trend that intrigues lawyers, alarms judges, and is certain soon to confront the Supreme Court with some of the thorniest state-federal conflicts in U.S. legal history.

Rightly or wrongly, many lawyers regard federal courts as fairer than state courts. "The judges are honest, the jurors are brighter," says one lawyer bluntly. Certain kinds of cases, such as some suits between citizens of different states, have always been removable to federal courts. But the states are supposed to handle the vast bulk of U.S. litigation. To states' rights advocates, Congress went haywire after the Civil War when it set out to prevent the abuse of Negroes by extending the "removal" right, under what is now Title 28, Section 1443 of the U.S. Code, to what looked at first like a sweeping category of civil and criminal cases that involved alleged state denial of equal rights.

Flooding the Courts. Alarmed at the potential damage to state courts, the Supreme Court, beginning in the 1870s, sharply limited the right of removal to cases involving clearly unconstitutional state laws, such as a murder law prescribing a life sentence for whites and death for Negroes. U.S. district judges got in the habit of sending removed cases back to state courts for trial, and when a defendant's case was thus remanded, he had no right to appeal the federal judge's order.

But the civil rights revolution has raised sharp questions. Where can a Mississippi Negro, for example, seek relief if the state denies him a fair trial and a federal judge refuses to listen? Must he travel the long road through the state courts to the U.S. Supreme Court? All over the South, arrested civil rights workers have complained that the tradition of immediate remand denies them federal hearings in cases of obviously violated constitutional rights. The answer to their complaint is Title IX of the 1964 Civil Rights Act, which now permits remands to be appealed to U.S. courts of appeals.

Spurred by the promise of Title IX, which became effective in July, more and more remand appeals have plagued the South's Fifth Circuit Court of Appeals. The cases range from trumped-up traffic violations against Mississippi rights workers to group petitions for several hundred defendants (including Massachusetts' Mrs. Malcolm Peabody, the Governor's mother) who were involved in last spring's racial demonstrations in St. Augustine, Fla.

Dismay & Delight. So new is this phenomenon that the appellate court has yet to rule on the merits of a single appeal, and the defendants, as a result, are free on bail. Now there is a prickly prospect that federal courts may be deluged with every single state case bearing the slightest alleged connection to civil rights. In short, Title IX might turn out to be a gateway through which much state-court business will vanish.

Civil rights leaders are ecstatic at the possibilities. "It's a tremendous device —how to screw up the system in one easy lesson," says a Florida lawyer. "Anyone who wants to can delay a case for two years." Moreover, successful removal means that state prosecutors must try rights cases in federal courts under unfamiliar rules. Fearful of losing, the prosecutors may well drop many such cases—a prospect that delights University of Pennsylvania Law Professor Anthony Amsterdam, a leading civil rights lawyer, who argues that most rights cases are "harassment prosecutions that should never have been brought in the first place."

Already the removal threat has forced prosecutors in Mississippi and other Southern states to start bargaining with rights lawyers ("If you don't try to remove, I'll give you a continuance"). An Atlanta Negro lawyer is optimistic: "The time may come when state courts will adjudicate these issues so responsibly that it will not be necessary to go into federal court."

Hide-and-Seek. But if removal is a potent weapon against local injustice, prosecution lawyers also see it as a Pandora's box. In Brooklyn, for example, Gambler Seymour Kaminetsky has just petitioned for removal to federal court after being held in contempt for refusal to testify before a local grand jury. Last week a federal judge remanded Kaminetsky's case on the grounds that "a state court should not be rendered impotent whenever a litigant therein disagrees with its procedure." Under Title IX, Kaminetsky may be able to appeal and stay out of jail for months.

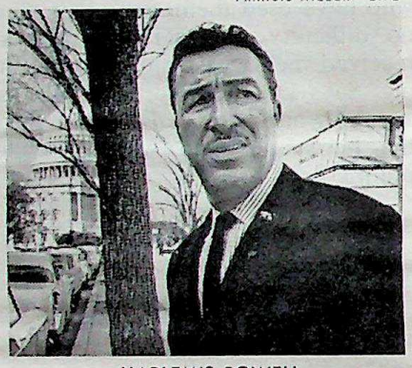
Such is the removal fad that Harlem Congressman Adam Clayton Powell's latest gimmick for evading a $46,500 libel judgment against him is to claim (under Title 28's Section 1442) that he must be defended by the Justice Department in a federal court because a state court is interfering with his duties as a federal "officer." Though unlikely to get Justice Department support, Powell has thus used removal as a new way to play legal hide-and-seek. Hundreds of such ploys may sprout all over the country. To balance soundly the good and bad aspects of removal is likely to give the Supreme Court a hair-splitting headache.

28 U. S. C. § 1443 (1958)

§ 1443. *Civil rights cases.*

Any of the following civil actions or criminal prosecutions,

FRANCIS MILLER—LIFE



HARLEM'S POWELL

CHARLES MOORE—BLACK STAR

BOSTON'S PEABODY

TITLE IX—INTERVENTION AND PROCEDURE AFTER REMOVAL IN CIVIL RIGHTS CASES

Sec. 901. Title 28 of the United States Code, section 1447(d), is

LAW SCHOOLS

Stanford's Shiny Fish

In its search for a replacement for retiring Law Dean Carl B. Spaeth, Stanford University managed to maintain its record as a ferocious raider of Ivy League faculties. Yale's bright, articulate Bayless Manning, 41, rolled into Palo Alto last summer completely equipped with wife, four children, black Porsche sports car, a worn set of Shakespeare, an Egyptian statue, a dagger that had been used in a Philippine murder and a rapidly expanding reputation as one of the busiest young legal scholars in the business. Manning's former boss, Yale Law Dean Eugene V. Rostow, had already given warning of the prodigy he was sending west: "Manning is one of the shiniest fish ever to come out of the sea. He has the drive, charm and quickness to do anything."

Bay Manning has been what Rostow

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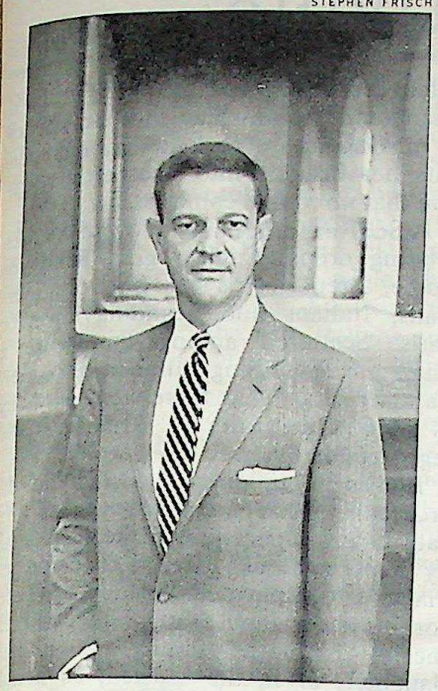
STEPHEN FRISCH



BAYLESS MANNING
A dean with a dream.

calls "a phenomenon" ever since he hurtled out of Fall River (Mass.) High School in 1940 with a scholarship and the intellectual agility to race through Yale at the head of his class only two years later. At 19, having learned Japanese with no visible effort, he became one of the Army cryptanalysts who helped to break the Japanese naval code, which cleared the decks for U.S. victory at Midway. When he graduated from Yale Law School in 1949, he was again No. 1 in his class and editor in chief of the *Law Journal*. After he clerked for Supreme Court Justice Stanley Reed, even that usually reserved jurist marked Manning as "exceptionally brilliant."

No Sulking. What admirers call his "orderly intellect" persuaded Manning to spurn Wall Street for faster progress with a big Cleveland law firm. In six years, he became not only a formidable young corporation lawyer, but also a part-time political scientist at Western Reserve University and a leading spirit of the Cleveland Metropolitan Service Commission. When Yale made him a law professor at 33, the Cleveland Plain Dealer lamented the departure of "a young man with an admirable civic conscience."

At Yale, Manning churned out pioneering articles on corporation law, organized lively seminars on everything from state governments to Latin American jurisprudence. He rebuilt a Connecticut farmhouse with his own hands, found time to draft the state's new corporation law and persuade the state legislature to enact it. Fluent in Spanish, to say nothing of Norwegian and Japanese, Manning helped to organize the Peace Corps program in Latin America, did research for the CIA, helped draft the 1962 Trade Extension Act, and for NATO on the problems of multinational nuclear force and hit the banquet trail as the Yale law faculty's most zealous rustler of alumni cash. Through it all, Manning stayed as cool and witty as ever. "He never bristles or sulks," says Rostow, "and he needs no soothing."

Well-Trained Outrage. Dean Manning sees Stanford Law (enrollment: 420) as "verging on the greatness of a Yale or a Harvard," exults in a five-fold rise in applications since 1958 that gives the school a golden chance for selectivity. He has expensive ambitions: a $1,500,000 expansion of the school's skimpy law library, ten more teachers to allow the present 20-man faculty to branch out into such fields as international trade and Soviet law. Although the university itself has just raised a record $113 million, Manning will need even more to fulfill his dream of "a great law school"—one that simultaneously trains working lawyers, leads in reforming the law, joins all scholars in philosophical inquiry and produces citizens "with a special capacity for outrage at injustice."

Already hard at work shaking Stanford-leaning money trees, Manning will also teach and do research on "how to preserve the integrity of local governments midst a burgeoning national government and a roaring national economy." If all this fails to keep him busy, he will doubtless turn up reorganizing California's education industry, while working out solutions for Southeast Asia in his spare time.

THE SUPREME COURT

Discretion on *De Facto*

Are school boards constitutionally obliged to remedy school segregation caused by housing patterns? No, implied the Supreme Court last spring when it refused to review a lower-court decision permitting the Gary, Ind., board to ignore *de facto* segregation. Are school boards constitutionally empowered to remedy *de facto* if they wish to? Yes, implied the Supreme Court when it refused to review a decision last week by the New York Court of Appeals.

Unlike Gary, New York City's board of education had deliberately made pupils' race a consideration as it tried to "balance" a *de facto* school. It drew the attendance zone for a new Brooklyn junior high school in such a way that its pupils were equally divided among Negroes, Puerto Ricans and "others," which is the board's euphemistic term for non-Puerto Rican whites. But four white parents claimed that the plan set up a racial quota system that violated a state education law against school racial discrimination. Not so, countered the board, arguing that the so-called quota was designed only to balance the new school at the beginning. After that, the school would be open to any child of any race who lived in or moved into the school's area.

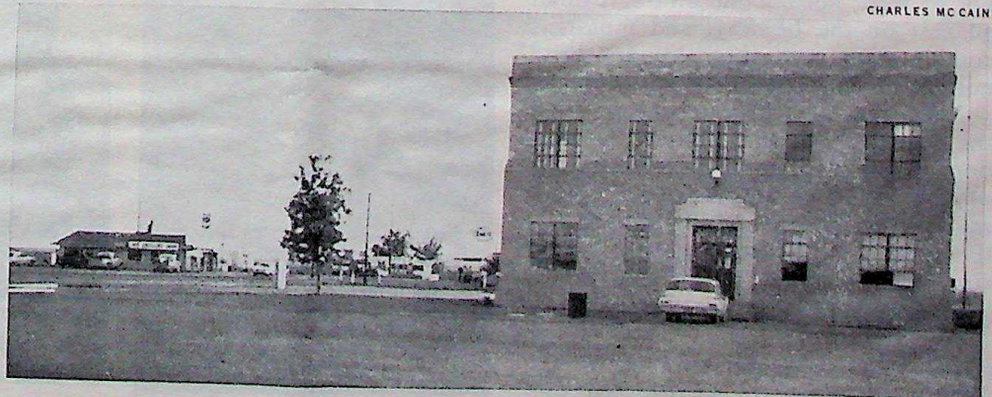
A trial court ruled against the board, but the state's highest court found that the school zoning plan was fair, reasonable, and carefully aimed at avoiding segregation rather than enforcing it. Given such circumstances, ruled the court, the board is constitutionally permitted to zone new schools on the basis of race "in addition to other relevant factors." By refusing to review either the Gary or New York decisions, the only such cases that have thus far reached it, the Supreme Court, as predicted (TIME, Sept. 18), has held in effect that the Constitution currently gives school boards broad discretion to treat *de facto* as local wisdom dictates.

JURIES

The Missing Case of Loving

The law has so few customers in West Texas' oil-rich, 647-sq.-mi. Loving County that no one has been put in jail there for the past five years. So isolated are Loving's 160 citizens that the county seat of Mentone (pop. 50) was once suggested as the ideal place to get an impartial jury for Jack Ruby. Just how miserable that move would have made Loving was made clear in a rare order just handed down by State District Judge J. H. Starley. Confronted with a troublesome property deed case in Mentone, Judge Starley counted up Loving's grand total of 80 qualified jurors and banished the case to another county on the unusual ground that he could not possibly muster a Loving jury "without completely closing down the economic life of the county."

CHARLES MC CAIN



COUNTY COURTHOUSE IN MENTONE
A trial could be an ordeal.

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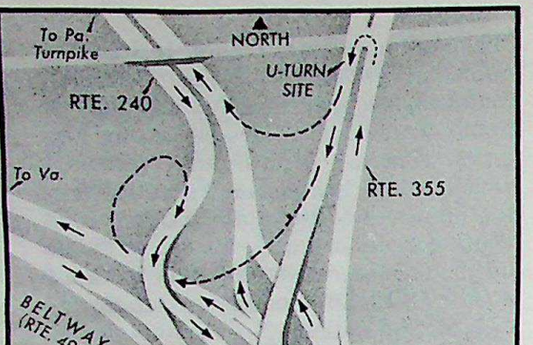

THE HIGHWAY

Trapped in Spaghetti

You are tooling along the superhighway when the signs suddenly begin to snap up before your eyes. You want to get off at the interchange. But where? There it is—no—yes—better hurry—and you spin into the cloverleaf with the sickening feeling that you're probably wrong and doomed to go miles out of your way.

The brand-new Pook's Hill Interchange near Bethesda, Md., is different. There you can be absolutely certain that you're wrong. They left out half the exit ramps.

At Pook's Hill, Washington's new four-lane Capital Beltway, which circles the metropolitan area, intersects the six-lane Route 355 and the four-lane Route 240; and the designers have ingeniously arranged it so that all three superhighways come together at once in a magnificent swirl of concrete spaghetti. Tourists tend to think their frustration is their own fault; it is all but inconceivable to the average mind that on such an elaborate interlacement of roads, eastbound traffic on the beltway cannot go north on Route 355; westbound beltway traffic cannot go south on Route 355; southbound on 355 cannot go west; northbound on 355 cannot go east on the beltway; and motorists coming from Pittsburgh cannot head north on Route 355.

Local residents have discovered that the only way to turn off the beltway onto Route 355 is by heading in the opposite direction and making a U-turn into the oncoming traffic. Not only is this uncommonly hazardous, but during rush hours it chokes off one traffic lane with cars waiting (drivers fuming) to make the turn.

No one seems to know how the Pook's Hill plans got so pixilated, and no one seems to know what's going to be done about it.

THE JOB

Girls by Rotation

It all began before World War II, when teen-age daughters from different lands swapped places and parents, took on household and child-care chores in return for bed, board and the chance to learn a new language. The system was called *au pair* (on a par) because, it was hoped, the new member of the family would be treated as if she belonged there.

Today, au pair has become the poor girl's junior year abroad—a way to spend time in another country while Mother rests easy, secure in the knowledge that her daughter is not alone in a strange land. Girls from 15 to 30, usually listed as students and therefore technically not workers, slip comfortably past immigration roadblocks and working restrictions even in countries that jealously repel foreigners who might take jobs away from natives.

Some countries have gone so far as to set up agencies specializing in au pairs. These act as a kind of clearing-house, matching girls and families in a far more orderly way than the old family-writing-to-family system. In London, best known are Universal Aunts and Hunt-Regina. Applicants at Paris' Accueil Familial des Jeunes Etrangers pay a $5 registration fee, must agree to stay with the family selected for at least six months. In exchange for room and board and pocket money (up to $10), the family gets a built-in baby sitter and mother's helper, generally of comparable social standing and education. The girl gets time off for classes and homework, some free nights, and one full day a week for herself. For guidance, she can turn to subsidiary facilities—clubs where au pairs can go to compare notes, counseling service to use if she is discontent. Meanwhile the experience of moving into an adopted family permits her insights into another civilization that no tourist can hope for.

A Scattered Business. Nowadays, like rotating crops, English girls head for Rome, French girls for London, Germans, Italians and Scandinavians for Paris. Scattered among them are a small but increasing number of American girls. Last year there were as many as 20,000 au pairs in Britain, 3,000 registered in France.

But as migration swelled, so did the problems. What was once a cozy private affair, supervised to the last detail by supercautious parents, became en masse a complicated business. Where, for instance, should au pairs eat their meals? With the family, as a half daughter, or in the kitchen, as a half maid? May they entertain friends at home once their work is finished, or see them only on days off? Since municipal and government agencies had no jurisdiction over such volunteer workers, perplexed housewives fell back on their own instincts, often with disastrous results.

The Last Word. Too strict a regime, and au pairs like 21-year-old Penelope Fitzgerald, out of Ireland and now in Rome, rebel: "No one wants to be ordered around while Signora does her nails." Too lax a hand, and a goodly proportion end up more literally in the family way than the family had in mind. It was, in fact, the regular, annual arrival of 150 or so au pairs upon the doorstep of Britain's National Council for Unmarried Mothers that recently got the Home Office to issue a free pamphlet offering concisely stated advice in seven different languages. Now the generally accepted last word on the subject, a sort of Dr

JEAN MAROUIS

AMERICAN IN PARIS

GERRY CRANHAM

SWISS IN LONDON

ALDO DURAZ

IRISH IN ROME

Learning to speak the language and help a half mother.

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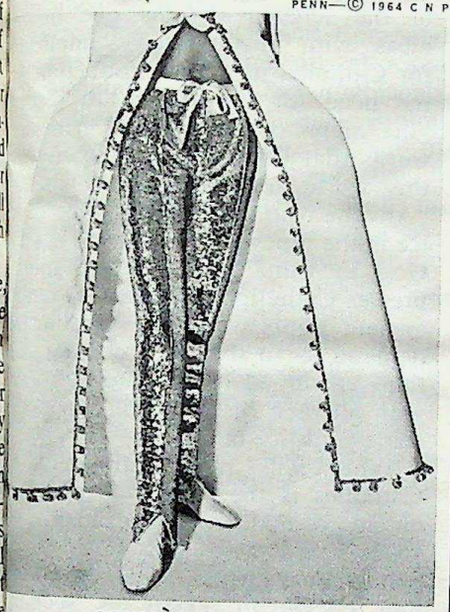
Spock for au pair parents and charges, the text decreed that a girl should be given a separate bedroom and a place at the family table, that she should work, in exchange, no fewer than five hours a day.

There are still problems of nationality and temperament. German girls are judged good workers but eat too much to suit the French, while the French, claim the English, tend to leave rings around the tub. Italians are meticulous ironers but recalcitrant dishwashers, the Swiss overly concerned with dust but not too quick about doing something about it. The Americans? Said one experienced au pair hand last week: "They'll have to learn to get along with one bath a week without shrieks of complaint, mend their own clothes and not throw them away; *la vie*, after all, *n'est pas si facile*."

PENN—© 1964 C N P



COURRÈGES SLACKS
Midriff à la mode.

FASHION

Hello, Belly

Though Buddhists regard it with fascination, obstetricians with respect, and belly-dancers as a way of life, no one is interested in finding the middle of the abdomen has ever paid much attention to the human navel. It is neither a beautiful object nor a particularly useful one; children poke fun at it, and even analysts smile.

Bikinis, however, put the navel back in style—turned it, in fact, into something of a fashion must (not even the briefest midriff could get by without it). What was good at the beach was obviously just as good in town, if only someone could figure out how to do it. Quickly, someone did. Just this month, Vogue magazine proudly presented the results of Paris Couturier Courrèges' figure: a pair of slippery, silver-sequinned clinging slacks that underscore the area with a white satin bow. The cost? $3,695. The navel? No longer a laughing matter, but presents another sort of public problem: where to look and what to say to the owner.

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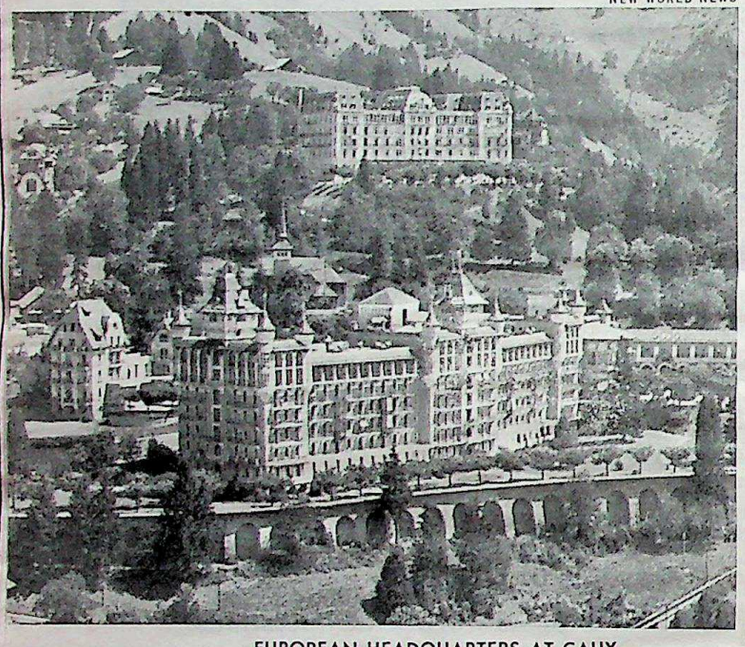
MOVEMENTS

New Man at M.R.A.

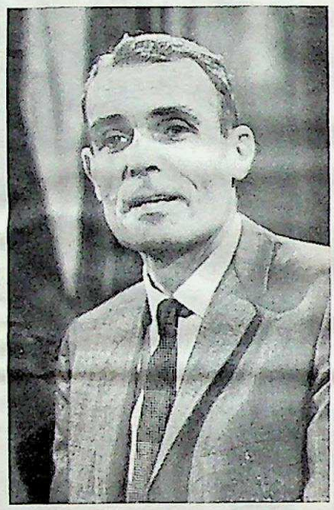
Many a spiritual movement has expired with its founder, but Moral Re-Armament is made of more durable stuff. Three years after the death of Frank Buchman, M.R.A. feels as assured as ever that it will conquer the world with its four absolutes: honesty, purity, unselfishness and love.

Skeptical of the power of the pulpit, M.R.A. chiefly dramatizes its doctrines by stage and screen. Last week the latest of its simplistic message plays, *Through the Garden Wall*, in which feuding neighbors learn love through

NEW WORLD NEWS



EUROPEAN HEADQUARTERS AT CAUX



PETER HOWARD

Four absolutes spell absolute assurance.

M.R.A., was touring Germany, drawing enthusiasm from crowds and shudders from drama critics. Thousands still flock each summer to M.R.A.'s grand rallies at its lavish headquarters at Caux, Switzerland, and Mackinac Island, Michigan; in 1962 M.R.A. opened a third and equally handsome center at Odawara, Japan. Although M.R.A. officials are vague about money and membership figures, Britain's Peter Howard, Buchman's designated successor as the movement's leader, insists: "We are getting more contributions than we did ten years ago, and many more people are working for M.R.A."

From Rugby to Royalties. Moral Re-Armer Howard could hardly be more unlike Buchman, who was a mild-mannered rural pastor and Y.M.C.A. worker until he founded the Oxford Group, M.R.A.'s predecessor. Lean, trim and handsome at 56, Howard was in his day one of Oxford's athletic greats, eight times a star on Britain's international rugby team. In 1941, as the best-known and most biting political columnist in Lord Beaverbrook's stable, he was assigned to write some pieces about M.R.A. and ended up joining it. He owns and operates a model farm in East Anglia, has turned out 16 plays (including *Garden Wall*); the royalties from his writing, $1,120,000 in all, have gone to the cause.

Since World War II, M.R.A. has offered itself to the world as an ideology for the West. Howard insists that the movement adheres faithfully to Buchman's grand strategy—converting the world's leaders to living by the four absolutes. The movement no longer flaunts the easily refuted claims of a decade ago that labor union converts had brought industrial peace to strife-ridden cities. And M.R.A. these days soft-pedals endorsements from African leaders maintaining that the movement has saved the continent from chaos.

Against Satirists & Cynics. Welcoming men of all faiths, M.R.A. claims that it is not a rival to existing churches. Rome suspects that it is, and many Catholic bishops have warned their flocks against joining. A number of Protestant leaders have attacked its ideology as essentially un-Biblical, even though M.R.A. is about as rigid as the Old Testament prophets on the need for strict standards of personal conduct. Good members of M.R.A. do not smoke or drink, and even if married are urged to sexual restraint. Last week Peter Howard warned Britain's new Prime Minister Harold Wilson against "satirists and cynics" who "debase our ancient virtue and push pornography and godlessness down the national gullet." A current M.R.A. crusade in Holland features big newspaper ads, written by Howard, condemning the spread of homosexuality ("It can be cured").

M.R.A., obviously, is not the world's only spiritual movement that praises purity and honesty. But some Christians seem to find in it a spiritual solace and discipline unavailable elsewhere.

ROMAN CATHOLICS

The Bravest Schema

A century ago, in his *Syllabus of Errors*, Pope Pius IX condemned the thesis that the Roman Catholic Church should accommodate itself to the modern world. Last week the bishops of the Second Vatican Council began discussion of a document that goes a long way toward making that accommodation. For Catholics, Schema 13, entitled *The Church in the Modern World*, is the most personally important item of all on the council's agenda. Sometimes with platitudes, sometimes with passion, the schema bravely touches on every social issue that troubles the hearts of men, from overpopulation to nuclear war, and summons Catholics to join with others in creating a new and better world.

Pursuit of Dialogue. Every section of the schema unfolds one or more ideas with revolutionary implications for Catholicism. The introduction notes the need for the church to recognize "the signs of the times." Chapter 1 warns that Christians should not reject this world for the sake of the next. "Anyone who is unwilling to be of service in the renewal of the world is seeking God in vain." A second chapter expresses Catholic willingness to renounce ancient rights when new circumstances demand it. In the third chapter, Christians are urged to "pursue the dialogue with all men of good will" in order to achieve justice on earth.

What will most intimately affect Catholics is the fourth chapter, a discussion of major world problems, which follows the tone and spirit of Pope John's encyclicals, *Mater et Magistra* and *Pacem in Terris*. A section on economic and social order amplifies John's dream of humane socialization; it argues that "economic development must in no case be left entirely to itself," and "the earth's goods are the common inheritance of the whole human race." A section on peace warns that "the use of nuclear weapons must be judged before God and man as morally wicked." In a long and candid discussion of marriage, the schema emphasizes the quality of life brought to marriage through self-giving conjugal love rather than procreation, expresses the hope that future scientific discoveries will clear the way for church acceptance of some form of birth control. However, as Bishop Emilio Guano of Leghorn pointedly reminded the council after an audience with Pope Paul, the birth-control issue will ultimately be decided by the Pontiff himself after a special papal commission has completed a thorough study of new contraceptives.

Stronger & More Specific. During discussion of Schema 13, there were many demands that it be made stronger and more specific. Montreal's Paul Emile Cardinal Léger asked that it be stripped of all sterile condemnation; Giacomo Cardinal Lercaro of Bologna

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AP

SUENENS & LEGER
Summons to a better world.

omplained that the present text was o narrowly Occidental and European viewpoint. The schema was attacked s unacceptable by Sicily's implacably onservative Ernesto Cardinal Ruffini nd by Archbishop John Heenan of Vestminster. Heenan charged that it ad been written by clerics with no owledge of the world, delivered a sav- attack on theological experts at the uncil who would like to modify the urch's position on birth control.

It is clear that the schema, which s already gone through nearly a dozen isions since Belgium's Leo Josef Car- al Suenens proposed it in the coun- s first session, will take more con- eration than the bishops can give it ore they adjourn Nov. 20. In fact, the e announced officially that he would ene a fourth session of the council. s also clear that a vast majority of the hops consider the passage of Schema essential. Despite their reservations, y voted to accept it as a basis for dis- sion. "It is precisely in this docu- ent," says Dutch Dominican Edward illebeeckx, "that the proof will out: ether the institutional church con- rs herself the be-all and end-all, or ether she deems herself an instru- nt in the hands of Christ, at the vice of all mankind."

EPISCOPALIANS

hat's a Protestant?

re Episcopalians Protestants? Yes, Low Church evangelicals; no, answer h Church Anglo-Catholics. Last week egates to the Episcopal General Con- tion in St. Louis tried to resolve debate over what's in a name with pically Anglican compromise: let- each faction in the church decide self what it wants to be called.

hen the nation's Anglican divines 789 chose to call themselves "the estant Episcopal Church in the A.," the name seemed like a suit- description. Originally applied to man Lutherans in 1529, "Protes- then implied rejection of papal ority, which Anglicans had stood for since Henry VIII; the word also paid tribute to the influence of Luther, Calvin and other Continental reformers on Anglican doctrine and liturgy. "Episcopal," on the other hand, was a reminder that Anglicanism preserved the ancient tradition of rule by bishops, and was still a branch of the "one, holy, Catholic and apostolic church." But ever since the middle of the 19th century, Anglo-Catholics have been trying to drop Protestant from the church's title, on the grounds that it had come to mean anti-Catholic rather than anti-papal. Because of its historic significance, evangelicals have fought just as hard to keep the word.

The Wrong Name? At the General Convention, the bishops this year sided with the High Churchmen. By a vote of 79 to 56, they passed a resolution proposing that "the official name of the church be changed by expunging the word Protestant from its title." After a stormy, three-hour debate in the House of Deputies, priests and lay delegates instead suggested adding a preamble to the church's constitution, recognizing "the Episcopal Church" as a lawful alternate designation and the term best suited for everyday use. Most of the delegates seemed pleased by the compromise, which merely sanctifies what Episcopalians have been doing for years, although some continued to argue that the resolution was an Anglo-Catholic coup. "There are a few deputies," muttered one Low Church bishop, "who feel that we are dropping the wrong name."

Hard feelings were also raised by church decisions on participation in the National Council of Churches and in the Negro struggle for civil rights. In the House of Deputies, delegates easily quashed a proposal by Southern churchmen to withdraw from the National Council because of its stands against school prayer and for civil rights. But the deputies compromised their support of the Council by urging Episcopal representatives "to seek to restrain the N.C.C. from efforts to influence specific legislation." Also in the interests of Southern harmony, lay deputies voted down a resolution, previously passed by the bishops, that recognized "the right of any person for reasons of conscience to disobey" laws that are "in basic conflict with the concept of human dignity under God."

Usurpation of Power. Harmony, as it happens, was the last thing the deputies achieved. The Anglo-Catholic publication *American Church News* denounced the vote as "an outrageous usurpation by the laity of the teaching function of the church," and as a slap at the "hundreds of courageous priests who have joined in the most significant social revolution of our time." Federal Judge Thurgood Marshall, first Negro to represent the Diocese of New York at the General Convention, thought so too. He walked out of the House of Deputies and went home.

THE THEATER

Blues for Mr. Wellington

Golden Boy, as Clifford Odets originally wrote it in 1937, posed the conflict of making good versus being good. The young hero, a violinist turned prizefighter, was guiltily aware of the betrayal of his better self. The new Broadway musical version drops that theme and chronicles the racially embittered saga of a kind of Negro Sammy Glick.

Joe Wellington (Sammy Davis) is a Harlem nobody who wants to be a Big Town somebody, a punk with a yen for a penthouse and all the other Cadillac-to-caviar goodies. His aims would immediately classify him as the crassest sort of bourgeois philistine if the musical were not cloaked in the topical sanctity of racial protest.

Along with his other desires, Joe wants Lorna Moon (Paula Wayne), the white mistress of his married fight manager. The love story fails, partly because lovers must be appealing as lovers, interracial or not. Joe, stung by the white world's slights, is full of hate, and no more winning than any other angry young angry. The girl is not a girl but a soiled and weary woman who admits that men have come and gone in her life "like traffic through a tunnel." Typical of the show's erratic focus is Joe's response when he finally loses Lorna. He and the chorus launch not into a lover's lament but a rousing, anvil-hard hymn of civil righteousness: "I ain't bowin' down no more."

Only the dances, enhanced by some vibrantly lovely chorus girls, take the show out of its doldrums. The opening number in a training gym thrums to a Congo-like beat as Jaime Rogers paces the dancers with kinetic bodily grace, and his closing Big Fight ballet with Davis sizzles with supple ferocity. Sammy Davis, a remarkably versatile entertainer, is hobbled by a show that would rather preach than please.

FRIEDMAN-ABELES

DAVIS & WAYNE IN "GOLDEN BOY"
What makes Sammy walk.

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ARTISTS

The Seven-Year Itch

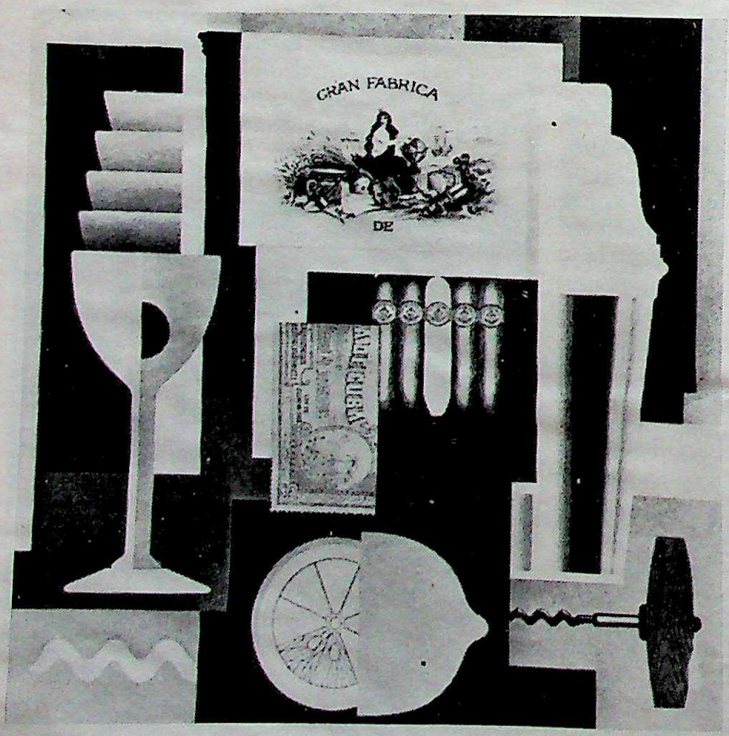
The life mold of Gerald Murphy hardly seemed likely to form an artist. Andover-prepped, Yale-educated, Skull and Bones-tapped, Murphy was elected the best-dressed man in the class of 1911. He was so handsome and rich that F. Scott Fitzgerald patterned Dick Diver, the golden-boy hero of *Tender Is the Night*, after him. For 22 years, until his retirement in 1956, Murphy was president of Fifth Avenue's chic Mark Cross leather-goods store, which his father began. Until his death last week at 76, he never bought any modern art or hung anything more than one Léger in his house. But during one short period of his life, Gerald Murphy did ten paintings that by their precisionist style and representation of commonplace objects stunningly foreshadowed the best of today's pop art.

Art of Living. Murphy fell into art backward. After a stint in U.S. Army aviation during World War I, he tried studying landscape architecture at Harvard—and found the required drawing course a dreadful bore. So he and his wife Sara sailed to the expatriate paradise of Europe. There, in the words of Archibald MacLeish, the Murphys became "masters in the art of living." Since the wine and the wit were always right, Stravinsky came to dinner, Léger showed them Paris night life, and Diaghilev invited them to his ballet.

One day, in a gallery window, Murphy discovered the cubist masters. He took art lessons from Diaghilev's designer, Natalia Goncharova, who would not let him paint anything recognizably real. Then he began to follow his own bent, meticulously rendering real objects in a bright, orderly manner. His first painting, *Razor*, done in 1922, was a heraldic crossing of a safety razor and a fountain pen below a matchbox, backed up by angular cubist meanderings. Another painting, 6 ft. by 6 ft., showed giant watchworks. *Portrait* detailed Murphy's foot and its inky imprint, three true thumbprints, and a prototype profile of "Caucasian" man.

On Airplane Linen. By then, Léger had pronounced Murphy the only American painter in Paris. Murphy's 18-ft.-high *Boatdeck, Cunarder*, an immense evocation of exile in hard-edge boldness, caused a row at the 1924 *Salon des Indépendants* because it took up almost all the space that U.S. artists were allotted. Murphy worked tirelessly in a technique as meticulous as his detail. He used airplane linen, painstakingly mocked up his drawing before he picked up a brush. A cigar-box lid in *Cocktail* (1928), which splays bartenders' tools flat against the picture plane, took him four months to paint.

During the seven years that Murphy painted and thereafter, no honors, few shows and little comment came his way. In the big-league company of his good friends Picasso, Léger and Braque he perceived that he "was not going to be first-rate," so he quit art with the argument that he "couldn't stand second-rate painting." Just before he died, Murphy learned that his friend MacLeish had given his 1927 *Wasp and Pear* to Manhattan's Museum of Modern Art. Murphy was greatly pleased; he had not known when he stopped painting that his art would ultimately help to link the bewildering present with the more settled past.



"COCKTAIL"
From a postwar bore to pre-pop.

YALE'S BEST-DRESSED

SCULPTURE

Entranced Anatomy

Only a century ago, a British archaeologist wrote with assurance: "There is no temptation to dwell at length on the sculpture of Hindustan. It affords no assistance in tracing the history of art, and its debased quality deprives it of all interest as a phase of fine art." This pronouncement seemed to mean that 4,000 years of Indian sculpture was damnably hard to categorize, and that its frank eroticism dismayed Victorian minds. But today's scholars are drawn to it as surely as bees to an orchid. Indian sculpture in the period from 2500 B.C. to A.D. 1500 is a hothouse wonder, an other-worldly idea clad in contemporary curves.

Fertility in Trees. The canons of Indian sculpture, unlike those of Greek, had little concern for scientific human anatomy. Their manuals of esthetic guidance, the *śāstras*, taught more how to reveal divinity than how to relate a *latissimus dorsi*. The Indian sculptor built up the contours of the body from intuition and from devotion. Art in India is religion, and India's gods would have no existence on earth except for their portraiture. Now a selection of nearly 20 tons of sculpted divinity, collected by the Cleveland Museum of Art, is touring U.S. museums.*

Nature and the gods intertwine in Hinduism, India's dominant religion, which makes trees natural-enough symbols of god-granted fertility in a hot, dusty country. But sculptors did not copy trees, even when they meant to depict them. Instead, the artists pursued a metaphysic that showed dryads called yakshis (*see opposite page*) embracing trees in a union of the soul and the divine. Bulbous breasts, swelling hips and crescent thighs are drawn more from the idea of fertility than from womanly shapeliness. If the sculptors made their female goddesses hyperatomic bombs, they were emphasizing perfection in divine terms.

Divinity as Beauty. Lips lift in a sublime smile, torsos twist into reverse curves that enliven flesh, and ornament clings to smoothly modeled skin like a caress of art given to nature. Beauty was a reflection of divinity, just as the slender saints that adorn Chartres cathedral are the disembodied spirits of medieval Christianity.

Indian sculptors were expected to identify with their art in a master state of trance. The image would then be the result of the sculptor's ecstasy; his trance guided his chisel. All this seemed strange to Western man—until he happened to recall that Fra Angelico knelt in prayer before he could begin his lustrous panels.

* Already seen at San Francisco's M. H. de Young Memorial Museum and at the Seattle Art Museum Pavilion, the show travels on from Cleveland to New York's Metropolitan Museum of Art and from there to the Honolulu Academy of Arts.

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INDIAN DIVINITIES IN SANDSTONE

WOOD NYMPH, or *vrikshaka*, twines her torso in pose celebrating trees, whose worship was common in India in 11th century.

MOTHER GODDESS, dating from "medieval" period of Indian art, turns voluptuous bulk into a sinuous exercise in linear grace.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY J. R. EYERMAN

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THE PRESS

NEWSPAPERS

Changing Patterns

Measured by almost any gauge, editorial response to the 1964 presidential race defies the patterns of the past. Ordinarily, most papers reserve their endorsements for the final weeks of the campaign; this year side choosing began in July. Despite such evidence of strong and early partisan sentiment, more newspapers than ever before have decided to endorse neither candidate; a poll by *Editor & Publisher* magazine shows that one in three papers is a fence sitter, as against one in four in 1960. And a press establishment that has been as high as 67.3% Republican (in 1962, only 57.7% in 1960) has made Lyndon Johnson the first Democratic presidential candidate in modern times to get a majority of editorial support.

Conceal the Chorus. Behind these statistics, other patterns have taken shape. The illusion of neutrality, for instance, was only that, since nearly all of the fence-sitting papers have made plain which way they lean. And the unprecedented volume of Johnson endorsements could not conceal the fact that the chorus of approval fell noticeably short of enthusiasm.

The papers were not wild about Lyndon; they were wildly against Barry. Under an editorial headed "Lyndon Johnson for President," the San Francisco Chronicle did little more than tee off on Goldwater: "We are convinced that Barry Goldwater's political way of life contradicts almost everything the Chronicle has stood and fought for."

Catching the Small Fry. As the final tally took shape, Johnson seemed to be getting most of the big papers and Barry most of the little ones. Last week, for example, along with the Chronicle, Johnson got the Philadelphia Evening Bulletin, the Milwaukee Journal and the Detroit Free Press—which had to break a 15-week silence to register its choice. Strike-bound since July (*see following story*), the Free Press ran off several hundred copies of its presidential endorsement and sent them to wire services and community leaders. Goldwater, in the meanwhile, picked up such smaller papers as the Springfield, Mass., Union, the Titusville, Pa., Herald and the Newburgh, N.Y., Evening News.

But besides the big ones, Johnson has also landed his share of small fry: last week he gained the Utica, N.Y., Observer-Dispatch and the five-paper Lindsay-Schaub chain in Illinois. And Barry Goldwater has made a few big catches. His papers now include the Los Angeles Times, the Chicago Tribune, the Cincinnati Enquirer, the Oakland, Calif., Tribune and the Richmond News Leader.

STRIKES

15th Week in Detroit

Detroit has had nine newspaper strikes in nine years, but never before has a shutdown lasted longer than the one that muffled the News and the Free Press 15 weeks ago. And never before has the prospect of settlement looked bleaker. Except for minor concessions, the two sides remained just as far apart as they were when Freeman Frazee, president of the Detroit printing pressmen's union, led his men off both papers—an exodus joined by one other union, the paper and plate handlers. "Smoky" Frazee has clung stubbornly to his demands, which include premium pay for pressmen working Saturdays. The papers have been equally adamant in refusing them.

J. EDWARD BAILEY

FREEMAN FRAZEE
Indifference to silence.

The strike has had a curious reaction: each passing week made it clearer that Detroit was not only able to get along without its main papers; it did not even seem to miss them. Instead of mourning the loss of important advertising outlets, the city's merchants have merely increased their ad budgets in the suburban press. Department-store sales for August-September are up by 15% over the same months a year ago. Allied Theaters, an association of movie houses, which might once have regarded newspaper ads as vital crowd-collectors, reported its best summer yet.

Public indifference to the strike is so general, in fact, that Governor George Romney seems to be the only man in Michigan working overtime to end it. But the Governor's special Strike Commission gave up in despair, called it "a naked power struggle, increasing in intensity as the strike is prolonged."

The silence of the News and the Free Press has hurt Romney less than it has hurt Neil Staebler, his Democratic opponent, who needs a big-city sounding board because Democratic office seekers must count on a heavy Wayne County majority (Detroit and suburbs) to offset the strongly Republican vote elsewhere in the state. Thus there was little surprise last week when the effort to solve the strike was shifted to Washington—where influential Democrats are presumably eager to come to the help of Neil Staebler. Both sides were invited to air their grievances before a panel of federal mediators.

It was the first slightly optimistic note in the impasse. No one was yet ready to say that the end to Detroit's longest and bitterest newspaper strike was even in sight but both sides at least were talking.

MAGAZINES

Looking for a Solution

The special meeting of Curtis Publishing Co.'s 15-man board had been called to find a tidy solution to a very untidy corporate problem: the revolt against President and Board Chairman Matthew J. Culligan (TIME, Oct. 16), who had been accused of mismanagement by a 17-man crew led by Editor in Chief Clay Blair Jr. and Marvin D. Kantor, head of the magazine division. But last week's action by the board added up to something less than a final solution.

Out as president and chief executive officer, stepped Joe Culligan—although he was allowed to stay on as board chairman. Installed as a new Curtis executive vice president was Raymond De-Pue McGranahan, 50, onetime president of the Wilshire Oil Co. in Los Angeles and, until his resignation last summer, a vice president of the Times-Mirror Co., whose properties include the Los Angeles Times.

Kantor and Blair, who were suspended from duty after the rebellion came to light, remained in limbo. Also suspended "for the good of the company" were Norman Ritter, assistant managing editor of the *Saturday Evening Post*, and Thomas R. Marvel, the magazine's production chief. The other dissident executives remained on their jobs. No one took Culligan's place as president; that breach was temporarily filled by Executive Vice President John McLean Clifford, a Culligan appointee. Boston Financier Serge Semenenko, who put together last year's consortium of banks that lent Curtis $35 million, continued to insist he had made a good investment. Curtis, said Semenenko, "can be restored to health."

In Los Angeles, Curtis's new director, Raymond McGranahan, asked a favor of newsmen. "Please don't call me a troubleshooter," he said. "That has a bad connotation, and also troubleshooters are expendable. I'm in the position to help Curtis with their problems. They have more problems than it's fair for anyone to have at one time."

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THE OLYMPICS

A Kind of Special Immortality

Atop Tokyo's National Stadium, the scoreboard flashed one last message: SAYONARA—WE MEET AGAIN IN MEXICO CITY, 1968. Darkness fell, the Olympic flame flickered and died. There was nostalgia, but no regret, no fear that reflection would do anything to dim the luster of the XVIII Olympiad. For in 15 wondrous days, 6,600 athletes from 94 nations had tumbled, leaped, twisted, soared and splashed to a kind of special immortality.

In some future Olympics, other athletes would swim faster, jump higher, throw farther; and some day it might not matter any longer that the U.S. had beaten Russia in their private battle for supremacy in the Games (*see box*). But the memories would stay—of Bob Schul sprinting across the finish line in the 5,000-meter run, the first American ever to win the race, soaked with rain, plastered with mud, a look of utter rapture on his upturned face. Of Russia's Elvira Ozolina, crushed by her defeat in the women's javelin, rushing wildly into a hairdresser's to have her head shaved in shame. Of South Korea's defiant Dong Kih Choh, disqualified in his flyweight boxing preliminary, sitting angrily in his corner for 50 minutes while officials pleaded with him to leave the ring. And of the Hungarian water poloist who lost his trunks while the whole of Japan watched on TV.

Bones & Bundles. If the first week belonged to the U.S., the second belonged to everyone. By the time it was over, 41 nations had divided up the costume jewelry. The U.S. did fine in sailing (two silver, three bronze)—but the 15 yachting medals were split eight different ways. Germany's balding Willi Holdorf, the oldest-looking 24-year-old in Tokyo, won the decathlon. New Zealand's incomparable Peter Snell, already the 800-meter champion, scored another awesome victory in the 1,500-meter run for what he termed "a nice double." Australia's Betty Cuthbert, who won three events at Melbourne in 1956, cranked her 26-year-old bones around the 400-meter track in 52 seconds to win her fourth Olympic gold medal, and a tidy bundle named Ann Packer became the second British woman ever to win an Olympic track gold medal when she took the 800 meters in world record time.

The Russian men, shut out for the whole first week, finally got a couple of gold medals in men's track and field. Romuald Klim whirled the hammer 228 ft. 10½ in., and Russia's Valery Brumel beat the U.S.'s John Thomas for the ninth time in ten meetings in the high jump. Both Brumel and Thomas cleared 7 ft. 1¾ in.; the Russian won because he had fewer misses.

Some Surprises. Those victories did little to pacify Pravda. Where were all the "sure" gold medals that Track Coach Gavril Korobkov had promised? In track and field, both men's and women's, the U.S. picked up 14 to Russia's 5; in swimming, the bulge was 16 to 1. Then there was basketball. "The result will be a surprise," predicted Coach Alexander Gomelsky just before the U.S.-Russian final. If anybody was surprised, it wasn't the Americans, who rolled to an easy 73-59 victory—47th in a row for the U.S. in Olympic competition. Of course, when it came to toting up all the medals, including the semi-precious ones, the Russians beat the Americans 96 to 90; but around the Olympic Village they were calling Barracks 11 and 12 "Fort Knox": that was where the Yanks lived and the gold was.

With visions of Siberia dancing in his head, Korobkov did the best thing he could think of: he said he would retire. A Hungarian canoeist had a better idea: he defected to the U.S.

Heroes on Every Hand

Some day they'll make baseball an Olympic sport, and the World Series will be played some place else besides Yankee Stadium. The Dominican Republic will probably win it, of course, but Americans can always cry on the shoulders of the Japanese. Last week, for the first time in Olympic history, judo was on the calendar. The Japanese took three gold medals. But a 6-ft. 5-in. Dutchman named Anton Geesink won the open championship, and the U.S., which got its first real introduction to judo on Guadalcanal, won a bronze medal when Virginia's Jim Bregman wound up third in the middleweight class.

In all, there were 20 different sports in the 1964 Olympics, most of them events that Americans had rarely heard of or had forgotten all about. Take field hockey—a Vassar girls' game in the U.S. But when the Pakistanis took on the Indians in the finals, it was the fight for Kashmir all over again. The only goal of the game was scored by India's Mohinder Lal, 28, a railroad worker from Saharanpur, who set off a delirious, snake-dancing demonstration by rifling a penalty shot past the Pakistani goalie—thereby becoming an instant national hero. "I'm certain that they will promote me to senior welfare inspector of the railways," said Lal. "They will have to, because of what I did for my country."

Cast in Steel. Everyone knows that Dan'l Boone could shoot the eyes out of a potato at 500 paces. But when Montana's Lones Wigger Jr., 27, won two medals in riflery at Tokyo (one gold, one silver), it came as a distinct shock to many U.S. sports fans who never gave a thought to the U.S. shooting team. Americans used to be big on bicycle racing—but that was long ago, before the two-car family. If the settlers hadn't tried to kill off all the Indians, the U.S. might have done better in canoeing. As it was, a Swede who paddled 3,000 weary kilometers in practice won the 1,000-meter kayak race by 15/100 of a second. In gymnastics, Americans who cheat on push-ups could only gape in astonishment as the incredibly graceful Russian girls danced off with the women's-team championship, and Japan's Yukio Endo, 27—poised on the parallel bars as if cast in steel—scored an incredible 115.95 out of a possible 120 points to win the gold medal in the men's all-round competition.

In the U.S., volleyball is something old men play at Grossinger's. But it was

KYODO NEWS

JAPAN'S ENDO
Riflery, push-ups and Hail Hail

NEIL LEIFER

BRITAIN'S PACKER
Golden memories and medals to match.

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on the Olympic program last week, and it's a good thing Japan did not send her women off to war. Led by Captain Masae Kasai, 31, who broke her engagement to train for the Olympics, punctuating every shot with banzai choruses of *"Hai! Hai!"*, the Japanese women's team beat Russia so badly in the finals that the Muscovite ladies shut themselves in the locker room for a good cry.

The Japanese girls learned their volleyball under Coach Hirobumi Daimatsu of the national-champion Nichibo Spinning Co. team. He cheerfully suggests that his training methods are "savage." Billeted in dormitories at the Nichibo plant, the girls do clerical work from 8 a.m. to 4 p.m., practice daily from 4:30 right through until midnight with only one 15-min. break. A typical practice exercise: the "receive," a tumbling acrobatic maneuver in which the girls hurl themselves to the floor to retrieve the ball—until they are so exhausted that they cannot get up any more. At that point, Coach Daimatsu usually snarls: "Why don't you quit?"

The Original Sport. And when it came to wrestling, one of the original Olympic sports, the Masked Avenger would have hung his head in shame at the way the honest grapplers fought in Tokyo. Under Greco-Roman rules, they were not even allowed to touch each other below the hips. Americans were shut out of the finals, but that hardly mattered to Turkey's Kazim Ayvaz, 27, who won his country's second gold medal of the Games by beating Rumania's Valeriu Bularca for the lightweight championship.

A blocky (5 ft. 5 in., 154 lbs.), bull-necked construction worker, Ayvaz flabbergasted fans with his spectacular *salto* hold: falling backward, he would arch his neck into an "unbreakable bridge"—then casually flip over and pin his opponents. Last week, standing on the awards platform, Ayvaz was struck by a thought: "I realized that I had never been out with a girl to dance, or hold hands, or watch the moon. No drinking, no smoking, just wrestling from morning to night and dreaming about that gold medal all the time."

WHO WON THE MEDALS

	Gold	Silver	Bronze
United States	36	26	28
Russia	30	31	35
Japan	16	5	8
Germany	10	22	18
Italy	10	10	7
Hungary	10	7	5
Poland	7	6	10
Australia	6	2	10
Czechoslovakia	5	6	3
Great Britain	4	12	2
Bulgaria	3	5	2
Finland	3	0	2
New Zealand	3	0	2
Rumania	2	4	6
Netherlands	2	4	4
Turkey	2	3	1
Sweden	2	2	4
Denmark	2	1	3
Yugoslavia	2	1	2
Belgium	2	0	1
France	1	8	6
Canada	1	2	1
Switzerland	1	2	1
Bahamas	1	0	0
Ethiopia	1	0	0
India	1	0	0
South Korea	0	2	1
Trinidad	0	1	2
Tunisia	0	1	1
Argentina	0	1	0
Cuba	0	1	0
Pakistan	0	1	0
Philippines	0	1	0
Iran	0	0	2
Brazil	0	0	1
Ghana	0	0	1
Ireland	0	0	1
Kenya	0	0	1
Mexico	0	0	1
Nigeria	0	0	1
Uruguay	0	0	1

COLLEGE FOOTBALL

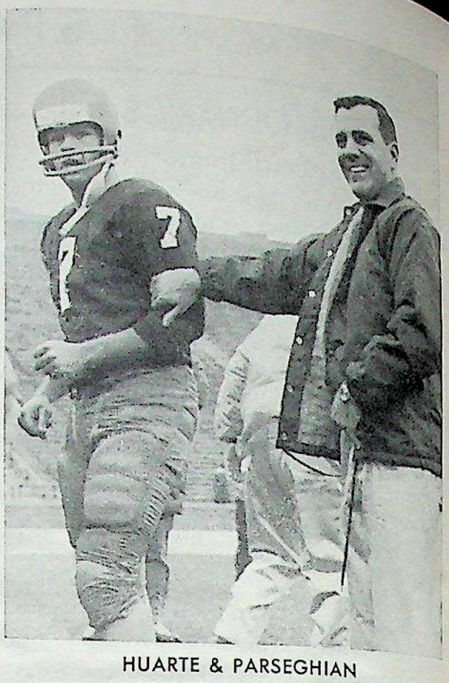
PC + D + TL + S = V

"A good leader never asks his men to do anything he won't do," says Notre Dame Coach Ara Parseghian, 41. He eats at the training table, does calisthenics with the team, and dresses for games in a pull-over with NOTRE DAME across the front. "Progress is our most important product," he says, imitating General Electric. His half-time pep talks sound like something out of *Battle Cry*. "We have 30 minutes to play!" he bellows. "They're gonna make it rough for us out there! We've gotta be just as rough! Run through 'em! Murder 'em! Let's go! *Let's go!* LET'S GO!"

Shades of Knute. It seems to work. When he took over at Notre Dame last winter, he inherited a team that had not had a winning season since 1958. Only 16 lettermen were back from a hapless 1963 squad that won two of its nine games. Eager for a quick return to the days of Knute Rockne and Frank Leahy, when the Fighting Irish won seven national championships, alumni got a sample of Parseghian's Armenian-style blarney. "The restoration of Notre Dame's football image is my main objective," he said. "I think—I pray—that it can be done in four years."

The job, as it turned out, took only four games. Rolling over Wisconsin (31-7), Purdue (34-15), Air Force (34-7), and U.C.L.A. (24-0), the Irish suddenly found themselves the nation's No. 2-ranked college team, behind Ohio State, and the No. 1 surprise of the 1964 season. Last week, after they ran their record to 5-0 by breezing past Stanford 28-6, Ara Parseghian was being hailed as "the new Rockne."

"Consider Me a Candidate." A one-time pro halfback with the Cleveland Browns, Parseghian won 39 games, lost only six as head coach at his alma mater, Miami of Ohio—and a couple of those victories came at the expense of the powerful Big Ten. In 1955, the day before Miami was scheduled to play Northwestern, he hunted up Rival Coach Lou Saban to plead for mercy. Saban apparently swallowed the sinker. Next day, little Miami went 77 yds. on the first play from scrimmage, upset Northwestern 25-14. By the time the season ended, Saban was out of work. And who got the Northwestern job? Ara Parseghian—who wound up winning 36 out of 72 games at a school that had won only seven games in the four seasons before he arrived.



HUARTE & PARSEGHIAN
Let's go! GO! GO!

But that only whetted Ara's ambition, and last season he phoned the Rev. Edmund P. Joyce, Notre Dame's executive vice president. "The only reason I'm calling, Father," he cooed, "is that the press has been calling Hugh Devore an 'interim' coach. If Hughie has the job permanently, forget this call. If not, consider me a candidate."

Notre Dame was only too happy to consider—even though Parseghian was a non-alumnus and a Protestant at that. One of the first things he did was to send a note to every member of the team: "Physical Condition + Desire + Team Loyalty + Spirit = Victories." Then he pored over game movies, tailoring his offense to the available talent.

Out went Notre Dame's archaic split-T attack; in came the I formation, with three backs positioned in a direct line behind the center. At Northwestern, Parseghian was famed for his wide-open, pro-type passing game, built around Quarterback Tommy Myers (TIME, Nov. 2, 1962). At Notre Dame, he found a reasonable facsimile of Myers in John Huarte, a side-arm sharpshooter who played only 45 min. last season, so far this year has completed 62 passes for 999 yds. For his No. 1 target, Parseghian nominated End Jack Snow, who already has broken the Notre Dame season record for pass receiving by snaring 34 passes for 595 yds. and five TDs.

To bulwark the defensive line, Parseghian picked the four biggest bruisers he could find (average: 235 lbs.) and goaded them into a homicidal frenzy with his tongue. The result is the stingiest ground defense in the nation: in five games, Notre Dame opponents have averaged only 27 yds. rushing.

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MILESTONES

Married. Jean Ronald Getty, 34, Jean Paul's son, who runs the German subsidiary (Veedol) of daddy's Tidewater Oil Co.; and Karin Seibl, 21, daughter of a German appliance wholesaler; in Hamburg.

Died. William Jackson, 59, librarian of Harvard's famed rare-book Houghton Library, known to his colleagues as "Our Grand Acquisitor," who trebled the library's collection of historical and literary documents and tracked down a copy of the first book printed on each of the seven continents; of a heart attack; in Boston.

Died. Marshal Sergei Biryuzov, 60, Chief of the General Staff and third in command of the Soviet Army, one of Russia's top missile experts; in a plane crash that killed six other high-ranking officers; near Belgrade, where they were to celebrate the anniversary of Yugoslavia's liberation from the Nazis.

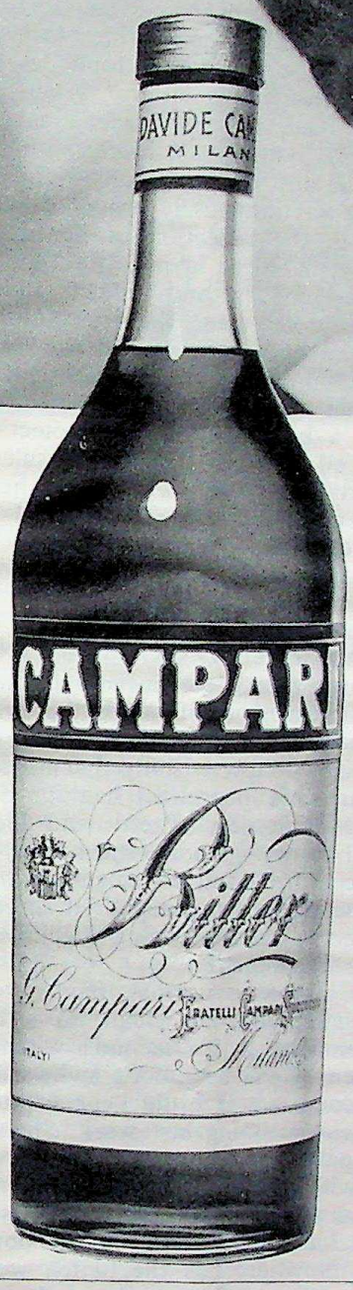
Died. James P. Mitchell, 63, Eisenhower's Secretary of Labor, who won union applause by opposing right-to-work laws and boosting the minimum wage to $1 an hour, but had less success with the voters in New Jersey, losing the 1961 race for Governor to Democrat Richard Hughes; of a heart attack; in Manhattan.

Died. Frank Luther Mott, 78, dean of Missouri's School of Journalism from 1942 to 1951, historian of the U.S. press (*A History of American Magazines; American Journalism, 1690-1950*), author of an entertaining study of the country's alltime bestselling books (*Golden Multitudes*); in Columbia, Mo.

Died. Charles Seabrook, 83, pioneer in frozen foods, a New Jersey farmer who in 1930 packed lima beans in dry ice, after finding that they thawed fresh as ever, teamed up with Seafood Freezer Clarence Birdseye to perfect the quick-freezing of vegetables, icing away everything from spinach to succotash under 150 labels (best known: Snow Crop, Seabrook Farms), to build a $25 million annual business; after a long illness; in Deerfield, N.J.

Died. Herbert Hoover, 90, 31st President of the U.S.; in Manhattan (*see* THE U.S.)

Died. Herman Doehler, 92, inventor of modern die-casting, who in 1906 patented a process for injecting molten metal under pressure between the halves of a steel die that proved quicker and more precise than hand-poured sand castings, thus paving the way for mass production of all manner of products and making Doehler Die Casting Co. (later Doehler-Jarvis) the biggest in the field; of uremia; in Manhattan.



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TIME

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ACTORS

A Beginning Writer

Richard Burton has long insisted that he would rather be a writer than an actor. Last summer, Condé Nast's *Glamour* magazine sent him a timid feeler asking if he might like to write a story for the Christmas issue. The idea appealed to Burton's repressed ambition, and he set to work in longhand. The result, which will next month become his first published short story, is anything but an embarrassment. It is worth every farthing he was paid for it. "He gets $500," says *Glamour's* Feature Editor Marilyn Mercer, "which is a very good price for a beginning writer."

HENRY GROSSMAN

BURTON & WIFE
In search of Sister.

Harbinger of Death. Burton's tale is about a Christmas in his village in Wales. It is written in the first person and is so faithfully autobiographical that he does not even bother to change his own name. On this Christmas Eve, old Mad Dan, "the local agnostic," has deliberately kept his little nephew Richard out with a group of miners until the hour is so late that the boy grows suspicious.

At home, he remembers, Mrs. Tabor T.B. has been visiting all day. Mrs. Tabor is called T.B. because all of her eight children died of tuberculosis in their teens. She is a local harbinger of death. Surely the reason he has been kept out so late is that death is coming to his family too.

"Is my sister dying, Mad Dan?" I said.

"We are all dying. She'll last the night."

Green-Eyed Gypsy. Burton handles his narrative with considerable storytelling skill. The revelation it turns on is that, despite the fateful presence of Mrs. Tabor T.B., a birth is occurring in his home rather than the death he suspects. Along the way he flashes a prose that is occasionally quite memorable, as when he explains why any boy in the valley would want to grow up to be a miner: "There was, you understand, the ambition for the walk of the miners in corduroy trousers, with yorks under the knees to stop the loose coal running down into your boots and the rats from running up inside your trousers, and the lamp in the cap on the head, and the bandy muscle-bound strut of the lords of the coalface."

Curiously, he even manages to work Elizabeth Taylor into the story. It comes in the form of a fond description of the hero's sister. "When my mother died, she, my sister, had become my mother, and more mother to me than any mother could ever have been. I was immensely proud of her. I shone in the reflection of her green-eyed black-haired gypsy beauty . . . She was innocent and guileless and infinitely protectable. She was naive to the point of saintliness and wept a lot at the misery of others. She felt all tragedies except her own. I knew that I had a bounden duty to protect her above all other creatures. It wasn't until thirty years later, when I saw her in another woman, that I realized I had been searching for her all my life."

TELEVISION

The Girl with the Necromantic Nose

Many a man is convinced that a witch lives under his roof. With the arrival of the present TV season, many another is probably wishing that he could exchange his incumbent hag for Elizabeth Montgomery. Pretty and blonde with a turned-up nose, she hardly suggests cauldrons full of rat guts and eels, but she plays a thoroughbred sorceress married to an advertising executive on ABC's *Bewitched*.

An otherwise normal, happy young housewife, she can clean up a filthy kitchen with half a second's witchcraft or even help a neighbor's awkward kid to become a star Little League pitcher, as she was doing last week. She casts her spells not with a wave of a wand but with a twitch of her nose in a unique and peculiar manner that seems to be half allergy and half tic douloureux. Nowhere has the twitch worked better, apparently, than on the early reports of the ratings systems, for *Bewitched* is the surprising runaway champion of all the new TV shows.

On the Team. Thus Elizabeth Montgomery, like the little pitcher whose fantastic curve balls and looping sliders she was conjuring last week, has in a sense finally made the team herself after years of overhearing the snickers of the other players. The daughter of Robert Montgomery, she has been an actress for 13 years, but never in anything that could be called a hit. In show business many people have been almost too eager to characterize her as a living dull, getting parts only because of her father. *Bewitched* has set her up on her own, albeit on a broom.

Before she became sensitive about it, she used to say, "My art belongs to daddy," and similar things that would make corn blush. Born in 1933, she was raised in Hollywood. When her father moved to Manhattan to become a television star, she went to the Spence School and the American Academy of Dramatic Arts. She made her professional debut in 1951 on *Robert Montgomery Presents*, playing opposite her father in a spy story. He did not think that he was uncovering a great talent and in fact tried to discourage her from becoming an actress, hoping that she would be sensible like her brother, who is now a customer's man in a Wall Street brokerage firm. When she would not be dissuaded, he gave her plenty of roles.

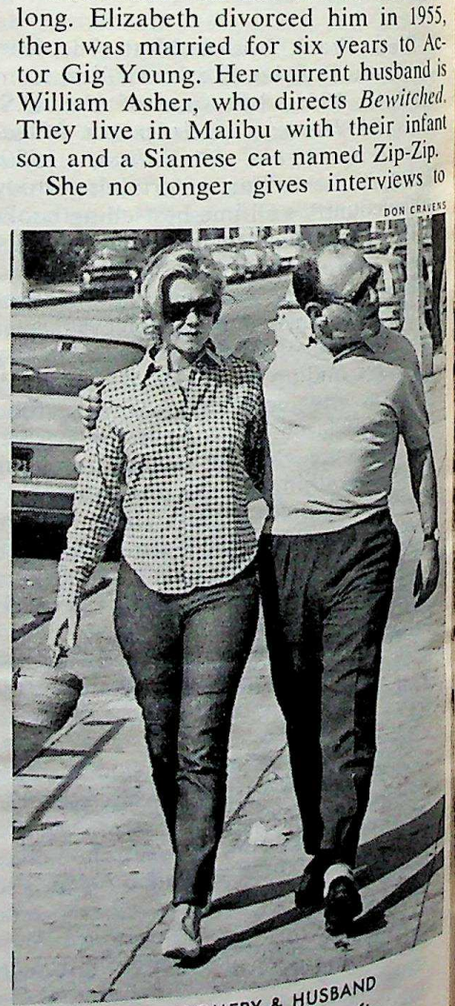
Out of the Book. Since then, taking with her everywhere the filial shadow, she has done over 200 TV shows, a Broadway play (*Late Love* with Arlene Francis in 1953) and three movies (she was Dean-o Martin's fiancée in *Who's Been Sleeping in My Bed?*).

She has been a divorcee herself a couple of times. Her first husband was Freddie Cammann, Harvard '51, descendant of Albert Gallatin, fourth Secretary of the Treasury. Since Elizabeth was only an actor's daughter, she knocked Freddie out of the *Social Register* when she married him in 1954, just as Robert Montgomery himself had depaginated Buffy Harkness when he married her in 1950.

Cammann was not out of the book long. Elizabeth divorced him in 1955, then was married for six years to Actor Gig Young. Her current husband is William Asher, who directs *Bewitched*. They live in Malibu with their infant son and a Siamese cat named Zip-Zip.

She no longer gives interviews to

DON CRAVENS



MONTGOMERY & HUSBAND
On top with twitchcraft.

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magazines that are doing spreads on children of famous parents. She is her own girl. "Her father is a Republican," says Gig Young, reminiscing fondly, "and she is probably a Democrat." She may soon be worth a fortune on her own too. As a part owner of *Bewitched*, she gets 20% of the show's profits, which will amount to about $2,000,000 if the program lasts for three seasons, which it probably will.

PLAYWRIGHTS

Allegory of Any Place

Because nothing is too good for their children, a man and his wife have installed in their home a $30,000 Happylife Electrodynamic Playroom. Through intricate projections, odor machines and so on, the room is capable of becoming any place on earth that the children want to visit, including every sort of hanging garden and bower of bliss in the bibliography of never-never lands. The children, deprived of human love by the machine substitute, elect a sterner environment. They turn the room into a dry and baking swatch of the African veldt. In the end, they lock their parents in there, where a pride of hungry lions tears the adults to pieces.

This is the story of *The Veldt*, a new short play by Ray Bradbury which, with two other Bradbury one-acters, has just opened in Los Angeles. As the world's best science fiction writer, author of *The Martian Chronicles* and Hollywood's *It Came From Outer Space*, Bradbury has come to think that the world has actually entered the machine-dominated sci-fi era and that the human soul is already deep in an electronic coma. Hence his plays, though they are set in the future, are actually hyperbolic allegories of the present.

New Shores. In the second play, for instance, a couple of pedestrians are stopped by a cop car which contains no cops, only whirring machines with tiny electric brains. In the third, Bradbury postulates one man who alone among the scattered survivors of a thermonuclear holocaust remembers the civilization that preceded it. But somehow he can remember only material minutiae —candy wrappers, imitation flowers, the dashboard of a Cadillac.

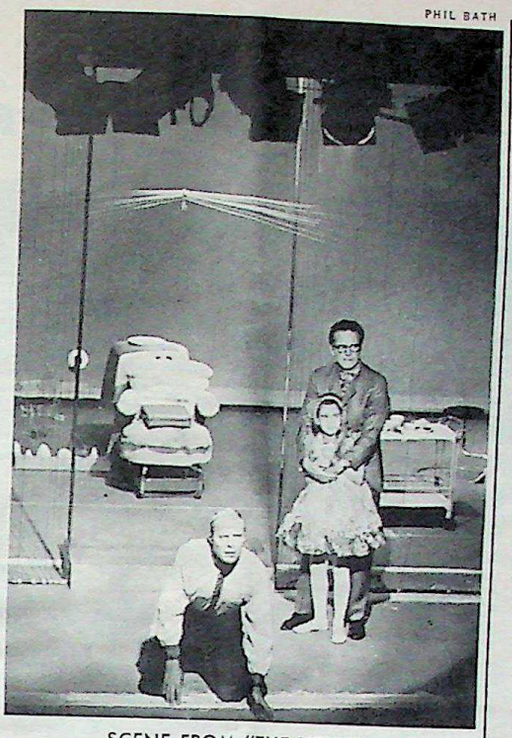
Ray Bradbury obviously is one of the world's most visionary reactionaries. His enmity to the automobile is so basic that, although he owns two, he never drives and does not even know how. He rides a bicycle and has yet to make his first flight in a jet. He got rid of his first electric typewriter because he couldn't stand all the hmmms and uh'uhs it was saying in reaction to his stories.

Out of Mushrooms. At 44, he makes more than $50,000 a year, but he lives conservatively in a modest house with his wife and four daughters. His father was a lineman for a power company in Waukegan, Ill., and his own education stopped at the high school level. He has never studied physics, chemistry, or any of the other primary disciplines of science fictioneering, but his imagination more than makes up. "Where do you get your ideas?" someone once asked him. Bradbury was eating a mushroom in a restaurant at the time. "Anywhere," was his answer. "There's a story in mushrooms." There was, too. He wrote it that afternoon—all about mushrooms that were actually visitors from another planet, using mycological disguise in order to get inside earthling bodies and take over the world. The story later was turned into a memorable half-hour of TV by Alfred Hitchcock.

Bradbury wrote the excellent script of John Huston's movie version of *Moby Dick;* and his novel *Dandelion Wine* was a firm, straightforward remembrance of a youth in Illinois. His science fiction, however, has drawn him into a world he never dreamed of entering. Ingmar Bergman corresponds with him. François Truffaut is writing the scenario for the movie version of his novel *Fahrenheit 451*. Christopher Isherwood has compared Bradbury to Edgar Allan Poe. And Ilya Ehrenburg says that he is one of the five most popular American writers in the Soviet Union, along with Hemingway, Faulkner, Steinbeck and Spillane.

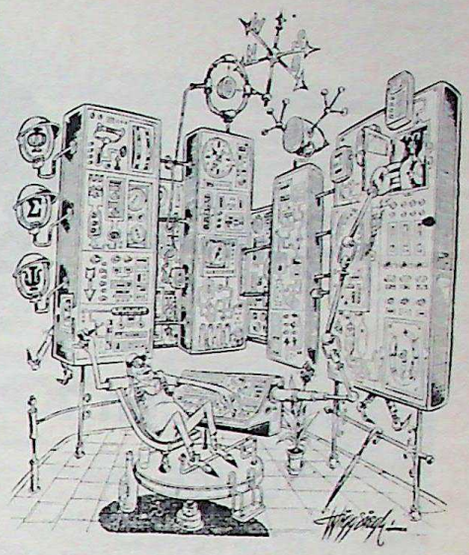
His view of the future is not all depressive. When he lifts his eyes above earth-gashing highway departments and bovine people licking corporate salt, he sees the rockets of the space age that he dreamed of in Waukegan as a little boy. "This is mankind's chance to be immortal," he says. "We're going to travel into space and live forever. Our children's children shall live a million miles away. It took us one billion years to form a spinal cord, and now we're going to leave this shore and go off to another planet. It's like being there the day the first fish crawled out on land."

PHIL BATH



SCENE FROM "THE VELDT"
Death in the Happylife Playroom.

ZIMMER



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U.S. BUSINESS

THE ECONOMY

Still Robust in the Third

Profit for everyone—this is what our profit system, our private enterprise system, our private risk system can and must accomplish.

—Frederick R. Kappel

As it speeds toward the end of the most prosperous year in history, the U.S. economy has gone far toward reaching that goal. After 44 months of heady expansion, in which corporate profits have soared about 50%, U.S. companies last week began releasing third-quarter earnings that guaranteed more shattered records—and then some. Profit figures in the third quarter rose 20% to pass $32 billion for the first time.

This well-being has been profitable for the entire economy, as corporations spend and expand, but it has also been shared in more specific ways. Personal income has risen steadily, and many executives will come in for fat bonuses this year. Last week the Commerce Department reported that cash dividends to stockholders have increased 10% since the first of the year.

Nearly every industry is setting new marks. Robust increases were reported by such varied companies as Alcoa (up 19% over 1963's third quarter), American Cyanamid (24%), Caterpillar Tractor (76%), Continental Can (26%), Eastman Kodak (39%), IBM (12%), Polaroid (83%) and Weyerhaeuser (123%). Steelmakers, who face labor negotiations next spring, were pleased but slightly red-faced about their spectacular profits: Republic up 79%, Jones & Laughlin up 97%, Youngstown Sheet & Tube up 180%.

There were also losers, of course. While American Tobacco and Liggett & Myers forged ahead with sizable earnings increases, Lorillard slipped in nine-month earnings despite a third-quarter gain and R. J. Reynolds suffered a 12% setback in profits. Strikes caused a sharp 71% break in Kennecott's profits, and Chrysler sputtered into a 50% decline because of unusually high change-over costs. These were the exceptions, but the good news contained a dividend of hope for them too. The current quarter, which is usually among the year's most profitable for many corporations, is sure to be even better than the third.

LABOR

The Strike Toll

The auto strike was scheduled to end this week, but its effects will be felt for months to come. After President Johnson warned that a continuation of the five-week stoppage would "jeopardize the continuous upward thrust of our economy," Walter Reuther finally went into action. He convened the union's

J. EDWARD BAILEY

IDLED AUTO TRAILERS IN PONTIAC, MICH.
Much of the loss was permanent.

General Motors council, won their ratification of the national agreement and scheduled a nationwide membership vote to approve the contract. Local unions that had not yet signed contracts—there were still 33 of them at week's end—could still remain on strike, but Reuther strongly indicated that even he is sick of the prolonged walkout and that they can expect no further encouragement from him.

Most Government economists believe that the G.M. strike will not cause the economy any permanent damage, but the critical point is fast approaching. New car sales have dipped 20.5% below 1963's pace, and the Federal Reserve's industrial production index for October is expected to show a drop of nearly two points—its first decline in more than a year—as a result of the strike. General Motors has already lost production of some 400,000 autos worth nearly $1 billion, and although some of the loss will be made up in later sales, a good part of it is permanent. The strike has also begun to affect most of G.M.'s 33,000 suppliers, who depend on the auto giant alone for more than $7 billion in sales each year. Many scheduled short work weeks, but others—such as American Metal Products and A. O. Smith—closed down some of their production facilities and laid off thousands of employees.

As usual, it will take most union members more than a year to make up in new benefits what they lost in wages during the strike. The 306,000 G.M. workers lost more than $170 million, and payment of modest strike benefits depleted the U.A.W.'s $67 million strike fund by more than $40 million. The loss in buying power also depressed business in communities with heavy concentrations of G.M. plants, where retail sales slumped and loan applications rose. In Pontiac, Mich., where hundreds of auto trailers stood empty and desolate, a butcher in a U.A.W. neighborhood noted that no one was buying his T-bone steak, sadly ground it into hamburger.

CORPORATIONS

New Life in an Old Giant

Any company that makes both reactors for nuclear submarines and $1.25 magnets for extracting wire and nails from cows' stomachs has some claim to diversity—and Westinghouse Electric claims to be the world's most diversified company. The oldest electronics firm and the second biggest producer of electrical equipment (after General Electric) in the U.S., Westinghouse makes 8,000 different products in 300,000 variations. The company's 59 divisions, with their 64 plants spread through 20 states, daily confront almost every American with some Westinghouse product, from 6,000 types of light bulbs to the output of five TV and seven radio stations.

Such diversity usually pays off in today's kaleidoscopic economy, but Westinghouse's sales in recent years have been stagnant and its profits falling. Like the dinosaur, the company became too big, too contented and too slow-moving to change with changing conditions. It badly needed a prod—and it got a powerful one in Donald Clemens Burnham, who took over as president 15 months ago after six years as manufacturing vice president. Even Burnham, 49, professes surprise at what he has been able to do. Sales rose 6.2% and profits 30% in this year's first nine months, and this week Burnham presents even better news to his board of directors: 1964 sales should hit a record

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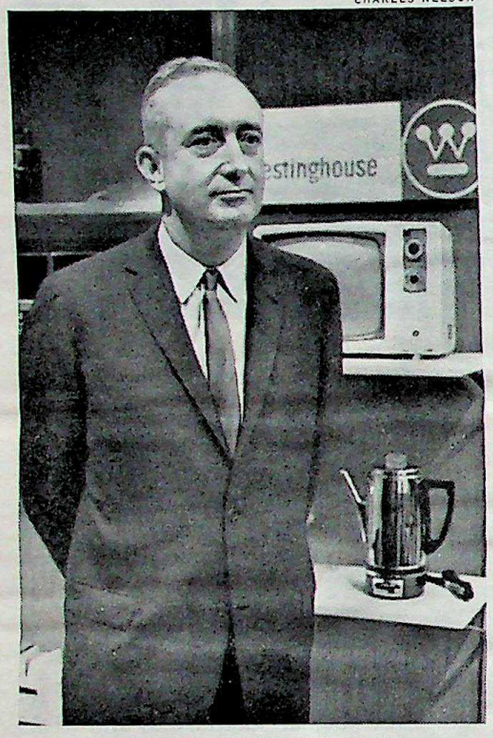
of more than $2.2 billion and profits climb 60% to $75 million.

No Long Memos. Burnham is a rangy, mild-mannered mechanical engineer who seriously insists to his employees that he wants "work to be fun" —and sets something of an example by putting in an 8:30-to-6 day, rarely taking work home at night or on weekends. But he knows how to wield both the ax and the scepter—and he has found enough time in ordinary work days to wield both so well that the once-slumbering Westinghouse has leaped to life. When he took over after the resignation of the late Mark Cresap, says Burnham, "I didn't have to think long about what I was going to do."

CHARLES NELSON

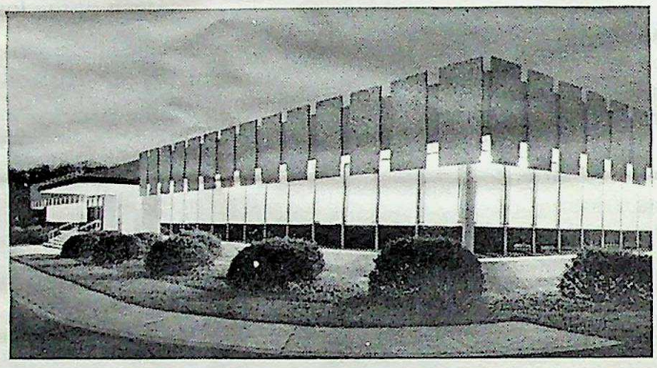


WESTINGHOUSE'S BURNHAM

Without hiring any outside talent—not even a management consultant to advise him—Burnham got to work on Westinghouse's fat and dust-covered corporate structure. He reshuffled ten top executives into new jobs, split up the centralized chain of command to give everyone more responsibilities, created a president's council in which he and his lieutenants can make decisions without indulging in the long delays and lengthy memos that once characterized Westinghouse. He slashed costs by more than $20 million by getting rid of 3,825 white-collar employees, shaved inventories by $8,000,000 with a telecomputer center outside Westinghouse's Pittsburgh headquarters that flashes orders to far-flung warehouses and reminds them to restock.

To Mars & Venus. Westinghouse produces salt-water-conversion plants that can make 50 million gallons of fresh water a day and bacteria-killing bulbs that give no light the human eye can see, is also working on a nuclear engine that may some day power spaceships to Mars and Venus. Under Burnham, its money-losing heavy-electrical-equipment division is again profitable (thanks in part to price boosts), and its long-neglected consumer division will finish 1964 in the black ("but not by very much," says Burnham) for the first time in several years. Westinghouse has developed dozens of new consumer products, including push-bar radios, a self-starting can opener, and an electric toothbrush for kids that is shaped like a rocket and sits on a launching pad.

There are still some skeptics who feel that Westinghouse has a fair way to go before it becomes as sharp and profitable as it should be; Burnham himself admits that the company is "just making a first step." Wall Street's revived interest in the firm has sent its stock from 29¼ to 43 since June, and two sophisticated investment companies, Lehman Corp. and the One William Street Fund, have just bought $9,800,000 worth of Westinghouse stock. For all that, Don Burnham will probably get no better testimonial than the one offered last week by former Chairman Gwilym A. Price, 69, who retired in April and was not replaced. Said Price: "Don Burnham is realistic and down-to-earth, and he did a few simple things that made a wonderful world of difference. The company now has a spirit of confidence and loyalty to a degree that didn't exist before."



TELECOMPUTER CENTER NEAR PITTSBURGH

The dinosaur got a powerful prod.

INDUSTRY

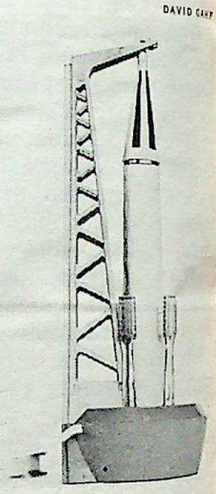
The Copy Break

The newest fad in U.S. business offices is the copy break—that unguarded moment when clerk or perhaps even vice president slips over to the office copying machine, quietly reproduces everything from old love letters to check stubs. Half a million U.S. offices now have one or more copying machines, which this year will turn out well over 10 billion copies, or 50 for each person in the nation. Last week in Los Angeles, the copying industry demonstrated its wares at the annual exposition of the Business Equipment Manufacturers Association—and the large and versatile family of machines on hand showed that an already crowded field is in for some fierce competition.

The business has been growing by 20% a year, is expected to hit $480 million this year. A dozen major manufacturers as diverse as Royal McBee and Eastman Kodak are in it, and many other giants, including IBM, are looking. All of them are trying to copy the sales drive and scientific ingenuity of the far-ahead leader, Xerox Corp., whose earnings for the first nine months of 1964 have risen 59%. Having pioneered an electrostatic process that requires neither special paper nor chemicals, Xerox makes machines that can turn out seven to eight copies a minute at about 3½¢ each.

In Los Angeles, Addressograph-Multigraph's Bruning Division showed off two electrostatic models that it claims can produce copies at half the cost and twice the speed of Xerox machines but that require special paper. American Photocopy demonstrated its new "Dial-A-Copy," which has a telephone-like dial on which the user can order from one to ten copies, and SCM (Smith Corona-Marchant) showed its similar, dial-operated Model 44. 3M displayed six specialized machines that produce by means of heat and light sensitivity; one turns out single copies on heat-sensitive paper for about 3½¢, and another produces 40 copies a minute on ordinary paper for about 1¢ each.

DAVID GAST



ROCKET TOOTHBRUSH

Xerox, which puts 10% of its sales into research, also has some innovations on the way. Perhaps pushed by the competition, it has just demonstrated a high-speed, high-volume machine that will not be marketed until next year—but will produce up to 2,400 copies an hour. The company has also begun to lease its new LDX model, which instantly transmits copies between offices as far as 4,000 miles apart. Perhaps optimistically, Xerox figures that it will continue indefinitely to supply close to half of the nation's copying machines. It can be fairly certain about one thing: the market for copies will grow as fast as the competition. Paper has proliferated so much in U.S. corporations that it costs tens of billions of dollars yearly to handle, $5 billion to file. The temptation to multiply paperwork is so great that those totals are expected to double in the next decade.

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MANAGEMENT

With a Little Stock And a Lot of Cheek

For all too many U.S. companies, the annual stockholders' meeting in recent years has become a raucous cross between a stage show and a shouting match. Profanity and horn honking disrupted Communications Satellite Corp.'s session last month. President Darryl F. Zanuck had to outshout hecklers—one of whom came dressed as Cleopatra—at the 20th Century-Fox Films meeting, and shareowners peppered management of the A. & P. with a talkathon that included a suggestion that it make cottage cheese easier to find in its stores. Usually armed with a little bit of stock and a lot of cheek, professional scolds seldom miss a chance to bait corporate officers, make speeches and generally turn the spotlight on themselves.

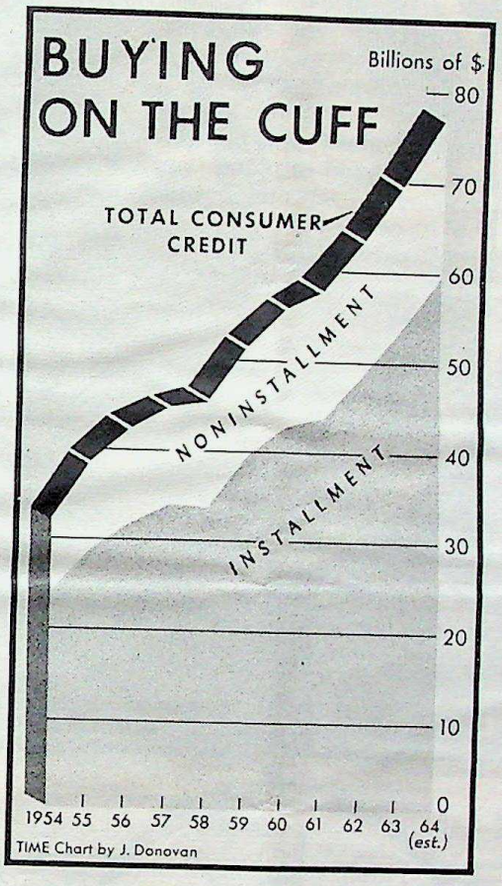
To Investment Banker Sidney J. Weinberg, senior partner in Manhattan's Goldman Sachs & Co. and once a director of 35 companies (he has cut it to six), all this corporate tolerance is no laughing matter. Annual meetings are becoming a "circus," says Weinberg, thanks to "publicity-seeking characters who attend primarily to ask impertinent, irrelevant, sometimes abusive questions. This kind of behavior must be stopped right now, before stockholders lose respect for management. The vast majority of stockholders resent these characters. I was delighted when many companies that dispensed free lunches and free products at meetings stopped it, but the situation is growing worse. As a result of the notoriety, other people are training themselves to follow in their footsteps." Weinberg's advice to corporate officers: insist on decorum, cut stockholders off after "one or two questions," firmly rule irrelevant gibes out of order and keep the names and pictures of gadflies out of post-meeting reports.

CREDIT

The Importance of Being in Debt

More U.S. consumers are more heavily in debt than ever before, but the burden seems to rest lightly on the nation's shoulders. By buying his furniture and house on the installment plan, charging his clothes, sending his kids to college on a loan, and taking off on a fly-now-pay-later vacation, the American consumer has piled up a truly phenomenal $280 billion debt—and is rapidly adding to it. Families are up to their eaves in $190 billion worth of mortgages, also bear another $76 billion in various consumer debts. One household in two has to meet installment payments on appliances, furniture, the car or personal loans. Nearly everyone shares in the $17 billion debt burden spawned by credit cards, charge accounts, single-payment loans and other short-term credit. While their grandfathers would have considered them reckless and irresponsible, these on-the-cuff customers have stimulated the current economic expansion and are turning the U.S. into the world's first credit-based society.

The recent vast growth of this debt has led to new concern by Government and economists about just how far it can go without danger. The Government has threatened to tighten credit immediately if there are signs that it is getting out of hand, and Joseph W. Barr, chairman of the Federal Deposit Insurance Corp., has suggested that Congress next year undertake a thorough examination of the whole credit



situation. Such an examination might prove enlightening, but few businessmen and bankers, who are mostly the ones who grant the credit, feel that it is necessary. So long as incomes and employment keep rising—as they have been doing steadily—the lenders are not concerned about current consumer debt. In fact, says Conrad Jamison, economist for Los Angeles' Security First National Bank: "The environment is more favorable than ever for people to go out on a limb."

Instant Cash. Convinced of this, many businessmen are busy encouraging their customers to plunge more deeply into debt, and producing new and delightful ways in which they can do it. At the Emporium, San Francisco's largest department store, salesclerks have standing orders to encourage each customer who presents cash —which seems to lower one's status in many big stores—to open a charge account. To show how painless borrowing can be, a Los Angeles finance company runs a TV commercial of a man speaking into a pay telephone: "I wanted to ask, could I borrow—" At that point, money pours out of the phone, filling the booth.

Even staid banks, which used to leave most consumer credit to others, are bombarding customers with new easy-loan plans. In the competition for auto loans, which account for nearly half of all installment debt, banks have pulled ahead of the auto-finance companies by offering lower interest rates. Still the competition grows. Following the lead of General Motors, both Ford and Chrysler have set up their own credit subsidiaries, and so have General Electric and Sears, Roebuck.

The consumer, for his part, is eager to try new ways of going into debt. One increasingly popular method is for a homeowner to refinance his old mortgage, thus getting from the bank, in effect, a new loan equaling what he had already paid off on the old mortgage. New forms of charge accounts, including those that can be repaid in installments, have become so widespread that 65% of all department-store sales are now charged. Many stores are also encouraging today's affluent teen-agers to take out special charge accounts. To speed the wheels of the credit society, an Alexandria, Va., firm last week introduced a compact electronic system called Credac that will check a customer's credit within ten seconds when fed the number of his charge account.

Patriotic Duty. Credit cards have grown steadily, opening ever wider possibilities of pay-later living for businessmen, travelers and impulse buyers, who now owe a fancy $656 million. The cards can now be used like cash at most airports, hotels, restaurants and shops, and credit-card companies are scrambling to arrange more uses. The 1,250,000 holders of Diners' Club cards can charge an African safari, and credit cards are now used to get haircuts, buy theater tickets and rent mink coats. The Carte Blanche card can be flashed as an instant credit reference at 1,300 U.S. hospitals: just wave your card at the ambulance attendant.

So far, the only uneasy signs that credit may be reaching its limit are the growing number of mortgage foreclosures and personal bankruptcies—but neither has reached a disturbing level. Most Americans are so conditioned to first-of-the-month check writing that serious lapses in meeting payments are surprisingly few; bad debts total less than one-quarter of 1% of sales. Thanks in part to the tax cut, Americans now apply a record 14% of their available spending money to debt repayment, while at the same time increasing savings and building up personal assets faster than debt. Though consumers are taking on installment debts at the rate of $65 billion this year, the percentage increase is actually less than last year. But consumer credit is expected to take off on an even faster upward spiral next year as more and more new families keep forming and —like true red-blooded Americans— going into debt.

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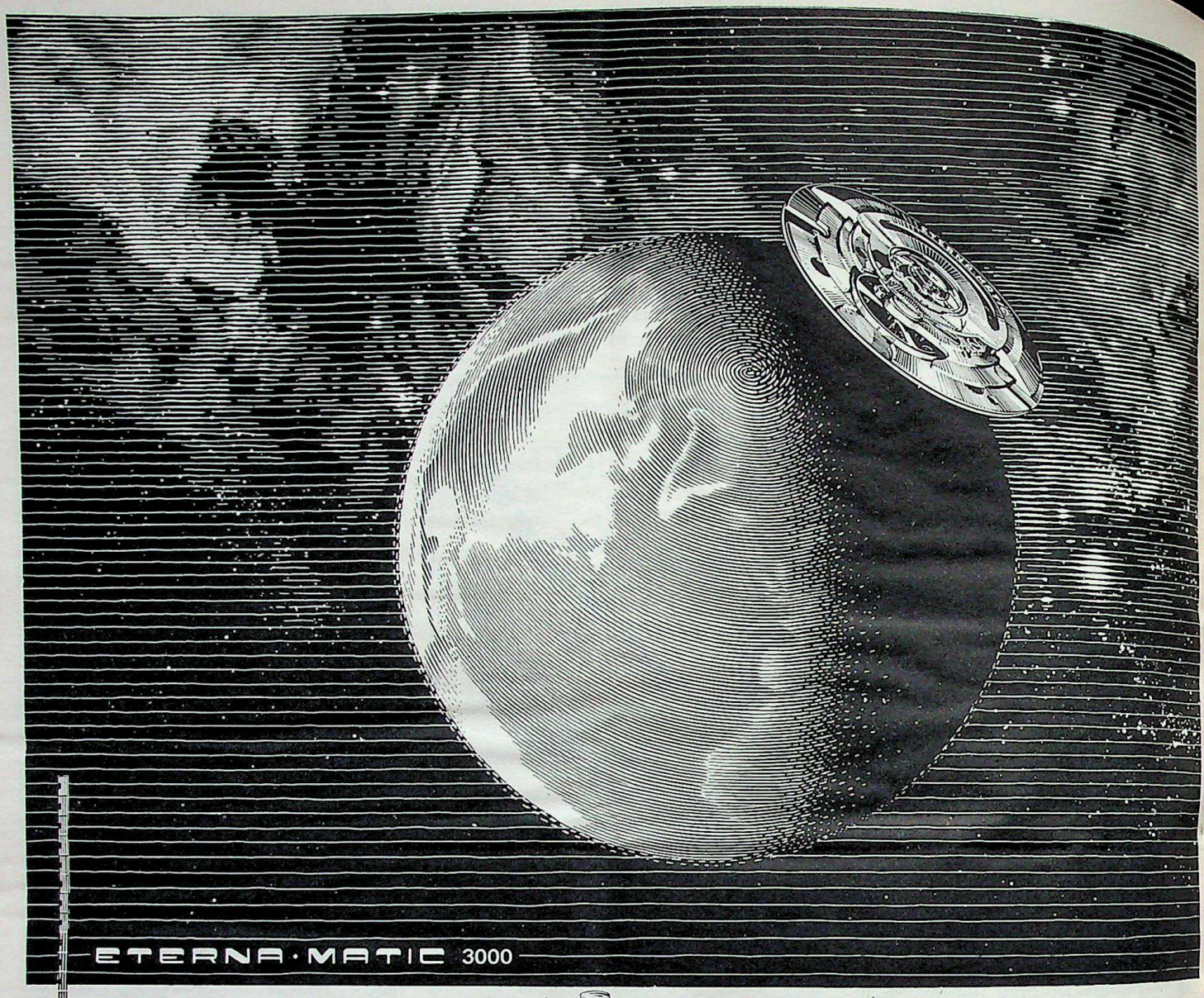

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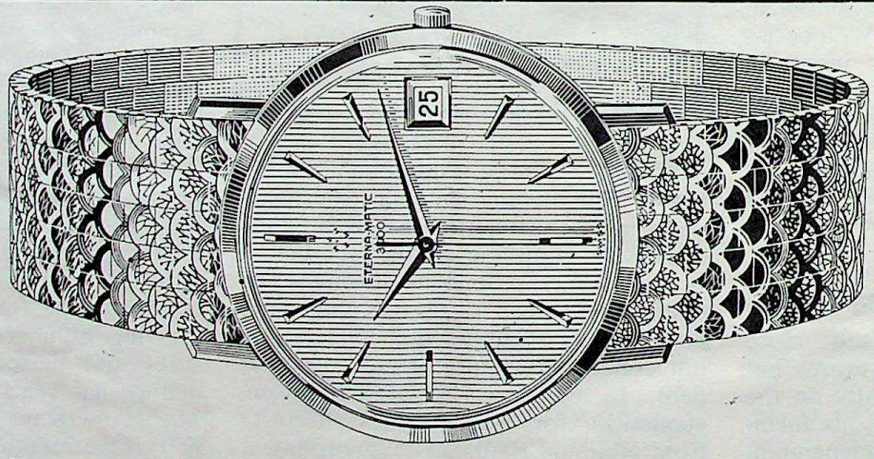

Eterna·Matic 3000 "Dato" by far the thinnest automatic calendar watch with centre second. (Illustrated watch: Ref. 746 TB/210-1466)

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ETERNA·MATIC 3000

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WESTERN EUROPE

Neocapitalism

The widening prosperity of Western Europe has altered not only the Continent's face but its mentality as well. This is nowhere truer than in the field of economics, where Europe is witnessing a transformation that ranks in importance with the birth of the Common Market and the march of American firms into Europe. The phenomenon needed a name—and the Italians have given it one. "What we have created," says Emilio Pucci, the Florentine fashion marquis who also sits in the Italian Parliament, "is neocapitalism."

Neocapitalism is a blend of expansive private enterprise, extensive social-welfare programs and selective government intervention—a syncretism of capitalism's proven methods with some of socialism's less extreme aims. It has already made doctrinaire Marxism outdated, changed many socialists into business-minded pragmatists and made social workers out of many capitalists. Though Britain's victorious Labor Party leaned farther to the left than was expected in setting up a government last week (*see* THE WORLD), its reassurances to private enterprise are typical of the change. Said Laborite Douglas Jay, new president of the Board of Trade: "This government starts with no prejudice or bias whatever against private business."

Though the marriage of philosophies often has its rough moments—as it is sure to have in Britain—neocapitalism is not the result of a shotgun wedding. Right after World War II, many Western Europeans tended to associate socialism with reform and considered capitalism a dirty word. Then postwar free enterprise and the market economy demonstrated that they could raise the standard of living to an undreamed-of level of prosperity. The forces of the left, which had staked their political future on voter disillusionment with capitalism, were stymied.

No More Preaching. Faced with capitalism's success, the left adopted many of its basic tenets. Italy's Socialists are plugging their responsibilities to businessmen in the campaign for next month's elections, and even the Communists have given up preaching collectivization to workers who drive their own Fiats to the plants. "Neocapitalism," says Marchese Pucci, "is a system in which workers and management find common interests." Says Pierre Auguste Cool, president of Belgium's Christian Trade-Unions: "If I were to tell my members that capitalism is a threat, they would advise me to see a doctor."

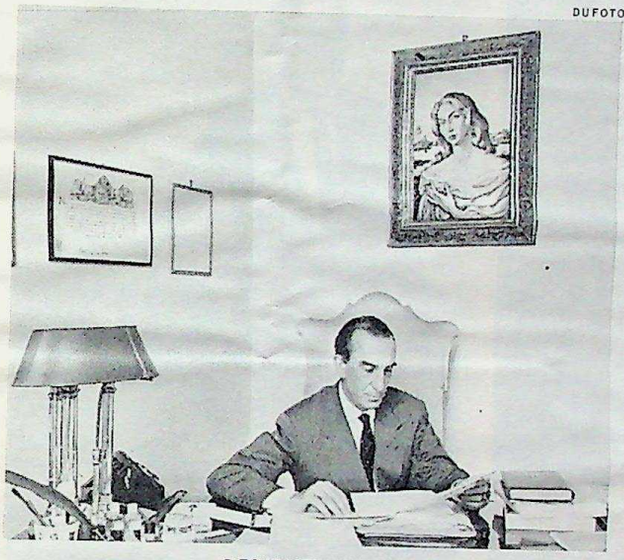
While prosperity has dissipated the left's enmity for capitalism, private enterprise in Europe has undergone some changes itself. It has rejected its narrow prewar devotion to low wages, high prices, restricted markets and forbidding tariffs, and is openly trying to emulate U.S. business. Instead of producing a limited number of high-cost goods for a market composed of the rich, Europe's new capitalists have created a mass consumer market based on economy-sized cars, readymade clothing, expanding paychecks and easy installment plans. In doing so, they have not only doubled production while reducing the work week since 1950, but have created across the Continent a new breed of property owners who tend to be more conservative simply because they have more to conserve.

Buried Antagonisms. Both business and labor have sought to bury their ancient antagonisms, and the presence of U.S. firms and methods in Europe has helped. In Britain, for example, Esso has introduced productivity bonuses for its workers. In Sweden, which has not suffered a major strike since 1953, managers and labor leaders meet yearly to decide upon wage guidelines for all industry. With its top members on most major corporate boards and a $250 million treasury to invest, the West German Trade Union Federation has become absolutely capitalistic: it owns dozens of businesses, from the country's biggest housebuilder to a supermarket chain. Last week, Building Workers Chief Georg Leber presented Chancellor Ludwig Erhard with an ambitious plan under which management would channel 1.5% of labor's wages into a huge investment fund that would later pay benefits to the workers.

Europe's businessmen, on the other hand, have softened their opposition to government involvement in private enterprise. Sir Leon Bagrit, the computer king of Britain's Elliott-Automation, has campaigned to get the government to take a greater interest in modernizing industry. Even the British Conservatives have called for more centralized planning. In order to get loans from state banks, many French industrialists embrace *"Le Plan"*—the government's program for expanding certain industries and restraining others. Governments own outright most of Italian oil and steel, French automaking and banking, British coal and gas, as well as the larger part of Europe's shipping, railroads and broadcasting. Continental businessmen, many of them connected with Catholic-oriented political parties —as in Italy, Belgium and Germany— have also been influenced by the softening of the Catholic Church's position on socialism, as evidenced by Pope John's encyclical *Mater et Magistra.*

Dead Issue. More important in the long run is the increasing reluctance to turn to nationalization, almost all of which took place before 1945. Nobody expects much more of it in the future. Britain's Laborites will try to renationalize steel, but will probably leave private industry in general untouched; most politicians on the Continent are extremely careful about how they use the word nationalization. Says Lars Erik Thunholm, president of Stockholm's Skandinaviska Bank: "The nationalization of industry is a dead issue as long as private enterprise shows the ability to continue expanding the economy." There is no sign that Europe's neocapitalists, who have gathered new strength from the fusion of ideas and methods, are about to lose that ability.

DUFOTO



DESIGNER PUCCI

WILFRIED EHRLICH

UNIONIST LEBER

An end to ancient enmities, a new sharing of interests.

LATIN AMERICA

To Get Bolder or Give Up

In Bogotá, the urbane and rainy capital of Colombia, 300 Latin American revolutionaries are meeting to plan an overthrow. Their target is not a paunchy dictator but a better-entrenched foe: the tariffs and trade barriers that divide Latin America. Their spearhead is the ambitious, nine-nation Latin American Free Trade Association, which so far in its four-year

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history has talked tall but acted small. As its two-month-long annual meeting began last week, the delegates muttered about "stagnation" and "frustration," agreed that LAFTA* has reached a decisive point at which it must either get bolder or give up.

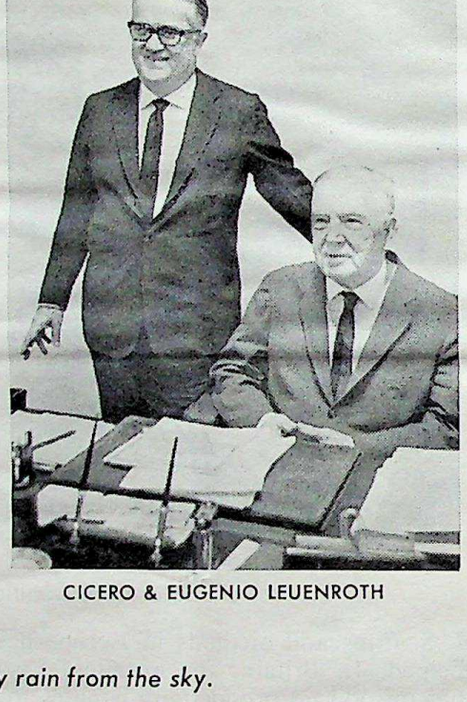
Fear for Infants. The LAFTA members have lowered tariffs on an impressive total of 8,500 items, but most of the cuts have affected goods that are neither important nor hotly competitive. Though trade within LAFTA has risen from $660 million in 1961 to an estimated $1.1 billion this year, it still amounts to only 9% of the members' foreign commerce—a lower share than a decade ago. In an effort to bring about a genuine common market, the LAFTA delegates at Bogotá will consider several proposals. One plan would trim all tariffs by 10% a year; a more popular proposal calls for 12% cuts by LAFTA's most advanced members (Argentina, Brazil, Mexico), ranging down to only 4% reductions by its least developed countries (Paraguay and Ecuador). Even with that, the less developed countries fear that their infant industries would be wiped out by a flood of imports from the more advanced nations, who then would dominate LAFTA.

A good deal more than tariffs serves to retard trade within LAFTA. Political and monetary upheavals discourage long-range trade deals, and export financing is hard to come by in Latin America's tight capital markets. The Latin nations produce roughly the same kinds of basic commodities, sell little to one another. Railroads, highways and ports in many areas range from primitive to nonexistent, and shipping is in short supply. "To intensify trade," says Ecuador's National Planner Raúl Paez Calle, "we must have an infrastructure of communications, transport, power supply and, perhaps more important, a human infrastructure."

Proof of Wisdom. Despite all those problems, LAFTA could still make considerable progress if it were really willing to try. Mexico, for example, has increased its LAFTA trade fourfold since 1960, figures that it could buy still ten times more from the area. And if LAFTA wants proof of what wise action can accomplish, it need only observe the separate four-year-old Central American Common Market, whose five small members faced even greater disadvantages. They have drastically lowered tariffs across the board and started several regional organizations. Now they are talking about common currency, transportation, education projects.

STANDARD'S TROUSER AD

PAULO MUNIZ



CICERO & EUGENIO LEUENROTH

Commercials and candy rain from the sky.

BRAZIL

Master of His Market

Many a Madison Avenue man would be driven to five-martini lunches by the demands and problems of advertising in Brazil. Of the country's 76 million people, 50% are illiterate and, besides, too poor to buy mass magazines. There is no national television, radio or newspaper. Inflation is so rampant that prices sometimes change overnight. All these handicaps have proved, however, to be advantages for a fast-moving Brazilian named Cicero Leuenroth, who has built his Standard Propaganda into Brazil's largest advertising agency by combining Madison Avenue drive and efficiency with a deep understanding of the special needs of Brazil's consumers.

The grandson of an immigrant German, the greying, nattily dressed Leuenroth, 57, has become such a master of his market that competing corporations willingly share his services—a practice universally avoided in the U.S. Standard's 62 clients include two appliance companies, two steel mills and three drug companies, in addition to such prestigious firms as Shell, Pirelli and Helena Rubinstein. Last week Standard went to work on two more major plums: a government campaign to popularize a new anti-inflation, salary-withholding bond, and another to promote the National Housing Bank, recently organized to finance lower-class housing.

Saints & Sexpots. Situated in both Rio de Janeiro and São Paulo, the agency and its 300 employees shrewdly tailor advertising to two markets. Brazil's richest consumers are in the "Golden Triangle" that stretches from Rio and São Paulo to Belo Horizonte. To stir them, Standard turns out sophisticated pitches that any Manhattan agency would proudly claim. For Rhodia fabrics, Leuenroth photographed Brazilian models wearing Rhodia clothes in Rome and Tokyo to convince women that Brazilian-made rayons and cottons are as smart as imports. In a nation where saints and sexpots remain the surest advertising approach at any level, Standard hoisted the Barki clothing company's sales with pictures of luscious girls wearing only Barki men's trousers or neckties.

In the isolated back country, Standard takes a different approach. "They don't know how to read and write," says Leuenroth. "But they know how to talk and listen." Standard sells Alka-Seltzer in the back country with simple commercials blared from 250-watt radio stations or where there is no radio, over loudspeakers set up in village squares. In towns so remote that they lack electricity, Standard stencils brand names on walls or uses airplanes to drop advertising leaflets wrapped around candy. It also uses simple cartoons with as little wording as possible.

Beggars & Admen. Leuenroth learned advertising from his father, Eugenio, who opened an agency 52 years ago when, he says, businessmen commonly hung out such signs as: "Beggars and advertising men seen only on Wednesday." Eugenio Leuenroth's first "campaign" was a three-inch newspaper display for SKF ball bearings, but by 1923 he had signed some overseas giants, including Ford. Cicero joined the business after graduating from Columbia University ('25), now runs it with the advisory help of his 80-year-old father, who still visits the office daily. With business bustling, Cicero has branched into philanthropy, recently organized a "free enterprise commission" that is designed to help small businessmen open shops. "The advertising man," he explains, "must think of his responsibility to the people." And, of course, it will not hurt if some of those small businessmen grow up to be big advertisers.

* Embracing Mexico and all the independent South American countries except Bolivia and Venezuela, which are applying for membership.

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MEDICINE

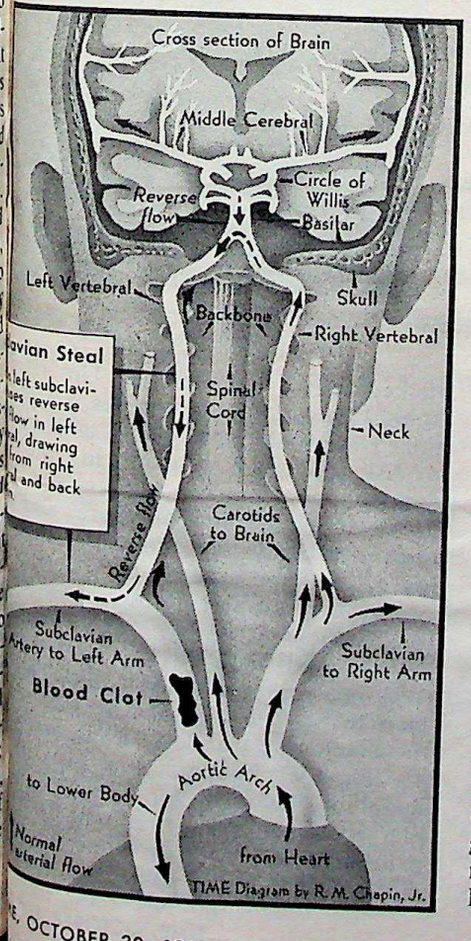
CIRCULATION

The Great Brain Robbery

Doctors have long been as puzzled as their patients have been alarmed when some unaccustomed exercise causes not only numbness in an arm but faintness and even temporary blindness. Now artery researchers at West Virginia University School of Medicine have an explanation for what investigators call "the subclavian-steal syndrome."

As Irish-born Dr. Robert James Marshall explained it last week to the American Heart Association in Atlantic City, the steal involves one of the arteries that normally help to supply blood to the brain. Besides the well-publicized carotid arteries, there are two lesser-known vertebral arteries, each of which branches off from one of the subclavian arteries in the shoulders and ascends to the brain (*see diagram*). These arteries unite at the base of the brain to form the basilar artery, and in a healthy person they supply up to 20% of the brain's blood. Normally, the blood in the vertebral arteries flows in one direction: upward, to the brain.

But in older people who have arteriosclerosis, Dr. Marshall explained, there may be a clot in, say, the left subclavian artery. Then the blood pressure beyond the clot, and in the left arm, falls below normal, lower than the pressure in the right ascending vertebral artery. This sets up the steal. If the left arm demands extra blood because of unwonted exercise, it gets some by drawing it in a reverse flow down the left vertebral artery, stealing it from the right vertebral artery at their junction just below the brain.



In some cases, said Dr. Marshall, a small steal produces no obvious ill effects; this has been dubbed "the subclavian snitch." But Dr. Marshall suggested that a truly massive steal, in which both carotid arteries are also robbed of blood, might well be called "the great brain robbery."

INFECTIOUS DISEASES

The Ravages of Strep

When Rebecca Craighill Lancefield was a child around the turn of the century, scarlet fever seemed a dangerous disease that was easy enough to diagnose but difficult to treat. The victim got a raging sore throat, a high fever, and a rash that spread over most of his body and gave the illness its name. But physicians and bacteriologists found that though they could suppress the rash, they could do little else for their patients. Researchers also found that patients who had one bout of scarlet fever might never have another, but if they got the same kind of sore throat again, they might develop heart or kidney disease.

During World War I, tens of thousands of American soldiers became ill with scarlet fever or related strep infections. Mrs. Lancefield, who got her master's at the time and began working for her doctorate in microbiology at Columbia University, had no trouble finding a problem on which to concentrate. Encouraged by her husband, Geneticist Donald E. Lancefield, she became one of the first bacteriologists to recognize that the streptococci are an appallingly complex group of microbes. She spent a decade in the laboratory, painstakingly classifying different strains of streptococci according to the poisons they produce. By 1928 she was ready to report that the bugs that cause scarlet fever and destroy red blood cells and pave the way for rheumatic fever and heart and kidney damage, could all be identified as coming from a single group that she called beta-hemolytic, group A.

While Dr. Lancefield has worked at the Rockefeller Institute refining her findings, other researchers have learned to describe strep germs by their "Lancefield classification." That name, though unknown to the general public, has become a byword among bacteriologists and medical researchers who have applied the Lancefield findings to the control of rheumatic fever—and, consequently, to the prevention of countless cases of mitral-valve damage. Dr. Lancefield's latest work has been devoted to pinning down the kinds of strep, and the nature of their poisons involved in glomerulonephritis—one of the commonest, deadliest and most baffling of kidney diseases (TIME, July 24).

ALFRED STATLER

MICROBIOLOGIST LANCEFIELD
No trouble finding a problem.

Last week the American Heart Association, meeting in Atlantic City, gave Dr. Rebecca Craighill Lancefield, 69, some belated public recognition: its 1964 Research Achievement Award.

PEDIATRICS

The Deadly Membrane

When a baby is born prematurely, he is especially susceptible to a breathing difficulty that develops into hyaline membrane disease. The inner linings of the lungs get covered with a membrane that prevents the exchange of oxygen and carbon dioxide and kills the victim. So far, the most expert and concentrated medical efforts have proved virtually helpless against "H.M.D."; it was the cause of Patrick Bouvier Kennedy's death in 1963 when he was only 39 hours and 12 minutes old.

Last week Dr. Daniel Stowens, a Louisville pathologist, said he had found the explanation of H.M.D. and a simple, effective treatment: Epsom salts enemas. He told the College of American Pathologists that he had concluded from post-mortem examinations that H.M.D. victims suffered from an inability to get rid of excess water. Since the premature baby's kidneys may not be up to the job of ridding the body of excess water, Dr. Stowens suggested helping them with the Epsom salts enemas. In eight months, 28 babies with "severe respiratory distress and all clinical signs of hyaline membrane disease" were so treated, and all did well.

There is one difficulty, though. Pediatricians may suspect that a baby is developing H.M.D., but only an autopsy can prove them right. And although waterlogging is notoriously a problem in all preemies with breathing difficulties, nobody is yet certain whether it is a cause or an effect of H.M.D. Indeed, there are many pediatricians who feel that dryness in the lungs, not waterlogging, is a major cause of the disease.

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The film's richest asset may well be Rex Harrison, making capital of the closeup in his 1,007th performance as irascible Professor Henry Higgins, who masterminds the metamorphosis of the cockney flower girl, Eliza Doolittle. Harrison still talks his songs and sings his dialogue in a triumph of stylized, polished acting that would be memorable with or without music. Another holdover from Broadway is Stanley Holloway, raffishly repeating his role as Eliza's father, a dustman-turned-moralist who speaks some of Shaw's most corrosively funny lines—wisely preserved intact—then stops the show with the gritty low comedy of Lerner's *Get Me to the Church on Time*.

The burning question mark of this sumptuous adaptation is Audrey Hepburn's casting as Eliza, the role that Julie Andrews had clearly been born to play. Purists may cavil that Hepburn's singing voice, most of it dubbed by Soprano Marni Nixon, sounds too much like Julie and not enough like Audrey. But after a slow start, when the practiced proficiency of her cockney dialect suggests that Actress Hepburn is really only slumming, she warms her way into a graceful, glamorous performance, the best of her career.

Guided by Director George Cukor, who had played Pygmalion to many a Hollywood Galatea (Garbo in *Camille*, Ingrid Bergman in *Gaslight*), she exquisitely personifies "a squashed cabbage leaf" transformed into an English rose. Her comedy scenes are delectable, her charm ineluctable, and her first appearance among society folk at Ascot—in a gown created by Designer Cecil Beaton, whose art nouveau sets and costumes are a splendid show in themselves—is one of those great movie moments seldom accomplished without the help of brass bands and fireworks. And Hepburn tops that when she begins describing, in precise Mayfair accents, the drunken demise of her old aunt: "Gin was mother's milk to her."

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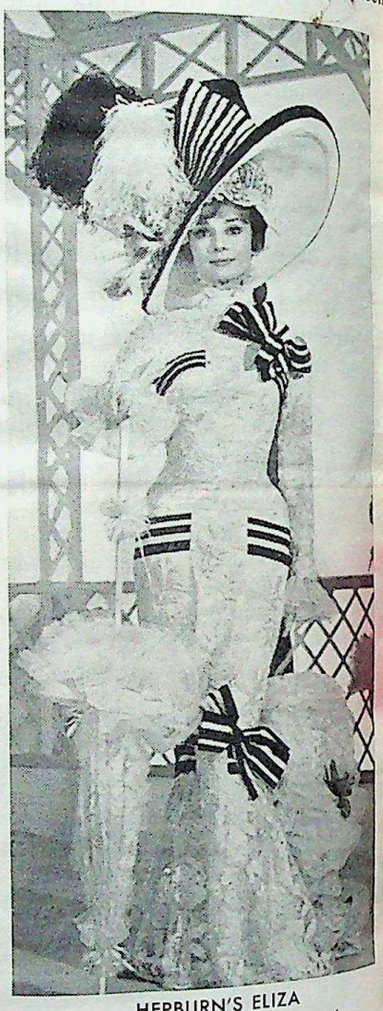

HEPBURN'S ELIZA
By George, she's got it!

tucked into a linen closet. The talent behind *Fair Lady* sometimes approaches their work with damp palms, as if afraid to risk too much in capturing the wit and style of a modern masterpiece. But in the essentials it is all there, and for once in a Hollywood moon the customers get full measure of the elegant escapism they are paying for.

A New Kind of Life

Woman in the Dunes. One day a man leaves the city and wanders into the desert. He wanders alone, and over his shoulder he carries a net. He is searching, he says, for a new kind of life, for a creature that will bear his name and make him in some sense immortal. All day the solitary figure (Eiji

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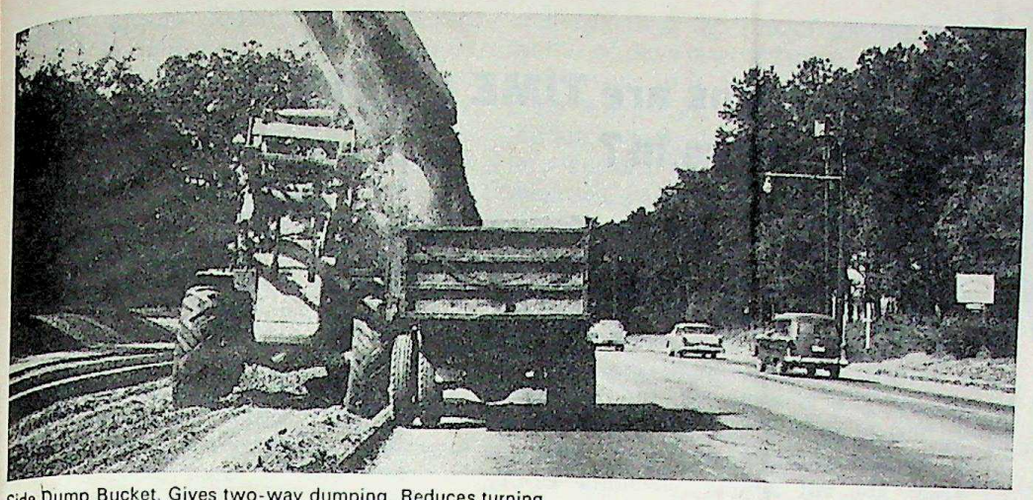

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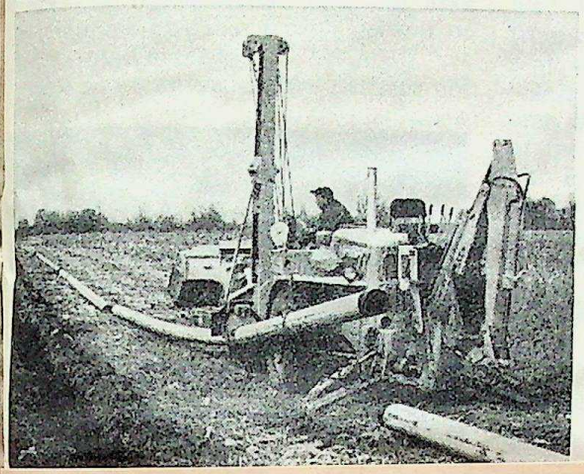

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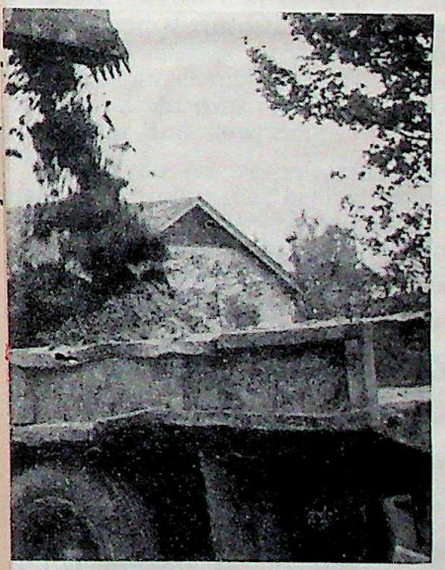

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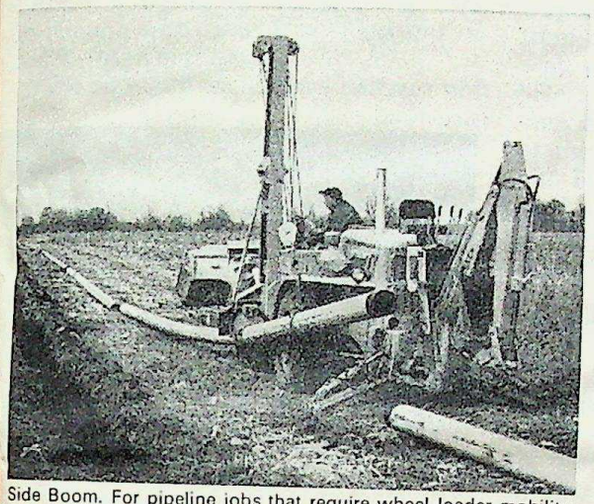

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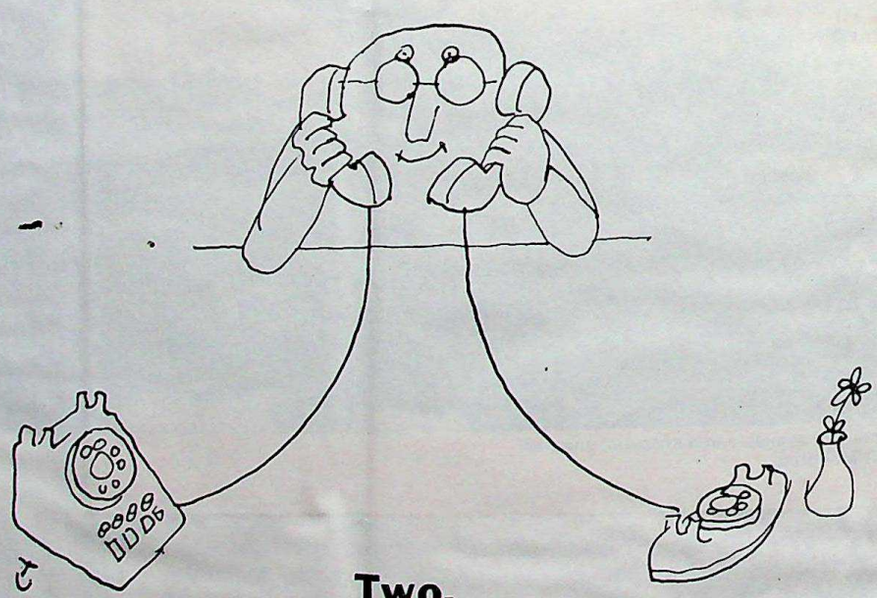

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Okada) moves among the moving sands, but he does not find what he is seeking. At sunset a stranger appears, a man at home in the desert, and leads him to a deep pit.

In the bottom of the pit, a hundred feet down, stands a house. "You can spend the night there," the stranger says. Hand over hand the man descends a rope ladder. In the house he finds a peasant woman who gives him plain food to eat and a plain mat to sleep on. In the morning he rises early to be on his way, but when he looks for the ladder it is gone. "Please don't blame me," the woman says gently. "Remember, you came here of your own accord." He stares at her, incredulous. "Are you trying to tell me," he asks in rising alarm, "that I can't get out of here—that I'm trapped?"

The spectator shudders—perhaps not

SY FRIEDMAN

OKADA IN "DUNES"
Out of the pit, into discovery.

simply in sympathy. The modern mind has an allergy to allegory, and this story is plainly a metaphor performed: the man and woman are meant to be everyman and everywoman, and life is the hellhole they are in. But the metaphor is grand, the allegory clothes the powerful narrative as patterns clothe a python. In his second film, a 37-year-old Japanese painter named Hiroshi Teshigahara has transformed a tricky-turgid novel into a luminous and violent existential thriller, an Oriental *Pilgrim's Progress*.

"Time is important to me!" the trapped man cries angrily as he charges up the palisades of sand that rise on all sides; they collapse and almost bury him. Undaunted, he climbs the rope that lowers supplies into the pit; when the rope is released, he drops 30 feet and almost breaks his neck. Frustrated on all sides, he turns upon the woman his rage to live. He possesses her, unaware at first that in grappling with the woman he is also grappling with the reality she represents: the appalling predicament he is in.

It grows more appalling by the minute. Driven by the wind, by an invisible power in the sky, a river of sand flows endlessly over the rim of the pit. In a matter of days it would drown the house and anyone in it. So every night and all night long, while the wind lies still and the air is cool, the woman shovels sand into buckets and sends the buckets up the rope. If no sand comes out of the pit, she explains, no food will be sent back in return. The man is aghast. "Don't you feel that all this is meaningless?" he asks. "Moving sand to live, living to move sand?"

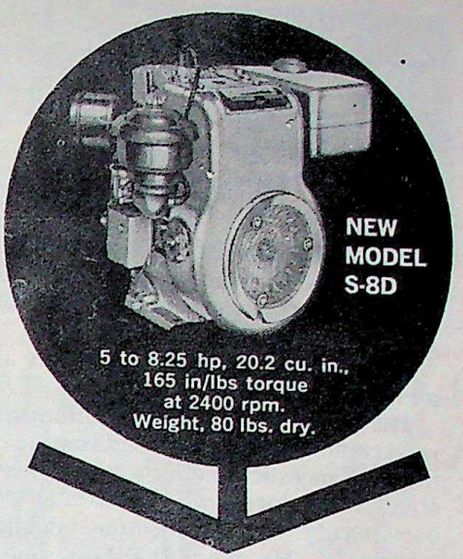
One dark night, with the help of a rope he has woven and a grappling hook he has made, the man at last escapes from the pit. Free! In rapture he races aimlessly among the big black dunes. In horror he feels the sand give way beneath his feet. He has escaped from one pit only to fall into another—a pit of quicksand! "Help!" he screams. "Help!" His life is saved but his freedom is lost; the men who pull him out of the quicksand put him back in the pit. In blank hatred he stares at the sand, at his fate.

Slowly hope is lost; suddenly grace is given. In the bottom of a barrel sunk in the sand, he finds several inches of clear water. Water in this blazing waste! He is dumbstruck. By what miracle could a common tub draw water out of dust? Day and night he ponders the mystery and its meaning. In the desert he has found water—can it be that in his fate he has found his life? He looks up. The ladder has somehow been left in place. He is free to go, but now he has no desire to depart. Instead he bends over the barrel, and in the clear mirror of the water he sees the creature he came seeking in the dry places. It is himself.

Endurance Test

The Lively Set has a gas turbine in the liveliest role. The engine propels a futuristic racing car, developed and assembled by Chrysler Corp. The rest of the cast, Hollywood-assembled, is made up mostly of bright, well-developed young folk—among them James Darren, Pamela Tiffin, Doug McClure, Joanie Sommers and Peter Mann—who are lovely to look at but not much fun to know.

The plot, which has all the bite of the blueprint in a model car kit, tells how a car-crazy boy (Darren) and a boy-crazy girl (Tiffin) find happiness at the end of an auto endurance race through Death Valley. As the dragster's inamorata, Pamela learns that falling in love with an "intuitive genius" can be an endurance test in itself. Darren spends so much time pondering gear ratios and reassembling fuel lines that he can scarcely stay awake long enough to endanger a girl's reputation. Of course, he regains consciousness moments before the Big Race, a tense, imaginatively shot sequence filled with screeching wheels and groaning metal as the cars hurtle toward the finish, arousing moviegoers just in time for the second feature.



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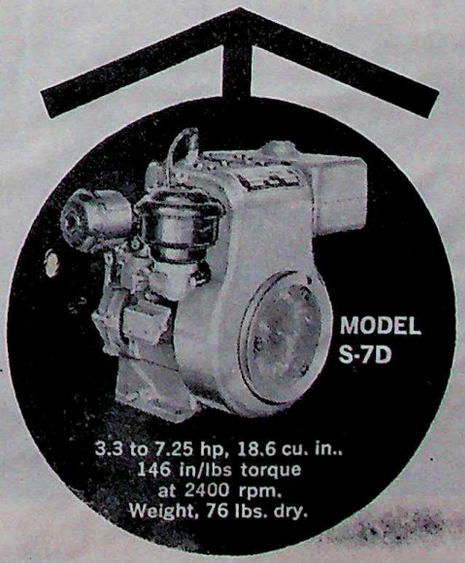

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A Clean, Well-Lighted Soul

THOSE CURSED TUSCANS *by Curzio Malaparte.* 236 pages. *Ohio University.* $4.95.

Novelist-Journalist Curzio Malaparte made it his life's ambition to be hated by his readers. He succeeded admirably. By the time of his death in 1957, he was anathema to the right and left and almost everybody in between.

His contempt for most of humanity was complete. He regarded hatred as the one majestic emotion of this miserable species, for he who hates is at least passionately concerned, not docilely conformist. He poured all his venom into a novel, *Kaputt,* an account of Nazi atrocities on the Eastern front, and into a later novel, *The Skin,* describing barbarous conditions under the U.S. occupation of Italy. With a passion akin to Swift's, Malaparte sought to indict the cruelties of mankind. Readers were shocked, as he intended; they were also shocked by the fact that Malaparte seemed to be enjoying the telling of these poisonous tales too much.

No Time to Sing. Tall, rugged, dashing, Malaparte was one of a vanishing breed: the intellectual buccaneer in the manner of D'Annunzio, who bounced from one Great Cause to the next. After fighting in World War I, he became an ardent advocate of Fascism. In and out of favor with the regime, he joined the Allies in 1943, later tried to join the Communist Party but was brusquely turned down. He visited Red China in 1956 and came home bubbling with enthusiasm.

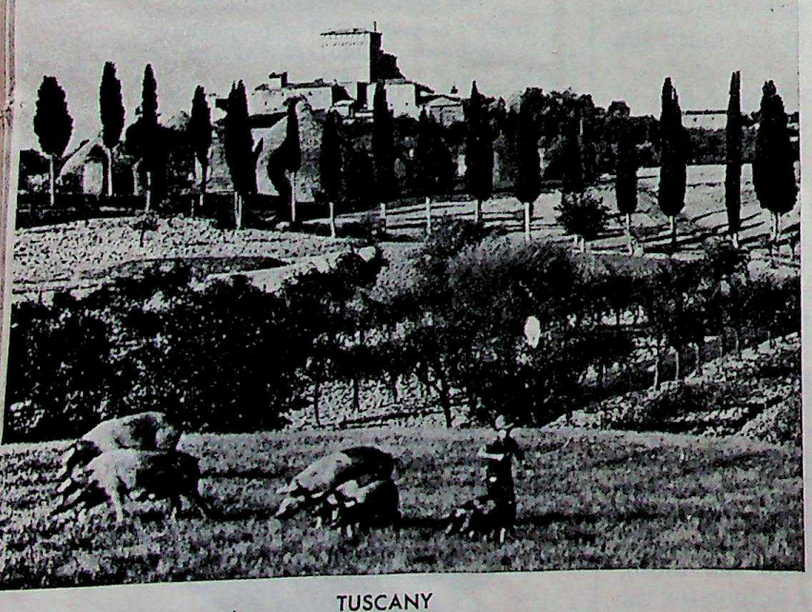
Those Cursed Tuscans is a white-hot, sometimes overwrought exposition of Malaparte's philosophy and an apologia, really, for his way of life. As far as he is concerned, it was a mistake to unite Italy, for unification brought spare, lean and hungry Tuscans into contact with a lot of soft-hearted, overemotional Italians. "The Tuscans aren't tenors. They speak: they don't sing. They don't wash out their throats with beautiful Italian phrases." The whole history of Tuscany, thinks Malaparte, can be expressed in a common Tuscan curse: "To hell with all of you, go shove it."

The Tuscans enjoy a chummy relationship with God; they do not prostrate themselves: "They have a way of kneeling which is more a way of standing up with their legs bent—exactly the opposite of all other Italians, who, even when standing upright, seem to be on their knees. In religious processions, Tuscans carry Christ along as if they were on their way to lynch him. They believe that even Christ, the Madonna and the Saints must sooner or later give an account of themselves—which is, one must admit, a fine way of turning the Judgment Day upside down."

Nothing Sacred. The attraction evil had for Malaparte gave him peculiar insight into the behavior of men who were far worse in deed than he ever was in thought. In *Kaputt,* he wrote: "The Nazi has no fear of the strong man, of the armed man who faces him with courage. The Nazi fears the defenseless, the weak and the sick."

The personal truculence Malaparte advocates is far from the mass hysteria of Fascism. "Learn from the Tuscans," he writes, "how to spit in the face of the mighty, in the face of kings, emperors, bishops, inquisitors, judges, masters. Learn from the Tuscans that there is nothing sacred in this world except the human itself, and that one human's soul is worth precisely that of another's: and that it is only necessary to know how to keep the soul clean, in a cool dry place, that it gather neither dust nor humidity. Woe unto him who tries to dirty that soul, or humiliate it, or butter it up, or bless it, mortgage it, rent it, buy it."

TET BORSIG



TUSCANY

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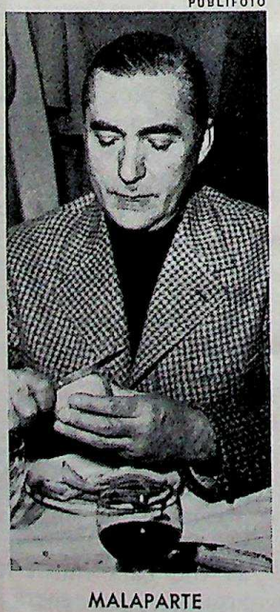

MALAPARTE

Hatred is majestic.

SIGNAL CORPS

PATTON (1944)
Peace is hell.

The War Lover

PATTON: ORDEAL AND TRIUMPH *by Ladislas Farago.* 885 pages. *Obolensky.* $9.95.

The Brittany farmland had been bombed, strafed and shelled all day. Its rough-stone houses were now rubble, its fields aflame and littered with dead cattle. Looking down on this devastation, General George Smith Patton Jr. suddenly raised his arms to the sky. "Compared to war," he cried, "all other forms of human endeavor shrink to insignificance. God, how I love it!"

Such chilling scenes have built up a widespread misunderstanding of Patton that not even eight earlier and more friendly biographies could knock down. As this ninth attempt makes clear, the impression that he was a callous killer is no less deluded than Patton's own self-image. He absolutely believed that he was the "reincarnation" of an archetypal fighting man who had once "battled for fresh mammoth," had fought in a phalanx against Cyrus the Persian, on Crécy's field in the Hundred Years' War, in all the great campaigns since.

Dueling Rommel. Patton saw his life as one long joust with the world. In peacetime, he trained himself for war as a medieval knight training for battle. He was a ferocious competitor in the pentathlon, in which he finished fifth in the 1912 Olympics, and polo, in which he was a seven-goal player. In his last year at West Point, he thrust his head into the line of fire during a sharpshooting exercise. "I just wanted to see how afraid I'd be," he explained, "and to train myself not to be." When war came, Patton's revolutionary theories of seemingly reckless advance ("Let the enemy worry about *his* flanks") often proved to be the best way not to spill blood but to spare it. Besides, if he had had his own way, World War II would have cost but one casualty: it would

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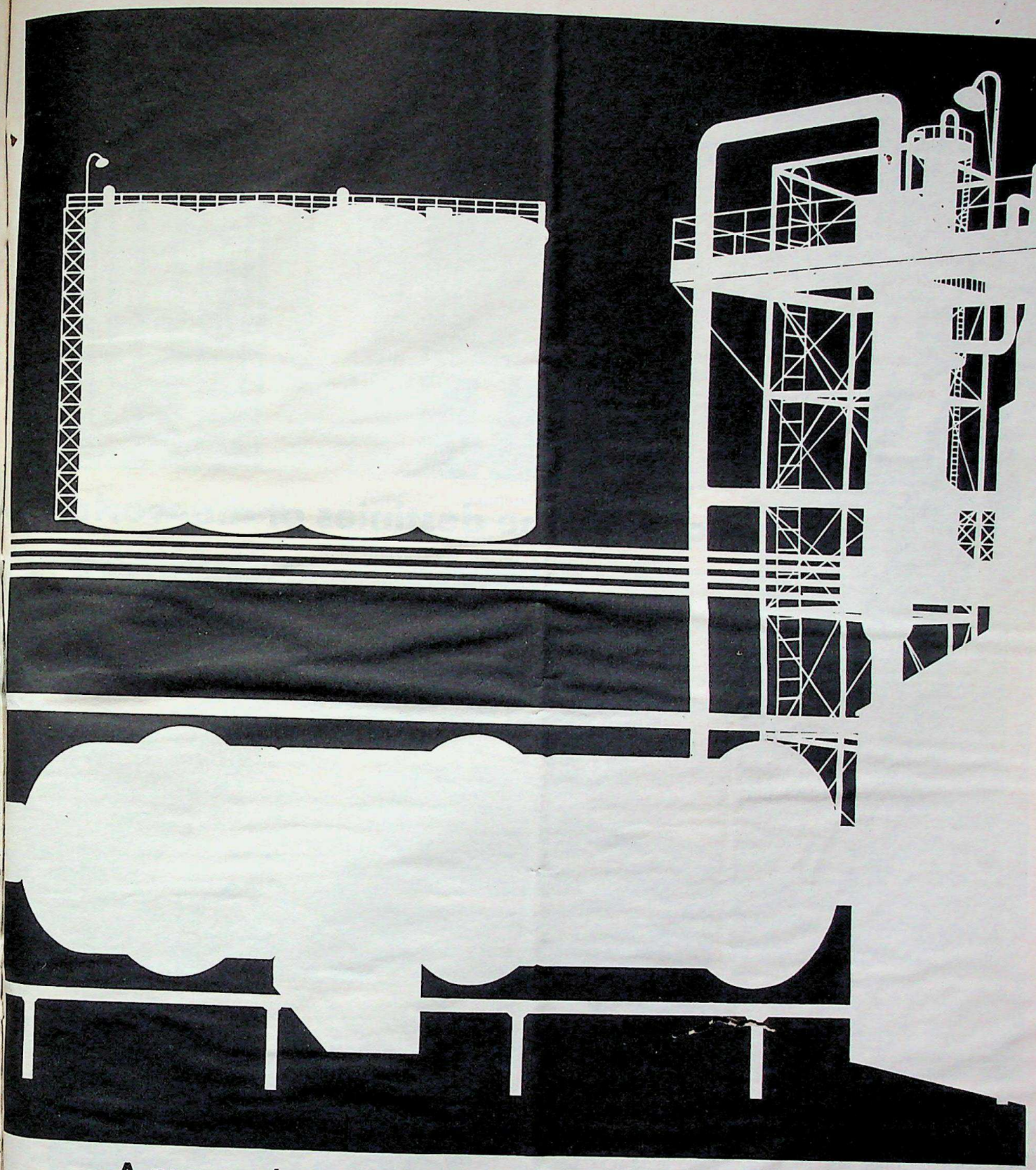

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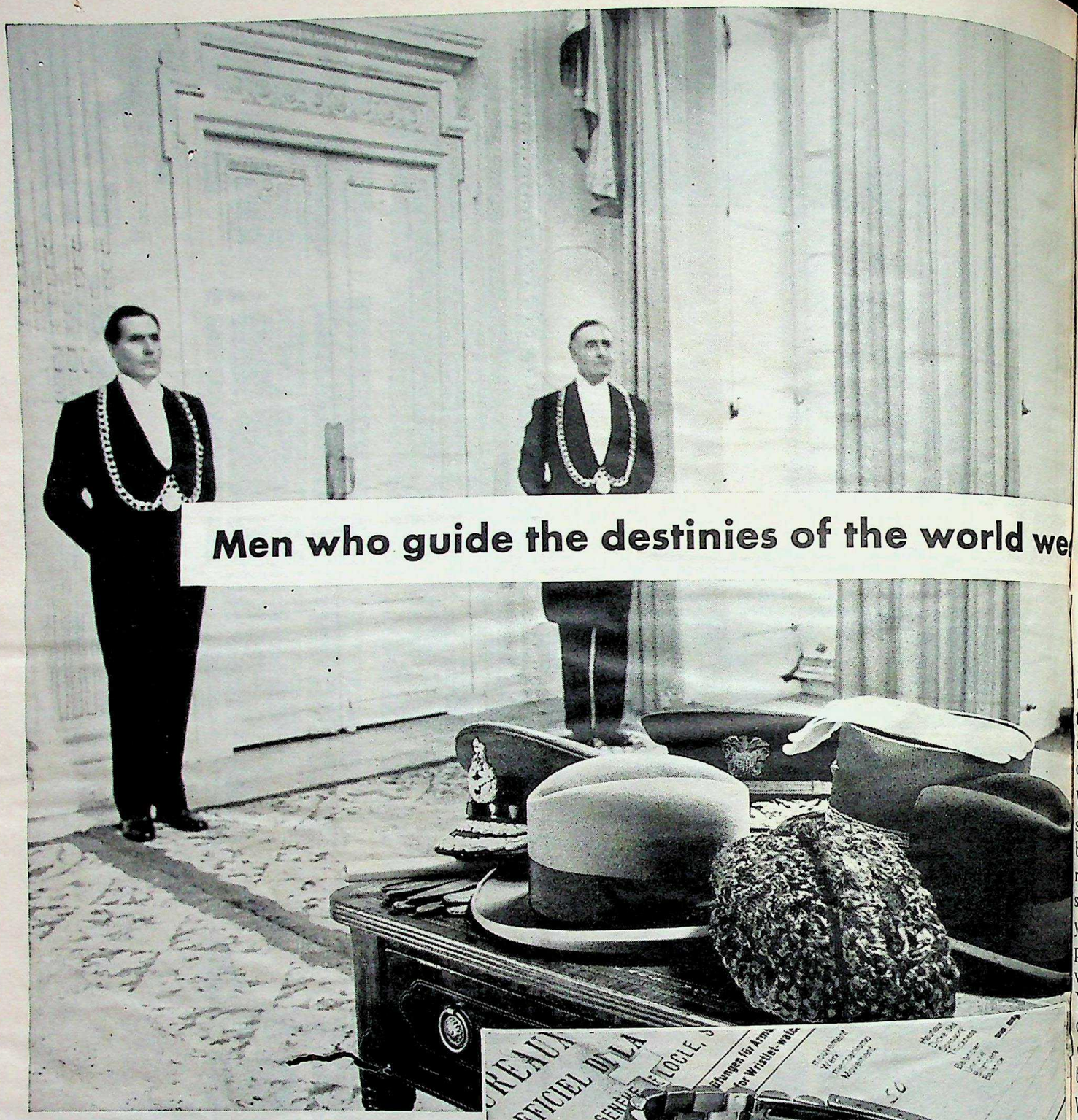

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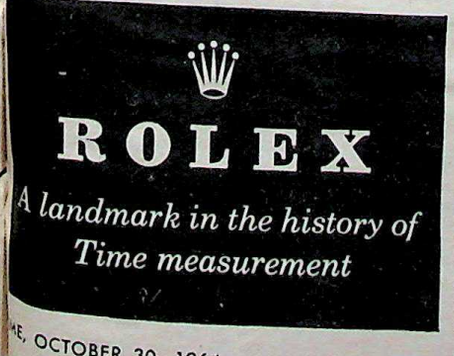

have been just a duel between Field Marshal Rommel and General Patton. "The armies could watch," he said. "If I killed him, I'd be the champ. If he killed me—well, he won't."

This biography by Ladislas Farago, a military chronicler and World War II intelligence officer, is the longest, hardest and most informative look yet at George Patton. Yet it is painfully under-edited and overwrought. And Farago's digressions into higher political issues, coupled with perhaps the most illegible campaign maps ever printed, serve only to slow down the pace of Patton's breakneck "war of movement." More damagingly, the author has not fully marshaled his own conclusions on the contentious general.

Paper Army. At one point, Farago declares that Patton's "combination of dash and daring on the one side and enormous professional skill and savvy on the other qualified him even for the Supreme Command, which was eventually denied to him through the failure of his superiors to recognize and appreciate the intrinsic and overwhelming value of such a combination." But at another, he concedes that Patton's trigger temper and lack of political sophistication probably disqualified him for higher responsibilities. Patton botched his proconsul duties, first as the ruler of French Morocco in 1942-43, and later as Military Governor of Bavaria. He gave Eisenhower no choice but to ease him out.

Ike put him in command of the "15th Army," literally a paper unit preparing a war history. George Patton had already warned his wife, just before the German surrender, that "peace is going to be hell on me." His death in an auto accident only three months after losing the military governorship and only seven months after the armistice may have seemed to him to have come too late rather than too early. "The proper end for the professional soldier," George Patton liked to say, "is a quick death inflicted by the last bullet of the last battle."

Death of an Anarchist

CHAOS AND NIGHT *by Henry de Montherlant.* 240 pages. *Macmillan.* $4.95.

At the age of 67, Celestino Marchillo resumes a boyhood pastime—the Spanish custom of car fighting. He takes his stand in the middle of the Boulevard Saint-Martin in Paris and shakes his raincoat at the traffic. He is knocked down. "I could have presented the *capote* when the head passed, as others do, but I wanted to do it honestly, because the bull was honest," Celestino explains.

"You might have been killed," says Celestino's daughter, disapproving but not surprised.

"That's the whole point," Celestino answers. But Celestino, a lifelong, dedicated anarchist, has in fact misplaced the point of things—or rather, has lost his anarchist's well-ordered assurance of their pointlessness.

"Impotent & Dangerous." Celestino's decline, as he loses his firm grip on nothingness and stumbles into senescence and death, is told in a novel that for most of its length is wry and likable. But the author, the distinguished French Playwright Henry de Montherlant, has chosen to cast not only Celestino but the novel itself into absurdity. Clearly this was to have been a novel of ideas; in detail it is. Celestino is full of lively observations and prickly comments. And the author appears to have something climactic to say. In successive pages he pastes up his posters, hires his hall, and dims the house lights. But at the last moment he ducks out the stage door and vanishes, leaving his audience to realize it has been swindled.

DOMINIQUE BERRETTY

HENRY DE MONTHERLANT
Four clumsy thrusts of the sword.

The fraud is worked this way: Celestino returns to Madrid to settle a will, and there he attends a mediocre bullfight. He comes to understand that a certain ill-favored bull, badly killed with four clumsy thrusts of the sword, represents Man. "More and more wary and more and more duped, more and more vicious and more and more mocked, more and more both impotent and dangerous, ineluctably doomed to die and yet still capable of killing: such was the bull at the end of its life, and such is man." Deeply troubled, Celestino returns to his hotel, lies down, experiences four agonizing pains along his spine, and dies.

Killed by the Nonexistent. There is an inflexible rule that in a novel about Spain the death of any male character over the age of five must be made to parallel the ritual of the bullfight, and a reader assumes that Celestino's four

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pains are merely Montherlant's notion of a heart attack. Not so. The police come, flip poor Celestino over, and discover "four thin clean holes which might have been made by a knife or sword." Has Celestino been murdered in some highly symbolic fashion? Apparently not; nor is there any hint that the supernatural is involved. Celestino's death is, rather, superliterary. He is the first character in the history of the novel to be killed by a wholly nonexistent symbol. This is artistic anarchy, which is not a satisfactory way to write about an anarchist.

Rationalist Revival

THE ENGLISH MORALISTS *by Basil Willey.* 318 pages. *Norton.* $6.95.

The British philosophers and essayists of the past three centuries are more admired than read. Impeccably cool and collected, preening themselves on their rationalism, they leave the present impassioned age cold indeed. Yet these writers played a large part in shaping modern notions of good and evil, pleasure and pain, freedom and tyranny. They are also eminently readable, writes Basil Willey, English-literature professor for 18 years at Cambridge. His engaging little book may well spark a rationalist revival.

A believer in God who makes his credo perfectly plain in the course of the book, Author Willey is not in complete sympathy with these earnest skeptics. He gives them their due in a few felicitous phrases without becoming their advocate:

• FRANCIS BACON: "It is undeniable that Bacon has about him something of the magnificent charlatan. He is full of large utterance, but himself performs little. His own experimenting was unprofitable, and he ignored some of the best work of his contemporaries. But as the *buccinator novi temporis* (trumpeter of a new age) he is without an equal, and the next three centuries rightly regarded him as the seer, or even the poet, of science. Although he is reputed to be the father of the English essay, he despised the Epicurean life to which most of the essayists have been temperamentally inclined. He was at home in a heroic age, and scorned to be found anywhere but at intellectual headquarters."

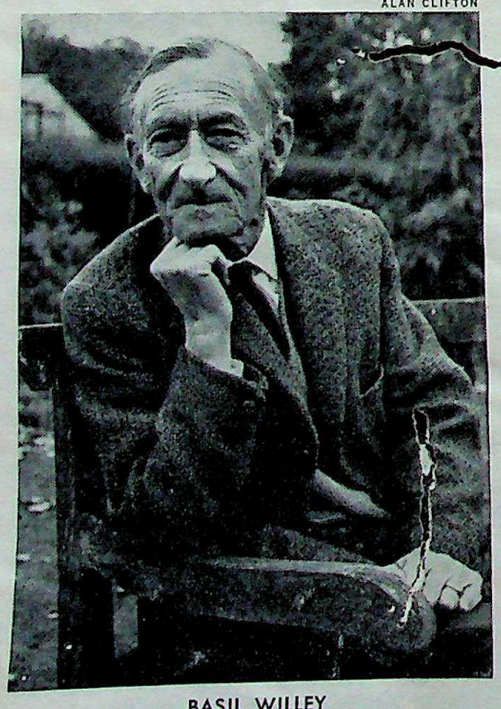
• JOHN LOCKE: "One might call him the first modern English philosopher to write like a gentleman. His tone expresses confidence in the essential reasonableness of God, Nature and Man and in the fundamental stability of the English Constitution. There is said to be an ancient quarrel between philosophy and poetry, but I doubt if any kind of philosophy has ever been, in all its implications, more hostile to poetry than that of Locke."

• JOSEPH ADDISON: "The 18th century in England may not have been a very moral age, but it was certainly an age of moralists. Addison was the first lay preacher to reach the ear of the middle classes and to give dignified expression to their ideals and sentiments. He was the safest, the nicest great writer English literature had produced until the Victorian age."

• LORD CHESTERFIELD: "Few would-be servants of God put so much energy into their task as Chesterfield puts into the service of Mammon. The load carried by Bunyan's Christian was almost light compared with the burden imposed by this Worldly Wiseman on his unfortunate offspring. He felt that life held no greater good than to please it and be pleased by it. He tells his son: 'We shall not converse much together, for I cannot stand awkwardness; it would endanger my health.' "

• EDMUND BURKE: "The French revolutionists were sweeping away the past and replacing it by a mathematically symmetrical new order; and they were doing this in the name of 'nature.' Burke managed to throw 'nature' back into the teeth of its French disciples. It is 'natural,' he argued, for men to accept tradition, to be unequal, to be religious, to be respectful to their betters. The noble rustic or savage are exploded myths; rustics and savages merely turn out to be ignoble in ways somewhat different from our own."

ALAN CLIFTON



BASIL WILLEY
A time for plain credos?

Borderline Psychotic

LAST EXIT TO BROOKLYN *by Hubert Selby Jr.* 304 pages. *Grove Press.* $5.

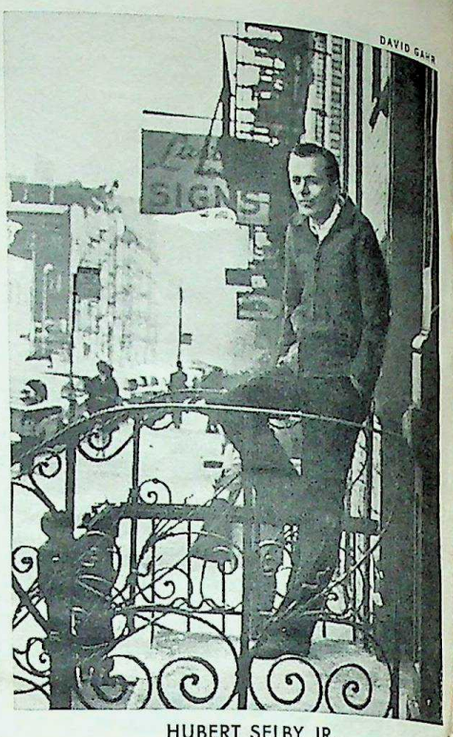
This is Grove Press's extra special dirty book for fall. Apparently on the assumption that literary sex and violence, like heroin addiction, only gives kicks when the dosage is steadily increased, this new offering is even more extreme than *Naked Lunch, City of Night,* or any of Grove's earlier peddlings in the same line.

Last Exit is a series of six stories, loosely linked by shared characters and unremitting violence, to make up a novel about the waterfront slums of Brooklyn. In this book all the ordinary four-letter words are for the little children, while grownups employ a more esoteric vocabulary where *drag* means transvestite clothing, *silks* are women's underpants worn by men, a *john* is a male prostitute's male customer, and *rough-trade* is that same prostitute's brutal boy friend.

A fist in the face or a knee in the groin are routine asides. The climaxes occur when a gang of hoodlums beats a stray soldier nearly to death, with every kick, blow, chipped tooth, broken bone, and gout of blood and vomit described in detail; when a gang of transvestites and their boy friends get high on gin, Benzedrine and morphine, with every ensuing act of sodomy and fellatio described in detail; when a gang of dockworkers, derelicts and degenerates inflict multiple intercourse upon a prostitute in a parking lot so savagely that she is killed, with every drop of beer, blood, spittle and semen described in unrelenting detail.

There are critics (Grove is already assembling them) who will defend as art and high realism a book that describes such life and death with the primitive but undeniable power and anger that Author Selby demonstrates. But *Last Exit to Brooklyn* is not realism at all. Instead, it is a hypocrisy just as flagrant as the old-fashioned kind that wrote ---- for dirty words and **** for scenes of sex. What Selby scrupulously elides are all the pleasant moments of life. What's left, he tells in a style that will also inevitably be hailed as "tape-recorder realism"—because it mumbles like the nonstop mouthings of a drink-sodden bum or screams like a borderline psychotic.

DAVID GAHR



HUBERT SELBY JR.
The aim is tape-recorder realism.

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'TAKE HYDRAULIC FLUID AND MAKE IT GROW MORE CROPS'

—that's the MF 'stay first' philosophy

Hydraulic fluid, Newton's Third Law of Motion and a lightweight tractor. An unlikely combination.

Yet it produced the most important breakthrough in the history of mechanised farming. The Ferguson system.

This system transfers weight from the implement to the hauling tractor. Every MF tractor has the Ferguson system.

85% of all other tractor systems are based on it.

In over 25 years of mechanised farming, no one has found a system to beat it.

About time MF made the next big step forward in mechanised farming.

The change will do everyone a lot of good.

Massey-Ferguson

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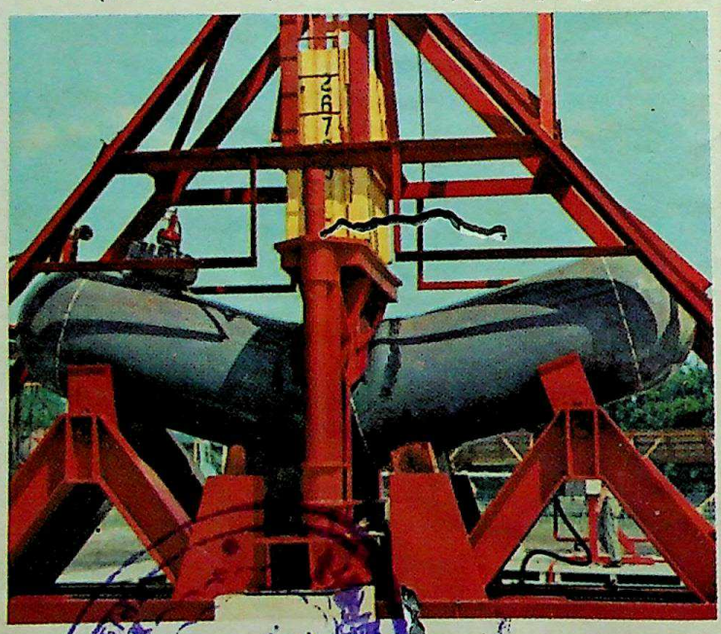
1700 reasons to buy...from United

About 1700 men and women—the largest group of its kind in the steelmaking industry—work in United States Steel laboratories. They attack a bewildering number of problems, some as exotic as the corrosion of stainless steels exposed to nuclear reactor fuels and coolants, others as mundane as determining which kinds of tin cans are best for storing prunes. The results of their work are felt world-wide, via the United States Steel International companies.

In mid-1954, United States Steel research scientists tested a series of large, cylindrical pressure vessels made of a new kind of steel. Half of the vessels, filled with brine, were refrigerated to minus 45°F. (minus 43°C.) and burst by pumping in more brine under pressure. In a typical test, the vessel burst at a unit stress in the shell plates of over 136,000 pounds per square inch (95.62 kg/mm²). Other vessels similarly refrigerated were tested to destruction by successive drops of a 12 metric-ton steel ingot. None of these vessels shattered, but broke open with a tough ductile behavior.



Today

That was the public introduction of USS "T-1" Steel, one of the most outstanding steels developed by research in the steel industry. Today, the files of the United States Steel International companies bulge with examples of how "T-1" Steel has cut the weight and cost of different types of equipment all around the world. A few examples:

In Japan, USS "T-1" Steel was suggested for large spherical gas storage tanks. Each of the 50 vessels that have been built with "T-1" weighs 50% less than comparable vessels of carbon steel.

In India, Pakistan, Switzerland, Norway, Canada, and the U.S.A., hydroelectric penstocks have been built as much as 50% lighter with USS "T-1" Steel.

In Kuwait stands the world's largest petroleum storage tank (600,000 bbls.) built with spectacular savings by combining carbon steel and "T-1" steels.

In Portugal, United States Steel International (New York), Inc., is building Europe's largest sus

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